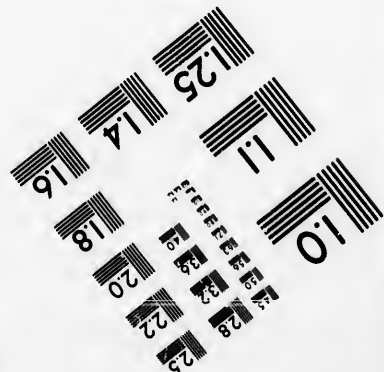
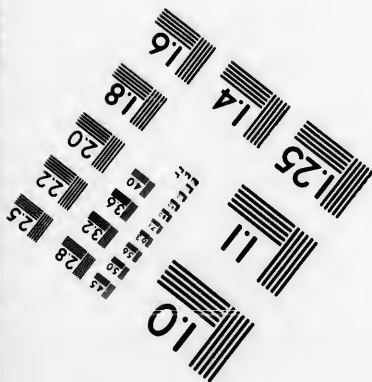
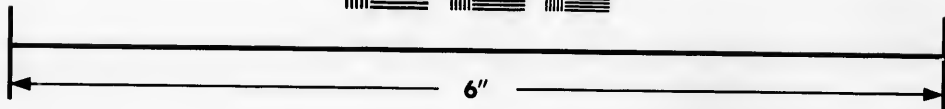
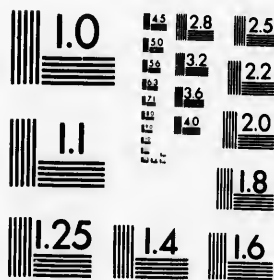


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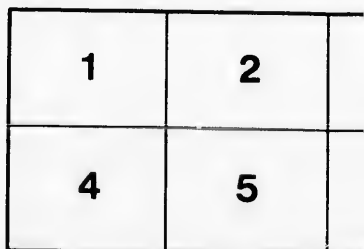
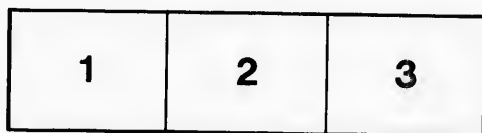
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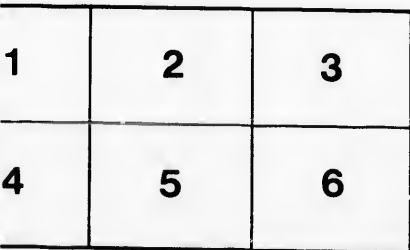
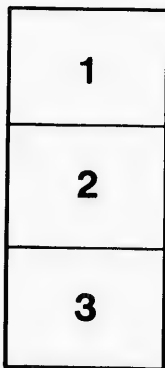
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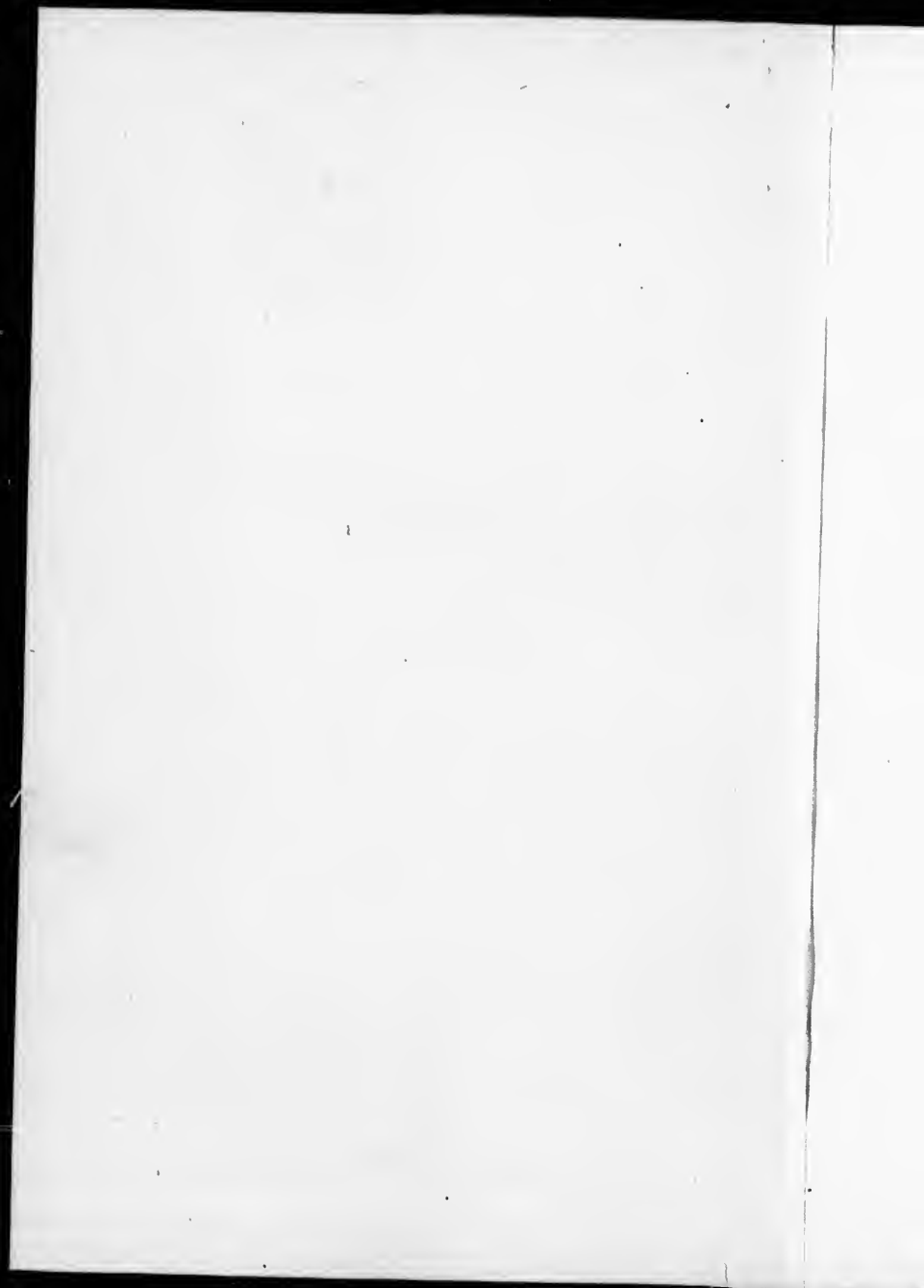


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EXTRACTS FROM THE SYLLABUS.

The following extracts from the recent Syllabus of the University of Toronto define the scope and character of the examinations in English literature and composition :

POETICAL LITERATURE.

The object of the papers for both pass and honors will be to determine whether the candidate understands and appreciates the author's meaning. This involves the careful study of the form in which the author expresses himself. Paraphrasing, derivation, synonyms, proper names and historical points, figurative language, sentence and paragraph structure, and metrical form, will all be considered solely from this point of view. The biography of the writers and the history of the periods in which they lived, will be dealt with in this connection only in so far as they may have affected the meaning or the form of the texts prescribed. The candidate will also be expected to have memorized the finest passages.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION AND PROSE LITERATURE.

For pass and honors: the framing of sentences and paragraphs; paraphrasing of prose; expansion and contraction of prose passages; synonyms; correction of errors; the elements and qualities of style; themes based upon the prose literature prescribed; the critical study of the prose literature prescribed, involving the study of the merits and defects of the author's language, sentences, and paragraphs. On this subject no special paper will be submitted for honors, but in the pass paper there will be for honors a few questions of a more difficult character than some of those set for pass.

W. J. Gage & Co.'s Literature Series.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

AND

SELECTIONS FROM

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

WITH

*LIFE OF BYRON, CRITICAL INTRODUCTION,
AND NOTES.*

BY

J. E. WETHERELL, B.A.,
Principal of Strathroy Collegiate Institute.



TORONTO :
W. J. GAGE & COMPANY.
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PREFACE.

The present volume contains those portions of Byron's poetry that have been prescribed by the University of Toronto for the pass matriculation examination, and adopted by the Education Department of the Province for the examination of candidates for second class certificates.

In this edition of selections from Byron the editor has closely followed the mode of treatment pursued in his edition of Scott's "Lay," issued last year under the supervision of the Education Department. The aids furnished to the teacher and the pupil are three-fold, as we cannot enjoy the full effects of a literary work without considering, (1) What the author has to say, (2) How he says it, and (3) Why he says it. The author's message is, of course, the main thing for consideration, but, if we would gain a full appreciation of that message, we must attend to the striking features and devices of the artistic medium that conveys it to us, and we must not neglect the remote and the immediate causes that developed or influenced the author's literary genius, thus affecting the cast and coloring of his message.

The biographical chapter should be carefully read by the pupil before he reads the poems themselves. He will thus gain a general notion of the conditions under which these works of art were produced. It will be necessary thereafter to make frequent use of the biographical chapter, whenever an examination of the poet's environment will throw light on the text.

The explanatory notes are intended for the use of the pupil in his first reading of the poem.

The Critical Introduction is intended mainly for the use of the teacher. In the detailed analysis of the finer passages of the poems, the various topics considered in the thirty-two sections of this Introduction will need to be discussed. When the pupil has been brought to see the poet's art in the poems themselves, a reference to the Critical Introduction will serve to fix his knowledge and to familiarize him with the rhetorical nomenclature. When the study of the poem has been completed, the pupil's critical knowledge may then be systematized by reading the Introduction in course.

The editor hereby acknowledges his indebtedness to Miss E. M. Balmer, B.A., for valuable aid in revising proofs and in the preparation of the Critical Introduction.

STRATHROY, June 22nd, 1889.

KEATS ON POESY.

"A drainless shower
Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power:

* * * * *
Fresher than berries of a mountain-tree;
More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-seen eagle;
What is it? And to what shall I compare it?
It has a glory and nought else can share it:
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
Chasing away all worldliness and folly:
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder;
Or the low rumblings earth's regions under;
And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wondrous thing
That breathes about us in the vacant air;
So that we look around with prying stare,
Perhaps to see shapes of light, aerial limning;
And catch soft floatings from a faint-heard hymning;

* * * * *
No one who once the glorious Sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
For his great Maker's presence, but must know
What 'tis I mean, and feel his being glow."



LIFE OF BYRON.

"No man's work was ever more influenced by his character, and no man's character was ever more influenced by his circumstances. Rather from things without than from things within did the spirit of Byron assume color and shape." If, then, we would fully understand and appreciate the poetry of Byron, we must have a fair knowledge of his varied career and of the powerful political and literary impulses that had sway during the earlier years of the present century.

The life of Byron is a story sad and dark. No work of fiction can furnish us a record more melancholy and pathetic. Goethe has truly said that Byron was inspired by the Genius of Pain, for the march of his literary triumphs was ever over the waste and ruins of his personal happiness.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles Street, London, on January 22nd, 1788. He was descended from the Byrons of Normandy, who accompanied William the Conqueror into England, and of this, to the last, he continued to be prouder than of having been the author of "Childe Harold." In his parents he was doubly unfortunate. His father, Captain Byron, was a man of dissolute and extravagant habits, who died when his son was three years old, leaving his widow only a pittance of £135 per annum. His mother was Catherine, sole child and heiress of George Gordon, of Gight, in Scotland. She was a total stranger to English manners and English society. Her opinions, her habits, her speech, all smacked of the North. Her violent and intractable temper, her lack of mental cultivation, and her ill-balanced nature, unfitted her for training up so precocious and so imperious a son.

During the greater part of his childhood Byron lived with his mother in seclusion at Aberdeen. Here the sea and the mountains took a firm hold upon his imagination, and to these

early years we must trace that love of natural scenery which is apparent in all his poetry. These years at Aberdeen were years of freedom, but of freedom tinged with unhappiness. His mother's treatment of him was strangely capricious. She alternated between paroxysms of rage and paroxysms of tenderness. At one time she would smother him with her endearments; at another time she would insult him for his lameness—for he, like his great contemporary, Scott, was lame from his earliest boyhood.

In 1798, at ten years of age, on the death of his grand-uncle, he became Lord Byron and the owner of Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire. After receiving the rudiments of his education at the Aberdeen Grammar School he went, in 1799, to Dulwich, to attend the school of Dr. Glennie. From there he was removed to Harrow in 1801.

Byron's four years at Harrow had much to do in determining the course that his life was to take. While here, he devoured all sorts of learning excepting only what the regimen of the school prescribed for him. As he himself tells us, he read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, all sorts of reading. The list of works in all departments of literature which he hastily and greedily perused, before the age of fifteen, is enough to startle credibility. As we might expect, his favorite literature was romance and history. As he possessed a most retentive memory, he early gained complete mastery over the resources of his own language. At Harrow young Byron soon became the leader in all the sports, schemes, and mischiefs of the school. He here displayed many of those traits of character which clung to him through life. He was sensitive, passionate, sullen, and sometimes defiant of authority. He was, however, ardent in the few friendships that he formed; and he was always singularly tractable under the influence of kindness and persuasion. It was in 1803, during the Harrow days, that Byron conceived an attachment which influenced all his future life,—his love for Miss Chaworth, the heiress of a family near Newstead. In his youthful imagination he thought this lady the ideal of feminine perfection,—

“As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.”

Miss Chaworth, however, did not return his love, and the feelings aroused by his unrequited affection deepened the natural melancholy of his nature and gave his spirit a bias which it retained through life.—

"He lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains; with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries."

From Harrow, in 1805, Byron went to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here, too, he neglected his prescribed studies and rebelled against authority. It was while he was yet at Cambridge that he came before the world as a poet. As early as 1800 he had made his first dash into poetry in the ebullition of a passion for his cousin, Margaret Parker, a beautiful girl who died a year or two after. In 1806, then at Cambridge, he printed for private circulation a small volume of poems. In 1807, still at Cambridge, he published his first work,—“Hours of Idleness.” The book was mercilessly attacked by the *Edinburgh Review* in the spring of the following year. Stung to the quick by the hostile review, he published, after a year of preparation, his famous satire,—“English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” in which he pilloried the poets of the age, great and small. He afterwards repented of many of his harsh judgments. After the lapse of seven years he styled the work “A miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony.” Early in 1809, then just come of age, Byron took his seat in the House of Lords. He had long had a desire for parliamentary distinction, but his reception was such as to chill his aspirations. Disappointed in love, disgusted by the reception of his poetry, and wearied by a long round of dissipated living, he left England for a foreign tour with his college friend Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton. They landed at Lisbon early in July, and then proceeded through Portugal and Spain by way of Seville and Cadiz to Gibraltar. Thence they went by sea to Malta and Albania. After a visit to Ali Pasha, the Albanian despot, they went through Epirus and Acarnania to Missolonghi (where Byron died fifteen years later). The travellers then visited Delphi and Thebes. Thence they passed on to Athens, where they arrived on Christmas-day, 1809. They remained ten weeks in Athens, leaving in March, 1810, for Smyrna, where Byron finished the 2nd Canto

of "Childe Harold." The poem had been begun at Yanina, in Albania, on the 31st of October of the preceding year. In April, Byron and his companion went through the Troad to Constantinople. Here the friends separated, Byron returning to Athens, where he remained till the summer of the following year. In July, 1811, he returned to his native land. In a letter to a friend, written during his homeward voyage he thus expresses his melancholy condition:—"Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without a wish to be social,—with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit I trust yet unbroken,—I am returning home, without a hope and almost without a desire." To add to his gloom numerous afflictions awaited his return. He was plunged into profound sorrow by learning of the loss, either before or shortly after his return, of five relatives and intimate friends and also of his mother, whose death affected him deeply, notwithstanding the little genuine affection he had for her. It is to this period that the lines in "Childe Harold," *ll.* 96, refer:—

"All thou could'st have of mine, stern Death, thou hast,
The parent, friend, and no : the more than friend !
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to lend."

Byron had brought back with him to England as the fruits of his two years of wanderings two poems of a very different nature,—“Hints from Horace,” and the first two cantos of “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.” Of the latter he had a poor opinion, but the former he submitted to his friend Dallas and urged him to have it published. It was some time before the poet’s obstinate repugnance to the idea of publishing “Childe Harold” could be removed. Says his biographer Moore: “Among the many instances recorded in literary history of the false judgments of authors respecting their own productions the preference given by Lord Byron to a work so little worthy of his genius over a poem of so rare and original beauty as the first cantos of “Childe Harold” may be accounted one of the most extraordinary and inexplicable.”

In February, 1812, the first two cantos of “Childe Harold” were given to the world. The success of the poem was immediate and signal. It was received everywhere with a burst of enthusiasm. From loneliness and neglect the poet emerged suddenly to become the idol of society. As Macaulay

says: "There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence." "His fame had not to wait for any of the ordinary gradations, but seemed to spring up like the palace of a fairy tale in a night. As he himself briefly described it in his memoranda: 'I awoke one morning and found myself famous.' Childe Harold and Lord Byron became the theme of every tongue."—(Moore.) What was it in this new poem that so dazzled and captivated the world? Let the poet's biographer speak: "There are those who trace in the peculiar character of Lord Byron's genius strong features of relationship to the times in which he lived; who think that the great events which marked the close of the last century, by giving a new impulse to men's minds, by habituating them to the daring and the free, and allowing full vent to 'the flash and outbreak of fiery spirits,' had led naturally to the production of such a poet as Byron; and that he was as much the child and representative of the Revolution in poesy as Napoleon was in statesmanship and warfare. Without going the full length of this notion, it will at least be conceded that the free loose which had been given to all the passions and energies of the human mind in the great struggle of that period, together with the constant spectacle of such astounding vicissitudes as were passing almost daily on the theatre of the world, had created in all minds and in every walk of intellect a taste for strong excitement which the stimulants supplied from ordinary sources were insufficient to gratify;—that a tame deference to established authorities had fallen into disrepute no less in literature than in politics; and that the poet who should breathe into his songs the fierce and passionate spirit of the age and assert, untrammelled and unawed, the high dominion of genius, would be the most sure of an audience toned in full sympathy with his strains." Other causes of the popularity of "Childe Harold," besides those so graphically described above by Moore, may be adduced. (1) The peculiarities of Byron's personal history and character, his rank, and his handsome and interesting appearance, all contributed to the tide of success that now flowed in upon him. (2) Many of the places celebrated in the poem were at that time prominently in men's thoughts, especially Spain, as England was then engaged in the Peninsular War.

A few days before the publication of "Childe Harold," Byron

attracted considerable attention by his first speech in the House of Lords. This effort was much commended by such distinguished authorities as Sheridan and Grenville. He appears to have had oratorical powers of a high order, even at Harrow being distinguished above his fellows for his ability in declamation. At the very juncture when his head was likely to be turned by his success in oratory came his unexpected and more gratifying success in poetry, which forever decided the course which his life's ambitions were to follow. We can, however, detect in many of his animated and flowing periods a latent force of rhetorical energy which, if it had been employed in oratory, with the seductive accompaniments of his pleasing presence and musical voice, would have thrilled and moved the souls of his hearers as much as his poetry has charmed his numerous readers.

The next three years were spent by Byron in alternate seasons of dissipation and literary industry. In 1813, appeared "The Giaour," a wild poetical fragment founded on an event that had occurred in Athens while he was there. In December, 1813, appeared "The Bride of Abydos," written in a week. At the beginning of the next year appeared "The Corsair," written in ten days,—a poem of higher merit and greater popularity than the two preceding. "Lara," the sequel of "The Corsair," appeared in August, 1814.

And now occurred an event which proved the turning-point of his life. In January, 1815, he was married to Miss Isabella Milbanke, the only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke. This lady appears to have been attractive and accomplished, but her union with a man of such wayward notions and unrestrained passions could not help proving disastrous. After a few months of apparent happiness a cloud came over their domestic life. In December was born their only child, Augusta Ada, and in January Lady Byron left her husband and went home to her parents. A deed of separation was signed shortly afterwards, but the causes that led to the estrangement and separation have always remained a mystery. There can be no doubt that Byron was much in fault, but the punishment meted out to him by his enemies and even by his former admirers and friends was out of all proportion to his deserts. "Such an outcry was now raised against him as in no case of private life perhaps was ever before witnessed; nor

had the whole amount of fame which he had gathered in the course of the last four years much exceeded the reproach and obloquy that were now in the space of a few weeks showered upon him." "The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theatres shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had lately been the observed of all observers." The unhappy man described his own situation thus:—"I felt that if what was whispered and muttered and murmured was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me." In April, 1816, accordingly, he left his native land never to return. What an intense feeling of bitterness he must have had at this time for England and for English people, we can imagine when, after a sobering interval of three years, he wrote thus:—"I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my death-bed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil. I would not even feed your worms if I could help it."

To the year of Byron's married life belong the "Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina," two poems of the same romantic type as those that had preceded them.

Byron now endeavored to divert his thoughts by foreign travel. He first went to Brussels, visiting the field of Waterloo, where the great battle had been fought less than a year before. His journey down the Rhine may, as Moore says, be "best traced in his own matchless verses which leave a portion of their glory on all that they touch, and lend to scenes already clothed with immortality by nature and by history the no less durable associations of undying song." Reaching Switzerland he established himself for the summer in a villa near Genoa. Shelley was at this time living in the immediate neighborhood, and the two poets were much together. The influence of Shelley's idealism shows itself in all the poetry that Byron composed during this period,—the third canto of "Childe Harold," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Darkness," "The Dream," and part of "Manfred."

Of "Childe Harold," canto III., Byron wrote in the year 1817: "It is a fine indistinct piece of poetical desolation, and my favorite. I was half mad during the time of its composition, between metaphysics, mountains, lakes, love inextinguish-

able, thoughts unutterable, and the nightmare of my own delinquencies."

From Switzerland Byron proceeded to Milan and Verona, and thence to Venice, where he lived from November, 1816, to April, 1817, during this time completing "Manfred." In the spring of 1817 he visited Rome and other places of fame in Italy, but soon returned to Venice, where he remained till 1819. It was at this time that he wrote the fourth canto of "Childe Harold."

Byron continued to live in Italy until the middle of the year 1823, residing in succession at Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, and Genoa. The most notable of the works he composed during this period are "Don Juan," and the tragedy of "Cain." After engaging in several revolutionary intrigues among the Italians, his attention was turned to Greece by the outbreak of the Greek War of Independence. His earlier lamentations over the Greeks

"Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved, in word, in deed, unmanned,"

now received a practical outlet. His earlier aspirations expressed in the fiery lines

"Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb?"

now seemed about to be realized. After the insurrection had been in progress for two years, with some promise of ultimate success, he crossed to Greece in July, 1823, and at once lent the whole strength of his active and impulsive nature to the Greek cause. Joined by other adventurous spirits he went to Missolonghi in Aetolia in January, 1824. Although he materially aided the cause of the revolutionists, he was not destined to take part in throwing off the yoke of the Turks from the land he loved so well. In April, 1824, he died of a fever in Missolonghi, at the early age of 36 years. Public honors were decreed to his memory by the authorities of Greece, where his loss was keenly felt and deeply lamented by all. Thus he, whom his own country had eight years before with unbridled fury driven into dishonorable exile, now, after a life the most troubled and chequered in literary history, laid down in peace his honored head beneath a foreign sky.

BYRON'S PREFACE.

The following is the author's preface to the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" as published in 1812:—

"The following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There for the present the poem stops; its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

"A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, Childe Harold, I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim; Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

"It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe' is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted.

"The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation: 'Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, to be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition.' Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie."

The preceding Preface deals with two subjects that require further consideration,—the identification of Byron with Childe Harold, and the nature of the Spenserian stanza. Mr. Tozer's treatment of these subjects in his excellent Introduction is here given.

Byron and the Character of Childe Harold.

"At the time of the first appearance of the poem the question was much debated whether Byron's own character was represented in the person of Childe Harold. The public naturally believed that this was the case on account of the unmistakable points of correspondence between them, while the author as vehemently denied it. We now know that in the original draft the title was Childe Burun, that being the earliest form of the poet's family name; but for all that he was probably keeping within the bounds of truth in his disavowal. The Childe was no doubt in the first instance a self-portraiture, but exaggerated and darkened in its unfavorable traits, partly from Byron's love of notoriety even in what was evil, and partly from genuine disgust at his former life. But the character thus distorted was sufficiently different from the original for it to be possible for the writer to disclaim it. In all probability, as the poem proceeded, the writer found that the personality he had thus introduced was serviceable to him as a central figure to which his experiences and observations might be attributed, and that his presence facilitated the transition from one subject to another, and prevented the too frequent use of description pure and simple. In the third Canto, though the poet and his creation are treated as distinct persons, yet they are clearly identified, for he represents Harold as the object of his sister's love, and the lines which Byron addressed to his sister Augusta—'The castled crag,' etc. (C. H. III. 55), are put into his mouth. In the dedication prefixed to Canto IV. the author states that he had abandoned the attempt to draw the distinction because he found that it was unavailing."

The Spenserian Stanza.

"This stanza occupies an intermediate position between the continuous verse of an epic poem like 'Paradise Lost' and the pointed brevity of the couplet. Though it does not possess the full dignity of the one or the concinnity of the other, yet to some extent it unites the merits and avoids the disadvantages of both. From being longer and more complex than the couplet it can express an idea or group of ideas more fully and illustrate it more elaborately, and develop a description more completely; while, on the other hand, the recurrence of a marked pause at definite intervals imparts a unity to each successive step in the progress of the poem, and at the same time relieves the strain on the attention which is unavoidable in continuous verse. The stanza was especially well suited for Byron's purpose in 'Childe Harold,' because the subject is constantly shifting, and requires that there should be continuity, but of the least stringent kind. The stanzas are not so much the links of a chain, as beads on a string.

"The Spenserian stanza is so called to distinguish it from other stanzas, because Spenser used it in his 'Faery Queene'; it consists of nine lines, the last of which is an Alexandrine. The ordinary verses are iambic lines of five accents and ten, sometimes eleven, syllables, while the Alexandrine has six accents and twelve, sometimes thirteen, syllables; the extra syllable is found where there is a double rhyme. The lines of the stanza which rhyme with one another are, 1, 3; 2, 4, 5, 7; 6, 8, 9,"

BYRON AND THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT.

In the preceding pages reference has been made to the influence of the French Revolution on Byron's poetry. The following selections will indicate more fully to what extent Byron was affected by the revolutionary wave:—

"The same revolution which levelled the Bastille drove the models of the so-called Augustan age of English literature into a museum of antiquarians. The movement initiated by Cowper and Burns was carried out by two classes of great writers. They agreed in opposing freedom to formality; in substituting for the old, new aims and methods. They broke from the old school, but they separated again. Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, while refusing to acknowledge the literary precedents of the past, submitted themselves to a self-imposed law. The partialities of their maturity were towards things settled and regulated; their favorite virtues, endurance and humility; their conformity to established institutions was the basis of a new Conservatism. The others were the Radicals of the movement: they practically acknowledged no law but their own inspiration. Dissatisfied with the existing order, their sympathies were with strong will and passion and defiant independence. These found their master-types in Shelley and Byron."—*Nichol*.

"Byron and the leaders of the so-called Lake School were, at starting, common heirs of the revolutionary spirit; they were, either in their social views or personal feelings, to a large extent influenced by the most morbid, though in some respects the most magnetic, genius of modern France, J. J. Rousseau; but their temperaments were in many respects fundamentally diverse; and the pre-established discord between them ere long began to make itself manifest in their following out widely divergent paths. Wordsworth's return to nature had been pre-cluded by Cowper; that of Byron by Burns. The revival of the one ripened into a restoration of simpler manners and old beliefs; the other was the spirit of the storm. When they had both become recognized powers, neither appreciated the work of the other."—*Nichol*.

"During the twenty years that followed the death of Cowper, the revolution in English poetry was fully consummated. None of the writers of this period, not even Sir Walter Scott, contributed so much to the consummation as Lord Byron. Yet Lord Byron contributed to it unwillingly, and with constant self-reproach and shame. All his tastes and inclinations led him to take part with the school of poetry which was going out against the school which was coming in. Of Pope himself he spoke with extravagant admiration. He now and then praised Wordsworth and Coleridge, but ungraciously and without cordiality. When he attacked them, he brought his whole soul to the work. . . . He belonged half to the old and half to the new school of poetry. His personal taste led him to the former; his thirst of praise

to the latter; his talents were equally suited to both. He was the representative, not of either literary party, but of both at once, and of their conflict, and of the victory by which that conflict was terminated. His poetry fills and measures the whole of the vast interval through which our literature has moved since the time of Johnson. It touches the Essay on Man at the one extremity, and the Excursion at the other."—*Macaulay*.

BYRON'S INFLUENCE ON LITERATURE.

"It is remarkable that the influence of Byron's poetry has been far greater on the Continent than it has been in England. No English poet except Shakespeare has been so much read or so much admired by foreigners. His works, or part of them, have been translated into many European languages, and numerous foreign writers have been affected by their ideas and style. The estimate that has been formed of them is extraordinarily high. The chief reason of this, independently of the splendor of his compositions, is to be found in his political opinions. Byron's poetry, like that of most of his English contemporaries—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Shelley—was the outcome of the French Revolution; but whereas the three first-named of these poets, disgusted with the excesses of that movement, went over into the opposite camp, and the idealism of Shelley was too far removed from the sphere of practical politics to be a moving force, Byron became, almost unintentionally, the apostle of the principles which he represented. He has put on record his condemnation of its criminal extravagances:—

"But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to build
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour re-fill'd,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd."—(C. H. III. 82.)

"But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime."—(C. H. IV. 87.)

but, when men had become weary of the strife between liberty run wild and absolutism re-asserting itself, instead of preaching, as Goethe did, the doctrine of acquiescence in the existing order of things, and gradual development by culture, he stood forth as the poetic champion of freedom. The lines,

"Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunderstorm against the wind."—(C. H. IV. 93.)

and the others which vibrated in the hearts of thousands. Thus his writings became a political power throughout Europe, and more so on the Continent than in England, in proportion as the loss of liberty was more acutely felt by foreign nations. Wherever aspirations for independence arose, Byron's poems were read and admired."—*Tozer*.

CHANGE OF STYLE IN "CHILDE HAROLD."

"Though there is no reason to suppose that Byron consciously or intentionally modified his style, yet as he was young when the two first Cantos were written, and six years intervened before the third was commenced, it is not to be wondered at if differences are traceable between them. During the interval his genius had developed and matured, and the circumstances which preceded his departure from England had induced a tumultuous state of feeling; this is reflected in his verses, while at the same time his crowding thoughts seem to struggle for expression, and to rebel against the limits imposed by the strict rules of art. The result of this is, that in the later cantos the style is more vigorous, more impassioned, and more rhetorical, and the versification is more varied and more irregular, not to say careless; and the change was progressive, for it is more decidedly marked in the fourth than in the third Canto. The chief points in which these differences are apparent are:—

1. In Cantos i. and ii. the considerable pauses are usually at the end of a line; in iii. and iv. they are frequently in the middle.
2. The neglect of the natural pause between the verses, which arises from ending a line with a word closely connected with the beginning of the next, is rare in the earlier cantos.
3. In Cantos i. and ii. the stanzas are almost always complete in themselves; in iv. they frequently run into one another.
4. Double rhymes are entirely wanting in Cantos i. and ii.; they first appear in Canto iii., and become more numerous as the poem advances.
5. Similes are very rare in the first two, common in the last two Cantos.
6. Personification on a large scale is found in Canto i., but not afterwards.
7. Archaisms, which are somewhat numerous in Canto i., and occasional in Canto ii., are hardly ever found in the later portion."—*Tozer.*





CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.

The purpose of this Critical Introduction and the mode in which it is recommended that it should be employed in tuition have been indicated in the Preface.

The principle that has dictated the order in which the topics have been introduced may be easily seen. The Vocabulary of the poet is the subject of section I. ; Poetic Grammar, of section II. ; the Sentence in its various aspects, of sections III.-VII. ; the Paragraph, of VIII. The commonest of the Figures are explained and exemplified in IX.-XIII. Some of the Qualities of Style receive attention in XIV.-XVIII. Sections XIX.-XXX. deal with the principal devices, characteristics, and themes of poetry. Sections XXXI. and XXXII. give a brief treatment of Taste and Beauty.

It will be noticed that the sections are not mutually exclusive. There is necessarily much overlapping, especially in the later portions, the same things being touched upon in more than one place, but from different points of view.

I.

Vocabulary.

At the outset of studies in style it is well to consider the nature of the poet's vocabulary,—

- (1) As regards origin,
- (2) As regards the employment of archaisms and of words having a distinctively poetical cast.

(1) Our best writers use about eight words of classical origin in every forty. Wherever there is any marked variation from the normal usage in respect to the proportion of classical words, the cause of the variation should be ascertained. Compare in Canto III. of C. II. the first four lines of the 1st stanza with the first four lines of the 17th stanza.

(2) Poetry has a select diction of its own. "There is a mintage of words fit for poetry and unsuitable for ordinary prose." Colloquial terms and hackneyed expressions find no place in poetry; but words that are never heard in the language of the vulgar are abundantly employed. When the poet uses "idlesse" for "idleness," or "fanee" for "temples," or "ne'er" for "never," he enhances our pleasure by the dignity or elevation that such archaic or unusual words give to his style, and by the glamour of association which such words have acquired from having been habitually used by many generations of poets. Further, many of these poetic words are shorter and thus more effective than the corresponding words of every-day utterance.

An examination of the vocabulary employed by Byron in the subsequent selections will show that he makes a copious use of poetic diction.

(a) We find a number of archaic words, — "wist," "methought," "eld," "sate," "whilome," "withal," "albeit," "joyaunce," "pleasaunce."

(b) Words belonging to the poetic mint, — "sooth," "twain," "corse," "lightsome," "main" (sea), "reft," "phantasy," "betwixt," "wert," "yore," "wont," "perchance," "guise," "athwart," "faill," "recked," "uncreate," "save" (except) "rife," "lave," "ill" (evil), "dale," "glen," "wold," "clime," "sages," "bards," "lore," "aught," "mariners," "elate," "oft," "ere," "sire," "thereon," "therefrom," "whereon," "wherein," "whither."

