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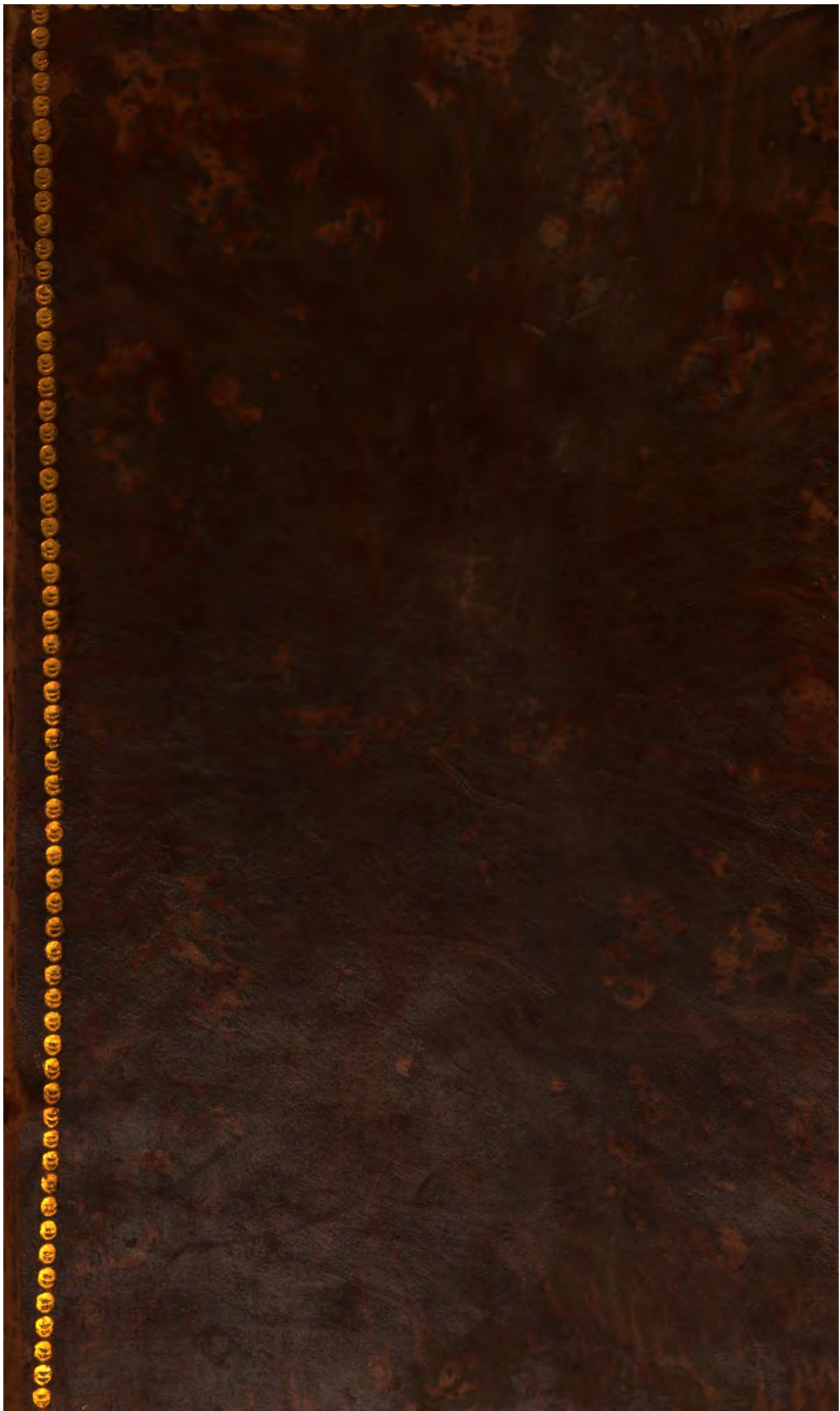
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