(c) Words altered for a metrical reason, — "morn," "eve," "gainst," "twas," "o'er," "e'er," "prest," "staid," "clipt," "mixt," "fixt," "swoln."

(d) In the case of proper names the more unusual or the more musical are selected by the poet, — "Gaul," "Muscovite," "Saxon," "Albyn," "Albion," "Hellas."

(e) The poet often uses not uncommon words with an unusual or with an antiquated sense, — "fond" (C. H. III. 11), "glad" — (C. H. III. 1), "the while" (P. C. 285).

(f) The poet sometimes takes liberties with the accent of his words, — "record" (C. H. II. 83).

(g) The extreme of poetic licence is the coining of a new word, — "smilingness" (C. H. III. 16).

Two other questions may be dealt with here: (a) Is the poet's vocabulary pure? (b) Is it rich? and in dealing with what themes does he display the greatest verbal wealth?

II.

Poetic Grammar.

The same causes that lead the poets to differentiate their vocabulary from that of prose frequently lead them also to deviate from the grammar of prose. All the deviations noted below may be referred (1) to a desire for agreeable variation from prose structure, or (2) to a desire for brevity, or (3) to metrical convenience, or (4) to melodious collocation.

In the earlier examples of poetic structure cited below the grammar is quite irregular; in the later examples it is simply unusual and so poetic.

- (1) The adjective used for the adverb :—

"My own *was full* as chill."—(P. C. 222.)

"If it *late* were free."—(P. C. 279.)

- (2) One part of the verb used for another :—

"As gently *sunk* away."—(P. C. 192.)

"Where my walk *begun*."—(P. C. 311.)

- (3) Pendent participial clauses :—

"*Awaking with a start,*
The waters heave around me."—(C. H. III. 1.)

"*Untaught in youth my heart to tame,*
My springs of life were poison'd."—(C. II. III. 7.)

- (4) The anacoluthic subject :—

"*He* that is lonely hither let him roam."—(C. II. II. 92.)

- (5) Omission of the relative :—

"What want these outlaws conquerors should have?"—(C. II. III. 48.)

- (6) Attraction in the concord of the verb :—

"Ah! then and there *was* hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress."—(C. H. III. 24.)

- (7) Condensed expressions :—

"For daring made thy rise as fall."—(C. H. III. 36.)

A special form of condensation is *zeugma* :—

"Banners on high, and battles *passed* below."—(C. II. III. 47.)

- (8) The anticipatory pronoun :—

"This must *he* feel, the true-born son of Greece."—(C. H. II. 83.)

- (9) Poetic uses of *nor* :—

"Which heeds *nor* keen reproach nor partial praise."—(C. H. II. 94.)

"There sunk the greatest *nor* the worst of men."—(C. H. III. 86.)

(10) Poetic use of inflections of the 2nd and 3rd persons singular:—

"Hath," "thou sat'st," "remaineth," "sootheth."

(11) Poetic use of subjunctives:—

"For thought of them *had* made me mad."—(P. C. 327.)

"Mine *were* nothing."—(C. H. iii. 30.)

(12) Peculiarities with the verb *do*:—

(a) "Did remain," "did await," "did hear," merely equivalent to "remained," "awaited," "heard."

(b) "Know ye not?" = "Do ye not know?"—(C. H. ii. 76.)
"Lurk there no hearts?"—(C. H. ii. 82) = "Do no hearts lurk?"

(c) "Nor rise thy sons" = "And thy sons do not rise."—(C. H. ii. 74.)

(13) Unusual use of nominative absolute:—

"Which utter'd."—(C. H. ii. 89.)

(14) Poetic inversion:—

"When shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along."—(C. H. iii. 29.)

(15) Old use of *ye* as object:—

"Will Gaul or Muscovite redress *ye*?"—(C. H. ii. 76.)

(16) An interchange of constructions (*hypallage*):—

"To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin."—(C. H. ii. 78.) =
"To shrive man from," etc.

III.

Order of Words: Metrical Emphasis.

Order plays an important part in poetic diction. The following passages will serve as studies in order:—

"Loud was the lightsome tumult of the shore,
Oft music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echoed back the measured oar."

"Glanced many a light caique along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land."

"For I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail."

"I would essay as I have sung to sing."

Show in each case whether the order is decided by metrical convenience, by a desire for emphasis, or by a leaning towards the unusual.

In prose the positions of emphasis are the beginning and the end of the clause or sentence. In rhyming verse the rhymes, on account of their terminal position and pleasing sound, gain a factitious emphasis. Of necessity it thus frequently happens that a word of little sense-importance secures the powerful emphasis of the rhyme. This is a disadvantage inherent in the very nature of rhyming verse,—a disadvantage that the heroic measure of our language is not burdened with.

The nature of factitious emphasis may be illustrated by the following passage:—

"But he the favorite and the *flower*,
Most cherish'd since his natal *hour*,
His mother's image in fair *face*,
The infant love of all his *race*."

In the second couplet the metrical emphasis and the sense emphasis coincidentally fall on "face" and "race." In the first couplet "hour" deserves less emphasis than "flower," but a full oral expression of the rhyme robs something from "natal" and adds it to "hour." This tendency furnishes a very simple illustration of the fact that when music is wedded to thought it is often at the expense of the thought; the loss, however, is more than made up by the superior emotional effect.

IV.

Number of Words.

Condensation and energetic brevity are often employed as devices of style. But in poetry terseness is not always a virtue: amplification and iteration frequently contribute to the poet's object,—to give pleasure. The following passages will illustrate some of the modes of repetition and verbal enlargement:—

- (1) "The goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—*forbidden fare.*"
- (2) "So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth."
- (3) "Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds."
- (4) "Once more upon the waters I yet once more!"
- (5) "Arm I arm I it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!"

When justifiable diffuseness occurs its causes may be examined under these heads:—

(1) Is it to prevent ambiguity? (2) Is it the result of strong feeling? (3) Is it for emphasis?

Various devices of condensation are found in poetry, of which one of the commonest is the use of the *co-ordinating epithet*, or epithet equivalent to a clause, as

(a) Can man its *shatter'd* splendor renovate? "And when
i.e., its splendor when it is once shattered.

(b) "As eagerly the *barr'd-up* bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome,"
i.e., the bird when it is barr'd up.

Another poetical device for brevity is the use of a substantive with a perfect participle instead of an abstract noun connected with another noun by the preposition "of":—

"O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroyed."—(C. H. II. 98.)

This is equivalent to "O'er the separation of hearts and the destruction of hopes." Compare the Latin *post urbem conditam*.

A striking case of energetic condensation we find in the line

"The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same."

The sun, the soil, but not the inhabitant the same, for he has become a slave.

Other modes of condensation are illustrated in Section II. above, 5, 7, 12, 13.

V.

The Period and the Loose Sentence.

Examples of the perfect period are rare in Byron. In C. H. II. 84, from "When riseth," to "restored" is periodic, *i.e.*, the meaning is suspended until the last word.

As the loose sentence has the advantage in regard to naturalness and simplicity, we are not surprised to find it the prevalent form in Byron, who is not prone to elaborate his sentences.

What is the rhetorical purpose in the studied use of the periodic style?

VI.

Balance.

The following will serve as examples of the device of symmetry in structure:—

(a) "Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields."

- (b) "The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !"

The effect of the balance may be studied in individual cases. It is always an aid to simplicity and clearness, and it usually contributes to energy of expression. Balance, moreover, is always pleasing to the ear, and thus, aiding the memory, it contributes to impressiveness.

VII.

Length of Sentence.

Short sentences suit a simple and direct style. We should expect, therefore, an abundant use of short sentences in the "Prisoner of Chillon," but an examination of the first section of the poem will reveal a peculiarity of punctuation. The whole section containing one hundred and sixty-four words is run into a single sentence! The second section, too, contains one hundred and forty-six words, all contained within one sentence. In "Childe Harold" the requisites of the rhythm and the cadence of the Spenserian metre affect the punctuation, each stanza containing one or at most two sentences, the sense rarely overflowing from one stanza into another.

VIII.

Paragraph Structure.

From what has just been said, it is plain that neither the stanzas of "Childe Harold" nor the sections of the "Prisoner of Chillon" are equivalent to the paragraphs of prose. It must be remembered that verse has many limitations, and that the primary object of poetry is to express not thought but feeling. It is, however, important constantly to note the arrangement and interdependence of the thoughts that each topic embraces. This part of the literary analysis should always precede the more minute study of each passage, otherwise the meaning of the passage as a whole may be missed.

IX.

Similitudes.

As one of the three great functions of the intellect is *agreement*, or the appreciation of similarity, we must expect similitudes

to play an important part in language. Comparisons may be either literal or figurative, the literal having the least and the figurative the greatest rhetorical value. These are the commonest sorts of similitudes:—

(1) The similitude of literal comparison, as:—

"Like stern Diogenes to mock at men."—(C. H. III. 41.)

(2) The simile, as:—

"And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider."—(C. H. III. 2.)

(3) The metaphor, as:—

(a) "Among the stones I stood a stone."—(P. C. 236.)

(b) "Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow."—(C. H. II. 93.)

There can be no more interesting language study than an investigation of the purposes and effects of similitudes. The following questions arise in dealing with a similitude:—(a) Is it to aid the understanding? (b) Is it to arouse the emotions? (c) Has it mixed effects?

It will be found in poetry that nearly all similitudes, even literal comparisons, have an emotional tinge. The life and glow of poetry owe very much to the metaphor: in fact, a whole sentence is often poetized by a single similitude of this kind. The simile, being usually the result of study and deliberation, is not so well adapted to the language of passion; still, if it is apt and striking, and properly pursued, and adorned with the graces of melody, it cannot fail to produce stirring effects.

In respect to Byron's use of similitudes it may be noticed that there are very few similes in the first two cantos of "Childe Harold": in the later cantos there are more. In regard to the source from which Byron draws his similitudes, we might expect, as we find, that nature is his unfailing storehouse. His similes are usually short and forcible, but we find in the later cantos several fully elaborated, notably in C. H. III. 33: "Even as a broken mirror;" and in C. H. III. 15: "Droop'd as a wild-born falcon." Sometimes the poet cumulates his comparisons with pleasing effect, using two or more to illustrate the same thing, as in C. H. III. 44:—

"Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously."

No less than six similes are crowded together in C. H. III. 32.

X.

Contrasts.

As another great function of the intellect is *discrimination*, or the appreciation of difference, we are prepared to find contrasts everywhere in speech. In contrasts, as in similitudes, the emotional element may be present in a greater or in a less degree. The effect of contrast when employed as a rhetorical device arises from the well-known fact that anything is more clearly seen and its characteristics more keenly felt when it stands side by side with its opposite.

Contrast is a feature peculiarly Byronic. It is a device that Byron was very fond of using, it being in fact the natural product of his spirit "antithetically mixt."

The following varieties of *antithesis* should be noticed:—

(1) In the arrangement of the subject; *e.g.*, the transition from the joyous revelry of the ball at Brussels to the trembling terror aroused by "the cannon's opening roar."

(2) In the description of changes of fortune, as in the fine stanzas on Greece in "Childe Harold," II. 73-90. The poet's pessimism revels in descriptions of this kind. These famous stanzas contain an additional contrast—between the outward aspect of Greece and her political condition—a contrast that makes the original one more impressive.

(3) In the heightening of pathos, as in III. 27, "Ere evening," etc.; in III. 28, "The earth," etc.; in III. 30, "The fresh green tree," etc.

(4) In pictorial opposites, as:—

"Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow."—(C. H. II. 85.)

(5) In antithetical expressions and words, as:—

"Its bounds and boundless fame."—(C. H. II. 89.)

"Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame."—(C. H. II. 76.)

Abundant use is made of the antithetical epithet, as:—

"*Envid*, yet how *unenvious*!"—(C. H. III. 43.)

"Since upon night so *sweet* such *awful* morn could rise!"—(C. H. III. 24.)

"And *burning* with *high* hope, shall moulder *cold* and *low*."—(C. H. III. 27.)

Here may be noticed the frequent use of *oxymoron* and other epigrammatic structures, as:—

"Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!"—(C. H. II. 73.)

"Fixedness without a place."—(P. C. 244.)

"Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!"—(C. H. III. 37.)

"Vitality of poison."—(C. H. III. 84.)

"Where ruin greenly dwells."—(C. H. III. 46.)

It will be noticed that a contrast is often made more pointed by the addition of balanced arrangement. This is strikingly exemplified in the first four lines of C. H. II. 90, "The flying Mede," etc.

XI.

Contiguities.

The third great function of the intellect is *retentiveness*. Now, memory works largely by means of the association of ideas. The devices of language that correspond to this peculiarity of memory are the figures of contiguity. Examples of these figures are numerous, as:—

(a) "That all was over on this side the tomb,"—(C. H. III. 16) *death* being named by an important adjunct or accompaniment (*metonymy*).

(b) "If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth,"—(C. H. II. 92) the *home* being named by an important part (*synecdoche*).

(c) "This *clay* will sink its spark immortal,"—(C. H. III. 14) man's lower nature being described by the material of which his body is composed (*synecdoche*).

Sometimes *impressive associated circumstances* are employed instead of the simple word-figure, as:—

(a) "His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,"—(C. H. III. 23.)

a vivid way of describing a soldier's death by means of a striking attendant circumstance.

(b) "The parted bosom clings to wonted home,"—(C. H. II. 92.)

an impressive circumstance of separation charging the whole expression with tender emotion.

Among the figures of contiguity is the *transferred epithet*, as:—

"Dims the *green* beauties of thine Attic plain,"

the epithet "green," which belongs to "plain," being shifted to "beauties."

These various devices of contiguity have usually a marked rhetorical value. Most of them carry force and suggestiveness. Sometimes, however, variety alone is attained.

A further employment of associated terms and circumstances must now be noticed. Not only are such terms and circum-

stances employed as impressive substitutes for something else, but they are also employed, in the language of description, with an independent rather than a vicarious value. The following examples will serve to show how much the pictorial descriptions of poetry owe to the artistic use of associated circumstances:—

- (a) "Some warrior's *half-forgotten* grave,
Where the gray stones and *unmolested* grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave."—(C. H. II. 86.)
- (b) "And the *bleak* battlements shall bear no future blow."—(C. H. III. 47.)
- (c) "*Chiefless* castles."—(C. H. III. 46.)
- (d) "*Sweet* are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields."—(C. H. III. 49.)

Here the epithets do not plainly mention the aspects of the objects, but they effectively suggest them by the human associations called up.

One of the highest strokes of poetic art in picturesque description is the use of some striking and suggestive feature, as:—

- (a) "Or whispering, with *white* lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"—(C. H. III. 25.)
- (b) "Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one *red* burial blent!"—(C. H. III. 28.)

Sometimes a general reference is made animated and impressive by bringing into prominence one well-known and striking associated circumstance, as:—

- (a) "Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam *Mendeli's* marbles glare."—(C. H. II. 37.)
- (b) "And the Spring
Come forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon *the* wing."—(C. H. III. 30.)

The use of associated circumstances has still a further application in poetry. The harmonious aspects and activities of nature are often associated with the life and fate of man with telling effect. The following passages will illustrate this device:—

(a) In C. H. II. 80, with the merriment of the Carnival are associated the pleasant noise of rippling waters and the transient breeze sweeping the wave; and,—the finest touch of all,—

"The Queen of tides on high *consenting* shone."

(b) In C. H. III. 27, we have the common poetic fancy that dew-drops are nature's tears,—

"And Ardennes waves above them her *green* leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass."

(e) In the "Prisoner of Chillon," 322-355, all nature is in sympathy with the prisoner as he ascends to his barr'd windows,—

"To bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye."

XII.

Interrogation and Exclamation.

The rhetorical question is a common device of poetry, and Byron makes abundant use of it. We find it everywhere in "Childe Harold," as:—

"Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long-accustom'd bondage uncreate?"—(ll. 73.)

Byron frequently gives dramatic force to a passage by asking a question and then answering it, as:—

"Will Gaul or Museovite redress ye? No!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will freedom's altars flame."—(ll. 76.)

Another figure of intensity is *exclamation*. Byron uses it in profusion. Often, however, he uses the mark of exclamation as a mere mechanical device after an energetic statement or an expression strongly emotional, as:—

"These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!"

XIII.

Personification and Personality.

As the world of man is one of the two great fields in which the poet works, humanity and human sentiments make up a very large part of the interest of poetry. In a thousand various ways the poet touches our feelings. The love interest, character interest, action interest, are all familiar modes. Our interest in humanity is so keen that to cater to our human sympathies the poet attributes human feelings to the lower creations. This process in its intensest form is styled *personification*. More frequently it appears in milder forms, as in the *personal metaphor*; but, in one form or another, poetry teems with personality. Almost any passage of Byron will furnish apposite examples.

In dealing with the personal metaphor it must be noticed that the personal interest gained by the figure is not the whole value of the poetic device. It has an intellectual as well as a rhetorical value. To ascribe to things the attributes of persons

is to furnish an aid to the mind as well as a stimulus to the emotions. When the poet says :—

"And then there was a little lele,
Which in my very face did smile,"—(P. C. 341.)

both the feelings and the understanding are affected.

XIV.

The Subjective Qualities.

The Subjective Qualities of style are (a) *Significance*, (b) *Continuosity*, (c) *Naturalness*.

(a) By *significance* is implied that the words which an author employs are actually the vehicle of some thought which he has to communicate. As *The Nonsenseical* has no place in serious poetry, this quality need not be illustrated here.

(b) "*Continuosity* of style is its quality of being connected." This quality requires that the thoughts expressed should be in their proper relations, and that there should be a regular sequence from the beginning of the composition to the end. The requirements of style in this regard are well observed in "The Prisoner of Chillon." "Childe Harold," however, makes no pretence to unity, the personality of the poet being almost the only bond that holds the parts together. Whatever continuity the poem has, resembles that of the old epic poems, in which the sequence is frequently broken by the introduction of episodes. The poet displays considerable art in the various methods that he uses in marking his transitions when passing from one part of his subject to another. The apparent abruptness with which C. H. III. 17 begins serves a rhetorical purpose.

(c) "*Naturalness* of style is its representing the peculiar mode of thought and manner of expression of the particular writer." It need scarcely be said that very few writers exhibit this quality in a more marked degree than Byron. "The style is the man," is applicable to Byron if to any English poet.

XV.

Simplicity and Clearness.

A consideration of the Objective Qualities of style must begin with those that relate to the understanding. The most essential of the intellectual qualities are *simplicity* and *clear-*

ness. Simplicity, or intelligibility, is opposed to abstruseness. Clearness or perspicuity is opposed to ambiguity or confusion. Simplicity requires the use of terms that name familiar objects, actions, feelings, and thoughts; and also requires that these terms should be intelligibly arranged into clauses, sentences, and paragraphs. Clearness has to contend with the vagueness and ambiguity of many of our vocables.

Byron's poetry is rarely abstruse, and it has, above all things, "the great virtue of lucidity." The following passages, however, should be noticed:—

- I. (a) "Till I have done with this new day."—(P. C. 41.)
- (b) "The pure elements of earth."—(P. C. 57.)
- (c) C. H. II. 77.
- II. (a) "And so perchance in sooth did mine."—(P. C. 100.)
- (b) "And that forbade a selfish death."—(P. C. 230.)
- (c) C. H. II. 97.
- (d) "Why thought seeks refuge," etc.—(C. II. III. 5.)
- (e) "Untaught to submit his thoughts," etc.—(C. II. III. 12.)
- (f) C. H. III. 35.
- (g) "Or holding dark communion with the cloud."—(C. II. III. 47.)

XVI.

Impressiveness.

"Impressiveness is the art of stamping a thought on the mind so that it cannot be easily forgotten." It is an intellectual quality, but it usually has an emotional effect as well. "Childe Harold," III. 21 and 22, will serve for illustration. The intense impressiveness of these stanzas has fixed them among the treasures of our language. Observe the various means that produce the abiding effect:—

The subject and the situation are intensely impressive in themselves, the introduction of the love interest amid the merriment of the "fair women" and "brave men" contributing largely to the effect produced. All the impressive devices of style at the poet's call are summoned to his aid. Notice the abundant use of interrogation and exclamation,—the contrast between the sounds of joy and the sounds of terror,—the brilliant phrase, "a sound of revelry by night," for a dance,—

the periphrasis, "Belgium's capital," for Brussels,—the appeal to our sensuous emotions in the many words describing colors and sounds,—the striking similitudes, "as a marriage-bell," "like a rising knell," "to chase...with flying feet,"—the cumulative energy of the three comparatives, "nearer, clearer, deadlier,"—the nervous force of the double epizeuxis, "Arm! arm! it is—it is!"—the use of the personified abstracts, Beauty, Chivalry, Youth, Pleasure, for emotional effect,—the touches of fancy and imagination in the expressions, "To chase the glowing hours," and, "As if the clouds its echo would repeat."—The two stanzas receive a kind of impressive unity by gradually proceeding from the merry "sound of revelry" to the terrifying "cannon's opening roar." Further, there is a pleasing melody in all the lines descriptive of joy, and a terrific harmony in all the lines descriptive of the thunder-peals of battle.

XVII.

Strength.

An examination of the qualities of style that relate to feeling will begin with strength. Under the general name of *strength* many variations find a place:—animation, vivacity, liveliness, rapidity, brilliancy; nerve, vigor, force, energy, fervor; dignity, stateliness, splendor, grandeur, magnificence, loftiness, sublimity. Between animation and sublimity there is a vast difference, but they all agree in describing a quality of style that produces *active* pleasurable emotions. The vocabulary of strength is made up of words that name powerful, vast, and exciting objects, effects, and qualities.

Certain conditions are necessary for genuine strength:—

(1) There must be originality; the thoughts should not be commonplace, nor the figures trite.

(2) The language and the subject should be in keeping, one not being above the other. When this condition is not observed,—when the language is more elevated than the thought,—the result is *bombast*.

(3) There should be no idle redundancies. Superfluous language always enfeebles.

(4) There should be variety, as—in the use of terms; in the nature, structure, and length of sentences; in the alternation of bold figures with those of a milder kind.

Strength is often greatly enhanced by the following expedients:—

(1) By attention to the selection of terms, native English words being often more forcible than words of foreign origin; particular terms, than general; concrete terms, than abstract.

(2) By attention to the order of words.

(3) By brevity and condensation.

Energy of expression is one of the marked features of Byron's style. The following passages will serve as studies in strength:—C. H. II. 88; III. 17; III. 25; III. 26; III. 34; III. 39; III. 42.

XVIII.

Pathos.

The difference between strength and pathos is like the difference between motion and rest, pathos being the quality of style that produces *passive* pleasurable emotions,—emotions that compose rather than excite the mind. The vocabulary of pathos includes all words that arouse the tender feelings of love, pity, benevolence, humanity, etc.

The same conditions are necessary for pathos as for strength, viz., originality, harmony, and variety. When the condition of harmony is not observed,—when the language is more elevated than the situation described,—the result is mere *sentimentality*.

In the most touching instances of pathos it must be observed that we have a pitiable case put forward without any reference to help or relief of a kind strictly adapted to the case, the assuaging influences coming mainly from the expression of tender feeling.

Studies in pathos may be found in P. C., 164–230,—the description of the slow death of the youngest brother; and in C. H. III. 24:—“Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,” etc.

XIX.

The Redemption of Pain.

As poetry has for its main object the pleasure of the reader, all painful elements in a poem must in some way be redeemed. The painful side of things, however, must have a place in poetry, else our feelings would be unpleasantly affected by the total absence of an important element in human life. More-

over, the description of suffering is not altogether painful to the reader, especially if the suffering is merited or in the circumstances necessary.

The emotional power of pathos is one of the commonest means employed to redeem painful effects, the tender feelings being a rich source of pleasure. Charms of style are often in themselves sufficient to obviate painful effects.

Discover how pain is redeemed in these instances :—

- (a) The miseries of the Prisoner of Chillon.
- (b) The "secret pain" of "the true-born son of Greece" at the downfall and degradation of his country.
- (c) The woes of the poet described in C. H. II. 95-98 :—
 "And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to lend."
- (d) The bitter experiences that led to Childe Harold's Second Pilgrimage.
- (e) The terribleness of the "awful morn" at Brussels (C. H. III. 24).
- (f) The "tears and breaking hearts" for "young gallant Howard" (III. 29, 30).
- (g) The universal mourning that followed the fatal Waterloo (III. 31-35).

XX.

The Music of Poetry.

The musical element of poetry may be considered under the heads of *melody* and *harmony*.

Melody may be considered under two aspects :—

(1) The laws of melody require the avoidance of all unpleasant, difficult, and harsh combinations of letters and syllables.

(2) In poetry the melody of metre and rhyme is superadded to other melodious effects.

These passages will serve to illustrate some applications of the term *melody* :—

- (a) "A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me!"
- (b) "A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarcely broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue."

Byron's rhymes are often bad. In the Prisoner of Chillon alone we find a very large number of defective rhymes, such as, "wolf," "gulf," "athwart," "part," "come," "home." Hasty writing can be the poet's only excuse.

In connection with melody must be noticed the metrical ornament called *alliteration*. Byron uses this device of art abundantly. It is a remnant of the old English versification, where it was systematically employed. Alliteration imparts a melodious sound to the verses, but modern taste demands that this should be felt rather than distinctly recognized. Nor is it likely that the poet himself is conscious of every alliterative collocation that he produces: when a choice of words is allowed, a musical ear or association will incline him unconsciously to employ the alliterative combination.

The variations which alliteration assumes are numerous. Some of these are:—

(a) *Alternating Alliteration*—

"But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,"
 "Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,"
 "O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroyed."

(b) *Double Alliteration*, in successive lines, or in the same line—

"One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have seal'd."
 "Blind, boundless, mute and motionless."

(c) *Triple Alliteration*—

"How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,"
 "And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword."

(d) *Complex Alliteration*—

"There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds."

(e) *Quadruple Alliteration*—

"He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell."

Alliteration has often marked effects besides those connected with melody. Frequently it points a contrast, accentuates a balance, or in some other way impresses the meaning:—

(a) *Contrast marked by Alliteration*—

"Death in the front, Destruction in the rear,"
 "To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique,"
 "Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou."

(b) *Impressiveness* gained by the alliterative syllables coinciding with the beats of the verse—

"If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,"

Alliteration elaborately pursued will be found in the following passages :—

- (a) "Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword."
(b) "As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat."
(c) C. H. II. 92.

In some of these passages we have *concealed alliteration*, i.e., the recurrence of the same letter not in the initial place, or the crowding together of letters of the same order.

Example (b) above will show that alliteration is often a powerful aid to impressiveness.

Harmony is of various kinds :—

(1) The sounds of words may echo natural sounds, as :—

- (a) "We heard it ripple night and day ;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd."
(b) "And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd."
(c) "And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less."
(d) "I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush."
(e) "The gentle murmurs of the main."—(C. H. II. 82.)
(f) C. H. III. 28.

(2) The movement and the metre may imitate slow or rapid motion, easy or difficult labor, variations of mood, etc., as :—

- (a) "A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow."
(b) "I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen convulsive motion."
(c) "I know not why
I could not die."
(What do the short lines express ?)
(d) "And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun."
(e) "My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick."
(f) "The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load."
(g) "Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around, and on high
The winds lift up their voices."
(h) "Once more upon the waters, yet once more !
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider."

(i) In the first four lines of C. H. III. 25.

(j) "The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun."

(The ponderous monosyllables express tedious delay.)

(k) "A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust."

(The long monosyllables of the first line correspond to slowness, the short ones of the second to rapidity.)

(l) "He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell."

(The initial impetuous rhythm and the quadruple alliteration falling on the beats of the verse, express a rushing forward motion followed by a sudden stop.)

(3) The melody as well as the rhythm is often harmoniously adapted to the sentiment, as:—

(a) The soft melody in many of the lines in C. H. II. 80, is in harmony with the joyous occasion.

(b) The same kind of harmony is found in the first four lines of C. H. II. 85, and in II. 87.

(c) The abundant use of the liquid letters, especially *m* and *n*, in C. H. II. 91, is in pleasing accordance with the glowing under-current of the stanza.

(d) Something of the same species of harmony we find in the last five lines of C. H. III. 4.

(e) C. H. III. 21, 22. See Section XVI. above, where it is pointed out that the harmony of these stanzas contributes to their impressiveness.

(f) In C. H. III. 27, the employment of the liquid letters, especially *m* and *n*, harmonizes agreeably with the pathetic beauty of the stanza.

XXI.

Picturesqueness.

The picturing or describing of scenes and objects is a quality partly intellectual and partly emotional. This quality appears in poetry in many different phases, from the formal attempt to rival a painted picture by "word-painting" to the single-stroke picturesque, as in the picturesque epithet, or picturesque simile. We have in the "Prisoner of Chillon" (332-355) a fine scenic description methodically pursued:—

"I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame ;

* * * * *

Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly."

Picturesqueness may be studied best under the heads of still-life and action. Studies in still-life will include: (1) nature, including all living creatures below man; (2) man, his portraiture and appearance; (3) the products of man's hand. Studies in action will include: (1) nature, as in the raging of the elements; (2) man in activity.

The vocabulary of the picturesque makes up a very large part of language. It includes the names of concrete objects and all words indicating form, size, position, light, and color. The words indicating motion, resistance, sound, and odor, may also be said to belong to the vocabulary of the picturesque. Sound and odor, however, are only suggestive of the picturesque.

To the vocabulary of the picturesque, it has been said, belong words indicating light, color, and sound. This class of words merits separate consideration, as they make up a very large part of the interest of description. Whether the higher senses, sight and hearing, furnish intrinsic sources of pleasure apart from their emotional associations, or the charms which these senses impart are entirely due to the association of ideas, is a question that cannot be determined here. The two higher senses are, in whichever way, copious sources of pleasure, principally in nature, and secondarily in the arts of painting and music respectively. Even the imperfect medium of language is capable of conveying to us the effects that these senses arouse. Byron makes abundant use of the vocabulary of color and of sound. For studies in sound see C. H. III. 25, 26: in light and color, II. 87; III. 13: in light and sound, II. 80; III. 21, 22: in color and sound, P. C. 332-355,—the passage quoted in Section XXI. above, to illustrate the Picturesque.

The word-picture in the "Prisoner of Chillon" referred to above may be used to illustrate the advantages and disadvantages of verbal description as compared with painting. As the pictorial art is the art of space-continuity, and as the literary art deals with time-succession, the former gives us the harmony of things as they actually exist at a given moment, while the latter can give us things only in succession, thus failing to give a complete impression of actual co-existence. A progressive account, however, may be linked into an impressive unity by

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various devices of structure and of metre. The painter has another marked advantage over the literary artist in his ability to represent more vividly the form, size, position, and color of objects. On the other hand the word-artist has certain advantages over the painter. He can appeal to a plurality of senses, being able to represent adequately motion and sound. He can powerfully impress by the vocabulary of the feelings, which he employs abundantly in his descriptions. He has at his command, too, all the charms of poetic style and all the graces of metre. Further, what the poet lacks in respect to unity of impression he almost makes up in the attractiveness that animated sequence always possesses. And then it must be noticed that the poet is the expositor of his own picture, allowing nothing to escape us, whereas the painter has to leave much to the taste and imagination of the spectator.

XXII.

Nature Studies.

Nature, whether in repose or in action, is one of the favorite themes of poetry. It is an interesting study to examine the different ways in which Byron deals with nature.

- (1) The descriptive method, as in P. C. 332-355:—

"I saw them—and they were the same," etc.

Very fine examples of this mode of dealing with nature are to be found in C. H.,—as in the picture of "Cintra's glorious Eden," i. 19, and in the description of Clarens III. 99-102.

- (2) The expression of the simple, spontaneous pleasure that is produced in everyone by out-of-door life and scenes, as:—

(a) "Once more upon the waters, yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider."—(C. H. III. 2.)

(b) "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore."—(C. H. IV. 178.)

- (3) The expression of that higher love of nature which is felt only by those who

"Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

A few striking examples from "Childe Harold" may be quoted:—

(a) "Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favored, child."—(a. 37.)

- (b) "Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam."—(iii. 13.)
- (c) "True wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?"—(iii. 46.)
- (d) "Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion?"—(iii. 75.)

(4) Nature is frequently employed as a background or setting for human action or emotion. In this connection may be viewed the illustration of actions and emotions by striking similes from nature. C. H. II. 80, and III. 30, will serve to illustrate the former. A few similes from nature are:—

- (a) "Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray."
- (b) "And was scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist."
- (c) "Life will suit
Itself to sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste."

(5) The poet sometimes looks at nature through the light of historic events with which some particular spots have become associated. We find much of this in C. H. II., stanzas 85 to 92. See also III. 47 and 51.

(6) The poet sometimes colors nature with the hues of his prevailing mood, or represents nature as in harmony with man, as:—

"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."—(ii. 27.)

(7) Sometimes nature is made to govern man's moods, as in C. H. III. 60:—

"The mind is colored by thy every hue."

(8) Sometimes the poet enters into the life and movements of nature with a kind of imaginative sympathy and interprets the significance of all her doings, as:—

- (a) "But thou exulting and abounding river."—(ii. 50.)
- (b) "There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues."—(iii. 87.)

all of Byron's poetry the description of the feelings plays a prominent part. In the "Prisoner of Chillon" this is the very centre of interest. In "Childe Harold" the many outbursts of personal feeling and the almost complete identification of the hero's experiences with those of the poet himself are not the least of the many attractions of the poem.

XXIV.

Poetic Uses of Epithets.

There is nothing more characteristic of poetry than the profusion and expressiveness of the epithets. Eliminate the epithets from any fine narrative or descriptive passage and the main elements of force and beauty are gone. In picturesque passages sometimes all the salient features are in the epithets.

Besides the ordinary prose use of the epithet as qualifying or limiting a noun, we find several uses peculiar to poetry. Already have been noticed the co-ordinating epithet, the antithetical epithet, the transferred epithet, and the suggestive epithet of pictorial descriptions. We have the anticipatory or proleptic epithet in,—"Then tore with bloody talon the *rent* plain." Sometimes the happy use of an epithet idealizes what would otherwise be an ordinary expression and thus gives it an attractive dignity, as "the *glowing* hours" for a time of happiness and excitement. A passage is often made impressive by means of a cumulation of epithets from the same root, as: "Thou loved and lovely one;" "O, ever loving, lovely, and beloved!"

XXV.

Concreteness and Combination.

As objects in the concrete are more easily conceived than their abstract properties, we find *concreteness* a characteristic of poetry.

Cumulation, or *combination*, is another poetic device as common as concreteness and often accompanying it. Isolation is as rare in poetry as abstraction is. The poet multiplies and combines objects, situations, characters, incidents, images, to produce a harmonious and effective whole.

The following passages of "Childe Harold" will illustrate these two devices: II 87; III 13; III 32; III 46.

XXVI.

Dramatic Devices.

In epic poetry the poet sometimes withdraws himself from view as narrator, and his characters assume to some extent the position of dramatic actors. In such poems as "Childe Harold" a similar result is secured by various devices that serve to impart life and variety to the descriptions. Some of the modes are:—

- (1) The subject is apostrophized, as:—
 - (a) "Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!"—(ii. 73.)
 - (b) "Spirit of Freedom!"—(ii. 74.)
 - (c) "Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!"—(iii. 37.)
 - (d) "Thou too art gone."—(ii. 95.)
 - (e) "Is thy face like thy mother's?"—(iii. 1.)
- (2) The reader or some supposed auditor is addressed, as:—
 - (a) "Yet mark their mirth."—(ii. 78.)
 - (b) "Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!"—(iii. 17.)

Of this nature is the illusion by which the sound of artillery before Waterloo is gradually realized—

"Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street . . .
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more."—(iii. 22.)

- (3) The dramatic employment of question and answer has been noticed in Section XII. A striking illustration of this device is found in C. H. II. 98—

"What is the worst of woes that wait on age?"

XXVII.

Poetic Harmony.

The very essence of fine-art effects is to produce harmony. The various kinds of *musical* harmony have already been referred to in Section XX; but the word has a much wider scope than this. These additional conditions of poetic harmony must be considered:—

- (1) The language and the subject should support each other. In C. H. II. 87, and in III. 21, the dignity and melody and general impressiveness are in keeping with the respective subjects of the stanzas,—the beauty of nature and the brilliant animation of the ball; in III. 19, the style is on a much lower level, not much above the animated rhetoric of prose, the

subject not being one that requires the same elevation of diction.

(2) Nature is made to harmonize with human actions and sentiments,—this being, in fact, one of the fundamental instincts of poetry. This has been referred to in Section XXII. 6. Further examples are :—

(a) "The Queen of tides on high consenting shone."—(C. H. II. 80.)

(b) "The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all."—(P. of C.)

(3) In the development of character there should be no want of harmony, no inconsistencies. In "Childe Harold," as the hero is almost identical with the poet, harmony of character is not wanting.

(4) In all cases of artistic cumulation (section xxv.) there should be harmony among the parts. The harmony of C. H. III. 32, is somewhat doubtful. Are the similitudes in keeping with one another?

(5) In a whole poem unity of plan is a kind of harmony. Every detail should have a suitable place and a definite relation to the whole work. Here may be examined the relation which stanzas 94-98 of Canto II. of "Childe Harold" bear to the main part of the poem.

XXVIII.

Ideality.

One of the most attractive features of poetry is Ideality. Poetry would be spiritless indeed without hyperbole and unreality, as the human mind delights to get away from the tameness of actual things, and to contemplate the higher creations of its hopes and fancies. There are two distinct forms of ideality :—

(1) The representation of things that have little or no relation to actual life, and

(2) The representation of things in an exaggerated form.

Some examples of the latter are these :—

(a) The ideal glories of Greece—

"And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou !
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now."

* * * * *

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told."

(b) The ideal happiness of the ball-room—

"A thousand hearts beat happily," etc.

(c) Ideal melody—

"The sweetest song ear ever heard."—(P. C., 254.)

The poet not only departs from the actualities of life in his subjects, but he also gets away as far as possible from the commonplace and hackneyed forms and phrases of every-day life. Thus, a bee-hive becomes a "fragrant fortress," and a bay-window, a "window'd niche." This process of dignifying what is ordinary is one of the very essentials of the highest poetic diction.

XXIX.

Novelty.

The highest form of Novelty is Originality. Without invention or originality no poet can find his way into the first rank. The selections from Byron should be examined with reference to originality in the theme, in the mode of presenting the theme, in the thoughts and images, and in the metrical effects.

Under Novelty may be placed Variety, or the alternation of effects. Variety may appear under different aspects:—

- (a) In melodious and other metrical effects.
- (b) In variation of terms;—this requires a copious vocabulary.
- (c) In length and structure of sentences.
- (d) In figurative effects
- (e) In the interest of the whole composition.

XXX.

Fancy and Imagination.

Many attempts have been made to draw a nice distinction between the terms Fancy and Imagination. Wordsworth takes up the topic in the preface to the 1815 edition of his poems. Coleridge deals with it in his "Biographia Literaria." Ruskin, in Part III. Section 2, of "Modern Painters," discusses the question at considerable length. It will be impossible, in a

few words, to make a very clear presentation of the uses of the terms in all their applications. Only a general notion of the distinction can be conveyed here.

Fancy is purely and simply an intellectual faculty. It is lighter and less impressive than Imagination. It deals with externals, and never enters the region of deep feeling. It regards the forms and features of things rather than their expressions and effects.

Imagination is a higher and more spiritual faculty. It sees the heart and the inner nature of things, and makes them felt. It always carries an under-current of meaning. It is always serious, thus differing essentially from Fancy, which is often capricious and playful.

As nearly all of Byron's poetry is characterized by deep feeling, we shall find in it little of Fancy and very much of Imagination. However, no very high flights of imagination will be found in the selections from the poet contained in this volume. In the latter part of Canto III. and in Canto IV. of "Childe Harold," will be found some wonderful passages glowing with imaginative fervor, e.g., the remarkable stanzas on Clarens (III. 99-102), and on Egeria (IV. 115-119).

The following isolated passages will illustrate some of the phases of Fancy and Imagination:—

- (a) "Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way."—(Im.)
- (b) "And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile."—(Im.)
- (c) "'Twas as if, darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave."—(F.)
- (d) "Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave."—(Im.)
- (e) "Where a blue sky and glowing clime extends."—(F.)
- (f) "Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake."—(F.)
- (g) "And the spring
Came forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing."—(Im.)
- (h) "And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells."—(Im.)

XXXI.

Taste.

"Taste is the kind of artistic excellence that gives the greatest amount of pleasure to cultivated minds." The artistic judgment that produces this quality has also the same desig-

nation. The terms "polish," "refinement," and "elegance," are almost synonymous with artistic taste.

When poetry is as it ought to be, in all the round of the artistic qualities, it is said to be "in taste"; when any art condition is missed the poet exposes himself to the reproach of "bad taste."

There are in taste a permanent element and a mutable element. Regarding certain matters of style there can be no discussion. It is, for instance, conceded by all that elegance of style demands strict conformity with the well-understood rules of composition and rhetoric. Besides this permanent element there is an element that varies with ages, countries, and individuals. It is largely variety in taste that causes such diversity in literary judgments.

Determine whether Byron ever violates these canons of taste:—

- (a) Mannerisms should be avoided.
- (b) Negligence should have no place in a good style.
- (c) There should be neither prolixity nor violent condensation.
- (d) There should be no straining after effect.
- (e) Melody and harmony are essentials of poetic taste.
- (f) Lucidity is a prime requisite in literary style.
- (g) Tawdry ornamentation should be avoided.

Taste may have reference to subject-matter as well as to expression. Discuss in this connection:—

- (a) The discursiveness of "Childe Harold."
- (b) The propriety of the poet's frequently introducing matters purely personal. (See C. H. III. 1, note, and II. 95-98.)

XXXII.

Beauty.

Beauty is a word of somewhat vague signification. As it is one of the qualities on which taste exercises itself, the conception of what constitutes the beautiful must vary according to the taste of the individual. Beauty is one of the most copious sources of the pleasures of poetry, as it is one large part of the vocation of the poet to bear witness to the beauty

that is in the world around him, and to the noble thoughts and affecting sentiments that give us pleasures of a placid kind. The term beauty is applied, not only to objects that please the eye and the ear, and to thoughts and sentiments, but also to the artistic language that gives a vivid and attractive expression to all these things, and even to the melody and harmony that accompany these graces of writing.

A brief study of the scene viewed by the Prisoner of Chillon with a "loving eye"—("I saw them . . . I felt troubled")—will serve to illustrate some of the applications of the term. A romantic scene is here described with some fullness:—The snow-capt mountains; the far-extending lake; the blue river; the gushing torrents; the rocks and bushes; the white-walled town; the sails of passing ships; the small green isle, with its three tall trees, its flowing waters, and its flowers; the swimming fish; the flying eagle. It will be noticed that the poet makes a strong appeal to our sensuous appreciation of colors and sounds. Not only is the scene a beautiful one, but all its suggestive associations tend to stir our gentler emotions;—the "thousand years" gives us the pathos of length of time; the imaginative joy that the poet puts into the river, and the torrents, and the ships, and the isle, and the fish, and the eagle, produces in us a feeling akin to tenderness; our tender feelings are also touched by the mention of the flowers, with their sweet scents and hues. The striking contrast between the beauty and joy of nature and the "changed frame" and pitiable condition of the Prisoner

"To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd,—forbidden fare,"

and the effect of the view on his spirits when new tears come to his eyes and he feels troubled,—these powerfully enhance the effect of the whole passage, the charming scene, with all its tender suggestions, being presented in a touchingly pathetic setting. In examining this passage for *literary* beauty, there is a more important matter to consider. The poet has chosen a suitable subject for the exercise of his art, and he has brought various poetic devices to his aid; but he has also clothed his description and his sentiments in pleasing language, and has charged the whole passage with an agreeable melody.



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd— forbidden fare ;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death ;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place ;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage ;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and grey,
 Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp :
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain ;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet, each alone ;
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight :
 And thus together—yet apart,
 Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.

Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do—and did—my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distress'd
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day—
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy :—but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit wither'd with their clank,

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I saw it silently decline—
 And so perchance in sooth did mine :
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had follow'd there the deer and wolf ;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthrals :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay—
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high
 And wanton in the happy sky ;
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food ;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care :
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captives' tears

Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow-men
 Like brutes within an iron den ;
 But what were these to us or him ?
 These wasted not his heart or limb ;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side ;
 But why delay the truth ?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there :
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love ;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free ;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—

He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stock away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow :
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray ;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listen'd, but I could not hear ;
I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him :—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last—the sole—the dearest link

Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness, too :
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey ;
 It was not night—it was not day ;
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place ;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

X.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;

It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track ;
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before ;
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me !
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile—
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me ;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,

Lone—as a solitary cloud,—
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate ;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was :—my broken chain
 With links unfastened did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part ;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape ;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child—no sire—no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows, and to bend

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channel'd rock and broken bush:
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skinning down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarcely broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count—I took no note.

I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote ;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where ;
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home :
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learned to dwell ;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are :—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.





CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO SECOND.

LXXIII.

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long accustom'd bondage uncreate ?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylae's sepulchral strait—
Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb ?

LXXIV.

Spirit of freedom ! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every earle can lord it o'er thy land ;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand ;
From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed, unmann'd

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed ! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty !
And many dream withal the hour is nigh

That gives them back their father's heritage :
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ?
 By their right arms the conquest must be wrought ?
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !
 True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
 But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
 Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !
 Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the same ;
 Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
 The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest ;
 And the Serai's impenetrable tower
 Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest ;
 Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
 The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
 May wind their path of blood along the West ;
 But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
 But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
 That penance which their holy rites prepare
 To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
 By daily abstinence and nightly prayer :
 But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
 Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
 To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
 O Stamboul ! once the empress of their reign ?

Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain :
 (Alas ! her woes will still pervade my strain !)
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
 All felt the common joy they now must feign,
 Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
 As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bosphorus along.

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,
 Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
 And timely echo'd back the measured oar,
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan :
 The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
 'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
 Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caique along the foam,
 Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
 No thought had man or maid of rest or home,
 While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
 Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
 Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still :
 Oh Love ! young Love ! bound in thy rosy band,
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
 These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill !

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
 Even through the closest searment half betray'd ?
 To such the gentle murmurs of the main
 Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain ;
 To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
 Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain :
 How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
 And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud !

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
 If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast :
 Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
 The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
 Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
 And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword :
 Ah ! Greece ! they love thee least who owe thee most—
 Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
 Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde !

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
 When Thebes' Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
 Then may'st thou be restored ; but not till then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
 An hour may lay it in the dust : and when
 Can man its shatter'd splendor renovate,
 Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate ?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou !
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now :
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough :
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth ;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave ;
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave ;
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave ;

While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas !"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus yields ;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air ;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground ;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon ;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wood
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord :
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word ;
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career.

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !

Such was the scene—what now remaineth here ?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth :
 But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
 And pass in peace along the magic waste ;
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced !
 Not for such purpose were these altars placed :
 Revere the remnants nations once revered :
 So may our country's name be undisaugred,
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,
 By every honest joy of love and life endear'd !

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
 Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,

Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
 Of louder minstrels in these later days :
 To such resign the strife for fading bays—
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise,
 Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
 And none are left to please when none are left to love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one !
 Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me ;
 Who did for me what none beside have done,
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
 What is my being ? thou has ceased to be !
 Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
 Would they had never been, or were to come !
 Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam !

XCVI.

Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and beloved !
 How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
 And clings to thoughts now better far removed !
 But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
 All thou could'st have of mine, stern death ! thou hast ;
 The parent, friend, and now the more than friend ;
 Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
 And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
 Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
 And follow all that Peace disdains to seek ?
 Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
 False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
 To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak ;
 Still o'er the features, which perforce they show,
 To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique ?
 Smiles form the channel of a future tear
 Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
 And be alone on earth, as I am now.
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
 O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
 Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
 Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
 ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?
 When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
 And then we parted,—not as now we part,
 But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,
 The waters heave around me; and on high
 The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
 Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
 When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
 And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
 That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
 Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
 Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
 Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
 The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;

Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
 Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years
 Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion,—joy, or pain,
 Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
 And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
 I would essay as I have sung to sing.
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
 So that no wonder waits him; nor below
 Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give
 The life we image, even as I do now.
 What am I? Nothing; but not so art thou,
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly :—I *have* thought
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame :
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late !
 Yet am I changed ; though still enough the same
 In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this :—but now 'tis past,
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.
 Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last ;
 He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal ;
 Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
 In soul and aspect as in age : years steal
 Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb ;
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX.

His had been quell'd too quickly, and he found
 The dregs were wormwood ; but he fill'd again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain !
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
 And heavy though it clank'd not ; worn with pain,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
 Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind ;
 And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find

Fit speculation; such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
Proud though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tone
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:

Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
 He had been happy ; but this clay will sink
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light
 To which it mounts, as if to break the link
 That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
 Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
 To whom the boundless air alone were home :
 Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
 His breast and beak against his wiry dome
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
 Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
 With naught of hope left, but with less of gloom ;
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
 That all was over on this side the tomb,
 Had made despair a smilingness assume,
 Which though 'twere wild,—as on the plundered wreck
 When mariners would madly meet their doom
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forebore to check.

XVII.

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust ?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo !

How in an hour the power which gave annals
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
 In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
 Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
 He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
 And foam in fetters;—but is earth more free?
 Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
 What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
 Pay the Wolf homage! proffering lowly gaze
 And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye praise!

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
 The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
 Of roused-up millions; all that most endears
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreaths a sword
 Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd 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 look'd 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!

XXII.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas 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!

XXIII.

Within a window'd 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 deem'd 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 rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

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
 Blush'd 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!

XXV.

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 throug'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come ! they come !"

XXVI.

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 !

XXVII.

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 valor, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII.

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 cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine :
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,

And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
 And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
 They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard !

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
 Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

XXXI.

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
 Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound of Fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honor'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, mourn :
 The tree will wither long before it fall ;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness ; the ruin'd wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ;
 The bars survive the captive they enthral ;
 The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun ;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies ; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
 Living in shatter'd guise ; and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it were
 As nothing did we die ; but Life will suit
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
 All ashes to the touch, till man compute
 Existence by empty count o'er
 Such hours 'gainst years of life.—say, would he name threescore ?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man :
 They are enough ; and if thy tale be *true*,
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo !
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
 "Here, where the sword united nations drew,
 Our countrymen were warring on that day !"
 And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
 Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt ;
 Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been ;

For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st
 Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene !

XXXVII.

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou !
 She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
 Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
 That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
 Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
 The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
 A god unto thyself ; nor less the same
 To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
 Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
 Battling with nations, flying from the field ;
 Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
 More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield ;
 An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
 But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
 However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
 Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
 Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
 With that untaught innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye ;—
 When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favorite child,
 He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes ; for in them
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show

That just habitual scorn, which could contemn
Men and their thoughts ; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow :
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock ;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone :
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion ; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool ;
Envi'd, yet how unenviable ! what stings
Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule :

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
 That should their days, surviving perils past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

XLVI.

Away with these ! true Wisdom's world will be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal Nature ! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?
 There Harold gazes on a work divine,
 A blending of all beauties ; streams and dells,
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
 And chieffless castles breathing stern farewells
 From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
 All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
 There was a day when they were young and proud,
 Banners on high, and battles pass'd below ;

But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
 Power dwelt amidst her passions ; in proud state
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
 What want these outlaws conquerors should have
 But history's purchased page to call them great ?
 A wider space, an ornamented grave ?
 Their hopes were not less warn, their souls were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide ;
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won
 Saw the discolored Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river !
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
 Earth paved like heaven ; and to seem such to me,
 Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should Lethe be.

LL.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have passed away,

And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks ;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they ?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd, with its dancing light, the sunny ray ;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.





NOTES ON THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

This beautiful poem—styled by the poet "A Fable"—was composed in June, 1816, at a small inn, in the little village of Ouchy, on the shores of Lake Geneva, near Lausanne, where Byron happened to be detained for two days by stress of weather.

The poem owes its origin to the story of the incarceration of François Bonnavard, the great Genevese patriot. Born in France in 1496, Bonnavard made Geneva the city of his adoption, and took part in the defence of that state against the attacks of the Duke of Savoy. In 1530, while on his way to Lausanne, he was seized by the myrmidons of the Duke and immured in the Castle of Chillon. Here he remained for six years, when he was freed by the Bernese who took possession of the castle. Thereafter he became the most famous citizen of Geneva, ending a long and useful life in 1570, at the age of 74.

Byron knew but little of the historical Bonnavard. He says: "When this poem was composed I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnavard, or I should have endeavored to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues." The poet's hero, then, and the historical hero are quite different. The cause of Bonnavard's imprisonment was political, not religious; and further, the historical Bonnavard had no brothers to share his fate.

In most editions the following "Sonnet on Chillon" introduces the poem:

"Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art!
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are assigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnavard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

L.

This was for my father's faith.—Notice the odd use of 'this' for 'it,'
For tenets, etc.—He was a Protestant.

In darkness, etc.—Reconcile this with "One in fire and two in field."
Does it mean the same as "Three were in a dungeon cast"?

Who now are one.—Who is the 'one'? Who is the 'one in age'?

Proud, etc.—The original MS. has 'Braving rancor—chains—and rage.' Show the superiority of the present reading.

II.

Chillon.—This famous Swiss castle, on Lake Geneva, was built in 1218 by a Count of Savoy, and was once an important stronghold, guarding a mountain pass.

What is the difference between 'pillars' and 'columns'?

Crevice.—Is this synonymous with 'cleft'?

A marsh's meteor lamp.—This is the *ignis fatuus*, popularly known as 'will-o'-the-wisp' or 'Jack-o'-Lantern,'—a moving luminous appearance seen on summer nights over marshy places.

This new day.—See xiv.: "At length men came to set me free." The prisoner's life alternated between days of freedom and nights of dungeon life, as this was his second imprisonment. He had previously, by the order of the Duke of Savoy, spent two years in prison at Grôle, from 1519 to 1521.

III.

A column stone.—Compare with "In each pillar there is a ring."

The pure elements of earth.—The free air under the open sky.

IV.

I ought to do.—Here 'ought' has a past force. Originally it had this sense='owed.'

The youngest . . . for him.—Notice the redundant construction.

To view below.—This use of 'below' is a mannerism of the poet's. Compare

"O Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify *below*."

—*The Waltz*.

"Nor *below*
Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart," etc.

—*Child Harold*, III., v., 3.

V.

Had stood=would have stood.

But . . . to pine.—Supply the ellipsis. Is the present construction permissible?

And so perchance.—Is there not a conflict between 'perchance' and 'in sooth'?

A gulf.—A bottomless pit; an abyss.

VI.

Leman.—The Lake of Geneva (Lacus Lemannus), beside which is the Chateau de Chillon, is 1056 feet deep near its eastern extremity.

Meet and flow.—The Rhone flows through the lake.

The happy sky.—Account for the epithet.

Rock hath rocked.—Notice that the noun 'rock' and the verb 'rock' are of very different origin. Does the word-play enhance or weaken the effect?

VII.

Nearer brother.—In what sense 'nearer'?

For the like had little care.—Their prison fare was like their hunter's fare in being 'coarse and rude,' still this was a matter of indifference to them,—“What were these to us or him?”

To us or him.—What is the use of adding 'or him'?

Had grown=would have grown.

But why delay the truth?—The original MS. had, “But why withhold the blow?—he died.”

To rend and gnash.—The original was “To break or bite.” Discuss the comparative value of the readings.

Empty chain.—How can a chain be called 'empty'?

VIII.

His mother's image.—Compare “Our mother's brow was given to him” (iv).

The infant love, etc.—He was the youngest of the family and was the most beloved of all.

Who yet, etc.—‘Yet’=up to this time.

Was struck.—By what blow?

Those he left behind.—Observe the exquisite delicacy in the use of the plural. Mr. Heber's note is worth quoting: “By such a fanciful multiplying of the survivors the elder brother prevents self-intrusion; himself and his loneliness are, as it were, kept out of sight, and forgotten. There is a not unlike sensitiveness in the Scotch phrase ‘them that's awa’ of some single lost one. The grief is softened by vagueness. So, too, the Greeks used the plural.”

I listen'd.—Note the accumulation of I's, and the climax of emphasis in the last three.

But faith.—Compare i, 11:

“But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.”

A selfish death.—The Christian faith forbade a self-inflicted death. ‘Selfish’ may have reference to a death in the interests of *self*, as opposed to a death in defence of principles, or for the good of others.

IX.

Wist.—The past of an old verb ‘to wit’=‘to know’; present tense, ‘wot.’

X.

A light broke in.—The description of the awakening of the prisoner from his torpor at the carol of a bird is very like the passage in *The Ancient Mariner*, descriptive of the breaking of the spell that bound the mariner in a trance:

“O happy living things! no tongue
Their hearty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.”

XII.

Had made=would have made.

XIII.

Thousand years of snow.—The Alps are covered with perpetual snow.

Wide long lake.—Lake Geneva. The original MS. had here:

"I saw them with their lake below,
And their three thousand years of snow."

Distant town.—Vevay or Villeneuve.

Little Isle.—"Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive on my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view."—BYRON.

XIV.

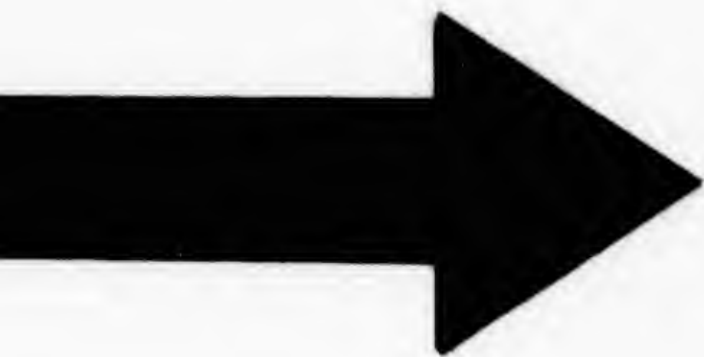
A hermitage.—Compare Lovelace's lines:

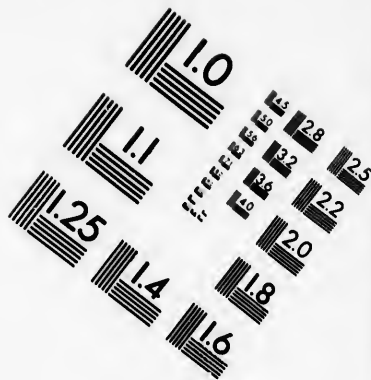
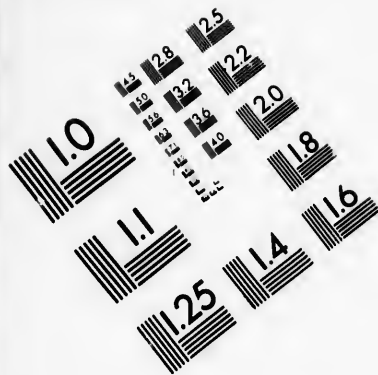
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

Sullen trade.—Silent, solitary, gloomy.

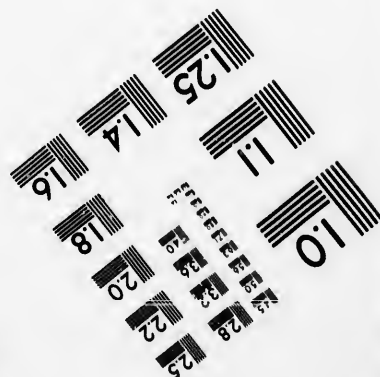
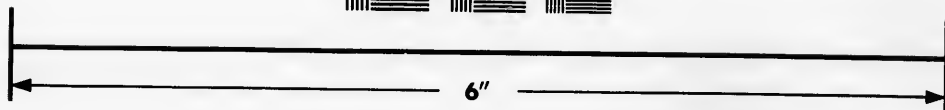
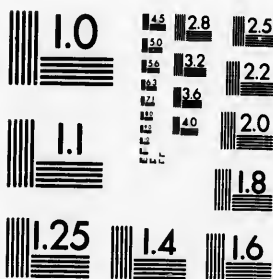








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NOTES ON CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A brief analysis of the earlier portion of the poem is here given :

CANTO FIRST.

Portugal and Spain.

- I.—Invocation to the Muse.
II.—IX.—Childe Harold: the Hero.
X.—XII.—His Departure on his Pilgrimage.
XIII.—His Adieu to England.
XIV.—XVII.—His Arrival in Portugal; Lisbon.
XVIII.—XXIII.—Cintra.
XXIV.—XXVI.—The Convention of Cintra.
XXVII.—XXXIV.—The Childe resumes his Pilgrimage, and passes into Spain.
XXXV.—XXXVIII.—The Struggles of Spain against the Moors and against Napoleon.
XXXIX.—XLI.—The Battle of Talavera.
XLII.—XLIV.—The Folly of Military Ambition.
XLV.—XLVI.—Seville.
XLVII.—LIII.—Spanish Resistance to Napoleon.
LIV.—LVI.—The Maid of Saragossa.
LVII.—LIX.—The Women of Spain.
LX.—LXIV.—Invocation to Mount Parnassus—(a digression from the main theme).
LXV.—LXVII.—Cadiz and its Revelries.
LXVIII.—LXXI.—Sunday at Cadiz and at London.
LXXII.—LXXXI.—A Bull Fight.
LXXXII.—LXXXIII.—Harold's Loves and Disappointments.
LXXXIV.—Stanzas to Inez.
LXXXV.—XC.—Farewell to Spain and Lament over her Fate.
XCI.—XCII.—Death of Byron's Friend: Death of his Mother.
XCIII.—Close of the Canto.

CANTO SECOND.

Greece.

- I.—Invocation to the Goddess of Wisdom: the Parthenon.
II.—IX.—The Fall of Athens: the Nothingness of Man: the Hope of Immortality.
X.—The Temple of Olympian Jove.
XI.—XV.—Lord Elgin's Spoliation of the Parthenon.
XVI.—Harold's Departure for Greece.
XVII.—XXI.—The Frigate at Sea.

- XXII.—Gibraltar.
 XXIII.—XXIV.—Night at Sea.
 XXV.—XXVII.—Reflections on Solitude.
 XXVIII.—The Voyage.
 XXIX.—XXXV.—Calypso's Isles: Fair Florence, the New Calypso.
 XXXVI.—Harold Continues the Voyage.
 XXXVII.—Nature as a Kind Mother.
 XXXVIII.—Albania.
 XXXIX.—XLI.—Leucadia and Sappho.
 XLII.—XLVII.—The Albanian Coast: the Gulf of Ambracia: Journey through Albania.
 XLVIII.—LII.—The Monastery of Zitza.
 LIII.—Dodona.
 LIV.—LXI.—Tepalen: the Palace of Ali Pasha: his People.
 LXII.—LXIV.—Ali Pasha.
 LXV.—LXXXI.—The Virtues of the Albanians.
 LXXXII.—Albanian War-Song.

LXXXIII.—LXXXVII.

The Downfall and Degradation of Greece.

73.

Scattered children.—'Scatter'd' refers to the want of national unity.

Long bondage.—Greece had been subject to Turkish domination from the capture of Constantinople in 1453, A.D. "All the annoyances that ignorance, brutality, tyranny, and greed could suggest, were practised by the Turks on the much-enduring Greeks."

Whilome = formerly, — an *archaism*. The earlier parts of the poem have many archaisms, but as the poet advanced with his work he seems to have tired of them. In the Second Canto there are very few, and in the third and fourth almost none.

Bleak Thermopylæ.—A celebrated pass leading from Thessaly into Loc. 's. It is the only pass by which the enemy can penetrate into Greece from the north. It is noted for the heroic defence of Leonidas and his 300 Spartans against the great army of Xerxes. The Persians discovered a path over the mountains, attacked the Greeks in the rear, and cut them to pieces. 'Bleak' has reference to the exposed hill-side of the pass.

In *The Isles of Greece* the poet again returns to the immortal heroism of the 300 Spartans:

"Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!"

Eurotas' banks.—This river flows past Sparta, the city of Leonidas.

74.

Phylæ's brow.—Phylæ was a fortified place on the confines of Bœotia and Attica. It is memorable as the place which Thrasylulus and the Athenian patriots seized in 404 B.C., and from which they directed their operations against the thirty tyrants at Athens. It was from Phylæ that Byron obtained his first view of Athens.

Carle.—Churl. A common rustic.

In word.—See 'idly rail' above.

76.

Gaul or Muscovite.—French or Russians.

Shades of the Helots.—The Helots were a class of ancient Spartan slaves. The descendants of the old masters of these bondsmen have now themselves become slaves, and the shades of the old Helots are called upon to enjoy the revenge which time has brought them.

Change thy lords.—The imperative is equivalent to a conditional clause.

77.

The city.—Constantinople.

Won for Allah.—Won by the Mohammedans for Allah,—the Arabic name of God.

Giaour.—An infidel. A contemptuous epithet applied by the Turks to Christians. One of Byron's finest poems bears the title,—“The Giaour.”

Othman's race.—The Ottomans, or Turks, of whose dynasty Othman was the founder.

Serai's impenetrable tower.—The Sultan's palace, or seraglio, which cannot be entered by ordinary mortals.

The fiery Frank.—The Latins, who held the city from 1204 to 1261 A.D. “*Frank* is used in Turkey as a collective expression for all persons from Western Europe. It originated in the extensive use of the French language throughout the Ægean in the 13th century subsequently to the capture of Constantinople by the Latins in 1204.”

Wahab's rebel brood.—“The Arab Sheikh Wahab was the founder of the sect of the Wahabees, the Puritans of Mahometanism, who captured and sacked Mecca in 1803, and Medina in 1804.” Mecca is noted as the birth-place of Mohammed, and Medina contains “the prophet's tomb.”

ious spoil.—The spoil won from the nations in the name of Allah.

LXXVIII.—1

The Carnival at Constantinople.

78.

To shrive from man=to shrive man from.

Joyance.—This and *pleasance* are archaisms from Spenser.

Secret share.—‘Secret’ is explained by ‘masking’ in the next line.

Mimic train.—The costumes of the revellers imitated different characters.

Carnival.—A personification of the feast or festal season which is celebrated with much merriment in Catholic countries, and especially in Venice and Rome, during the week preceding Lent.

79.

Whose more rife with=whose (days of joyance), or whose (carnival) more abounding in.

Stamboul.—The Turkish name of Constantinople.

Empress of their reign.—Capital of the Greek empire. ‘Their reign’ may, however, mean the reign of the ‘days of joyance.’

Sophia's shrine.—The famous mosque of St. Sophia, which was originally a Christian church, erected by Justinian.

Greece her very altars, etc.—The Greeks have lost even the liberty of worshipping in their ancient temples, and now look longingly towards them. Like all mosques, St. Sophia is closed against Christian visitors except upon special firman.

As wood the eye, etc.—'Eye' refers back to 'sight,' and 'thrill'd' to 'song,'—an example of what is called the *cross-construction*.

Bosphorus.—This connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, joining the latter opposite Constantinople.

81.

Caique.—A light boat common on the Bosphorus.

Bound, etc.—When we are bound.

LXXXII.—LXXXIV.

Will Greece rise again?

82.

Searment=cerement. The word is here used figuratively to denote a close covering for concealment.

83.

Wield.—This word, which regularly accompanies 'sword,' becomes keenly ironical when applied to 'sickle.' Byron frequently avails himself of this device. Compare in *The Isles of Greece*:

"Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine."

Record.—The word is often pronounced with this accent in early writers, as in Chaucer.

84.

Lacedemon's hardihood.—When Sparta's hardy sons arise again as under Leonidas.

When Thebes Epaminondas rears again.—Epaminondas was a great Theban general and statesman. In the famous battle of Leuctra, 371 B.C., he defeated the Spartans. In 362 B.C. he gained another brilliant victory over the same foe at Mantinea. 'Rears' refers to the fact that Epaminondas raised Thebes to the supremacy of Greece, which she lost immediately after his death.

LXXXV.—XCIII.

The Eternal Beauty and Sacred Memories of Greece.

85.

Thy vales, etc.—Byron says: "On many of the mountains the snow is never entirely melted; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter."

Nature's varied favorite.—In his History of Greece Curtius says: "There is not on the entire known surface of the globe any other region in which the different zones of climate and flora meet one another in so rapid a succession."

Fanes,—sanctuaries; *temples*, the grander edifices.

86.

Brethren of the cave.—That is, they were dug from the same quarry. Byron says: "From Mount Pentelicus the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will till the end of time."

Tritonia's airy shrine.—The ruins of the ancient temple of Minerva on the promontory of Sunium, or Cape Colonna (from the round columns). Compare "Sunium's marbled steep" in *The Isles of Greece*.

Only not.—All but, almost; as in IV., 135,—“And *only not* to desperation driven.”

87.

Thine olive.—According to fable the goddess Minerva gave the olive to Attica.

Hymettus.—A mountain near Athens noted in ancient times for its bees. Compare Milton's "Flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound of bees' industrious murmur."

Apollo.—The sun god.

Mendeli's marbles.—Mendeli is the modern name of Pentelicus, mentioned above.

88.

Muse's tales.—The tales of ancient poetry.

Athena's tower.—The Parthenon. Age did much in the downfall of this glorious temple, and man completed the ruin. Again and again in his poetry Byron attacks Lord Elgin for bringing the remains of Grecian art from the Parthenon to England. "The Curse of Minerva" in many a burning line brands Elgin for his alleged sacrilege. In this very canto of Childe Harold (11-15) the poet laments the fact that one of Albion's sons

"Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forbore and tyrants left to stand."

Gray Marathon.—On the plain of Marathon was fought the celebrated battle between the Persians and the Athenians under Miltiades in 490 B. C. The tumulus raised over the Athenians who fell in the battle is still to be seen. Byron tells us that the plain of Marathon was offered to him for sale for nine hundred pounds! "Alas!" he exclaims, "was the dust of Miltiades worth no more."

'Gray' is an expressive epithet often used by the poets of anything that has venerable associations.

89.

First bow'd.—On what subsequent occasions was Persia defeated by Greece?

Hellas.—The name by which the inhabitants of Greece designated their country.

90.

Mede.—Here, as often in Latin poetry, a synonym for 'Persian.'

Mountains above.—The plain is enclosed on three sides by Parnes and Pentelicus, while the fourth side faces the sea. Compare in *The Isles of Greece*:

"The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea."

Asia's tear.—The mourning of the Persians.

Violated mound.—Excavators had been recently at work searching in the barrow for relics.

91.

Ionian blast.—The wind from the Ionian sea, coming as did Childe Harold from the west.

Annals and immortal tongue.—The history and the language of Greece.

Pallas, etc.—Athena or Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, unveils her lore to the sages; the Muse, hers to the bards. Notice the cross-construction. (See 79 above.)

92.

Delphi.—A small town in Phocis and the seat of the oracle of Apollo, the most celebrated in Greece.

Greece is no lightsome land.—This idea is fully worked out in those beautiful lines from *The Giaour* quoted elsewhere,—“He who hath bent him o'er the dead,” etc.

The Second Canto in the original MS. terminated here. The next five stanzas were added after the canto had been sent to press.

93.

Busy.—Meddling. We have here another thrust at Lord Elgin for his spoliation of the Parthenon.

XCIV.—XCVIII.

Lament for Lost Friends.

94.

Idlesse.—An archaic form = idleness.

Soon shall thy voice be lost.—The poet was thoroughly conscious of his brilliant powers and of his prospects of immortality, but after the acceptable manner of modern poets he depreciates himself, at the same time paying no striking compliment to his competitors for the ‘fading bays,’—“the *throng of louder minstrels.*”

None are left to please.—None are left for me to desire to please.

95.

Thou too art gone.—There is much difference of opinion as to the person referred to here. It is generally conceded that these closing stanzas were written at Newstead in October, 1811. The poems to Thyrza, written in this and the following year (1811-12), probably refer to his cousin, Margaret Parker, and she may be the one whose death is here lamented. A letter written by Byron to his friend Dallas from Newstead Abbey, October 11th, 1811, contains some lines probably referring to the death of the same person: “I have been again shocked with a *death*, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but ‘I have almost forgot the taste of grief,’ and ‘supped full of horrors’ till I have become callous, nor have I a tear left for an event which five years ago would have bowed down my head to the earth. It seems as tho’ I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men always take refuge in their families; I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed very wretched, and you will excuse my saying so, as you know I am not apt to cant of sensibility.”

In another of Byron's letters of this period he alludes to the death of a lady friend without stating her name or giving us the slightest clue for identification.

His biographer Moore thinks that he refers in these stanzas to the death by consumption of his Cambridge friend, young Eddlestone, speaking of whom Byron says: “This makes the sixth within four months of friends and relatives that I have lost between May and the end of August.” This Eddlestone is the young man of whom Byron in 1807 had said: “I certainly love him more than any human being.”

96.

The parent, friend, etc.—His mother had died on August 1st, and besides young Eddlestone he had lost three other friends of his youth, Long, Wingfield and Matthews, and also the lady mentioned above whose name the poet nowhere reveals.

97.

That Peace, etc.—The things that do not tend to preserve peace of mind.

False to the heart.—Not portraying the actual feelings.

To leave, etc.—Only to leave.

Still o'er, etc.—The punctuation of the latter part of this stanza is very doubtful. The present punctuation would lead us to interpret thus: 'Still *i.e.*, despite weariness) in the countenance which they (Revel and Laughter) force to look cheerful, they (R. and L.) distort the cheek so as to feign,' etc. Or 'still' may mean 'ever. Some editions have [] at the end of the fifth line, and [] at the end of the seventh line: 'they' will then refer to 'smiles.' With [] at the end of the fifth line, and [] at the end of the seventh, the passage will bear either of the preceding interpretations.

98.

The ills of Eld.—The woes incident to old age.

CANTO THIRD.

I.—XVI.

Ada: The Second Pilgrimage and the Experiences that led to it.

1.

The poet goes back in thought to the time when he left England, and conceives of himself as sleeping on shipboard and dreaming of his daughter.

My fair child.—His daughter was born on the 10th of December, 1815. Her name was Augusta Ada, the second being an old family name. Lady Byron left her husband in the middle of January when Ada was only five weeks old, and the poet never saw his daughter again.

As this canto begins with an address to his daughter, so it ends:—

"My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end—
I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none
Can be so wrapped in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart when mine is cold.—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mou'd.

To aid thy mind's development, to watch
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

Yet, though dull hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation, and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us,—'t were the same,

I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
 My blood from out thy being were an aim,
 And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
 Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

The child of love, though born in bitterness,
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
 These were the elements, and thine no less.
 As yet such are around thee, but thy fire
 Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
 And from the mountains where I now respire,
 Fain would I wait such blessing upon thee
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!"

I depart.—Byron left England the second time on April 25th, 1816.

2.

Fluttering.—The original MS. has 'tattering.'

Strew the gale.—Be swept along in tatters on the gale.

3.

Youth's summer.—When he wrote the preceding cantos of Childe Harold.

Wandering outlaw, etc.—Does this mean that he was driven into exile by his evil conscience, or that he was a fugitive from his evil conscience?

The stanzas from the First Canto descriptive of the Childe will be found on a subsequent page.

The furrows, etc.—This is a metaphor from Southern Europe, where frequently a dried-up torrent-bed serves as a sandy or shingly path.

5.

Piercing the depths of life.—Fathoming the mysteries of human experience.

Below.—In this world. Compare P. of C., iv.,—"Which he abhorr'd to view below."

The keen knife, etc.—The keen knife that must be endured in silence although the suffering is acute.

Lone caves.—The ideal world is meant.

Yet rife, etc.—'Yet' marks the opposition between 'lone' and 'rife.'

The soul's haunted cell.—The chambers of the brain peopled by the creatures of the fancy.

6.

'Tis to create, etc.—It is in order that we may create, and so live a life of greater intensity, that we invest our conceptions with reality, living an ideal life while imparting life to our fancies.

Not so art thou, etc.—Thou art a living reality, creature of my fancy.

Thy birth.—Thy nature.

7.

Phantasy and flame.—'Phantasy' is the earlier and uncontracted form of 'fancy': so 'fancy and flame': so 'flaming fancy' = 'ardent conceptions.'

Untaught in youth, etc.—Untaught in "his youth's fond prime" to put a check upon his impulses.

'Tis too late, etc.—Although it is too late to undo the past, yet its effects upon me must not be ignored.

8.

Something too much of this.—From Hamlet, III., ii, 69,

14.

The Chaldean.—The Chaldeans were noted as astrologers.

The poet returns to his adoration of the stars in III., 88:

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap our mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star."

16.

Self-exiled Harold.—"These stanzas, (1-16)—in which the author, adopting more distinctly the character of Childe Harold than in the original poem (Cantos 1., 11.), assigns the cause why he has resumed his pilgrim's staff, when it was hoped he had sat down for life a denizen of his native country,—abound with much moral interest and poetical beauty. The commentary through which the meaning of this melancholy tale is rendered obvious, is still in vivid remembrance; for the errors of those who excel their fellows in gifts and accomplishments are not soon forgotten. Those scenes, ever most painful to the bosom, were rendered yet more so by public discussion; and it is at least possible that amongst those who exclaimed most loudly on this unhappy occasion, were some in whose eyes literary superiority exaggerated Lord Byron's offence."—SIR WALTER SCOTT

Plundered wreck.—On the wreck of a vessel plundered by pirates and abandoned.

XVII.—XXVIII.

Waterloo.

17.

This stanza and the next were written at Brussels, after a visit to the field of Waterloo, and were transcribed by Byron next morning in an album belonging to a lady.

The reader, who is supposed to accompany the hero on his journey, is suddenly confronted with Waterloo. A year had barely elapsed since the battle.

The student should read in this connection Byron's famous *Ode to Napoleon*.

Is the spot marked, etc.—The colossal "Lion of Waterloo" was not erected till 1823.

The poet asks a similar question over Marathon,—“What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground.”—(II., 90.)

The moral's truth.—That the battle is of little account in human history.

King-making Victory.—The European monarchs were now more firmly established on their thrones.

18.

Pride of place.—In a note Byron says: "*Pride of place* is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight."

The original reading of the passage was:

"Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain."

Hearing that a clever artist on seeing these lines had drawn an eagle grasping the earth with his *talons*, and remembering that all birds of prey

attack with their talons and not with their beaks, Byron made the necessary emendation.

"The eagle" is Napoleon, as is shown by "Ambition's life and labors" below. The last line of this stanza and the first of the next would seem, however, to identify Napoleon with the land for which he fought.

19.

The patched-up idol.—There is here a probable reference to the Holy Alliance,—a league formed after the fall of Napoleon by the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, nominally to regulate the relations of the states of Christendom by the principles of Christian charity, but really to preserve the power and influence of the existing dynasties. Most of the other European nations joined the alliance, but subsequently both France and England seceded from it. The "banded nations" had thrown down the image of slavery in the person of Napoleon, but they were now setting up its broken fragments in the shape of the alliance.

Prove before ye praise.—Before praising Waterloo, discover of what value it has been to the world.

20.

Europe's flowers long rooted up.—A striking metaphor describing the desolation caused during the years ('long') of the Napoleonic wars.

Harmodius.—A young and beautiful Athenian who, with his friend Aristogeiton, killed Hipparchus, the tyrant (514 B.C.). The two selected for their purpose the day of the great festival of the Panathenea, their daggers being concealed in the myrtle-branches which were always carried on the occasion of that festival.

21.

The poet now passes to the description of the eve of Quatre-Bras, a battle fought on June 16th, 1815, two days before Waterloo. A passage from Miss Martineau's *Introduction to the History of Peace* is worth quoting here: "It was on the evening of the 15th of June that Wellington received the news at Brussels of the whereabouts of the French. He instantly perceived that the object was to separate his force from the Prussians. He sent off orders to his troops in every direction to march upon Quatre-Bras. This done, he dressed and went to a ball, where no one would have discovered from his manner that he had heard any remarkable news. It was whispered about the rooms, however, that the French were not far off; and some officers dropped off in the course of the evening,—called by their duty, and leaving heavy hearts behind them. Many parted so who never met again. It was about midnight when the general officers were summoned. Somewhat later, the younger officers were very quietly called away from their partners: and by sunrise of the summer morning of the 16th all were on their march."

Voluptuous swell.—'Voluptuous' has its original signification of 'full of pleasure.'

22.

To chase the glowing Hours.—See note on 11.

As if the clouds, etc.—Like the rumblings of thunder.

23.

Brunswick's fated chieftain.—The Duke of Brunswick was killed at Quatre-Bras as his father had been at Jena in 1806. 'Fated' tells us that he was doomed to die.

26.

Cameron's gathering.—The slogan of the Cameron clan.

Lochiel.—The most noted of the Camerons was Donald, the "Lochiel" of Campbell's well-known poem, *Lochiel's Warning*, who aided the Pretender in 1745. Donald was a descendant of the famous Evan Cameron, called "the Ulysses of the Highlands," who lived from 1630 to 1719.

Albyn.—The Gaelic name of Scotland.

Saxon foes.—The English.

So fill, etc.—It will be seen that 'fills' is transitive, but 'fill' intransitive; and that 'memory' is the subject of 'instils.'

27.

Ardennes.—The forest of Soignies between Brussels and Waterloo is treated by the poet as a part of the forest of Ardennes, which is not far off, on the frontier of France and Belgium. Byron in his note says: "The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the Forest of Ardennes, immortal in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*."

28.

Thunder-clouds.—The smoke of battle.

XXIX.—XXXV.

The Death of Howard and Reflections on Waterloo.

29.

Loftier harps than mine.—The reference is especially to Scott's brilliant poem, "The Field of Waterloo."

Blend me with his line.—Make me a connexion of his.

I did his sire some wrong.—Major Frederick Howard was the son of the Earl of Carlisle, Byron's guardian, whom he had satirized in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

30.

The fresh green tree.—Byron's note is: "My guide over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried."

31.

One as all.—One like every other, *i.e.*, all alike.

Kind and kindred.—The first is the more general term, referring to society at large.

For their sake.—For the sake of the dead.

The Archangel's trump, etc.—The trumpet of Glory cannot awaken the dead; only the trumpet of the Archangel can do that.

32.

The roof-tree.—The beam supporting the roof.

Massy hoariness.—The beam is crusted with mould.

33.

All without.—The external appearance.

Such things.—The sorrows of the heart.

34.

Life in our despair.—As if despair has the power of supporting and prolonging life.

A quick root.—'Quick' has its original meaning of 'living.' Compare 'quick and dead.'

It were as nothing.—Death would not be an evil.

Like to the apples, etc.—"The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltes were said to be fair without, and within ashes."—(Byron's note.) The "apple of Sodom" is a kind of gall-nut growing on dwarf oaks.

Count o'er such hours.—In the poet's "Euthanasia" we have a similar sentiment:

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be."

35.

The Psalmist.—"The days of our years are three-score years and ten."—Ps. xc., 10.

They are enough.—Seventy years is surely putting it high enough.

If thy tale be true.—"Tale" here seems to have its unusual signification of 'numbering': 'If thy enumeration be the true one'; 'If we are to number man's days as thou wouldst have us do.' To be sure, we can get this meaning from the ordinary use of 'tale': 'If we can judge by what thou hast to tell us of the duration of life.'

United nations.—England and Prussia against France.

This is much.—The renown that the battle will have with posterity is much.

XXXVI.—XLII.

Napoleon.

The poet now engages in reflections on the fate of Napoleon. The student should compare Byron's estimate of Napoleon as contained in the "Ode to Napoleon," written two years previously, with the estimate of the hero in the present passage. The poet returns to the fate of Napoleon again in iv., 90-92:

"The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal—"

36.

Whose spirit.—The construction of this clause limps: 'spirit' has no verb.

Antithetically mixt.—Made up of opposing qualities. :

Had'st thou been betwixt.—An odd expression meaning, if thou had'st followed a middle course.

The Thunderer.—An allusion to a title of Jupiter,—"The Thunderer."

38.

More or less.—At one time more, at another time less.

The loftiest star.—This language is peculiarly apt when used of Napoleon who was a firm believer in his destiny or 'star.'

40.

Just scorn.—"Just," because he says below "'twas wise to feel" it: it is the expression of the scorn that the poet deprecates.

Spurn the instruments.—It is well known that Napoleon was brutally rude to his subordinates

41.

Headland.—Many editions have 'headlong' = 'precipitous.'

Their admiration, etc.—The popular opinion that Napoleon was invincible was his best weapon. As long as he wished to retain power (the purple) he should have been, not a great cynic like Diogenes, but a great conqueror like Alexander.

Not then.—Not while wearing the purple of a ruler.

Too wide a den.—There is an allusion to the story that Diogenes, the Cynic, had his permanent residence in a large tub. The famous interview between Diogenes and Alexander the Great is perhaps responsible for the comparison between 'Philip's son' and 'stern Diogenes.'

42.

This passage is intensely subjective: the poet is describing his own spirit as well as Napoleon's.

XLIII.—XLV.

Reflections on Ambition.

43.

All unquiet things.—Men who are active forces in the production of disquiet.

44.

Bigoted to strife.—Attached to strife with all the obstinacy of a bigot.

45.

The first four lines emphasize the solitary state of the successfully ambitious man: the last five, the disquiet of his situation. First, he is left solitary on account of the jealousy of his inferiors; secondly, although he is crowned with glory and has the world at his feet, the storms of unrest and peril rage about him.

46.

Within its own creation.—See stanza 6 above,—'Tis to create,' etc.

Majestic Rhine.—After leaving Brussels Byron journeyed up the Rhine.

Breathing stern farewells.—Saluting the traveller with a stern aspect. The word has its etymological meaning, implying more than a mere 'good-bye.'

47.

The cranny wind.—Penetrating the eramies.

Dark communion.—Does 'dark' mean 'mysterious,' or does it refer to the shadow cast by the cloud?

Banners on high.—Supply 'waved.'

48.

Power dwelt, etc.—The 'passions' are regarded as the retinue of 'Power.' Why is the personified 'Power' made feminine?

In proud state upheld.—Maintained in grandeur.

Heroes of a longer date.—Those whose fame lasts longer.

A wider space.—Does this mean 'a wider field of action,' or 'a more extensive domain'?

49.

And Love, which lent, etc.—A knight sometimes bore upon his shield, in honor of his lady, some device expressing love,—such as a bleeding heart.

Through all the mail, etc.—Love was wont to penetrate even their hard natures.

Their flame, etc.—Their love itself partook of their fierce nature.

Destruction near allied.—Since destruction was nearly always the result of the contest.

Fair mischief.—Mischief-making fair one.

50.

Thy bright creation.—The fertile shores are regarded as the creation of the river.

That it should Lethe be.—That it should make me forget the past.

61.

Glass'd.—Was reflected. We have the transitive use of the verb in *xiii.*, 9, above.

But o'er the blacken'd memory, etc.—Although oblivion is everywhere at work, it is unable to blot out Harold's past.

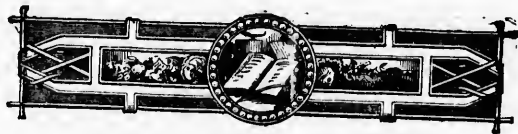
Here must be quoted the poet's beautiful adieu to the Rhine, stanzas 59-61 of this canto:

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stay;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colored by thy every hue,
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise:
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall."





OPINIONS, QUESTIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

(1) "No one of Byron's poems is so purely narrative or has such a unity of lofty and tender interest, uninterrupted by a single distracting image." Examine the truth of this statement as applied to the "Prisoner of Chillon."

(2) "The 'Prisoner of Chillon' is the only poem in which Byron is left out." "Lord Byron never wrote without some reference, direct or indirect, to himself."

Comment on these statements.

(3) "The 'Prisoner of Chillon' is one of the most perfect and purest of his poems, but perhaps the least like his of anything that ever came from his pen. It is the one grand tribute which the great rebel of the age paid to Wordsworth."

Explain this.

(4) The third Canto of "Childe Harold" was published without a preface, but with the following motto on the title-page:—

"Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps."—*Lettre du roi de Prusse à d'Alembert* (Sept. 7, 1776).

Translate the motto and show its bearing on the latter part of "Childe Harold."

(5) "'Childe Harold' contains elements drawn from all the different branches of poetry,—epic, idyllic, lyric, dramatic." Show this.

(6) "In the great chorus of song with which England greeted the dawn of this century individuality had full swing." Apply this to Byron.

(7) "He is the only British poet of the 19th century who is also European." Explain what is meant.

(8) "There are two distinct Byrons interpenetrative blended in his life and work."

Develop this view.

(9) "His writings do not reflect Nature in all its infinite change of climate, scenery, and season. He portrayed with surprising truth and force only such objects as were adapted to the sombre coloring of his pencil. The mountain, the cataract, the glacier, the ruin,—objects inspiring awe and melancholy,—seemed more congenial to his poetical disposition than those which led to joy or gratitude."

Apply this to the "Prisoner of Chillon" and to "Childe Harold."

(10) "There is no kindred with the mystic and unknown in the range of his genius; he belongs entirely to the solid earth, and his mysteries are those of the theatre and the tale, nothing greater or more."

Was Byron like or unlike his poetic contemporaries in this respect?

(11) "The splendid and imperishable excellence which covers all his offences and outweighs all his defects is the excellence of sincerity and strength."

Apply Swinburne's remark.

(12) "Byron often affected gloom and played with misanthropy, and his poems reflecting these moods are all more or less in a falsetto tone."

Discuss this statement with respect to "Childe Harold."

(13) "It is clear that many of his verses could not have been written if he had really possessed a sensitive ear."

Refer to passages which show this.

(14) "He wanted both good taste and that critical discrimination which has so much to do with personal dignity as well as with excellence in art."

"He had little of the artist's love of form, and cared more for the thoughts he desired to express than for the mould into which he cast them."

"No such great poet has had so narrow an imagination: he could not metamorphose himself into another."

Examine the truth of these strictures.

(15) "As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms, deeming them to comprise the conditions and *criteria* of poetic style; first, that not the poem which we have read, but that to which we return with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power and claims of essential poetry; second, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction."—*Coleridge*.

How does Byron stand these tests?

(16) "Scott had created the public taste for animated poetry, and Byron, taking advantage of it, soon engrossed the whole field."

What poems of Scott's had preceded "Childe Harold"? What effect had Byron's popularity on Scott's subsequent career?

(17) "The two primary and essential qualities of poetry are imagination and harmony."—*Swinburne*.

To what extent are these qualities found in Byron?

CHILDE HAROLD.

The following selections from Canto I, describe Childe Harold and his departure on his pilgrimage:—

"Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who no in virtue's ways did take delight,
But spent his days in riot most unouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee."

"Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme
Can blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime."

"For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sighed to many though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his,"

"And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But pride congealed the drop within his eye :
 Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
 And from his native land resolved to go,
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
 With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below."

"Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun ;
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun :
 If friends he had, he hade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel ;
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

"His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
 The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
 His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,
 And all that mote to luxury invite,
 Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line."

GREECE IN RUINS.

The following is the famous passage from "The Giaour," referred to in a note, page 87:—

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed !
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away ;
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warns no more its cherished earth !"

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ADDISON

SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON'S PAPERS CONTRIBUTED
TO THE SPECTATOR

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND CRITICAL
CHAPTER

BY

F. H. SYKES, M.A.

Of Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto



TORONTO

W. J. GAGE & COMPANY

1889

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year of our Lord
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in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The present edition of prose literature for University Matriculation and Departmental Examinations differs materially from the editions that have preceded it. The notes are no longer a medley of criticism, history, grammar, but are strictly explanatory. These explanatory notes have been purposely made copious, and wherever information could be obtained they have been made complete. It is a self-evident truth that students should not spend, in searching for the meaning of obscure allusions and classical quotations, the little time at their disposal for the study of English.

But as to style, the text has been left without annotation. The advantage of this is obvious. To derive benefit from the study of style, it must be pursued in a methodical way and in an investigating spirit. "Sign-post criticism" throughout the notes would effectually prevent this sort of study. The treatment of style has consequently been made a separate chapter, and the text left as a field for investigation. The mode of treatment will be found to simplify what has been a somewhat abstruse subject. Its special advantage is that by emphasizing the cardinal qualities of style and the means to attain them, the study of composition may to some extent rest in the minds of pupils upon a scientific instead of an empirical basis.

The text chosen is that of Professor Morley's edition, which "reprints for the first time in the present century the text of the *Spectator* as its authors left it." It has been felt that to modernize the text would mean to give up some of the quaint charm of the essays, and to lose opportunities for valuable lessons in some of the details of composition. It will be noticed that there are occasional foot-notes giving a second reading. The text as it stands is not that of the daily issue of the *Spectator*, but that of the edition of the collected *Spectators* as revised by the authors. Where the revised edition differs from the daily issue the text of the latter appears in the note.

The partial bibliography of Addison, it is hoped, will be helpful to those who desire to study Addison thoroughly.

Proof-sheets of the critical chapter have been submitted to Mr. J. Seath, Mr. Wm. Houston, and Professor MacMechan, whose favorable criticism renders the editor less diffident in hoping also for the approbation of his fellow-teachers. May the new edition be some help towards the solving of the difficult problem of composition teaching,—how best to inculcate the pure and noble use of a noble and pure language!

Toronto, July 6th, 1889.

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance."
—*Pope*.

"Some practical result may be expected from a familiarity with the principles of style."
—*Spencer*.

"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."
—*Johnson*.



INTRODUCTION.

Around the name of Joseph Addison there are associations so kindly, so pure, of such grace and uprightness, that no sketch of his life can be touched so lightly and happily as to picture him adequately. He was so fortunate, so happy, his work so full of kindly criticism and "indefinable sunshiny charm," his memory so revered and cherished, that only the hand of the *Spectator*, perhaps, could rightly describe to us Joseph Addison.

"I remember among all my acquaintance but one man whom I thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and one daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous way." Such is the description Steele gives us of Lancelot Addison and his family. In addition to being a kind and judicious father, Lancelot Addison was a man of principle and of literary taste. An ardent Royalist, he had been forced from Oxford during the Commonwealth and compelled to seek his living as tutor or chaplain among families of Royalist feelings in Sussex. On the Restoration, his loyalty gained him some preferment. He became chaplain to the garrison in Dunkirk, and afterwards to the garrison in Tangier. After eight years among the Moors of Africa he returned home with a store of information as to the Jews and the Barbary States, which was soon afterwards to become three considerable books. The living at Milston in Wiltshire was given him by a friend, and from that time his rise was rapid. He became successively, prebendary of Salisbury, chaplain to Charles II., archdeacon, dean of Lichfield. In the father, the man of observation and literary skill, honoured in his profession and popular in the Court, can we not see the traits that in a more eminent degree characterized his illustrious son?

Joseph Addison was born in 1672, just after his father settled in Milston. In the reverent and literary atmosphere of the quiet parsonage, his mind received a leaning to virtue and literature, which it never lost. His school days were spent in Amesbury and Salisbury, in Litchfield among "the fertile vales and dewy medes" of the sweet valley of the Avon, and in the Charter-house in London. It was in the Charter-house that Addison first met Steele, and that between the impulsive, lonely, Irish boy and the shy, sensitive, English lad that friendship first arose which the work of their manhood was to enshrine. It was there, too, that Addison drank deep of classical literature, which was to mould his mind and his style, to leave him superficial in positive knowledge, but master of the refinements and elegances of style.

In 1687, at the age of fifteen, Addison was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, where before two years had passed his Latin verse won him high distinction. He was nominated Demy, or Scholar, in Magdalen College and became afterwards Fellow. Magdalen was still ablaze from James II.'s insolent attack on her. It is not surprising, therefore, that the loyalty to the Stuarts, which Addison had inherited from his father, should have changed into the Whiggism which ever afterwards guided his public life. In Magdalen he spent ten years,—years of meditation within the venerable walls of his college and beneath the quiet elms that border the Cherwell,—years of earnest work in studying his beloved classics, in translating Latin poetry, and in writing Latin and English verse.

Addison intended to enter the Church, but fortunately for English literature he was diverted to politics. For reasons that we shall give later, men of state had never before so much needed or esteemed the men of letters. Addison's fame as a scholar and poet had won him the friendship of Dryden, Congreve, and finally of Montague (afterwards Lord Halifax), leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons. Nothing was more natural than that Montague should endeavour to enlist the clever Oxford writer in the service of the Whig party. The occasion soon came. Addison wrote a Latin poem on the Peace of Ryswick, in which he eulogized King William. A pension of £300 was granted him to travel abroad to fit himself for diplomatic service. "I am called," said Montague, "an enemy of the Church, but I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it."

France was at that time the arbiter of manners and style. The language of France had acquired through criticism and conversation a correctness and brilliancy possessed by no other modern tongue. It was then, as it is now, the language of diplomacy. Italy was revered as the mother of modern art and of modern learning. Addison lived in France long enough to know the people and to master their language. He travelled slowly, even in days when all travel was slow, through the principal cities of Italy and Switzerland. Three years he had been abroad, when the death of William cancelled his pension. He lingered a few months longer in straitened circumstances in Austria and Germany, till the death of his father recalled him to England in 1703. His *Remarks on Italy*, *Letter to Lord Halifax*, and *Treatise on Medals* are fruits of this foreign travel.

Addison returned poor, but in three years he was Under-Secretary of State and famous. The Revolution of 1688 had already transferred the government from the hands of the King to the hands of the Parliament, and regularity and responsibility in public affairs had followed. But with the rise of party government, there also arose a most bitter and unscrupulous party warfare. Both Whigs and Tories looked to influencing the people; yet the means at the command of the statesman of to-day did not then exist. The age of great newspapers and short-hand reporters was not yet. The voice of the orator was not heard beyond the walls of Parliament, and the politician had to depend for the dissemination of his views upon the writers of his party. "The pen was mightier than the tongue." The accession of Anne, who had Tory leanings, made it all the more necessary for the Whigs to strengthen themselves with the people. Addison's ability was too great to be neglected. He was made a member of the Kit-cat Club, that most famous union of Whig statesmen and Whig writers. And the battle of Blenheim (1704) gave him the opportunity to help his party and to win fame for himself.

Godolphin had been seeking for some one who could fittingly commemorate the great victory, but until he applied to Lord Halifax he had sought in vain. Halifax suggested Addison, "as a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject." Addison was found willing to undertake the poem, and the *Campaign* was accordingly written. It was not a great poem, but in the excited state of party feeling its success was immediate. One passage in the poem, comparing

Marlborough to an angel guiding the whirlwind, was especially praised :

“So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a quiet land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.”

The Whigs were jubilant. The author rose in the eyes of his contemporaries to a level with the greatest poets of our language. And “that angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals.”

“Les lettres sont plus en honneur qu' ici,” wrote Voltaire on learning the long list of official positions held during this age by Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, Congreve, and Gay. But of all these none rose higher than Addison. The elections of 1705 were a victory for the Whigs. Somers and Montague were made members of the Council. Addison became under their patronage Under-Secretary of State. Three years later he entered Parliament, and on the appointment of Lord Wharton as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, he joined him as Chief Secretary. To relate the varying fortunes of the Whig party and the political life of Addison is beyond the scope of the present sketch. Let it suffice to say that, after a career of honour and integrity, he attained shortly before his death the position of Secretary of State, “a post, the highest Chatham or Fox ever reached.”

The year in which Addison went to Ireland (1709) marks the beginning of an important era in the history of English literature. It was the year of the foundation of Steele's *Tatler*. To understand the importance of the *Tatler* we must review the then short history of English newspapers.

The printing of news was begun in England in the reign of Elizabeth, but it was not till the reign of James that the newspaper was issued under a fixed title and at regular intervals. The *Weekly News*, in 1622, was our first real newspaper. The press laboured under many difficulties, and none greater than the severity of government control. So far did this control go that after the Restoration all right of publishing news became the monopoly of the Crown. In 1661 the official paper, the *London Gazette*, commenced publication under the immediate control of an Under-Secretary of State, a *Gazetteer*. But

attempts to gag the periodical press were by 1693 regarded as unsuccessful and unwise. Parliament refused to renew the Licensing Act, and this refusal was the signal for the appearance of the Posts, Reviews, Intelligencers, and all the organs of "Grub street." Among the new newspapers was the first daily, the *Daily Courant* (1702).

Look at the *Courant* as it appears reprinted in Ashton's *Life in Anne's Reign*. Not much larger than the 100 pages before you, printed on one side of the sheet only, with its contents taken from the newspapers of Harlem, Amsterdam, and Paris. Even if the *Courant* was "confined to half the Compass to save the Publick at least half the Impertinences of ordinary News-papers," there was little in it or in them to satisfy the intellectual cravings of the age.

For it was an age that craved literature,—not the learning and stateliness of Hooker, or the ponderous phrases of Milton, but witty, melodious, elegant literature. It did not want to be instructed, but to be amused. In London the people swarmed to the coffee-houses, to the theatres, to the clubs. In the country the squires and their families gathered together to hear the news-letter that gave them the chat of the Capital. And a new world of readers was arising—around the tea-tables of England and where people met "to work with their needles,"—the women, patrons of literature ever since. For all these "philosophy had to be brought out of closets and libraries, school and colleges." Literature had to be animated, witty, elegant, with not too much preaching or pedantry. It had to treat them to their own topics, the minor morals, and in their own style, conversation. Yet before 1709 no such literature existed. To Steele belongs the honour of first discerning the spirit of his age and originating the form that satisfied it. To Addison belongs the honour of perfecting and developing the form his friend had originated, by literary finish, fine invention, by "all those qualities which go to the making of master-pieces."

Steele had gone to Oxford three years after Addison, but soon passed out to become a trooper in the Guards, secretary to Lord Cutts, author of the "Christian Hero," and a comedy or two,—successful enough to make him *Gazetteer* in 1707. As *Gazetteer* he could obtain foreign news earlier than the ordinary newspaper. His office, too, brought newspapers under his close observation. He saw the success of the topics of love, gallantry,

and manners, which some papers, particularly DeFoe's *Review*, occasionally touched. He founded a new paper, and dedicated it, under the title of the *Tatler*, to the "new world of readers."

The *Tatler* was ostensibly published by Isaac Bickerstaff, and several numbers had been issued before Addison discovered that Isaac was his friend Steele. He at once sent his offer of aid, and his offer was at once accepted. From 1709 until 1714 Addison wrote in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* the essays that have made his name "a household word," and his fame durable and great.

"It is probable," as Macaulay says, "that Addison, when he sent across St. George's Channel his first contributions to the *Tatler*, had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers." Yet "he was the possessor of a vast mine of a hundred ores." Upright and pure by nature and training, famous as a classical scholar when classical culture was the only culture, refined by intercourse with the most polished men of the most polished countries of Europe, with his taste formed in the best models of antiquity and by the keenest criticism of France, with his literary powers cultivated in Latin and English verse and by his books of travel, with powers of conversation that suggested Terence and Catullus with something higher than either,—Addison had read, seen, studied, felt much, but of his real thought, disposition, nature he had given to the world little. His mine of a hundred ores awaited but the revealing touch to gleam forth pure, precious, and abiding. And, as we know, the revealing touch came from Steele.

"The general purpose of the Paper," runs the first number of the *Tatler*, "is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, our behaviour." Under Addison's influence the news element grew less and less, and the finished essay, the satire, criticism, allegory, became the essential part. The success of the *Tatler*, with such an editor and such a contributor, was great and increasing; but in 1711, we know not why, the *Tatler* ceased publication. Perhaps it was because Addison having returned from Ireland, the two friends wished a new paper on a higher plan and with a wider field. However it be, in January, 1711, Isaac Bickerstaff bade his subscribers farewell.

On March 1, 1711, the first number of the *Spectator* was published. The machinery of the new paper was an imaginary

society of representative characters, a country baronet, a city merchant, a soldier, a clergyman, a lawyer, a man of fashion; who "are supposed to take a lively interest in what their odd, silent colleague, the *Spectator*, either publishes from his own resources, or receives from his various correspondents."

Turn over the leaves, not of this selection, but of your *Spectator*, and see the endless variety, freshness, originality of it all. Now it is a critical paper or a portrait, now a witty satire on patches or petticoats, or an allegory with all the imaginative charm of a poem. And throughout it all there is a sort of story, the first taste our ancestors had of what, since Richardson's novels, has been the most powerful of literary pleasures. We follow Will Honeycomb, boasting of his conquests among the reigning belles of thirty years to his marriage at sixty with a farmer's daughter, and see kindly Sir Roger at home, at the assizes, in love, at Westminster, on his death-bed.

And throughout Addison's work in the *Spectator* there is a lofty abiding serenity, a conscious moral purpose. "The great and only end of these speculations," he wrote, "is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain." And this he strove earnestly and well to do. "To minds heated with political contest, the *Tatler* and *Spectator* supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections. They had a perceptible effect upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency." "Addison," writes Macaulay, "taught that the faith and morality of Hall and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humour richer than the humour of Vanburgh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon."

The daily publication of the *Spectator* went on till December 6, 1702, when "all the Members of the imaginary Society having disappeared," it was "high time for the *Spectator* himself to go off the Stage."

In 1713 Addison reached the climax of his reputation by the production of his tragedy of *Cato*, which his personal popularity and the excited state of political feeling conspired to

make an unprecedented success. The following year he revived the *Spectator*, which, though containing some of his best pieces, lasted only four months.

Two years later his "grand but dismal" union with the Countess of Warwick was celebrated. In 1719, at the age of forty-seven, Joseph Addison was borne to the Abbey in which he loved to meditate, to wait for "that great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries and make our Appearance together."

Such is the life and literary work of the greatest of the essayists.

For his character, let his actions and the actions of his contemporaries speak.

When the Tories swept the country in the elections of 1710, Addison's election "passed easy and undisputed," wrote Swift, "and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused." When on the accession of George I. the Tories were in disgrace and Swift "pelted in the streets of Dublin," Addison was the first to hold out his hand to him. When Pope bitterly assailed him, he calmly praised Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. When he was on his death-bed, he asked pardon of Gay for an unknown offense, and called his dissolute step-son, Lord Warwick, to him, that he might "see in what peace a Christian can die."

"When he turns to Heaven," writes Thackeray of one whose character was so like his own, "a Sabbath comes over that man's mind, and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town: looking at the birds in the trees: at the children in the streets: in the morning or in the moonlight: over his books in his own room: in a happy party in a country merry-making or a town assembly, good will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name."





ESSAYS FROM THE SPECTATOR.

No. 21.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1711.

Locus est et pluribus Umbra.—Hor.

I am sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great Professions of Divinity, Law, and Physick; how they are each of them over-burdened with Practitioners, and filled with Multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first Class, our Constitution preserves it from any Redundancy of Incumbents, notwithstanding Competitors are numberless. Upon a strict Calculation, it is found that there has been a great Exceeding of late Years in the Second Division, several Brevets have been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers; insomuch that within my Memory the price of Lutestring is raised above two Pence in a Yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt Practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the Elections in *England*.

The Body of the Law is no less encumbered with superfluous Members, that are like *Virgil's* Army, which he tells us was so crowded, ¹ many of them had no Room to use their Weapons. This prodigious Society of Men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in Coach-fulls to *Westminster-Hall* every

¹ [that]

morning in Term-time. *Martial's* description of this Species of Lawyers is full of Humour :

Iras et verba locant.

Men that hire out their Words and Anger ; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of Wrath proportionable to the Fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the Reader, that above three Parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of showing their Passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what Strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may show themselves in a Readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be Occasion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those Qualifications of Mind that accomplish a Man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. These Men live peaceably in their Habitations, Eating once a Day, and Dancing once a Year, for the Honour of their Respective Societies.

Another numberless Branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young Men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the Laws of their Country, frequent the Play-House more than *Westminster-Hall*, and are seen in all publick Assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those Silent and Busie Multitudes that are employed within Doors in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances ; nor of those greater Numbers that palliate their want of Business with a Pretence to such Chamber-Practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the Profession of Physick, we shall find a most formidable Body of Men : The Sight of them is enough to make a Man serious, for we may lay it down as a Maxim, that When a Nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of People. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find a Reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious Swarms, and over-run the World with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly ; but had that Excellent Author observed that there were no Students in Physick among the Subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this Science very much flourishes in the North at present, he might have found a

better Solution for this Difficulty, than any of those he has made use of. This Body of Men, in our own Country, may be described like the *British Army*, in *Cæsar's* time: Some of them slay in Chariots, and some on Foot. If the Infantry do less Execution than the Charioteers, it is, because they cannot be carried so soon into all Quarters of the Town, and dispatch so much Business in so short a Time. Besides this Body of Regular Troops, there are Stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite Mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their Hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Physick, who, for want of other Patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of Cats in an Air Pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Insects upon the point of a Needle for Microscopical Observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of Weeds, and the Chase of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cockleshell-merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these Professions are crowded with Multitudes that seek their Livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the Humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honest Industry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greatest Probity, Learning and Good Sense may miscarry. How many Men are Country-Curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London* by a right Improvement of a smaller Sum of Money than what is usually laid out upon a learned Education? A sober, frugal Person, of slender Parts and a slow Apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, tho' he starves upon Physick; as a Man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulse. *Vagellius* is careful, studious and obliging, but withal a little thick-skull'd; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The Misfortune is, that Parents take a Liking to a particular Profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an Affair of Life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their Children, more than their own Inclinations.

It is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in

Stations of Life which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well-regulated Commerce is not, like Law, Physick or Divinity, to be overstocked with Hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchantmen are so many Squadrons of floating Shops, that vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks. C.

No. 23.]

TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1711.

*Serit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem nec quo se ardens immittere possit.—Vir.*

There is nothing that more betrays a base, ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poison'd Darts, which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. For this Reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of Humour and Ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up Sorrow in the Heart of a private Person, to raise Uneasiness among near Relations, and to expose whole Families to Derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the Accomplishments of being Witty and Ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous Creatures that can enter into a Civil Society. His satyr will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and everything that is Praise-worthy, will be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impossible to enumerate the Evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other Excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the Wounds they give are only Imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret Shame or Sorrow in the Mind of the suffering Person. It must indeed be confess'd, that a Lampon or a Satyr do not carry in them Robbery or Murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable Sum of Money, or even Life it self, than be set up as a Mark of Infamy and Derision? And in this Case a Man should consider, that an Injury is not to be measured by the Notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best Countenance upon the Outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret Anguish. I have often observed a Passage in *Socrates's* Behavior at his Death, in a Light wherein none of the Criticks have considered it. That Excellent Man, entertaining his Friends a little before he drank the Bowl of Poison with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most Comick Genius can censure him for talking upon such a Subject at such a Time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon *Aristophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpose to ridicule the Discourses of that Divine Philosopher: It has been observed by many Writers, that *Socrates* was so little moved at this piece of Buffoonry, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expressed the least Resentment of it. But, with Submission, I think the Remark I have here made shows us, that this unworthy Treatment made an impression upon his Mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When *Julius Caesar* was Lampon'd by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with such a generous Civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the same kind of Treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous Latin Poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and, after some kind Expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his Esteem, and dismissed him with a Promise of the next good Abby that should fall, which he accordingly conferr'd upon him in a few months after. This had so good an Effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second Edition of his Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the Passages which had given him Offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of *Pasquin* was one Night dressed in a very dirty Shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul Linen, because his Laundress was made a Princess. This was a Reflection upon the Pope's Sister, who, before the Promotion of her Brother, was in those mean Circumstances that *Pasquin* represented her. As this *Pasquinade* made a great noise in *Rome*, the Pope offered a Considerable Sum of Money to any person that should discover the Author of it. The Author, relying upon his Holiness's Generosity, as also on some private Overtures which he had received

from him, made the Discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the Reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the Satyrist for the future, ordered his Tongue to be cut out, and both his Hands to be chopped off. *Arctine* is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the Kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his Boast that he had laid the Sophi of *Persia* under Contribution.

Though in the various Examples which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the Wits of the Age who had reproached them, they all of them plainly showed that they were very sensible of their Reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great Injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a Man that I thought was capable of giving these secret Wounds, and cannot but think that he would hurt the Person, whose Reputation he thus assaults, in his Body or in his Fortune, could he do it with the same Security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scriblers of Lam-poons. An Innocent young Lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy Feature. A Father of a Family turned to Ridicule, for some domestick Calamity. A Wife be made uneasy all her Life, for a misinterpreted Word or Action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just Man, shall be put out of Countenance, by the Representation of those Qualities that should do him Honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless, inconsiderate Writers, that without any Malice have sacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and Acquaintance to a certain Levity of Temper, and a silly Ambition of distinguishing themselves by a Spirit of Raillery and Satyr: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a Good-natured Man than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which Reason I always lay it down as a Rule, that an indiscreet Man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the former will only attack his Enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a Fable out of Sir *Roger l'Estrange*, which accidentally lies before me. 'A company of Waggish Boys were watching of

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'Frogs at the side of a Pond, and still as any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be pelting them down again with Stones. *Children* (says one of the Frogs), *you never consider that though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

As this Week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to Serious Thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such Speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the Season; and in the mean time, as the settling in our selves a Charitable Frame of Mind is a Work very proper for the Time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expose that particular Breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

C.

No. 26.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711.

*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti,
Vile summa brevis spes nos retat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabuleque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.—Hor.*

When I am in a serious Humour, I very often walk by my self in *Westminster Abbey*; where the Gloominess of the Place, and the Use to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lye in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I Yesterday pass'd a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloysters, and the Church, amusing myself with the Tomb-stones and Inscriptions that I met with in those several Regions of the Dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried Person, but that he was born upon one Day and died upon another: The whole History of his Life, being comprehended in those two Circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these Registers of Existence, whether of Brass or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed Persons; who had left no other Memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several Persons mentioned in the Battles of Heroic Poems, who have sounding Names given them, for no other Reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the Head.

*Γλαῦκον τε, Μεδόντα τε, Θερσίλοχόν τε.—Hom.
Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.—Virg.*

The Life of these Men is finely described in Holy Writ by *the Path of an Arrow* which is immediately closed up and lost. Upon my going into the Church, I entertain'd my self with the digging of a Grave; and saw in every Shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the Fragment of a Bone or Skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that sometime or other had a Place in the Composition of an humane Body. Upon this, I began to consider with my self, what innumerable Multitudes of People lay confus'd together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common Mass; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old-age, Weakness, and Deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous Heap of Matter.

After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were in the Lump, I examined it more particularly by the Accounts which I found on several of the Monuments [which¹] are rais'd in every Quarter of that ancient Fabrick. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead Person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the Praises which his Friends [have²] bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the Character of the Person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that Means are not understood once in a Twelve-month. In the poetical Quarter, I found there were Poets [who³] had no Monuments, and Monuments [which⁴] had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War had fill'd the Church with many of these uninhabited Monuments, which had been erected to the Memory of Persons whose Bodies were perhaps buried in the Plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Bosom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great Elegance of Expression and Justness of Thought, and therefore do Honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an Idea of the Ignorance or Politeness of a Nation from the Turn of their publick Monuments and Inscriptions, they should be submitted to the Perusal of Men of Learning and Genius before they are put in Execution. Sir *Cloudesly Shovel's* Monument has very often given me great Offence: Instead of the

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brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing Character of that plain gallant Man, he is represented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dress'd in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the Monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of his Death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any Honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of Genius, shew an infinitely greater Taste of Antiquity and Politeness in their Buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in those of our own Country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick Expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral Crowns and naval Ornaments, with beautiful Festoons of [Sea-weed], Shells, and Coral.

But to return to our Subject. I have left the Repository of our English Kings for the Contemplation of another Day, when I shall find my Mind disposed for so serious an Amusement. I know that Entertainments of this Nature, are apt to raise dark and dismal Thoughts in timorous Minds and gloomy Imaginations; but for my own Part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a View of Nature in her deep and solemn Scenes, with the same Pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this Means, I can improve my self with those Objects, which others consider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Desire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tombstone, my Heart melts with Compassion; when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions and Debates of Mankind. When I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that dy'd Yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together.

C.

No. 47.]

TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1711.

Ride si sapiis—.—Mart.

Mr. *Hobbs*, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which in my humble Opinion, is much the best of all his Works, after some very curious Observations upon Laughter, concludes thus: 'The Passion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden Glory arising from some sudden Conception of some Eminency in ourselves by Comparison with the Infirmary of others, or with our own formerly: For Men laugh at the Follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to Remembrance, except they bring with them any present Dishonour.'

According to this Author, therefore, when we hear a Man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we shall meet with many Observations to confirm us in his Opinion. Every one laughs at some Body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himself. It was formerly the Custom for every great House in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in Petticoats, that the Heir of the Family might have an Opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his Absurdities. For the same Reason Idiots are still in Request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great Magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his Retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their Jests upon.

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their Streets what they call the Sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the Head of an Idiot dressed in a Cap and Bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner: This is a standing Jest at *Amsterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himself with some Person or other that is below him in Point of Understanding, and triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilst he has such Objects of Derision before his Eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expressed this in a Couple of humorous Lines, which are part of a Translation of a Satire in Monsieur *Boileau*.

*Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty Nodille at his Brother.*

Mr. *Hobbs's* Reflection gives us the Reason why the insignificant People above-mentioned are Stirrers up of Laughter

among Men of a gross Taste : But as the more understanding Part of Mankind do not find their Risibility affected by such ordinary Objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several Provocatives of Laughter in Men of superior Sense and Knowledge.

In the first Place I must observe, that there is a Set of merry Drolls, whom the common People of all Countries admire, and seem to love so well, *that they could eat them*, according to the old Proverb : I mean those circumforaneous Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that Dish of Meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings* ; in *France*, *Jean Pottages* ; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies* ; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. These merry Wags, from whatsoever Food they receive their Titles, that they may make their Audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's Coat, and commit such Blunders and Mistakes in every Step they take, and every Word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little Triumph of the Understanding, under the Disguise of Laughter, is no where more visible than in that Custom which prevails every where among us on the first Day of the present Month, when every Body takes it in their Head to make as many Fools as they can. In proportion as there are more Follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this Day than on any other in the whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by Trade, and a very shallow conceited Fellow, makes his Boasts that for these ten Years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April* Fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for sending every one of her Children upon some *Sleeveless Errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest Son went to buy an Half-penny worth of Inkle at a Shoemaker's ; the eldest Daughter was dispatch'd half a Mile to see a Monster ; and, in short, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay, my Landlady herself did not escape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon these Conceits ever since.

This Art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one Day in a Twelvemonth ; but there is an ingenious Tribe of Men sprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every Day in the Year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the Name of *Biters* ; a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those Mistakes which are of their own Production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chooses his Fool out of a lower or higher Class of Mankind: or, to speak in a more Philosophical Language, That secret Elation and Pride of Heart, which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an Object below him, whether it so happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the Persons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those Respects which stir up this Passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too Abstracted in my Speculations, if I shew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some Oddness or Infirmity in his own Character, or in the Representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a Brute or even [at] an inanimate thing, it is at some Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Absurdity in reasonable Creatures.

But to come into common Life: I shall pass by the Consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience, and take notice of a particular sort of Men who are such Provokers of Mirth in Conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or Merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean, those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the Wit and Raillery of their Well-wishers and Companions; that are pelted by Men, Women, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in Conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *Butts*, who are Men of Wit and Sense, though by some odd Turn of Humour, some unlucky Cast in their Person or Behaviour, they have always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his Character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the Conversation of ordinary People: Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and bestir himself in the absurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with these Accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh of his side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good Description of himself in his Capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all Sorts* (says that merry Knight)

take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent anything that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in myself, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men.

C.

No. 50.]

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1711.

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.—Juv.

When the four *Indian Kings* were in this Country about a Twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully struck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their Departure, employed a Friend to make many Inquiries of the Landlord the Upholsterer, relating to their Manners and Conversation, as also concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country: For, next to the forming a right Notion of such Strangers, I should be desirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my Friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little Bundle of Papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow*, and as he supposes, left behind by some Mistake. These Papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd Observations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their Stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my Reader with a short Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of *St. Paul*.

‘On the most rising Part of the Town there stands a huge House, big enough to contain the whole Nation of which I am King. Our good Brother *E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion it was made by the Hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The Kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the Earth, and produced on the same Day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own Part, by the best Information that I could get on this Matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the Shape it now bears by several Tools and Instruments of which they have a wonderful Variety in this Country. It was probably at first an huge misshapen Rock that grew upon the

‘Top of the Hill, which the Natives of the Country (after having cut it into a kind of regular Figure) bored and hollowed with incredible Pains and Industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful Vaults and Caverns into which it is divided at this Day. As soon as this Rock was thus curiously scooped to their Liking, a prodigious number of Hands must have been employed in clipping the Outside of it, which is now as smooth as [the Surface of a Pebble;] and is in several Places hewn out into Pillars that stand like the Trunks of so many Trees bound about the Top with Garlands of Leaves. It is probable that when this great Work was begun, which must have been many Hundred Years ago, there was some Religion among this People; for they give it the name of a Temple, and have a Tradition that it was designed for Men to pay their Devotions in. And indeed, there are several Reasons which make us think that the Natives of this Country had formerly among them some sort of Worship; for they set apart every seventh Day as sacred: But upon my going into one of [these¹] holy Houses on that Day, I could not observe any Circumstance of Devotion in their Behaviour: There was indeed a Man in Black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of Vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their Worship to the Deity of the Place, they were most of them bowing and curtisying to one another, and a considerable Number of them fast asleep.

‘The Queen of the Country appointed two Men to attend us, that had enough of our Language to make themselves understood in some few Particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great Enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same Story. We could make a Shift to gather out of one of them, that this Island was very much infested with a monstrous Kind of Animals, in the shape of Men, called *Whigs*; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our Way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being Kings.

‘Our other Interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as great a Monster as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill for being Foreigners. These two Creatures, it seems, are born with a secret Antipathy for one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of

¹[polished Marble]

²[those]

'these Species, we are apt to think that our Guides deceived us
'with Misrepresentations and Fictions, and amused us with an
'Account of such Monsters as are not really in their Country.

'These Particulars we made a shift to pick out from the Dis-
'course of our Interpreters; which we put together as well as
'we could, being able to understand but here and there a Word
'of what they said, and afterwards making up the Meaning of it
'among ourselves. The Men of the Country are very cunning
'and ingenious in handicraft Works; but withal so very idle,
'that we often saw young lusty raw-boned Fellows carried up
'and down the Streets in little covered Rooms by a Couple of
'Porters, who are hired for that Service. Their Dress is likewise
'very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the
'Neck, and Bind their Bodies with many Ligatures, that we are
'apt to think are the Occasion of several Distempers among
'them which our Country is entirely free from. Instead of those
'beautiful Feathers with which we adorn our Heads, they often
'buy up a monstrous Bush of Hair, which covers their Heads,
'and falls down in a large Fleece below the Middle of their
'Backs; with which they walk up and down the Streets, and
'are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

'We were invited to one of their publick Diversions, where
'we hoped to have seen the great Men of their Country running
'down a Stag or pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered
'who were the [Persons of the greatest Abilities among them;']
'but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge Room lighted
'up with abundance of Candles, where this lazy People sat still
'about three Hours to see several Feats of Ingenuity performed
'by others, who it seems were paid for it.

'As for the Women of the Country, not being able to talk
'with them, we could only make our Remarks upon them at a
'Distance. They let the Hair of their Heads grow to a great
'Length; but as the Men make a great Show with Heads of
'Hair that are not of their own, the Women, who they say have
'very fine Heads of Hair, tie it up in a Knot, and cover it from
'being seen. The Women look like Angels, and would be more
'beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black Spots that
'are apt to break out in their Faces, and sometimes rise in very
'odd Figures. I have observed that those little Blemishes wear
'off very soon; but when they disappear in one Part of the Face,
'they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have

[Men of the greatest Perfections in their Country]

'seen a Spot upon the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was 'upon the Chin in the Morning.'

The Author then proceeds to shew the Absurdity of Breeches and Petticoats, with many other curious Observations, which I shall reserve for another Occasion. I cannot however conclude this Paper without taking notice, That amidst these wild Remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, That we are all guilty in some Measure of the same narrow way of Thinking, which we meet with in this Abstract of the *Indian Journal*; when we fancy the Customs, Dress, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own. C

No. 69.]

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1711.

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uva:
Arbori fetus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliudum palmus Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit Natura locis—.*—Virg.

There is no Place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a secret Satisfaction, and in some measure, gratifies my Vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an Assembly of Countrymen and Foreigners consulting together upon the private Business of Mankind, and Making this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable Nations have their Representatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambassadors are in the Politick World; they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correspondence between those wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleased to hear Disputes adjusted between an Inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to see a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar of Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several Ministers of Commerce, as they are distinguished by their different Walks and different Languages: Sometimes

I am jostled among a Body of *Armenians*: Sometimes I am lost in a Crowd of *Jews*; and sometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede* or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Countryman he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

Though I very frequently visit this busie Multitude of People, I am known to no Body there but my Friend, Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the Crowd, but at the same time connives at my Presence without taking any further Notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some Money to *Grand Cairo*; but as I am not versed in the Modern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

This grand Scene of Business gives me an infinite Variety of solid and substantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy Multitude, insomuch that at many publick Solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my Joy with Tears that have stolen down my Cheeks. For this Reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the same time promoting the Publick Stock; or in other Words, raising Estates for their own Families, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular Care to disseminate her Blessings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourse and Trallick among Mankind, that the Natives of the several Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common Interest. Almost every *Degree* produces something peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *Barbales*: The Infusion of a *China* Plant sweetned with a Pith of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippick* Islands give a Flavour to our *European* Bowls. The single Dress of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of a hundred Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat rises out of the Mines of *Peru*, and the Diamond Neckiace out of the Bowels of *Indostan*,

If we consider our own Country in its natural Prospect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Historians tell us, that no Fruit grows Originally among us, besides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nutts, with other Delicates of the like Nature; That our Climate of itself, and without the Assistance of Art, can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater a Perfection than a Crab; That [our¹] Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *English* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Trash of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the Harvest of every Climate: Our Tables are stored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanship of *Japan*: Our Morning's Draught comes to us from the remotest Corners of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Islands our Hot-beds: the *Persians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chinese* our Potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare Necessaries of Life, but Traffick gives us greater Variety of what is Useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the least Part of this our Happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest Products of the North and South, we are free from those Extremities of Weather [which²] give them Birth; That our Eyes are refreshed with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our Palates are feasted with Fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these Reasons there are no more useful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourse of Good Offices, distribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *English* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and Exchanges his Wool for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *British* Manu-

¹ [these Fruits, in their present State, as well as our]

² [that]

facture, and the Inhabitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in Person, where he is represented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concourse of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Case, how would he be surprised to hear all the Languages of Europe spoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to see so many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Money than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Landed Estates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Accession of other Estates as Valuable as the Lands themselves.

C.

No. 93.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1711.

—————*Spatio brevi*
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, sugerit invida
Ætas: carpe Diem, quam minimum credula postero.—Hor.

We all of us complain of the Shortness of Time, saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always complaining our Days are few, and acting as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philosopher has described our Inconsistency with our selves in this Particular, by all those various Turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a Point that bears some Affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life in general, we are wishing every Period of it at an end. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Business, then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of Life is allowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of

which it is composed. The Usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the present Moment and the next Quarter-day. The Politician would be content to lose three Years in his Life, could he place things in the Posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a Revolution of Time. The Lover would be glad to strike out of his Existence all the Moments that are to pass away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as fast as our Time runs, we should be very glad in most Parts of our Lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the Day hang upon our Hands, nay we wish away whole Years: and travel through Time as through a Country filled with many wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little Settlements or imaginary Points of Rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the Life of most Men into twenty Parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are meer Gaps and Chasms, which are neither filled with Pleasure nor Business. I do not however include in this Calculation the Life of those Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to these Persons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the Exercise of Virtue, in the most general Acceptation of the Word. That particular Scheme which comprehends the Social Virtues, may give Employment to the most industrious Temper, and find a Man in Business more than the most active Station of Life. To advise the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our way almost every Day of our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceness of a Party; of doing Justice to the Character of a deserving Man; of softening the Envious, quieting the Angry, and rectifying the Prejudiced; which are all of them Employments suited to a reasonable Nature, and bring great Satisfaction to the Person who can busy himself in them with Discretion.

There is another kind of Virtue that may find Employment for those Retired Hours in which we are altogether left to our selves, and destitute of Company and Conversation; I mean

that Intercourse and Communication which every reasonable Creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual Cheerfulness of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his dearest and best of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him; It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are the most busied at such Hours when those of other Men are the most unactive: He no sooner steps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its Existence.

I have here only considered the Necessity of a Man's being Virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the Exercise of Virtue is not only an Amusement for the time it lasts, but that its Influence extends to those Parts of our Existence which lie beyond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from those Hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us, for putting in Practice this Method of passing away our Time.

When a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen Parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Disadvantage? But because the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor strained up to a Pitch of Virtue, it is necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations.

The next Method therefore that I would propose to fill up our Time, should be useful and innocent Diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such Diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no Hurt in them. Whether any kind of Gaming has even thus much to say for it self, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a dozens Hours together in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game Phrases, and no other Ideas but those of black or

red Spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining that Life is short?

The *Stays* might be made a perpetual Source of the most noble and useful Entertainments, were it under proper Regulations.

But the Mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the Conversation of a well chosen Friend. There is indeed no Blessing of Life that is any way comparable to the Enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous Friend. It eases and unloads the Mind, clears and improves the Understanding, engenders Thoughts and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Resolution, soothes and allays the Passions, and finds Employment for most of the vacant Hours of Life.

Next to such an Intimacy with a particular Person, one would endeavour after a more general Conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are Qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all Occasions have Recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Passion that chances to rise in it.

A Man that has a Taste of Musick, Painting, or Architecture, is like one that has another Sense when compared with such as have no Relish of those Arts. The Florist, the Planter, the Gardiner, the Husbandman, when they are only as Accomplishments to the Man of Fortune, are great Reliefs to a Country Life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the Diversions of Life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty Spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining Authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some Measure interferes with the third Method, which I shall propose in another Paper, for the Employment of our dead unactive Hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the Pursuit of Knowledge.

No. 115.]

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1711.

—*Ut sit Mens sana in Corpore sano.*—Juv.

Bodily Labour is of two kinds, either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for

his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself, than any other Way of Life. I consider the Body as a System of Tubes and Glands, or to use a more Rustick Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a Manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muscled and every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres, that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a Human Body, without considering it in its Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts a more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Clearfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we must ascribe the Spleen, which is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produce those Compressions, Extensions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of [Motions¹]

¹ [Motion]

that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up our selves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Encrease, and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to Labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the name of Exercise

My Friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man in Business of this kind, and has hung several Parts of his House with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the most valuable Furniture of his House, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Discourse, and shew that he has not been Idle. At the lower End of the Hall, is a large Otter's Skin stuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arsenal filled with Guns of several Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and destroyed many thousands of Pheasants, Partridges and Wood-cocks. His Stable Doors are patched with Noses that belong to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them that for Distinction sake had a Brass Nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and lost above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest Exploits of his Life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some Account of, was the Death

of several Foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the Course of his Amours he patched the Western Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his Passion for the Widow abated and old Age came on, he left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet safe that Sits within ten Miles of his House.

There is no kind of Exercise which I would so recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which so much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very lavish in its Praises; and if the *English* Reader will see the Mechanical Effects of it describ'd at length, he may find them in a Book published not many years since, under the Title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in Town, for want of these Opportunities, I exercise myself an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are so well acquainted with my Hours of Exercise, that they never come into my Room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious Diversion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatise of Exercises that is written with great Erudition: It is there called the *σκομαχία*, or the fighting with a Man's own Shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short Sticks grasped in each Hand, and loaden with Plugs of Lead at either End. This opens the Chest, exercises the Limbs, and gives a Man all the Pleasure of Boxing, without the Blows. I could wish that several Learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controversies and Disputes about nothing, in this Method of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Spleen, which makes them uneasy to the Publick as well as to themselves.

To conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider myself as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the Day when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation.

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No. 159.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1711.

—*Omnem que nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam*—, —Virg.

When I was at *Grand Cairo*, I picked up several Oriental Manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great Pleasure. I intend to give it to the Publick when I have no other Entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated Word for Word as follows.

‘On the fifth Day of the Moon, which according to the Custom
‘of my Forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed
‘my self, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the
‘high Hills of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest of the Day in
‘Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing my self on the
‘Tops of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation
‘on the Vanity of human Life; and passing from one Thought
‘to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow and Life a
‘Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my Eyes towards
‘the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I
‘discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little Musical
‘Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him he applied it
‘to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was
‘exceeding sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that
‘were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any
‘thing I had ever heard: They put me in mind of those heavenly
‘Airs that are played to the departed Souls of Good Men upon
‘their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of
‘the last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that
‘happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

‘I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt
‘of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Musick
‘who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had
‘before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts
‘by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the
‘Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one
‘astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand
‘directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near
‘with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature; and as
‘my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I

'had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius
'smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that
'familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all
'the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him.
'He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the hand,
'*Mirzah*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; follow me.

'He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and
'placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he,
'and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and
'a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that
'thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of
'Water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.
'What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a
'thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at
'the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity
'which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching
'from the beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine
'now, said he, this Sea that is bounded with Darkness at both
'Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge,
'said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou
'seest, said he, is human Life, consider it attentively. Upon a
'more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-
'score and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which
'added to those that were entire, made up the Number about an
'hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me
'that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but
'that a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the Bridge in
'the ruinous Condition I now beheld it: But tell me further,
'said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of
'People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on
'each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of
'the Passengers dropping thro' the Bridge, into the Great Tide
'that flowed underneath it; and upon farther Examination, per-
'ceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in
'the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they
'fell thro' them into the Tide and immediately disappeared.
'These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of
'the Bridge, so that the Throngs of People no sooner broke
'through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They
'grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer
'together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

' There were indeed some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

' I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the Midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their Footing failed and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with Scymetars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors which did not seem to [lie in their Way,'] and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

' The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see Vultures, Harpyes, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feather'd Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Euvy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest human Life.

' I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect: Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight

1 [have been laid for them,]

'as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius
 'strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part
 'of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate)
 'I saw the Valley opening at the farther End, and spreading forth
 'into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant
 'running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal
 'Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch
 'that I could discover nothing in it: But the other appeared to
 'me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were
 'covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thou-
 'sand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see
 'Persons dressed in glorious Habits with Garlands upon their
 'Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Side of
 'Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a
 'Confused Harmony of Singing Birds, falling Waters, human
 'Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon
 'the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings
 'of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats; but
 'the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except
 'through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every Moment
 'upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and
 'green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean
 'appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number
 'than the Sands on the Sea-shore; there are Myriads of Islands
 'behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further
 'than thine Eye, or even thine Imagination can extend it self.
 'These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who accord-
 'ing to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled,
 'are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with
 'Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the
 'Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them;
 'every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective
 'Inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirzah*, Habitations worth
 'contending for? Does Life appear Miserable, that gives thee
 'Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared,
 'that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not
 'Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for
 'him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy
 'Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the
 'Secrets that lie hid under those dark Clouds which cover the
 'Ocean on the other side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius

'making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him
'a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned
'again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating;
'but Instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the
'Happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of
'*Bajlat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides
'of it.

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah.

C.

No. 162.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1711.

—*Servetur ad imum,*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.—Hor.

Nothing that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear so contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconstancy, especially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of these Cases, tho' a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great Articles of Life, therefore, a Man's Conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly Advantages may seem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill natured enough to think he does not change Sides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Prospects of Interest. Converts and Renegadoes of all Kinds should take particular care to let the World see they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever Approbations they may receive from themselves, and Applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the Publick Marks of Infamy and Derision.

Irresolution on the Schemes of Life [which¹] offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness. When [Ambition²] pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time but ill who has so many different Parties to please. When the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, one had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World as the greatest of Mankind do,

¹ [that]

² [Honour]

before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one Method of setting ourselves at Rest in this Particular, and that is by adhering steadfastly to one great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the Dictates of Reason, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Design, we may go through Life with Steadiness and Pleasure; but if we act by several broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value set upon it by the World, we shall live and die in Misery and Repentance.

One would take more than ordinary Care to guard oneself against this particular Imperfection, because it is that which our Nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourselves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable Beings in the Universe. In respect to our Understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same Opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at least no Wavering and Uncertainties in those they have. Our Superiors are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiors by Instinct. In respect of our Wills, we fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the Possibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Course of Sin, or an eternal Course of Virtue.

There is scarce a State of Life, or Stage in it which does not produce Changes and Révolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are lost in those of Youth; these too take a different Turn in Manhood, till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our Identity. A cloudy Day, or a little Sun-shine, have as great an Influence on Many Constitutions, as the Most real Blessings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being, and changes our Condition while it lasts; and every Passion, not to mention Health and Sickness, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almost different Creatures. If a Man is so distinguished among other Beings by this Infirmary, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for

it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character to be one of the most variable Beings of the most variable Kind, especially if we consider that He who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the same Yesterday, To-day, and for ever.

As this Mutability of Temper and Inconsistency with our selves is the greatest Weakness of human Nature, so it makes the Person who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmary whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater Variety of foolish Lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an Opposition of party-coloured Characters. The most humourous Character in *Horace* is founded upon this Unevenness of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct.

—————*Sardus habebat*
Ille Tigellius hoc: Cæsar qui cogere posset
Si petcret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si colluisset, ab oro
Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modo summâ
Voce, modo hæc, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem: Persæpe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret: Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem serros: Modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: Modo sibi mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Manè: Diem totam stertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi——.—Hor. Sat. 3, Lib. 1.

Instead of translating this Passage in *Horace*, I shall entertain my *English* Reader with the Description of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. *Dryden*, and raised upon the same Foundation.

In the first Rank of these did Zimri stand:
A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by Starts, and nothing long;
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chemist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking,
Blest Madman, who cou'd ev'ry Hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!

No. 169.]

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13, 1711.

*Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cuque una, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis: adversus nemini;
Nunquam preponens se aliis: Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.—Ter. And.*

Man is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Afflictions is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injustice of his Neighbour. At the same time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the Misery of Human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence, and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than that Disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It shows Virtue in the fairest Light, takes off in some measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or something which must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place. For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we express by the Word *Good-Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaisance and Easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocrisy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it self. It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tell us he brought in the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him [who¹] made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which Reason, he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Instance of such an Overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Passage of *Salust*, where *Cæsar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights; *Cæsar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it showed it self in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Distressed. As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himself, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whose very best Actions must be seen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper in a Worthless Man.

This Part of Good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of Faults, is to be exercised only in doing our selves Justice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the publick Administrations of Justice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

¹ [that]

It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the most Wit. This Observation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Nature. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occasioned by two Reasons. First, Because Ill-nature among ordinary Observers passes for Wit. A spiteful Saying gratifies so many little Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh rises upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd Satyrist. This may be one Reason, why a great many pleasant Companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be Merry in Print; the Publick being more just than Private Clubs or Assemblies, in distinguishing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another Reason why the Good-natured Man may sometimes bring his Wit in Question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with Compassion for those Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himself a larger Field to expatiate in; he exposes those Failings in Human Nature which the other would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to Reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposes the Person [who] has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods, is more likely to grow Rich than the Fair Trader.

L.

No. 195.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1711.

Νήπιος, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἤμῃσιν παντός,
 Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ δὲ ἀφοδέλω μέγ' ὄνειρα.—Hes.

There is a Story in the *Arabian Nights Tales* of a King who had long languished under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken abundance of Remedies to no purpose. At length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method: He took an hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with several Drugs;

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after which he clos'd it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle, and that part which strikes the Ball, he enclosed in them several Drugs after the same Manner as in the Ball it self. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these *rightly prepared* Instruments, till such time as he should Sweat: When, as the Story goes, the Vertue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood, had so good an Influence on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern Allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physick. I have described in my Hundred and Fifteenth Paper, from the general Structure and Mechanism of an Human Body, how absolutely necessary Exercise is for its Preservation. I shall in this Place recommend another great Preservative of Health, which in many Cases produces the same Effect as Exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its Place, where Opportunities of Exercise are wanting. The Preservative I am speaking of is Temperance, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practised by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season or in any Place. It is a kind of Regimen into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption to Business, Expence of Money, or Loss of Time. If Exercise throws off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exercise clears the Vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if Exercise raises proper Ferments in the Humours, and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert her self in all her Force and Vigour; if Exercise dissipates a growing Distemper, Temperance starves it.

Physick, for the most part, is nothing else but the Substitute of Exercise or Temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, that cannot wait the slow Operations of these two great Instruments of Health; but did Men live in an habitual Course of Exercise and Temperance, there would be but little Occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those Parts of the World are the most healthy, where they subsist by the Chace; and that Men lived longest when their Lives were exercised in hunting, and when they had little Food

besides what they caught. Blistering, Cupping, Bleeding, are seldom of use but to the Idle and Intemperate; as all those inward Applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but Expedients to make Luxury consistent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young Man who was going to a Feast, he took him up in the Street and carried him home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a Family mad, and have begged his Servants to tie down his Hands, had he seen him devour Fowl, Fish, and Flesh; swallow Oyl and Vinegar, Wines and Spices; throw down Sallads of twenty different herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberless Sweets and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments must such a Medley of Intemperance produce in the Body? For my Part, when I behold a fashionable Table set out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I see Gouts and Dropsies, Feavers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers lying in Ambuscade among the Dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Dish. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fish of that, and Flesh of a Third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his Way, not the smallest Fruit or Excrescence of the Earth, scarce a Berry or a Mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, because what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the World, who are not Judges of their own Constitutions, so far as to know what Kinds and what Proportions of Food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my Readers as my Patients, and to prescribe such a kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our Climate and Way of Living, I would copy the following Rules of a very eminent Physician. Make your whole Repast out of one Dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid Drinking any thing Strong, till you have finished your Meal; [at¹] the same time abstain from

¹[and at]

all Sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A Man could not be well guilty of Gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy Rules. In the first Case there would be no Variety of Tastes to solicit his Palate, and occasion Excess; nor in the second any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satiety, and create a False Appetite. Were I to proscribe a Rule for Drinking, it should be form'd upon a Saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *The first Glass for myself, the second for my Friends, the third for good Humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.* But because it is impossible for one who lives in the World to diet himself always in so Philosophical a manner, I think every Man should have his Day of Abstinence, according as his Constitution will permit. These are great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualifie her for struggling with Hunger and Thirst, whenever any Distemper or Duty of Life may put her upon such Difficulties; and at the same time give her an Opportunity of extricating her self from her Oppressions, and recovering the several Tones and Springs of her distended Vessels. Besides that Abstinence well timed often kills a Sickness in Embryo, and destroys the first Seeds of an Indisposition. It is observed by two or three Ancient Authors, that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during the great Plague, which has made so much Noise through all Ages, and has been celebrated at different Times by such eminent Hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring Pestilence, he never caught the least Infection, which those Writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an Observation which I have often made, upon reading the Lives of the Philosophers, and comparing them with any Series of Kings or great Men of the same number. If we consider these Ancient Sages, a great Part of whose Philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious Course of Life, one would think the Life of a Philosopher and the Life of a Man were of two different Dates. For we find that the Generality of these wise Men were nearer an hundred than sixty Years of Age at the Time of their respective Deaths. But the most remarkable Instance of the Efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of long Life, is what we meet with in a little Book published by *Lewis Cornaro the Venetian*; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted Credit, as the late *Venetian* Ambassador, who was of the same Family, attested

more than once in Conversation, when he resided in *England Cornaro*, who was the Author of the little Treatise I am mentioning, was of an Infirm Constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact Course of Temperance, he recovered a perfect State of Health; in so much that at fourscore he published his Book, which has been translated into *English* upon the Title of [*Sure and certain Methods*¹] of attaining a long and healthy Life. He lived to give a 3rd or 4th Edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth Year, died without Pain or Agony, and like one who falls asleep. The Treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several Eminent Authors, and is written with such a Spirit of Cheerfulness, Religion, and good Sense, as are the natural Concomitants of Temperance and Sobriety. The Mixture of the old Man in it is rather a Recommendation than a Discredit to it.

Having designed this Paper as the Sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance as it is a Moral Virtue, which I shall make the Subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the Means of Health.

No. 225.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1711.

Nulium numen abest si sit Prudentia.—Juv.

I have often thought if the Minds of Men were laid open, we should see but little Difference between that of the Wise Man and that of the Fool. There are infinite *Reveries*, numberless Extravagancies, and a perpetual Train of Vanities which pass through both. The great Difference is that the first knows how to pick and cull his Thoughts for Conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in Words. This sort of Discretion, however, has no Place in private Conversation between intimate Friends. On such Occasions the wisest Men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the Talking with a Friend is nothing else but *thinking aloud*.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a Precept delivered by some Ancient Writers, That a Man should live with his Enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his Friend; and with his Friend in such a manner, that if he became his Enemy, it should not be in his Power to hurt him.

¹[*The Sure Way*]

The first Part of this Rule, which regards our Behaviour towards an Enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter Part of it which regards our Behaviour towards a Friend, savours more of Cunning than of Discretion, and would cut a Man off from the greatest Pleasures of Life, which are the Freedoms of Conversation with a Bosom Friend. Besides, that when a Friend is turned into an Enemy, and (as the Son of *Sirach* calls him) a Bewrayer of Secrets, the World is just enough to accuse the Perfidiousness of the Friend, rather than the Indiscretion of the Person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew it self in Words, but in all the Circumstances of Action; and is like an Under-Agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary Concerns of Life.

There are many more shining Qualities in the Mind of Man, but there is none so useful as Discretion; it is this indeed which gives a Value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper Times and Places, and turns them to the Advantage of the Person who is possessed of them. Without it Learning is Pedantry, and Wit Impertinence; Virtue itself looks like Weakness; the best Parts only qualify a Man to be more sprightly in Errors, and active to his own Prejudice.

Nor does Discretion only make a Man the Master of his own Parts, but of other Mens. The discreet Man finds out the Talents of those he Converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper Uses. Accordingly if we look into particular Communities and Divisions of Men, we may observe that it is the discreet Man, not the Witty, nor the Learned, nor the Brave, who guides the Conversation, and gives measures to the Society. A Man with great Talents, but void of Discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the Fable, Strong and Blind, endued with an irresistible Force, which for want of Sight is of no Use to him.

Though a Man has all other Perfections, and wants Discretion, he will be of no great Consequence in the World; but if he has this single Talent in Perfection, and but a common Share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular Station of Life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful Talent a Man can be Master of, I look upon Cunning to be the Accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous Minds. Discretion

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points out the noblest Ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable Methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish Aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended Views, and, like a well-formed Eye, commands a whole Horizon: Cunning is a Kind of Short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest Objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater Authority to the Person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its Force, and makes a Man incapable of bringing about even those Events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain Man. Discretion is the Perfection of Reason, and a Guide to us in all the Duties of Life; Cunning is a kind of Instinct, that only looks out after our immediate Interest and Welfare. Discretion is only found in Men of strong Sense and good Understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in Brutes themselves, and in Persons who are but the fewest Removes from them. In short Cunning is only the Mimick of Discretion, and may pass upon weak Men, in the same manner as Vivacity is often mistaken for Wit, and Gravity for Wisdom.

The Cast of Mind which is natural to a discreet Man, makes him look forward into Futurity, and consider what will be his Condition Millions of Ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the Misery or Happiness which are reserv'd for him in another World, lose nothing of their Reality by being placed at so great Distance from him. The Objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those Pleasures and Pains which lie hid in Eternity, approach nearer to him every Moment, and will be present with him in their full Weight and Measure, as much as those Pains and Pleasures which he feels at this very Instant. For this Reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper Happiness of his Nature, and the ultimate Design of his Being. He carries his Thoughts to the End of every Action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate Effects of it. He supersedes every little Prospect of Gain and Advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his Views of an Hereafter. In a word, his Hopes are full of Immortality, his Schemes are large and glorious, and his Conduct suitable to one who knows his true Interest, and how to pursue it with proper Methods,

I have, in this Essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an Accomplishment and as a Virtue, and have therefore described it in its full Extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly Affairs, but as it regards our whole Existence; not only as it is the Guide of a mortal Creature, but as it is in general the Director of a reasonable Being. It is in this Light that Discretion is represented by the Wise Man, who sometimes mentions it under the Name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter Part of this Paper) the greatest Wisdom, but at the same time in the Power of every one to attain. Its Advantages are infinite, but its Acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the Words of the Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted in my last *Saturday's* Paper, *Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great Travel: for he shall find her sitting at her Doors. To think therefore upon her is Perfection of Wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without Care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth her self favourably unto them in the Ways, and meeteth them in every Thought.* C.

No. 381.]

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1712.

*Equam memento rebus in arduis,
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Deli.*—Hor.

I have always preferred Cheerfulness to Mirth. The latter, I consider as an Act, the former as an Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and transient, Cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised to the greatest Transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest Depressions of Melancholy; On the contrary, Cheerfulness, tho' it does not give the Mind such an exquisite Gladness, prevents us from falling into any Depths of Sorrow. Mirth is like a Flash of Lightning, that breaks thro' a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment; Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity.

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as filled with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every Moment obnoxious to the greatest Dangers. Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection was never seen to Laugh.

Chearfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions; it is of a serious and composed Nature, it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and Holy Men among Christians.

If we consider Cheerfulness in three Lights, with regard to our selves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend it self on each of these Accounts. The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul: His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed: His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude. He comes with a Relish to all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards him. A cheerful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good Humour in those who come within its Influence. A Man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Cheerfulness of his Companion: It is like a sudden Sun-shine that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind, without her attending to it. The Heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into Friendship and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly an Effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the great Author of Nature. An inward Cheerfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence

under all its Dispensations. It is a kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man.

There are but two things which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of, this Cheerfulness of Heart. The first of these is the Sense of Guilt. A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no Title to that Evenness and Tranquillity of Mind which is the Health of the Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly or Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Title it shelters it self, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of this Cheerfulness of Temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of Non-Existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a Man to out-live the Expectation of it. For my own Part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only Truth we are sure of, and such a Truth as we meet with in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought. If we look into the Characters of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of Pride, Spleen, and Cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that Men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the World; and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into Nothing?

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pretence to Cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in Good-Humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either of Torment or of Annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mention'd these two great Principles, which are destructive of Cheerfulness in their own Nature, as well as in Right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a Virtuous Mind. Pain and Sickness, Shame and Reproach, Poverty and old Age, nay Death it self, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and

the Advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the Name of Evils. A good Mind may bear up under them with Fortitude, with Indolence and with Cheerfulness of Heart. The tossing of a Tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a Joyful Harbour.

A Man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the Dictates of Virtue and Right Reason, has two perpetual Sources of Cheerfulness; in the Consideration of his own Nature, and of that Being on whom he has a Dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning. How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind, when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improveable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness? The Consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man, and makes him look upon himself every Moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second Source of Cheerfulness to a good Mind, is its Consideration of that Being on whom we have our Dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint Discoveries of his Perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find our selves every where upheld by his Goodness, and surrounded with an Immensity of Love and Mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose Power qualifies him to make us happy by an Infinity of Means, whose Goodness and Truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose Unchangeableness will secure us in this Happiness to all Eternity.

Such Considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his Thoughts, will banish from us all that secret Heaviness of Heart which unthinking Men are subject to when they lie under no real Affliction, all that Anguish which we may feel from any Evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little Cracklings of Mirth and Folly that are apter to betray Virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful Temper, as make us pleasing

to our selves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please. I.

No. 387.]

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1712.

Quid parè tranqillet—.—Hor.

In my last *Saturday's* Paper I spoke of Chearfulness as it is a *Moral* Habit of the Mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy Temper in the Soul of Man: I shall now consider Chearfulness in its *natural* State, and reflect on those Motives to it, which are indifferent either as to Virtue or Vice.

Chearfulness is, in the first place, the best Promoter of Health. Repinings and secret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to those delicate Fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the Machine insensibly; not to mention those violent Ferments which they stir up in the Blood, and those irregular disturbed Motions, which they raise in the animal Spirits. I scarce remember, in my own Observation, to have met with many old Men, or with such, who (to use our *English* Phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Gaiety and Chearfulness of Heart. The truth of it is, Health and Chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Chearfulness, but very often see Chearfulness where there is no great degree of Health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the Mind as to the Body: It banishes all anxious Care and Discontent, soothes and composes the Passions, and keeps the Soul in a Perpetual Calm. But having already touched on this last Consideration, I shall here take notice, that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy Temper of Mind.

If we consider the World in its Subserviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Use; but if we consider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our Pleasure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular Influence in clearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same time either fill the Woods with their Musick, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the delightfulness of their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employ'd in Sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise; whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green, fall upon the Eye in such a due proportion, that they give the Animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just Ballance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will, the Effect is certain, for which reason the Poets ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Chearful*.

To consider further this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest, and Encrease which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this Chearfulness in the Mind of Man, by having

formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from several Objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the Wildness of Rocks and Desarts, and the like grotesque Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy may still carry this Consideration higher, by observing that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such imaginary Qualities, as Tastes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold, but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have his Mind cheered and delighted with agreeable Sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take notice of such Incitements to a Cheerful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Cheerfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Island, and often conveys her self to us in an Eastern Wind. A celebrated *French* Novelist, in opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flow'ry Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus: *In the gloomy Month of November, when the People of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields, &c.*

Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate or Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and

enable him to bear up chearfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to humane Nature, and which by a right Improvement of them will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly consider'd, should be far from overcasting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying that Chearfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interspersion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly ascrib'd by Mr. *Locke*, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral Reason, in the following Words:

Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the things that environ and afflict us, and blended them together, in almost all that our Thoughts and Senses have to do with; that we finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and Want of compleat Happiness in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the Enjoyment of him, with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for evermore.

L.

No. 458.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1712.

[Ἄριστος οὐκ ἀγάθη.—Hes.]

—Pudor malus.—Hor.

I could not Smile at the Account that was Yesterday given me of a modest young Gentleman, who being invited to an Entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the Confidence to refuse his Glass in his Turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the Talk of the Table into his own Hands, abused every one of the Company, and flung a Bottle at the Gentleman's Head who treated him. This has given me Occasion to reflect upon the ill Effects of a vicious Modesty, and to remember the Saying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that *the Person has had but an ill Education, who has not been taught to deny any thing*. This false kind of Modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both Sexes into as many Vices as

the most abandoned Impudence, and is the more inexcusable to Reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than it self, and is punished with a kind of Remorse, not only like other vicious Habits when the Crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true Modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it. True Modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the Rules of right Reason: False Modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the Humour of the Company. True Modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false Modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined Instinct; the former is that Instinct, limited and circumscribed by the Rules of Prudence and Religion.

We may conclude that Modesty to be false and vicious, which engages a Man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary Nature. How many Men, in the common Concerns of Life, lend Sums of Money which they are not able to spare, are bound for Persons whom they have but little Friendship for, give Recommensatory Characters of Men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow Places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a Manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the Confidence to resist Solicitation, Importunity or Example?

Nor does this false Modesty expose us only to such Actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When [*Xenophanes*¹] was called timorous, because he would not venture his Money in a Game at Dice: *I confess*, said he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing.* On the contrary, a Man of vicious Modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the Company where he is engaged. He falls in with the Torrent, and lets himself go to every Action or Discourse, however unjustifiable in it self, so it be in Vogue among the present Party. This, tho' one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous Dispositions in Human Nature, that Men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational Manner, but that one who is in their Company should be ashamed of governing himself by the Principles of Reason and Virtue.

¹[*Xenophon*]

In the second place we are to consider false Modesty, as it restrains a Man from doing what is good and laudable. My Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him many Instances and Examples under this Head. I shall only dwell upon one Reflection, which I cannot make without a Secret Concern. We have in *England* a particular Bashfulness in every thing that regards Religion. A well-bred Man is obliged to conceal any Serious Sentiment of this Nature, and very often to appear a greater Libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in Countenance among the Men of Mode. Our Excess of Modesty makes us shamefaced in all the Exercises of Piety and Devotion. This Humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred Tables, the Master of the House is so very Modest a Man, that he has not the Confidence to say Grace at his own Table: A Custom which is not only practised by all the Nations about us, but was never omitted by the Heathens themselves. *English* Gentlemen who travel into Roman-Catholic Countries, are not a little surprized to meet with People of the best Quality kneeling in their Churches, and engaged in their private Devotions, tho' it be not at the Hours of Publick Worship. An Officer of the Army, or a Man of Wit and Pleasure in those Countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred Man, should he be seen to go to Bed, or sit down at Table, without offering up his Devotions on such Occasions. The same Show of Religion appears in all the Foreign Reformed Churches, and enters so much into their Ordinary Conversation, that an *Englishman* is apt to term them Hypocritical and Precise.

This little appearance of a Religious Deportment in our Nation, may proceed in some measure from that Modesty which is natural to us, but the great occasion of it is certainly this. Those Swarms of Sectaries that overran the Nation in the time of the great Rebellion, carried their Hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole Language into a Jargon of Enthusiasm; insomuch that upon the Restoration Men thought they could not recede too far from the Behaviour and Practice of those Persons, who had made Religion a Cloak to so many Villanies. This led them into the other Extream, every Appearance of Devotion was looked upon as Puritannical, and falling into the Hands of the Ridiculers who flourished in that Reign, and attacked every thing that was Serious, it has ever since been out of Countenance among us. By this means we are gradually

falling into that Vicious Modesty which has in some measure worn out from among us the Appearance of Christianity in Ordinary Life and Conversation, and which distinguishes us from all [our Neighbours.¹]

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open Impiety. They are both equally destructive to the Person who is possessed with them; but in regard to others, Hypocrisy is not so pernicious as bare-faced Irreligion. The due Mean to be observed is to be sincerely Virtuous, and at the same time to let the World see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful Menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted Modesty, to be ashamed before Men in a Particular of such unspeakable Importance. C.

No. 483.]

SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1712.

*Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit*———.—Hor.

We cannot be guilty of a greater Act of Uncharitableness, than to interpret the Afflictions which befall our Neighbours, as *Punishments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the Evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the Mark of Divine Vengeance, and abates the Compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a Light. This Humour of turning every Misfortune into a Judgment, proceeds from wrong Notions of Religion, which, in its own nature, produces Good-will towards Men, and puts the mildest Construction upon every Accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not Religion that sours a Man's Temper, but it is his Temper that sours his Religion: People of gloomy uncheerful Imaginations, or of envious malignant Tempers, whatever kind of Life they are engaged in, will discover their natural Tincture of Mind in all their Thoughts, Words, and Actions. As the finest Wines have often the Taste of the Soil, so even the most religious Thoughts often draw something that is particular from the Constitution of the Mind in which they arise. When Folly or Superstition strike in with this natural Depravity of Temper, it is not in the power, even of Religion it self, to preserve the Character of the Person who is possessed with it, from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

¹ [the Nations that lie about us.]

An old Maiden Gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the Name of *Nemesis*, is the greatest Discoverer of Judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what Sin it was that set such a Man's House on fire, or blew down his Barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young Lady that lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox, she fetches a deep Sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine Face she was always looking on it in her Glass. Tell her of a Piece of Good Fortune that has befallen one of her Acquaintance; and she wishes it may prosper with her, but her Mother used one of her Nieces very barbarously. Her usual Remarks turn upon People who had great Estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some Flaw in their own, or their Father's Behaviour. She can give you the Reason why such a one died Childless: Why such an one was cut off in the Flower of his Youth: Why such an one was Unhappy in her Marriage: Why one broke his Leg on such a particular Spot of Ground, and why another was killed with a Back-Sword, rather than with any other kind of Weapon. She has a Crime for every Misfortune that can befall any of her Acquaintance, and when she hears of a Robbery that has been made, or a Murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the Guilt of the suffering Person, than on that of the Thier, or the Assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to her self is a Tryal, and whatever happens to her Neighbours is a Judgment.

The very Description of this Folly, in ordinary Life, is sufficient to expose it; but when it appears in a Pomp and Dignity of Style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the Mind of the Reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their Judgments as impertinently as the old Woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the Folly it self appear venerable. Indeed, most Historians, as well Christian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle Superstition, and spoken of ill [Success,¹] unforeseen Disasters, and terrible Events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private Conduct by which the World is governed. One would think several of our own Historians in particular had many Relations of this kind made to them. Our old *English* Monks seldom let any of their Kings depart in Peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the Power or Wealth of which the Eccle-iasticks were in those times possessed.

1 [SUCCESSSES.]

William the Conqueror's Race generally found their Judgments in the *New Forest*, where their Father had pulled down Churches and Monasteries. In short, read one of the Chronicles written by an Author of this frame of Mind, and you would think you were reading an History of the Kings of *Israel* or *Judah*, where the Historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular Scheme of Providence, the Kings were distinguished by Judgments or Blessings, according as they promoted Idolatry or the Worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon Misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable, in regard to the Person whom they befall, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong Argument for a State of Retribution hereafter, that in this World virtuous Persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious Persons prosperous; which is wholly inconsistent to the Nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his Works, unless we may suppose that such an uneven and undistinguishing Distribution of Good and Evil which was necessary for carrying on the Designs of Providence in this Life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that Fire should fall from Heaven in the ordinary Course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant Guilt or depressed Virtue in particular Persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy Arm in the Defence of the one, or Punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a Day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective Merits.

The Folly of ascribing Temporal Judgments to any particular Crimes, may appear from several Considerations. I shall only mention two: First, That, generally speaking, there is no Calamity or Affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a Judgment to a vicious Man, which does not sometimes happen to Men of approved Religion and Virtue. When *Diagoras* the Atheist was on board one of the *Athenian* Ships, there arose a very violent Tempest; upon which the Mariners told him, that it was a just Judgment upon them for having taken so impious a Man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the rest of the Ships that were in the same Distress, and ask'd them whether or no *Diagoras* was on board every Vessel in the Fleet. We are all involved in the same Calamities, and subject to the same Accidents: and when we see any one of the Species under

any particular Oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common Lot of human Nature, rather than from the Guilt of the Person who suffers.

Another Consideration, that may check our Presumption in putting such a Construction upon a Misfortune, is this, That it is impossible for us to know what are Calamities, and what are Blessings. How many Accidents have pass'd for Misfortunes, which have turned to the Welfare and Prosperity of the Persons in whose Lot they have fallen? How many Disappointments have, in their Consequences, saved a man from Ruin? If we could look into the Effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon Blessings and Judgments; but for a Man to give his Opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its Beginnings, is an unjustifiable Piece of Rashness and Folly. The Story of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great Reputation among the Heathens, (for we see it quoted by all the ancient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the Immortality of the Soul,) may teach us a Caution in this Matter. These two Brothers, being the Sons of a Lady who was Priestess to *Juno*, drew their Mother's Chariot to the Temple at the time of a great Solemnity, the Persons being absent who by their Office were to have drawn her Chariot on that Occasion. The Mother was so transported with this Instance of filial Duty, that she petition'd her Goddess to bestow upon them the greatest Gift that could be given to Men; upon which they were both cast into a deep Sleep, and the next Morning found dead in the Temple. This was such an Event, as would have been construed into a Judgment, had it happen'd to the two Brothers after an Act of Disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any Ancient Historian who had given us an Account of it.

O.

No. 574.]

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1714.

*Non possidentem malicia vocaveris
Rectè Beatum, rectius occupat
Nomen Beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti*

Duramque calleat pauperiem pati.—Hor.

I was once engaged in Discourse with a *Rosicrucian* about the great Secret. As this kind of Men (I mean those of them who are not professed Cheats) are over-run with Enthusiasm and

Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious Adept descanting on his pretended Discovery. He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit which lived within an Emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest Perfection it is capable of. It gives a Lustre, says he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond. It irradiates every Metal, and enriches Lead with all the Properties of Gold. It heightens Smoak into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into Glory. He further added, that a single Ray of it dissipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy from the Person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its Presence naturally changes every Place into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for some Time in this unintelligible Cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral Ideas together into the same Discourse, and that his great Secret was nothing else but *Content*.

This Virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those Effects which the Alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's Stone; and if it does not bring Riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the Desire of them. If it cannot remove the Disquietudes arising out of a Man's Mind, Body, or Fortune, it makes him easie under them. It has indeed a kindly Influence on the Soul of Man, in respect of every Being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all Murmur, Repining, and Ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his Part to act in this World. It destroys all inordinate Ambition, and every Tendency to Corruption, with regard to the Community wherein he is placed. It gives Sweetness to his Conversation, and a perpetual Serenity to all his Thoughts.

Among the many Methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this Virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and Secondly, How much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the Reply which *Aristippus* made to one who condoled him upon the Loss of a Farm, *Why*, said he, *I have three Farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.* On the contrary, foolish Men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their Eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater Difficulties. All the real Pleasures

and Conveniences of Life lie in a narrow Compass; but it is the Humour of Mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the Start of them in Wealth and Honour. For this Reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich Men in any of the politer Nations but among the middle Sort of People, who keep their Wishes within their Fortunes, and have more Wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher Rank live in a kind of splendid Poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because instead of acquiescing in the solid Pleasures of Life, they endeavour to outvie one another in Shadows and Appearances. Men of Sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of Mirth this silly Game that is played over their Heads, and by contracting their Desires, enjoy all that secret Satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The Truth is, this ridiculous Chace after imaginary Pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great Source of those Evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a Man's Estate be what it will, he is a poor Man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to Sale to any one that can give him his Price. When *Pittacus*, after the Death of his Brother, who had left him a good Estate, was offered a great Sum of Money by the King of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his Kindness, but told him he had already more by Half than he knew what to do with. In short, Content is equivalent to Wealth, and Luxury to Poverty; or, to give the Thought a more agreeable Turn, *Content is natural Wealth*, says *Socrates*; to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial Poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the Consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary Enjoyments, and will not be at the Trouble of Contracting their Desires, an excellent saying of *Bion* the Philosopher; namely, *That no Man has so much Care, as he who endeavours after the most Happiness*.

In the second Place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former Consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the Means to make themselves easie; this regards such as actually lie under some Pressure or Misfortune. These may receive great Alleviation from such a Comparison as the unhappy Person may make between himself and others, or between the Misfortune which he suffers, and greater Misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the Story of the honest *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his *Leg* by a Fall from the Main-mast, told the Standers-by, It was a great Mercy that 'twas not his *Neck*. To which, since I am got into Quotations, give me leave to add the Saying of an old Philosopher, who, after having invited some of his Friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his Wife that came into the Room in a Passion, and threw down the Table that stood before them; *Every one*, says he, *has his Calamity, and he is a happy Man that has no greater than this*. We find an Instance to the same Purpose in the Life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good Man was troubled with a Complication of Distempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the Stone; and when he had the Stone, that he had not both these Distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this Essay without observing that there was never any System besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the Mind of Man the Virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present Condition, many of the ancient Philosophers tell us that our Discontent only hurts our selves, without being able to make any Alteration in our Circumstances; others, that whatever Evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal Necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the Man who is miserable, that it is necessary that he should be so to keep up the Harmony of the Universe, and that the *Scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like Considerations, rather silence than satisfy the Man. They may shew him that his Discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give Despair than Consolation. In a Word, a Man might reply to one of these Comforters, as *Augustus* did to his Friend who advised him not to grieve for the Death of a Person whom he loved, because his Grief could not fetch him again: *It is for that very Reason*, said the Emperor, *that I grieve*.

On the contrary, Religion bears a more tender Regard to humane Nature. It prescribes to every miserable Man the Means of bettering his Condition; nay, it shews him, that the bearing of his Afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the Removal of them: It makes him easie here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented Mind is the greatest Blessing a Man can enjoy in this World; and if in the present Life his Happiness arises from the subduing of his Desires, it will arise in the next from the Gratification of them.

No. 583.]

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1714.

*Ipsæ thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta serat latè circum, cui ta in Curæ:
Ipse labore manum duro terat, ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget Umbres.* —Virg.

Every Station of Life has Duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by Choice to any particular kind of Business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by Necessity, but both are under an equal Obligation of fixing on Employments, which may be useful to themselves or beneficial to others. No one of the Sons of *Adam* ought to think himself exempt from that Labour and Industry which were denounced to our first Parent, and in him to all his Posterity. Those to whom Birth or Fortune may seem to make such an Application unnecessary, ought to find out some Calling or Profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a Burden on the Species, and be the only useless Parts of the Creation.

Many of our Country Gentlemen in their busie Hours apply themselves wholly to the Chase, or to some other Diversion which they find in the Fields and Woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent *English* Writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of Curse pronounced to them in the Words of *Goliath*, *I will give thee to the Fowls of the Air, and to the Beasts of the Field.*

Tho' Exercises of this kind, when indulged with Moderation, may have a good Influence both on the Mind and Body, the Country affords many other Amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the Publick, than that of *PLANTING*. I could mention a Nobleman whose Fortune has placed him in several Parts of *England*, and who has always left these visible Marks behind him, which show he has been there: He never hired a House in his Life, without leaving all about it the Seeds of Wealth, and bestowing Legacies on the Posterity of the Owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* made the same Improvements upon their

Estates, our whole Country would have been at this time as one great Garden. Nor ought such an Employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for Men of the highest Rank. There have been Heroes in this Art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of *Cyrus the Great*, that he planted all the Lesser *Asia*. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of Amusement: It gives a nobler Air to several Parts of Nature: it fills the Earth with a Variety of beautiful Scenes, and has something in it like Creation. For this Reason the Pleasure of one who Plants is something like that of a Poet, who, as *Aristotle* observes, is more delighted with his Productions than any other Writer or Artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one Advantage in them which is not to be found in most other Works, as they give a Pleasure of a more lasting Date, and continually improve in the Eye of the Planter. When you have finished a Building or any other Undertaking of the like Nature, it immediately decays upon your Hands; you see it brought to its utmost Point of Perfection, and from that time hastening to its Ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your Plantations, they are still arriving at greater Degrees of Perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding Year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this Art to Men of Estates as a pleasing Amusement, but as it is a kind of Virtuous Employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral Motives; particularly from the Love which we ought to have for our Country, and the Regard which we ought to bear to our Posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the Increase of Forest-Trees does by no Means bear a Proportion to the Destruction of them, insomuch that in a few Ages the Nation may be at a Loss to supply itself with Timber sufficient for the Fleets of *England*. I know when a Man talks of Posterity in Matters of this Nature, he is looked upon with an Eye of Ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of Mankind. Most People are of the Humour of an old Fellow of a College, who when he was pressed by the Society to come into something that might redound to the good of their Successors, grew very peevish, *We are always doing*, says he, *something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us*.

But I think Men are inexcusable, who fail in a Duty of this Nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a Man considers

that the putting a few Twigs into the Ground, is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the World about Fifty Years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own Descendants easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an Expence, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base Heart, void of all generous Principles and Love to Mankind.

There is one Consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest Minds that are naturally disposed to do good in the World, and become beneficial to Mankind, complain within themselves that they have not Talents for it. This therefore is a good Office, which is suited to the meanest Capacities, and which may be performed by Multitudes, who have not Abilities sufficient to deserve well of their Country and to recommend themselves to their Posterity, by any other Method. It is the Phrase of a Friend of mine, when any useful Country Neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*: which I look upon as a good Funeral Oration, at the Death of an honest Husbandman, who hath left the Impressions of his Industry behind him, in the Place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing Considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the Subject of this Paper as a kind of Moral Virtue: Which as I have already shown, recommends it self likewise by the Pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent Pleasures which is apt to gratifie a Man in the Heats of Youth; but if it be not so Tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with Prospects of our own making, and to walk under those Shades which our own Industry has raised. Amusements of this Nature compose the Mind, and lay at Rest all those Passions which are uneasy to the Soul of Man, besides that they naturally engender good Thoughts, and dispose us to laudable Contemplations. Many of the old Philosophers passed away the greatest Parts of their Lives among their Gardens. *Epicurus* himself could not think sensual Pleasure attainable in any other Scene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, the greatest Genius's of all Antiquity, knows very well with how much Rapture they have spoken on this Subject; and that *Virgil* in particular has written a whole Book on the Art of Planting.

This Art seems to have been more especially adapted to the Nature of Man in his Primæval State, when he had Life enough

to see his Productions flourish in their utmost Beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the Flood might have seen a Wood of the tallest Oakes in the Accorn. But I only mention this Particular, in order to introduce in my next Paper, a History which I have found among the Accounts of *China*, and which may be looked upon as an Antediluvian Novel.

No. 598.]

FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1714.

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus aller
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: ftebat contrarius alter?—Juv.*

Mankind may be divided into the Merry and the Serious, who, both of them, make a very good Figure in the Species, so long as they keep their respective Humours from degenerating into the neighbouring Extreme; there being a natural Tendency in the one to a melancholy Moroseness, and in the other to a fantastick Levity.

The merry Part of the World are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a Cheerfulness through Conversation at proper Seasons and on proper Occasions; but, on the contrary, a great Grievance to Society, when they infect every Discourse with insipid Mirth, and turn into Ridicule such Subjects as are not suited to it. For though Laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the Property of Reason, the Excess of it has been always considered as the Mark of Folly.

On the other Side, Seriousness has its Beauty whilst it is attended with Cheerfulness and Humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good Humour of those with whom we converse.

These two Sets of Men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective Characters, are apt to bear a natural Aversion and Antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear Men of serious Tempers and austere Morals, enlarging upon the Vanities and Follies of the young and gay Part of the Species; whilst they look with a kind of Horror upon such Poms and Diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the Mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a Passage in the Account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own Life, wherein he represents

it as a great Blessing, that in his Youth he very narrowly escaped getting a Place at Court.

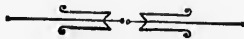
It must indeed be confessed that the Levity of Temper takes a Man off his Guard, and opens a Pass to his Sou' for any Temptation that assaults it. It favours all the Approaches of Vice, and weakens all the Resistance of Virtue. For which Reason a renowned Statesman in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days, after having retir'd from Court and public Business, in order to give himself up to the Duties of Religion; when any of his old Friends used to visit him, had still this Word of Advice in his Mouth, *Be serious.*

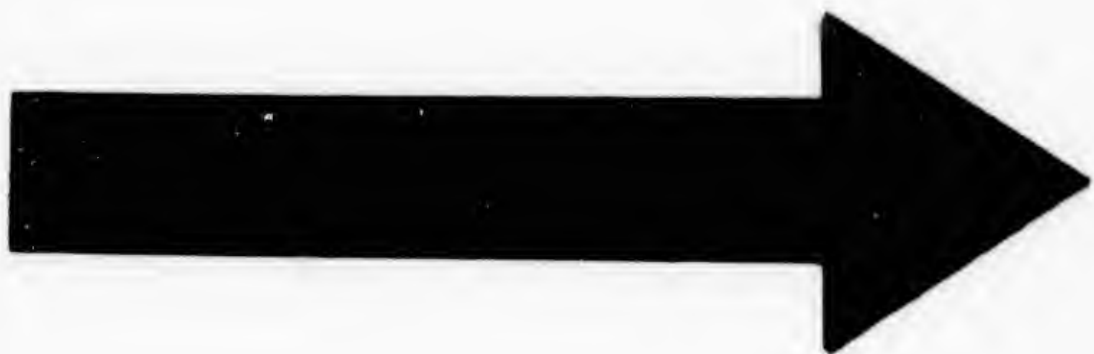
An eminent *Italian* Author of this Cast of Mind, speaking of the great Advantage of a serious and composed Temper, wishes very gravely, that for the Benefit of Mankind he had *Trophimus's* Cave in his Possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the Reformation of Manners than all the Work-houses and Bridewells in *Europe.*

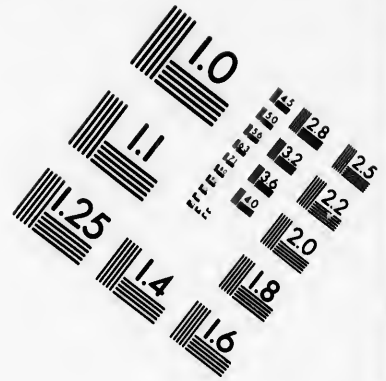
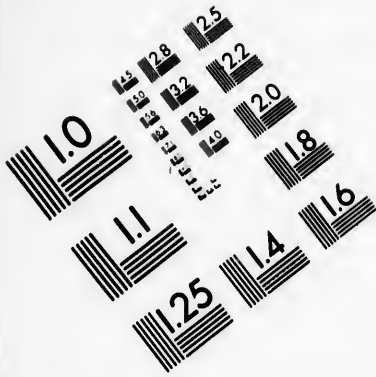
We have a very particular Description of this Cave in *Pausanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the Form of a huge Oven, and had many particular Circumstances, which disposed the Person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no Man was ever observed to laugh all his Life after, who had once made his Entry into this Cave. It was usual in those Times, when any one carried a more than ordinary Gloominess in his Features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of *Trophimus's* Cave.

On the other hand, Writers of a more merry Complexion have been no less severe on the opposite Party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more Turns of Wit and Humour.

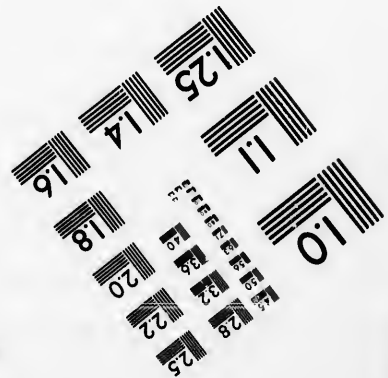
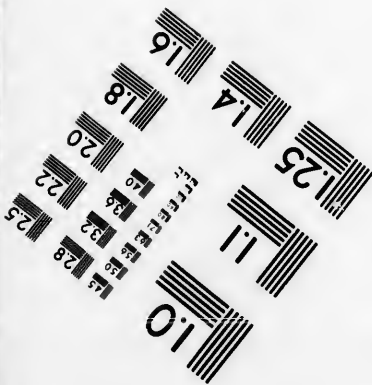
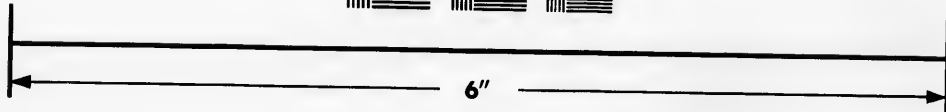
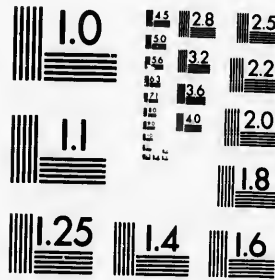
After all, if a Man's Temper were at his own Disposal, I think he would not chuse to be of either of these Parties; since the most Perfect Character is that which is formed out of both of them. A Man would neither chuse to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: Humane Nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a Word, a Man should not live as if there was no God in the World; nor, at the same Time, as if there were no Men in it.







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NOTES ON ESSAYS FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A noteworthy attempt in England to treat in a literary way the civil, political, and mercantile topics of the ordinary newspaper was made in 1704 by Daniel Defoe. His *Review*, however, is more remarkable still as containing, under the title of "Advice from the Scandalous Club," light humorous discussions of questions of manners and morals. Crude as these discussions were, they were suggestive; and so we may regard the *Review* as the progenitor of the *Tattlers*, *Spectators*, *Guardians* of its own time, and the great quarterlies and monthlies of ours.

Steele was the first to feel the impulse, and to his *Tattler* Addison contributed his first periodical literature, giving such assistance that the editor describes himself as faring "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Certainly he did not do without his illustrious contributor. The success of the *Tattler* encouraged Steele to venture on the publication of a new paper, destined to be the greatest of all his periodical works, and to win for himself and Addison a lasting name.

The first issue of the *Spectator*, for so the new paper was called, was published on March 1st, 1711, and successive issues on each week-day continued till December, 1712. In all 555 numbers were published, of which Addison and Steele contributed in equal proportions about 500. In 1714 Addison revived the *Spectator*, and during its brief life between June and December, 80 additional numbers were issued, of which 20 came from the pen of the editor. From Addison's numerous contributions to the Steele-Addison *Spectator* and to the revived Addison *Spectator* the foregoing essays are selected.

ESSAY No. 21.

Horace, 1 Ep. v. 28:

"There's room enough and each may bring his friend."

—Creech.

Professions of Divinity, Law, and Physick.—Notice Addison's use of capital letters, generally with nouns, and occasionally with emphatic words. Remark likewise the italicising of proper nouns and adjectives.

The spelling of the essays "represents what was good usage between 1711 and 1725."

Generals, Field-Officers, etc.—In the army, officers below the rank of general and above the rank of captain (*e.g.*, colonel, major) are field-officers. Those below the rank of captain are subalterns.

Bishops, Deans, etc.—In the English Church the bishop is the highest officer. Under him are the deans, usually either the chief officers of cathedral churches, or the administrators of a number of parishes.

Prebendaries.—A clergyman attached to a cathedral and receiving a prebend (salary) for his services.

Scarfs.—The scarf or stole is the long narrow strip of lustring (lustring, coarse silk) worn by the clergyman round his neck.

Our Constitution preserves it from any Redundancy.—"There are two archbishops and twenty-six bishops in England, and two archbishops and ten bishops in Ireland. Archdeacons and rural deans assist the bishops in the management of their dioceses."

Should our Clergy . . . Elections in England.—There are so many clergymen that if they should divide their church land, as lay landholders do their land, into holdings just large enough to secure the forty shillings income entitling the holder to a vote, they would win every election in England.—Arnold.

Virgil's Army.—The reference is to the lines of the Latin poet in Book X. of the *Æneid* :

"Extremi addensent acies; nec turba moveri
Tela manusque sinit."

Westminster-Hall.—This Hall, standing between the Abbey and the Thames, became in 1224 the seat of the law courts.

Martial.—A Latin wit and poet (A.D. 49-104) famed as the first, and perhaps greatest, writer of epigrams.

The Lists.—Lines enclosing a field for knightly combat. "To enter the lists" figuratively for "to engage in combat."

Inns of Court—Benchers.—Certain societies, such as the Inner Temple, Gray's Inn, have in England the exclusive right of calling people to the English bar. Each society is governed by a committee called "benchers," and has a "habitation" in a large group of houses or chambers.

Sir William Temple.—The negotiator of the famous Triple Alliance of Charles II.'s reign was the author of many works remarkable for their fine style. The essay *Of Heroic Virtue* here alluded to runs: "This part of Scythia in its whole northern extent, I take to have been the vast Hive out of which issued so many mighty awarms of barbarous nations." Temple attributes the abating of their warlike restlessness to the influence of Christianity.

Goths.—The Goths, a Germanic tribe, are first heard of on the shores of the Baltic. In the third century they were living near the Black Sea. They defeated the Romans, ravaged Asia Minor, captured Rome, and in A.D. 412 settled in Spain.

Vandals.—The Vandals, also of Germanic origin, occupied originally the country around the sea of Azof, but migrated to the country south of the Baltic; thence they swept devastating through Gaul into Spain, settling in *Andalusia*. In A.D. 455 the Vandals plundered Rome (*vandalism*).

Thor and Woden.—Thor was the Teutonic god of thunder; Woden (Odin), the greatest of Teutonic gods. Cf. *Wednesday, Thursday*.

British Army in Cæsar's time.—In describing his campaign against the Britons (B.C. 55) Cæsar writes: "Genus hoc est ex essedis pugnæ: . . . quum se inter equitum turmas insinnaverint, ex essedis desiliunt et pedibus proeliantur."—*De Bello Gallico*, lib. iv. cap. xxxiii.

Rather of the Science, than the Profession.—They have knowledge, but are without opportunity to put it into practice.



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Of slender parts.—Of little ability.

He would not venture to feel.—Venture=trust.

Vagellius.—A particular name is here taken because of the effect produced by the concrete.

Chapman=merchant, customer. The word is from A.S. *ceapian*, to buy. The colloquial *chap* is an abbreviation of *chapman*.

C.—Steele writes in the last number of his *Spectator* the following explanation of the signatures to Addison's contributions: "All the papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to say all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the Muse, CLIO, were given me by the Gentleman, of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the Preface and concluding Leaf of my *Tattlers*." The essays in the Addison *Spectator* (see Nos. 483, 574, 583, 598) bear no signature.

ESSAY No. 23.

Virgil, *Æn.* ix. 420:

"Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Desery'd not him who gave the fatal wound,
Nor knew to fix revenge."

—Dryden.

A passage in *Socrates's Behavior*.—Socrates (B.C. 469-399) was the most original of the great philosophers of Greece. Spending his time in cross-questioning men to convince them of their ignorance, he drew upon himself many enemies, and was condemned for impiety. The passage alluded to is found in Plato's *Phædon*: "I reckon that no one who hears me now, not even if he were one of my old enemies the comic poets, can accuse me of idle talking about matters in which I have no concern."

Aristophanes (B.C. 441-380) was the great Greek comic dramatist. He ridiculed Socrates and other philosophers in the *Clouds*.

Catullus.—Catullus (B. C. 87-47) was a Roman writer of lyrics and epigrams.

Mazarine-Quillet.—Of Sicilian parentage, Mazarin (1602-1661) became, through his great talents, cardinal and chief minister to Louis XIV. Claude Quillet in his poem *Callipœdia* complained of the power that Mazarin, a foreigner, had attained in France. For omitting the reference to the cardinal, Quillet received "une jolie Abbaye de 400 pistoles."

Sextus Quintus.—Sextus V. rose from the position of swineherd to be one of the greatest of popes. His administration was severe to the extent of cruelty. Though it does not seem that his sister was a laundress, his aunt was, a fact that lent point to the satire.

The authority for this story in the essay is not good. Leti's work, from which it is taken, is said to be "full of silly tales, of contradictory statements, and of palpable falsehoods."

Pasquin.—Pasquin was a tailor in Rome towards the close of the 15th century, who by his sarcastic humour drew many to his shop. After his death a mutilated statue was dug up near his shop, and as it was in sport named after the tailor, the practice arose of secretly affixing to it witty comments on affairs of the day, or satire on the cardinals or pope. Hence we have the word 'pasquinade.'

Aretine.—Aretine (1492-1557) was an Italian writer distinguished by his "wit, impudence, and talents." By his satire, often most ribald, he won the name of the Scourge of Princes.

Sophi.—A title of the king of Persia.

Scriblers of Lampoons.—Addison's stand is noteworthy, as he lived in a time when newspapers indulged in the most violent personal abuse.

Young Lady shall be exposed.—'Shall' has a peculiar idiomatic force that may be rendered, not so well, by 'has to' or 'must.'

Roger l'Estrange.—Sir Roger l'Estrange, an ardent Royalist, translated *Aesop's Fables*.

And still as any of 'em.—'Still' has here its earlier meaning, 'ever.'

As this Week is set apart.—This essay was published March 27th. In 1811 Easter Day fell on April 1st. The week preceding Easter Sunday is one of peculiar solemnity in Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches.

ESSAY No. 26.

Horace, 2 Od. iv. 13 :

"With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate :
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years,
Night soon will seize and you must quickly go
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below."

—Creech.

Heroic Poems.—Poems such as the *Odyssey* or the *Aeneid*, narrating the exploits of legendary heroes.

The Path of an Arrow.—This expression the editor cannot find in Holy Writ. Addison possessed an extraordinary memory, but was sometimes, as in Essay 483, tempted to trust to it too much.

Several of the Monuments (which).—The change from the first reading 'that' to the revised reading 'which' is an interesting sign of the contest that was going on in Addison's time among the relatives *who*, *which*, and *that*. Nowadays we are tolerably agreed on taking *that* as the relative of the purely adjectival clause—"Blessings on the man *that* invented sleep." *Who* of persons, and *which* of things, introduce clauses not purely adjectival but sometimes *co-ordinate, with or adverbial* to the main clause—"I saw John *who* (and he) told me," etc.; "I did not ask John *who* (for he) knows nothing," etc. In Addison's time, however, *that* had almost entirely supplanted *who* and *which*, and the effort of the *Spectator* to revive the use of them may be seen in the revision of the text, as well as in the "Humble Petition of Who and Which" in Essay 78 of the *Spectator*: "We are descended of ancient Families, and kept up our dignity many years, till the Jack-sprat **THAT** supplanted us," etc.

In the poetical Quarter.—The Poets' Corner is in the eastern aisle of the southern transept.

Monuments which had no Poets.—There is, for example, a monument erected in the Abbey to Shakespeare, whose body lies in Stratford.

Plains of Blenheim.—The War of the Spanish Succession lasted from 1702 until 1713. In the battle of Blenheim, fought in Bavaria, Marlborough won a great victory over the French.

Politeness of a Nation.—'Politeness' was used in Addison's time to signify 'familiarity with refined learning.' 'Culture' takes its place to-day.

Sir Cloudesly Shovel.—Cloudesly Shovel became, from a cabin boy, one of England's greatest admirals. He was a commander of the naval forces in the capture of Gibraltar in 1704.

Beau=man of dress, dandy.

Rostral Crowns.—The Romans made great use of crowns as rewards of valor: the *corona obsidionalis* for rescuing a besieged city, the *corona civica* for saving the life of a Roman citizen in battle. The *corona rostrata*, the rostral crown of the text, was probably given to the commander who destroyed the fleet of the enemy or gained any special victory.

ESSAY No. 47.

Martial:

"Laugh if you are wise."

Mr. Hobbs.—Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) was the author of many important philosophical works, widely influential, such as *De Cive* and *Leviathan*. He based his system of moral philosophy on self-interest.

Mr. Dennis.—John Dennis (1657-1734) was one of the school of English critics whose master was Boileau. He has won immortality not by writing but by being written about. Pope's treatment of him in the *Dunciad* and in the "Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis" is savage.

Monsieur Boileau.—Boileau (1636-1711) was one of the greatest of French poets. He influenced English literature mainly by his *L'Art Poétique*, which gave rise to Pope's *Essay on Criticism* and furnished the principles of the French school of critics before mentioned.

Circumforaneous.—A rare word (from *circum*, around, and *forum*, the market-place)=going from house to house.

April Fool's Day.—"The custom of sending one upon a bootless errand on the first day of April is perhaps a travesty of the sending hither and thither of the Saviour from Annas to Caiaphas, and from Pilate to Herod, because during the middle ages this scene in Christ's life was made the subject of a miracle-play at Easter, which occurs in this month. It is possible, however, that it may be a relic of some old heathen festival."

Inkle=broad linen tape.

Conceits=notions, freaks.

The Name of Biters.—A 'bite' in eighteenth century parlance was manifestly the 'sell' of to-day. Cf. Swift: "I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson: it is a new-fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some — lye in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest: then cry you, Madam, there's a bite. I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement at court, and everywhere else among the great people; and I let you know it in order to have it obtain among you, and teach you a new refinement."—Austin Dobson.

Humour.—The word is derived from the Latin *humere*, to be moist. The original meaning of the English word is near the root meaning, denoting fluids (of the body). "In old medicine a humour was a fluid of which there were four kinds—blood, phlegm, yellow bile, and black bile. On the conditions and proportions of these humours the bodily and mental health was supposed to depend; hence the secondary meaning of 'disposition,' or 'peculiarity of disposition.' The adjective 'humourous' often meant 'fantastic,' 'whimsical.'"

Cast in their Person or Behaviour.—Peculiarity in personal appearance or manners

Sir John Falstaff.—For this, the most famous of Shakespeare's humorous characters, see *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The quotation is from *Henry IV.*, Part II. Act i. § 2.

To gird=to sneer, utter scornful jests.

ESSAY No. 50.

Juvenal, Sat. xix. 321 :

"Good taste and nature always speak the same,"

Swift wrote to Stella of this essay: "It was made of a noble hint I gave him (Steele) long ago for his *Tattlers*, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England." The plan of the essay, social satire supposed to have been made by a foreigner, is one that was much in fashion; witness the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu, Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, Le Conte's *Mémoires sur la Chine*.

Four Indian Kings.—The four kings, Te Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow, Sa Ga Yean Qua Rush Tow, E Tow O Koam, and Oh Nee Yeath Ton Now Prow, were chiefs of the Iroquois Indians who had been persuaded by adjacent British colonists to come and pay their respects to Queen Anne, and see for themselves the untruth of the assertion made among them by the Jesuits, that the English and the other nations were vassals to the French king.—Morley.

E Tow O Koam, King of Rivers.—The River Indians were in alliance with the Iroquois Indians.

Granajah.—In Boyer's *Annals of Queen Anne's Reign*, Oh Nee Yeath Ton Now Prow is described as "the Ganajoh-hore sachem." "Ganajoh-hore" signifies Canajohara, an Indian village in New York State. *Granajah* is no doubt Addison's corruption of the name.

I could not see any Circumstance of Devotion.—The behaviour in St. Paul's during the century may be further illustrated by Goldsmith's satire in Letter XL of the *Citizen of the World*: "I now looked about me as he directed, but saw nothing of that fervent devotion that he promised; one of the worshippers appeared to be ogling the company through a glass; another was fervent, not in his addresses to Heaven, but to his mistress; a third whispered, a fourth took snuff, and the priest himself, in a drowsy tone, read over the *duties* of the day."

Animals called Whigs—Animal called a Tory.—The *Spectator's* position, while the bitterest party strife was raging, may be judged from these expressions. "I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper," says Addison in Essay 463.

Withal=likewise.

Little covered Rooms=Sedan-chairs.

Monstrous Bushy Hair.—"You have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion, whose strength lay in his hair. One would think that the English were for placing all their wisdom there: to appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbours and clap it like a bush on his own."—Goldsmith.

Little black Spots.—Essay 81 of the *Spectator* Addison devotes to satirizing the patches so plentifully worn by women of his time. So Goldsmith writes: "They like to have the face of various colours, as among the Tartars of Koreki, frequently sticking on with spittle, little black patches on every part of it, except on the tip of the nose." Morley mentions that "there was, among other fancies, a patch cut to the pattern of a coach and horses." Stars and half-moons were also in fashion.

ESSAY No. 69.

Virgil, Georg. i. 54:

"This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits,
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India black ebon and white iv'ry bears;
And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears:
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far:
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is th' original contract; these the laws
Imposed by nature, and by nature's cause."

—Dryden.

Royal Exchange.—The Royal Exchange was founded in the reign of Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Gresham, and marks the rise of England's commercial supremacy.

High-Change.—The time when business on 'Change was at its height.

Subject of the Great Mogul.—The Great Mogul was a title of the Emperor of Hindostan, which empire had been established in India during the 16th century by the Mongols.

Muscovy.—Great Russia, the central and northern portions of Russia in Europe.

Armenians.—Armenia is the country in Asia Minor to the south-east of the Black Sea.

Like the old Philosopher . . . Citizen of the World.—In a work by Lucian, called *Βίαι Ἰπταοῦ* ("Sale of Lives"), we have the following dialogue:

Buyer.—First, noble sir, what country do you come from?

Diogenes.—From all countries.

Buyer.—What do you mean?

Diogenes.—You see in me a citizen of the world.

So Diogenes Laertius, in his chapter on Diogenes the Cynic, tells us that the philosopher, when asked what countryman he was, replied, 'A cosmopolite.'—Arnold.

My Friend, Sir Andrew.—This is the Sir Andrew Freeport of the imaginary Spectator Club. He is described in Essay 2 as "A merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. . . . He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.'"

Remitted me some Money to Grand Cairo.—The reference is to a voyage of the Spectator to Egypt, described in Essay 1: "I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, in purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction."

Coptick.—Coptic is the language of the Copts, or descendants of an old Egyptian race.

Barbadoes.—The Barbadoes produce sugar.

Philippick Islands.—The Phillipine Islands are celebrated for tobacco.

The Muff and the Fan come together.—The muff was often made from "fur of all sorts, from otter skin to the cats' fur." Addison in his paper in the *Tatler* refers to other materials: "I consider woman as a beautiful

romantic animal that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan shall pay contribution to her muff."

Gay's poem, *The Fan* (1714), gives us a picture of "this little modish machine":

"The Fan shall flutter in all Female Hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands,
For this shall Elephants their Ivory shed;
And polished sticks the waving Engine spread:
His clouted nail the Tortoise shall resign,
And round the Rivet pearly Circles shine.
On this shall *Indians* all their art employ,
And with bright Colours stain the gaudy toy."

The Scarf and the Tippet.—An advertisement of the time speaks of a "white Sarsnet Scarf." (Sarsnet = Saracen silk.)

The tippet was made of otter, lynx, and other furs.

Brocade Petticoat . . . Peru.—Brocade is silk stuff, variegated with *gold* and *silver*.

Other Delicates of the like Nature.—Delicates = dainties. Cf. Steele: "Reflections . . . which add delicates to the feast of a good conscience"; and Marlowe:

"And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates."

Pyramids of China.—Piles of china.

"The passion for porcelain [in Addison's time] is peculiarly illustrated by the engraving of a room fitted up 'à la Chinoise' with quantities of small brackets following the outlines of the panels, mantel-pieces, and glass, on each of which stands a small cup, saucer, jar, or other china ornament. The plays of this date have continual allusions to the purchase of china teacups, jars, monsters, mandarins, by ladies of quality. Japanned cabinets and folding screens were also in much demand."

Workmanship of Japan = porcelain, filigree work, bronze and lacquered ware.

Our Morning's Draught.—The early morning drink was chocolate, of which there were two kinds, Caracas and Martinico.

Drugs of America.—For example, quinine is a preparation from Peruvian Bark trees, originally growing only in South America.

Repose under Indian Canopies.—The four-posted bed with canopy and curtains was in fashion. India muslin had been celebrated for ages.

The Spice Islands our Hot-beds.—The Moluccas, or Spice Islands, lie to the south-east of Asia, and produce cloves, nutmegs, and other spices.

The Chinese our Potters.—Until the work of Wedgewood (1759) and Flaxman, English manufacture of pottery was of little importance.

Standing in Person, where he is represented in effigy.—Statues of the English kings were ornaments of the Royal Exchange until the rebuilding of the edifice in 1844.

Greater sums of Money than were . . . in the Royal Treasury.—The revenue of England was, for example, in Henry VI.'s reign only £65,000.

ESSAY No. 93.

Horace, 1 Od. xi.:

"Short is the span of life. On distant hopes rely not. Even as we speak, envious time is fled. Seize the passing day, trusting not at all the morrow."

Seneca.—Seneca (B.C. 5 to A.D. 65) was a Roman philosopher, author of various works on moral subjects, such as *Providence*, *Tranquillity of Mind*, *A Happy Life*, and *The Shortness of Life*. The allusion in the text is from Dial. x. *De Brevitate Vitæ*, § 1.

"Seneca's style is antithetical, and apparently laboured."

The Quarter-day.—The day looked upon as finishing a quarter of the year; hence, one on which rent and interest become due.

The Politician to lose three years.—The allusion is to the hope of winning a new election, the act of William III.'s reign limiting the duration of parliament to three years.

Eternity is to take its colour.—Colour bears here an older meaning, 'character.'

ESSAY No. 115.

Juvenal, Sat. x. 356:

"A healthy body and a mind at ease."

Ferments the Humours.—See note to Essay 47.

The Vapours.—"An old name for a nervous hypochondriacal or hysterical affection: the blues."

Earth must be laboured.—Must be cultivated, *worked*.

My Friend Sir Roger.—Sir Roger de Coverley is the most famous and the most lovable character of the *Spectator* essays. The character was sketched to some extent by Steele but filled in by Addison's more tender hand. He is pictured to us as a model of the old English country-gentleman, with all the prejudices of his class, but loved by his servants, generous to the poor, faithful in the duties of his position, cherishing for the 'perverse widow' the secret hopeless passion that wrought such havoc among the foxes of his neighborhood.

The perverse Widow.—Steele devotes Essay 113 to a description of the perverse widow and her treatment of Sir Roger. "You must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures, that secretly rejoice in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no further consequence." During the forty last years of his life, without ever being really rejected, Sir Roger followed this beautiful widow, her tantalized but willing slave.

Dr. Sydenham.—Thomas Sydenham (1624-1690) was one of the greatest physicians of his time. His research and acute observation won him a name that is preserved still in the title of the Sydenham Society.

Medicina Gymnastica.—The book referred to is entitled *Medicina Gymnastica*, or a *Treatise Concerning the Power of Exercise*, by Francis Fuller, M.A.

Latin Treatise of Exercises.—*Artis Gymnasticæ Apud Antiquos, Libri vi.*, by an Italian, calling himself Hieronymus Mercurialis, who died 1606.—Morley.

ἑκιομαχία.—Etymologically the word denotes 'fighting with a shadow,' 'a mock fight'

ESSAY No. 159.

Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 604:

"The cloud which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove—"

When I was at Grand Cairo.—This is another allusion to the *Spectator's* journey to Egypt described in Essay 1.

Hills of Bagdat.—The city of Bagdad, in Turkey in Asia, as the scene of many tales of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, is naturally chosen as the scene of this Eastern vision.

Three-score and ten entire Arches.—See Psalm xc. 10.

Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches.—See Genesis v. 27.

A great Flood swept away the rest.—See Gen. vi. 3.

Thick at the Entrance—Multiplied towards the End.—To signify the greater dangers threatening the lives of the young and of the old.

Some with Scymetars, others with Urinals.—The lines preceding this show us death overtaking the grave and the gay, the wise and the vain. This line tells how the soldier with his sword and the doctor with his medicine aid in destroying their fellow-men.

Harpies=buzzards.

Little winged Boys.—The cupids (loves) of Latin mythology are thus represented.

Adamant.—An imaginary stone of impenetrable hardness. The word also signifies sometimes hard substances, such as diamond, steel.

ESSAY No. 162.

Horace, *Ars Poet.* v. 126:

"Keep one consistent plan from end to end."

As the greatest of Mankind.—This should have been printed, "the greatest part of Mankind."

Age often leads us back to our former Infancy.—As a commentary on the whole passage see Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7, ll. 133-168.

A cloudy Day, or a little Sun-shine.—See Essay 387.

He who is the great Standard of Perfection, etc.—See James i. 17, and Hebrews xiii. 8.

Inconsistency is the greatest Weakness of human Nature.—Contrast this with Emerson's essay on *Self-Reliance*: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has really nothing to do. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day."

The most humorous Character.—For 'humourous' see note to Essay 47.

Horace.—Horace (B.C. 65-8) the greatest of Roman lyric poets.

—*Sardus habebat, etc.*—

"Just such a one
Tigellius was, Sardinia's famous son,
Cæsar, who could have forced him to obey,
By his sire's friendship and his own might pray,

Yet not draw forth a note; then, if the whim
Took him, he'd troll a Bacchanalian hymn,
From top to bottom of the tetrachord,
Till the last course was set upon the board.
One mass of inconsistency, oft he'd fly
As if the foe were following in full cry,
While oft he'd stalk with a majestic gait,
Like Juno's priest in ceremonial state,
Now, he would keep two hundred serving-men,
And now, a bare establishment of ten,
Of king's and tetrarchs with an equal's air
He'd talk,—next day he'd breathe the hermit's prayer:
'A table with three legs, a shell to hold
My salt, and clothes, though coarse, to keep out cold.'
Yet give this man, so frugal, so content,
A thousand, in a week 'twould all be spent.
All night he would sit up, all day would snore:
So strange a jumble ne'er was seen before."
—*Conington.*

Dryden.—Dryden (1631-1700), in his *Absalom and Achitophel*, from which the lines are quoted, satirizes, under the title *Zimri*, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

ESSAY NO. 169.

Terence, *Andr.* Act i. sc. 1:

"His manner of life was this: to bear with everybody's humours; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with; to contradict nobody; never to assume a superiority over others. This is a ready way to gain applause without exciting envy."

The general curse they lie under.—Genesis iii. 17.

Xenophon.—A Greek historian (B.C. 445-359) of great merit. In the *Cyropædia* (Training of Cyrus), Bk. viii. ch. 6, he describes Cyrus as addressing his sons at his death-bed: "When I am dead, children, do not enshrine my body in gold, nor in silver, nor any thing else, but lay it in the earth as soon as possible; for what can be more happy than to mix with the earth, which gives nourishment to all things excellent and good? And as I have always borne an affection to men, so it is now most pleasing to me to incorporate with that which is most beneficial to men."

Cyrus is called Xenophon's Imaginary Prince, because the historian took advantage of current fables about the Persian king to make a picture of an ideal prince and an ideal state, with little or no regard to historical fact.

Passage of Salust.—Sallust (B.C. 86-34) was a great Roman historian. The passage referred to is in his *Catiline*, ch. 54. Cato (B.C. 95-46) was the great-grandson of Cato the censor. His life was that of a the-rist, upright and honorable, but lacking in a practical knowledge of the condition of the Roman state of his time. The tragedy of his suicide at Utica, after the victory of Cæsar, furnished Addison with the finest scene of his *Cato*.

In the ordinary Commerce of Life.—'Commerce' has the somewhat rare meaning of 'intercourse.'

Bringing his Wit in Question=make people doubt that he possesses wit.

The Ill-natured Man of equal Parts=of equal ability, natural gifts.

ESSAY No. 195.

Healed:

"Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole,
How blest the sparing meal and temperate bowl!"

Mallet=hammer (cf. *mallet*).

Diogenes.—A Greek philosopher (B.C. 412-323) who, after a life of profligacy, became the exponent of an austere philosophy of practical good. He lived in a tub.

Saying quoted by Sir William Temple.—This is not a quotation, but a remark made by Temple himself. His *Essay on Health and Long Life* runs: "All excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine, whereof the first glass may pass for health, the second for good humour, the third for one's friends; but the fourth is for one's enemies."

Athens during the great Plague.—In B.C. 430 a terrible plague, coming from Ethiopia and Asia, visited Athens and carried off a fourth of the population. Thucydides, an eye-witness of the plague, gives us the most vivid picture of it. Lucretius, the Latin poet, expanded the historian's account. Plutarch, in his life of Perikles, likewise gives an account of the pestilence.

Generality were nearer an hundred.—Diogenes died at 90, Plato at 81, Zeno at 98.

Lewis Cornaro.—Ludovico Cornaro (1467-1566), a Venetian nobleman, was the author of a celebrated treatise, *Essay on Temperate Living*, to which his long life lent weight.

ESSAY No. 225.

Juvenal, Sat. x. 265:

"Prudence supplies the want of every good."

Tully.—Marcus Tullius Cicero (B.C. 106-43), the Roman philosopher and orator.

(As the Son of Sirach calls him) a **Bewrayer of Secrets**.—See Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach (Apocrypha, xxvii. 22): "Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him."

Polyphemus.—Homer narrates that when Ulysses landed in Sicily he found the island inhabited by the Cyclops, one-eyed monsters, of whom Polyphemus was the chief. Six of the companions of Ulysses were eaten by the giant, but the hero himself escaped by blinding him with a burning torch, thus rendering his great strength of no avail.

As it is conversant about worldly Affairs.—The word is now applied chiefly to persons, as "He is conversant with men and things." Here it means 'concerns,' 'relates to.'

Represented by the Wise Man.—Solomon. See Proverbs, i. 4: ii. 3, 11.

Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted.—See the Wisdom of Solomon (Apocrypha), vi. 12. The Essay referred to is No. 219.

She preventeth them=anticipates them (*præ, venio, come before*).

ESSAY No. 381.

Horace, 2 Od. iii. 1:

"Be calm, my Delius, and serene,
 However fortune change the scene,
 In thy most dejected state,
 Sink not underneath the weight;
 Nor yet, when happy days begin,
 And the full tide comes rolling in,
 Let a fierce, unruly joy,
 The settled quiet of thy mind destroy.

Life every Moment obnoxious.—Obnoxious has the unusual meaning of *liable, exposed*.

Of this complexion=of this kind.

ESSAY No. 387.

Horace, 1 Ep. xviii. 103:

"What calms the breast, and makes the mind serene."

A famous modern Philosopher.—Sir Isaac Newton.

Garden or Landscape.—Landscape is an orthographical variation of landscape (A.S. landscape).

Imaginary Qualities, as Tastes and Colours.—The qualities of taste and colour are *real*, but are generally imagined to be in some external object and not in ourselves. A little thought shows us, however, that such qualities are states of the sentient being,—that sweetness is due to our feeling of taste, that colour depends on the affection of our eye.

While he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature—while he is occupied with the common-place things of nature.

A celebrated French Novelist.—To what writer Addison refers, the contempt into which the French novels of his time have fallen, renders it difficult to say.

Locke.—John Locke (1632-1704), by the essay alluded to, made an epoch in the history of philosophy.

ESSAY No. 458.

Hesiod:

"Modesty that is not good."

Horace:

"False shame."

Brutus.—Marcus Junius Brutus, whom love of republicanism led to murder Julius Cæsar. His life is narrated by Plutarch.

Plutarch.—Plutarch (49-120 A.D.) was a Greek writer of biography whose merit has rarely been equalled.

Xenophanes.—The founder of the Eleatic school of Greek philosophy (B.C. 580-490?).

So it be in Vogue.—Provided it be in fashion.

Swarms of Sectaries.—"Four years after the war [of the Rebellion] had begun a horror-stricken pamphleteer numbered sixteen religious sects as existing in defiance of the law."

Converted our Language into a Jargon of Enthusiasm.—“The Puritan employed, on every occasion, the imagery and style of Scripture. Hebraisms violently introduced into the English language, and metaphors borrowed from a remote age and country and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking peculiarities of this cant.”

Dreadful menace in the Holy Writings.—See Matt. x. 33.

ESSAY No. 493

Horace, 1 Sat. ii. 37:

“Nor let a god in person stand display'd,
Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid.”

—Francis.

(When Folly or Superstition) strike in w joins with, sides with.

Nemesis.—The subtle satire in naming of the ‘maiden gentlewoman’ will be well seen by remembering that the Nemesis of the Greeks was regarded as the awful being whose duty it was to carry swift retribution to evil-doers and to visit with wholesome misfortunes those whom prosperity was making too vain.

Back-sword=sword sharp at only one edge.

Herodotus.—Herodotus (B.C. 484-408), a Greek historian, who has been called the father of history.

(Apply their Judgments) as impertinently = with as little bearing on the subject in hand. The meaning of *impertinent* as ‘not pertaining to,’ ‘misplaced,’ is nearer the root meaning than the more usual one of ‘rude.’

Judgments in New Forest.—“The afforestation of this district (in Hampshire) by the Conqueror, enforced by savagely severe forest laws, was regarded as an act of the greatest cruelty, and the violent deaths of his sons, Richard and William Rufus—both of whom were killed by accidental arrow-wounds in the Forest—were looked upon as special judgments of Providence.”

Diagoras the Atheist.—Diagoras was a Greek poet of the 5th century B.C. Being (probably) a disbeliever in polytheism, he was called an atheist, and banished from Athens. His ready fearless mind can be judged from the story. See Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, iii. 37.

Biton and Clitobus.—The story of *Biton and Cleobis* is to be found in Herodotus, i. 31.

Juno.—Wife of Jupiter and queen of heaven.

ESSAY No. 574.

Horace, 4 Od. ix. 45:

“Not he, of wealth immense possesset,
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the numbers of the blest
Should have his glorious name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name, who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what heav'n bestows.

“Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme;
Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
Far worse than death, a deed of shame.”

—Francis.

Rosicrucian.—The Rosicrucians were a secret society that sprang up in Germany towards the end of the 17th century. They pretended to a great knowledge of the secrets of nature, holding, for example, that light is what produces gold, and that dew is the greatest solvent of gold. The name is derived from *ros*, dew, and *crux*, a cross.

Philosopher's Stone—the stone or preparation sought after by the old alchemists that was to have the property of turning all baser metals into gold.

Aristippus.—Aristippus (B.C. 424 to —?) was the founder of the Cyrenaic school of Greek philosophy, a school with an "ethical system in harmony with the gay, self-possessed, worldly, and sceptical character of their master."

Pittacus.—Pittacus, who lived in the 7th century B.C., was one of the "seven wise men" of ancient Greece. He has ascribed to him many sayings of practical wisdom, such as "Know the fitting moment," "It is a misfortune to be eminent."

Lydia was one of the ancient divisions of Asia Minor.

Bion the Philosopher.—Bion flourished at Athens about B.C. 250. He embraced the Cyrenaic philosophy, and was noted for his sharp sayings.

Life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell.—Dr. Hammond was an able writer, chaplain to Charles I. Bishop Fell was Dean of Christ Church.

Augustus (B.C. 63 to A.D. 14).—The first Roman emperor.

ESSAY No. 583.

Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 112:

"With his own hand the guardian of the bees,
For slips of pine may search the mountain trees,
And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
Till his hard, horny fingers ache with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground."

—Dryden.

The Sons of Adam.—The periphrasis is, of course, to call attention to the curse pronounced against Adam,—Gen. iii. 19.

Words of Goliath.—See 1 Sam. xvii. 44.

Cyrus the Great.—Cyrus (?— to B.C. 529) was king of Persia, and conquered for himself an empire from the Hellespont to the Indus.

Aristotle (B.C. 384-322).—The great Greek philosopher.

Timber for the Fleets of England.—Addison evidently had no idea of the present steel ships ever taking the place of the old "wooden walls" of England.

Epicurus (B.C. 341-274) was the founder of an important school of philosophy that held the pursuit of happiness as the great aim of life. It was in a garden that he held his school in Athens.

Homer lived in the ninth century B.C., writing the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, two of the world's greatest epic poems.

Virgil has written a whole book.—The second book of the *Georgics* is occupied with the culture of trees and the vine.

Wood of the tallest Oaks.—The reference is, of course, to the reproductive power of the acorn. "One who lived before the flood" would be able to see the forest, obviously because of the great length of his life.

My next Paper.—Essay 584 narrates the loves of Hilpa, an antediluvian woman.

ESSAY No. 598.

Juvenal, Sat. x. 28:

"Will ye not the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued by several ways?
One pity'd, one condemn'd, the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes."

—Dryden.

Statesman in Queen Elizabeth's Days.—Probably Walsingham.
Mr. Baxter.—Baxter (1615-1691) was one of the most eminent of Nonconformist ministers.

Trophonius' Cave.—Trophonius was, according to Greek legend, the most skilful architect of his day. He was worshipped after his death, his oracle being a cave in the summit of a mountain.

Bridewells.—Houses of correction for disorderly persons.

Pausanias.—Pausanias was an eminent Greek historian and geographer of the second century.





STUDIES IN PROSE LITERATURE.

I. THE STUDY OF THE MEANING.

The Meaning of the Piece.—The study of the meaning of the author must precede all other study. Not till we have grasped his thought may we seek to investigate the form in which the thought has found expression.

Meaning may be subdivided into *General Meaning* and *Particular Meaning*.

I.

The Study of the General Meaning will furnish in a concise form the subject treated in the Essay under examination, and the relation of its various parts to the whole.

So we may treat Essay 21.

The subject-matter of this Essay :—

The crowded condition of the learned professions, and the consequent advantage of trade as a vocation.

The relation of the parts to the whole :—

The first paragraph states the first part of the theme. The professions of Divinity, Law, and Medicine are sadly overcrowded.

The second paragraph discusses the overcrowded condition of the profession first mentioned. Though the Church is restricted as to the number of its bishops and deans, it has lately been receiving vast accessions of clergymen and deacons.

The third, fourth, and fifth paragraphs deal respectively with three branches of the profession of Law. The lawyers, too, are so numerous that many are in enforced, many in voluntary idleness.

The fifth and sixth paragraphs treat of the profession of Medicine. Here a most formidable body of men are afflicting humanity. In occupations connected with medicine there are also innumerable people.

The seventh paragraph contains the application of these facts to the choice of a profession. Why, therefore, do parents continue to educate their sons for these professions when trade offers easier and safer means of livelihood?

The eighth paragraph shows the advantage of Trade. Unlike the professions, trade flourishes by the very numbers of those it employs.

Exercises of this kind pursued with assiduity will aid greatly in the development of method and the power to generalize. The question of the completeness of the treatment, or of the truth and sufficiency of the views advanced, are, perhaps, beyond the scope of a Literature class.

II.

The Study of the Particular Meaning embraces :—

(a) The study of the relation of sentences to the paragraph of which they form part.

(b) The explanation of words or phrases at all obscure or unfamiliar.

Exercises may take this form:—

Give explanatory notes to:—*That starve one another; divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns; Subalterns; Prebendaries; those that wear Scarfs; our Constitution preserves it from any Redundancy, etc.*

(c) The study of synonyms.

What difference in meaning would result if we put *trade* or *vocation* for *Profession*; *distressed* or *grieved* for *troubled*; *crowds* or *swarms* for *multitude*, etc.? Which words most nearly express the author's meaning?

(d) The study of the appropriateness of allusions, quotations, and figures of speech.

In No. 21, li., for example, the comparison of the clergy to the officers of an army is a fanciful one, devoid of connection with the general theme of the essay. The comparison of lawyers to Virgil's army, however, serves to illustrate the crowded condition of the legal profession.

II. THE STUDY OF STYLE.

We here enter on a wide field of observation and investigation,—the form in which the thought has found expression. The field is wide because literary effect is varied and varying. Style changes much, not only as the age changes, but varies with different writers and even with the same writer. We have to investigate the fundamental qualities of good writing; the means by which these qualities are attained; and further, the qualities that specially characterize the essays that we are called upon to examine.

THE CARDINAL QUALITIES OF STYLE.*

In order that writing may be regarded as literature at all, it must be intelligible. If writing were so confused and ambiguous as to be unintelligible, no literature would be possible. *Clearness*, then, is a fundamental quality of style. A writer, moreover, is never satisfied simply with being understood; he seeks in various ways to express himself with some degree of strength or force. *Force*, therefore, is a second cardinal quality of style. Again, things offensive to good taste,—harshness of expression, vulgarity, coarseness,—certainly are generally absent from good writing. Hence *Taste* is our third cardinal quality. Perfection in these qualities may not always be attained: a word may be ambiguous, a construction weak, just as any work of art may have blemishes; but in the large meaning of the words good writing must have *Clearness*, *Force*, and *Taste*.

These being cardinal qualities, it becomes necessary to investigate the means by which they are secured.

I. MEANS TO CLEARNESS.

Clearness, Simplicity, and Abstruseness.—The English language by its vast vocabulary,—the greatest ever at the command of man,—has vast resources for the expression of thought. Its Anglo-Saxon vocabulary is full of simple and familiar terms, telling of homely things and homely feelings; its foreign vocabulary, replete with the terms of scientific thought and the language of sonorous eloquence. As a result of this double vocabulary, discourse may be made easy, simple, intelligible even to a child; it may be abstruse, erudite, intelligible only to the scholar. The former kind of discourse is *Simple*, the latter *Abstruse*. But whether discourse is simple or abstruse, it must always be free from confusion, ambiguity, and obscurity; it must always be *Clear*.

* See also Genung, *Practical Elements of Rhetoric*.

Clearness as to Words is obtained:—(a) By precision in the choice of words. Many words have a common element of meaning, but have also shades of difference which we must respect. To write clearly, we must have clean, accurate use of language.

With respect to the attainment of precision, the discussion of synonyms is most valuable.

In the following instances of precise use of words, clearness of meaning is attained at the expense of simplicity.

"Men . . . of the *Science*, rather than the *Profession*."

"He has not a single *Client*, though he might have had Abundance of *Customers*."

"Though I am always *serious*, I do not know what it is to be *melancholy*," etc.

(b) By avoiding words that do not at once suggest the meaning intended. A word often has several meanings: if the required meaning does not easily suggest itself, another word must be chosen.

Careful writers of to-day would scarcely say:

"Qualification of mind that *accomplish* [fit] a man rather for a Ruler."

"The Inscription is *answerable* to [suitable to, in keeping with] the Monument."

"*Any the most Comic Genius* [any genius however comic] can censure him."

"I have left the *Repository* [Henry VII.'s Chapel, the repository] of our English kings."

Ambiguity often results from the careless use of pronouns and modifying words. "Pronouns should follow the nouns to which they refer without the intervention of another noun." "Modifying words should stand near the words meant to be modified."

Addison is, in this respect, most careful. Notice in No. 225, vii. and No. 458, ii. the means taken to avoid all possible ambiguity. Occasionally *rather* and *only* are not well placed, but this is a minor fault.

Clearness in the Sentence.—The great means to clearness in the sentence is *Unity*. There must be only one main statement, to which everything else shall be clearly subservient.

Show the cause of the confusion in such a sentence as the following:—

"There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Physick, who, for want of other Patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of Cats in an Air Pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Insects upon the point of a Needle for Microscopical Observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of Weeds, and the Chase of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cockleshell-merchants and Spider-catchers."

Clearness by Good Paragraph Structure:—

Unity:—

When the sentences bearing on one part of the theme are grouped into one paragraph, there is a distinct gain in intelligibility. The eye at once grasps their connection and clearness results.* Digressions destroying unity are consequently faulty.

Opening Sentence:—

When the opening sentence indicates the subject of the paragraph, the mind is at once prepared for the discussion. There can be no possible doubt as to the subject of the paragraph.

* "Perhaps the most prevalent fault of young writers is, leaving the topics or paragraphs indeterminate or too diffusive. The production accordingly is lacking in character; it seems to have no backbone, no rigor and sharpness of thought. The conferring of each paragraph sternly to a distinct topic goes further than anything else to obviate this, one of the worst blemishes of composition."—*Genung*.

Notice in Essay 21 how easily we understand the subject-matter of the paragraphs by the initial words, "We may divide the Clergy," "The Body of the Law," "The Peaceable Lawyers," "Profession of Physick," etc.

Sometimes it is impossible to state the subject at once. A sentence, then, obviously connective or preparatory, precedes it. See No. 26, v.

A rare instance of departure from the above rules may be seen in the last paragraph of No. 69, where with a structure analogous to that of the periodic sentence the paragraph-subject comes last.

Continuity :—

An orderly plan is clear. The various thoughts in the paragraph must therefore so succeed one another that they may be recognized as the "consecutive steps in a progressing thought."

This may be illustrated from any paragraph. For example, take No. 21, ii. First, the classes in the clergy. Second, consecutive explanations of the classes. Third, consecutive statements as to the numbers in the classes. Last, statement as to the number of clergy in general.

Explicit Reference :—

The expression of relations between sentences is a great aid to clearness. These relations may be indicated by:—

(a) Conjunctions and conjunctive phrases.

(b) Demonstrative words or phrases; repetition of word or idea.

These means may be illustrated in No. 331, l. :—

"I have always preferred Cheerfulness to Mirth. The latter, I consider as an Act, the former as a Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and transient, Cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest Depressions of Melancholy; On the contrary, Cheerfulness, tho' it does not give the mind such an exquisite Gladness," etc.

(c) By inversion of the order of words, so as to adjust the thought to the preceding sentence.

This is a subtle but prevalent mode of connection. In the paragraph just quoted, we have an instance of adjustment in "The latter I consider as an Act, the former as a Habit of the Mind." The ordinary order would have been "I consider the latter as," etc.

An excellent study of clearness through explicit reference may be had in No. 21, ii.

(d) By parallel construction. It is possible, when successive sentences have a common bearing, to secure clearness by forming them alike.

An excellent illustration in No. 485, ii. :—

"Nothing is more amiable than true Modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it. True Modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to the Rules of right Reason: False Modesty is ashamed," etc.

Proportion :—

We are naturally led to think that part of a paragraph most important about which most is said, or which is rendered most emphatic. In order, therefore, that the reader may readily see the relative value of the different parts, they should have bulk and prominence, according to their importance.

Clearness as to the whole Composition.—As with the paragraph, so with the whole composition. Unity, continuity, connection from paragraph to paragraph, lend clearness to the whole.

This part can be well studied only in connection with an entire essay.

II. MEANS TO FORCE.

Clearness as a Means to Force.—If our attention is withdrawn from the thought of the writer to the obscurities and ambiguities of his language, it

is plain that the thought can make but little impression on us. When the expression is clear there are no such obstacles between the writer's thought and our mind: the thought seizes all our attention, impresses itself on us, persuades, rouses, subdues us, with whatever strength it possesses. Every step to clearness is, therefore, a step to force.

Simplicity as a Means to Force.—A similar argument may be used to show that simple words and simple structure are, generally speaking, means to force. If our attention is not absorbed in solving the meaning of abstruse terms and intricate constructions, the thought has greater freedom to affect us.*

Simplicity is gained by:—

(a) A simple vocabulary:—Short terms rather than long ones; definite, concrete terms rather than vague, abstract ones.

Instances of force by simple terms are easily found:—

"How many Men are *Country Curates* [in poverty], that might have *made themselves Aldermen of London* [won high positions in mercantile life]?"

"We are always complaining *that our days are few*" [of the shortness of human life], etc.

(b) The use of simple structure; such as, short sentences.

(c) The use of figurative language, illustrative story, etc.

Notice the use of the fable from *L'Estrange* in No. 23.

In the Vision of Mirza what simplicity there is in the representation of life, death, and Immortality, and yet how forcible that simplicity!

Force by Amplification.—In respect to the number of words used, the great virtue of writing is brevity: to employ just words enough to give full expression to the thought. To use more than enough results in the weaknesses of *tautology*, *pleonasm*, *verbosity*; to use too few, in obscurity.

Apart from such faults as these, must be kept that amplification or repetition of words and ideas by which thought often becomes more impressive. We dwell on it longer, it affects us the more.

Meditating on the dead in Westminster Abbey, Addison naturally thus reiterates the great thought of the common fate of man:—

"What innumerable multitudes of People lay confused together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another and blended in the same common mass; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old Age, Weakness and Deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous Heap of Matter."

No. 159 affords excellent opportunity for remarking the effects of amplification by means of epithets.

Force by Contrast.—The quick succession of opposites affects us forcibly.

"This may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us."

'When a Nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of People.'

'A kind of splendid Poverty.'

"Nothing is more amiable than true Modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it," etc.

Contrast is frequently employed as a means to clearness. (See No. 62, where the disadvantages of inconsistency are made clear by contrast with the advantages of consistency.)

* "A reader or a listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. . . . Hence, the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea, and the less vividly will it be conceived. . . . Whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result."—*Herbert Spencer*.

Force by Climax.—If thoughts are so presented to us that they come with regular increase of significance, they affect us with the greatest intensity.

A fine instance of climax is to be noticed in the closing paragraph of No. 26:—

"When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Desire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tombstone, my Heart melts with Compassion; when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see the Kings lying by those who deposited them, when I consider rival Wits Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions and Debates of Mankind. When I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that dy'd Yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together."

Force by Position in a Sentence.—Of the parts of a sentence, the beginning, the middle, and the end, is any one part naturally more prominent than any other? Can words be made forcibly to impress the mind, simply by placing them in certain positions? The parts of a sentence that are naturally emphatic may be seen from the following:—

"Trade, without enlarging the British Territories, has given us a kind of *additional Empire*."

"There is nothing that more betrays a base, ungenerous Spirit, than the *giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation*."

"*Converts and Renegades of all kinds* should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever Approbation they may receive from themselves, and Applause from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the *Scorn of all good Men, and the Public Marks of Infamy and Dishonour*."

Care must be taken that only emphatic words occupy emphatic parts: otherwise the strength of the sentence will be lost.

Emphasis is often secured by another device. It is of the nature of mind to notice the unusual, the extraordinary. The usual form of the sentence is with the subject preceding the verb, the adjective its noun, the verb its modifying words. Any unusual form will be found to lend special emphasis to the word in any unusual place; e.g.:

"Of all the Diversions of Life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty Spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining Authors."

"Their Footing failed and down they sunk."

"Alas, said I, Man was made," etc.

Force by Variation of Sentences.—The length of the sentence has often much to do with the expressiveness of the language. Animated, quick thought naturally discards slow, long-drawn expressions. Calm, lofty thought loves the dignity and comprehensiveness of the long sentence. But no composition is made up solely of one kind or the other.

Moreover, instead of the loose sentence, which we generally use, often we find the periodic employed. Instead of the customary assertive sentence, frequently the exclamatory, the imperative, or the interrogative form occurs. Balance, both in phrase and sentence, is occasionally seen.

While each kind of sentence has its special excellence, it will be observed that a good writer unconsciously varies the form and emphasis of his sentences by using all kinds. The truth is, an unbroken succession of sentences of the same kind would be intolerably wearisome and consequently weak. There is force from the variation of the different kinds.

Force from Variety in General.—The force coming from variation of sentence is but one instance of the effectiveness of variety. Figurative

language, quotation, allusion, humor, pathos, all go to lend variety, to please, interest, and impress us.

III. MEANS TO TASTE.

Taste.—The full consideration of the various ways in which a good writer makes his work conform to the principles of good taste goes beyond the scope of the present discussion. It is sufficient for our purpose to recognize the following essential particulars:—

Taste in the Choice of Words.—The use of slang, of vulgarisms of word or construction, the want of grammatical correctness, are repugnant to every cultivated mind. Good taste demands that our language should be pure English. Pure English implies that the words are English, that the constructions are according to English idiom, and that the meanings of the words are the meanings that good use has sanctioned.

Violations of these requirements bear the names of *Barbarism*, *Solecism*, *Impropriety*.

The artistic use of archaic forms of language is a noteworthy feature of the *Vision of Mirza*.

Taste and Melody.—Writing should read well. What is disagreeable to the ear affects us almost as unpleasantly as what is vulgar or incorrect in language. In good writing we find a smoothness of flow in the words, a ring to the sentences, a rhythm to the paragraph, in the highest degree pleasing to the mind.

Minor instances of melodious expression, such as the Balance, may be got by rule, but the higher qualities of melodious language can be attained only through familiarity with the sound of the language of our best authors.

OTHER QUALITIES OF STYLE.—CLASSIFICATION.

Melody and Harmony.—A good writer unconsciously changes the character of the rhythm of his composition to suit his theme. The sound is made more or less to echo the sense. Such is the quality of *Harmony*. (Compare No. 21 and No. 26). Melody treats simply of the music of language.

Elegance.—What has so far been said as to taste is mostly negative. There is, however, a large positive side that constitutes the great and lasting charm in writing intended merely to please. This positive side, in which our taste is not merely not offended but delighted and charmed, is termed *Elegance*. There can be no better instance of an elegant or beautiful style than the *Vision of Mirza*. The nobility of the thought, the beauty of the suggested scenes, the calm, serene atmosphere that pervades it, the perfect finish that characterizes it in the melody of its language, and the proportion of its parts, —an elegance, in short, of thought, expression, and form gives to this essay a charm which time cannot efface.

Pathos.—The Ludicrous.—**Classification of Qualities:**—

The qualities of Clearness, Simplicity, Abstruseness, as involving the consideration of style with regard to the understanding, are termed Intellectual Qualities. Force, in its weakest forms of animation and vivacity, as well as in its greatest of loftiness and sublimity, is connected with feeling and termed therefore an Emotional Quality. The gentler, passive feelings of love, pity, friendship, reverence, are grouped under the term *Pathos*. Wit, Humour, and Satire, involving the feeling of the ludicrous, are likewise emotional qualities. Melody, Harmony, and Elegance as the chief sources of the fine-art pleasures in literature, are termed *Æsthetic Qualities*, but depending on feeling they are also emotional.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE QUALITIES.*

Intellectual Qualities	{ Simplicity or Abstruseness. Clearness or Confusion, Ambiguity. Force. Pathos.	
Emotional Qualities		{ The Ludicrous { Wit. { Humor. { Satire. { The Æsthetic { Melody. { Harmony of Sound and { Taste. [Sense. { Elegance.

ADDISON'S STYLE.

We have now examined the qualities of style that are essential to good writing and the means by which they are attained. We have also noticed certain adventitious qualities,—humour, pathos, elegance, etc.—the most pleasing that literature possesses, which depend, however, largely upon the cardinal qualities for their effectiveness. There remains still the examination of Addison's style.

This examination to be of benefit must be the work of the individual pupil. He should investigate the elements of his style:—his vocabulary as to copiousness, origin, purity; his sentences as to the kinds he employs and the kind that predominates; his paragraphs as to the merits and defects of their construction; his use of figures of speech. The investigation of the qualities of his style should follow the table of the qualities given above. The subjoined criticisms will guide the pupil without, it is to be hoped, restricting his own freedom of opinion.

ELEMENTS OF STYLE.

To judge from his critical papers, 'we should pronounce Addison's command of language rather under than above the average of eminent literary men. Upon lighter themes his vocabulary is more varied. Choiceness and not profusion is at all times his characteristic; yet we find him varying his expression with the greatest ease on simple themes.'

"His writings are conversations."

"The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical."

"He drags in long and too uniform phrases; his periods are too square; we might cull a load of useless words."

"Addison is the standing example of a loose style. He is ostentatiously easy and flowing, making no effort to be periodic, but rather studiously avoiding the periodic structure. . . . Sometimes, but not often, he makes the effort of a careful balanced comparison."

THE QUALITIES OF STYLE.

"Simplicity has been alleged as the great merit of Addison's style."

"His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal; on light

*A distinction is sometimes made between the qualities of style as Subjective and Objective. The subjective qualities are the qualities of discourse from the writer's point of view. He must speak sense; his writing must have *Significance*. His thoughts must be properly connected and developed; his writing must have *Continuance*. He must not be constrained, but true to his real nature; his writing must have *Naturalness*. The objective qualities or the qualities from the point of view of the reader, are those outlined above. This classification has doubtful value.

occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable and always easy."

"Throughout we have precise contrasts, which serve only for clearness."

"He makes comparatively little use of contrast for the purpose of giving clearness to his views."

"There is some coldness and monotony in Addison's style."

"Strength is not a feature of Addison's prose. He has neither sublimity nor vigour."

"He is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates."

"It is upon the witty vein in his writings that Addison's fame is durably founded. His elegant satires on the manners of his time will be read when his grave essays are glanced at as productions . . . too superficial to be permanent. He is the great English example of polite ridicule."

"His humour, which is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused so as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences."

"Addison's mirth: a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime."

"His tone is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ludicrous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding."

"Instead of the new wit of the coffee-house, men found themselves smiling with a humourist who came nearer than any man, before or since, to the humour of Shakespeare."

"It was his principal endeavor to avoid all harshness and severity of diction."

"Elegance is the ruling quality of Addison's style. He sacrifices everything to the unctious junction of syllables and the harmonious combination of ideas."

"There is an undercurrent of poetry in all this. It has flowed through his prose a thousand times more sincere and beautiful than in his verses. Rich oriental fancies are displayed, not with a shower of sparks as in Voltaire, but in a calm and abundant light. . . . The music of the vast cadenced and tranquil phrases leads the mind gently amidst romantic splendors and enchantments, and the deep sentiment of ever young nature recalls the happy quietude of Spenser. Through gentle rambles or moral essays we feel that the author's imagination is happy, delighted in the contemplation of the swaying to and fro of the forest-tops which clothe the mountains, the eternal verdure of the valleys invigorated by fresh springs, and the wide view undulating far away on the distant horizon. Great and simple sentiments naturally join these noble images, and their measured harmony creates a unique spectacle, worthy to fascinate the heart of a good man by its gravity and sweetness. Such are the Visions of Mirza."



STUDIES IN ESSAY-WRITING.

The following themes, based upon the prescribed prose literature, are suggested as the subjects for essays. In his own writing the pupil cannot too earnestly seek to make his language clear, forcible, and consistent with good taste. If he labors earnestly to secure these qualities, he will find many others added unto him.

The Choice of a Profession.
 The Dangers of Satire.
 Reflections on Westminster Abbey.
 The Origin of Laughter.
 Some Absurdities of Modern Life.
 The Importance of Trade.
 { Carpe Diem.
 | The Pleasures of Life.
 A Vision of Life, Death, and Immortality.
 Inconsistency.
 Good Nature.
 The Necessity of Physical Exercise.
 Temperance.
 Cheerfulness as a Virtue.
 Discretion.
 Cheerfulness and Health.
 False Modesty.
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 Content.
 The Planting of Trees.
 Humour and Gravity.

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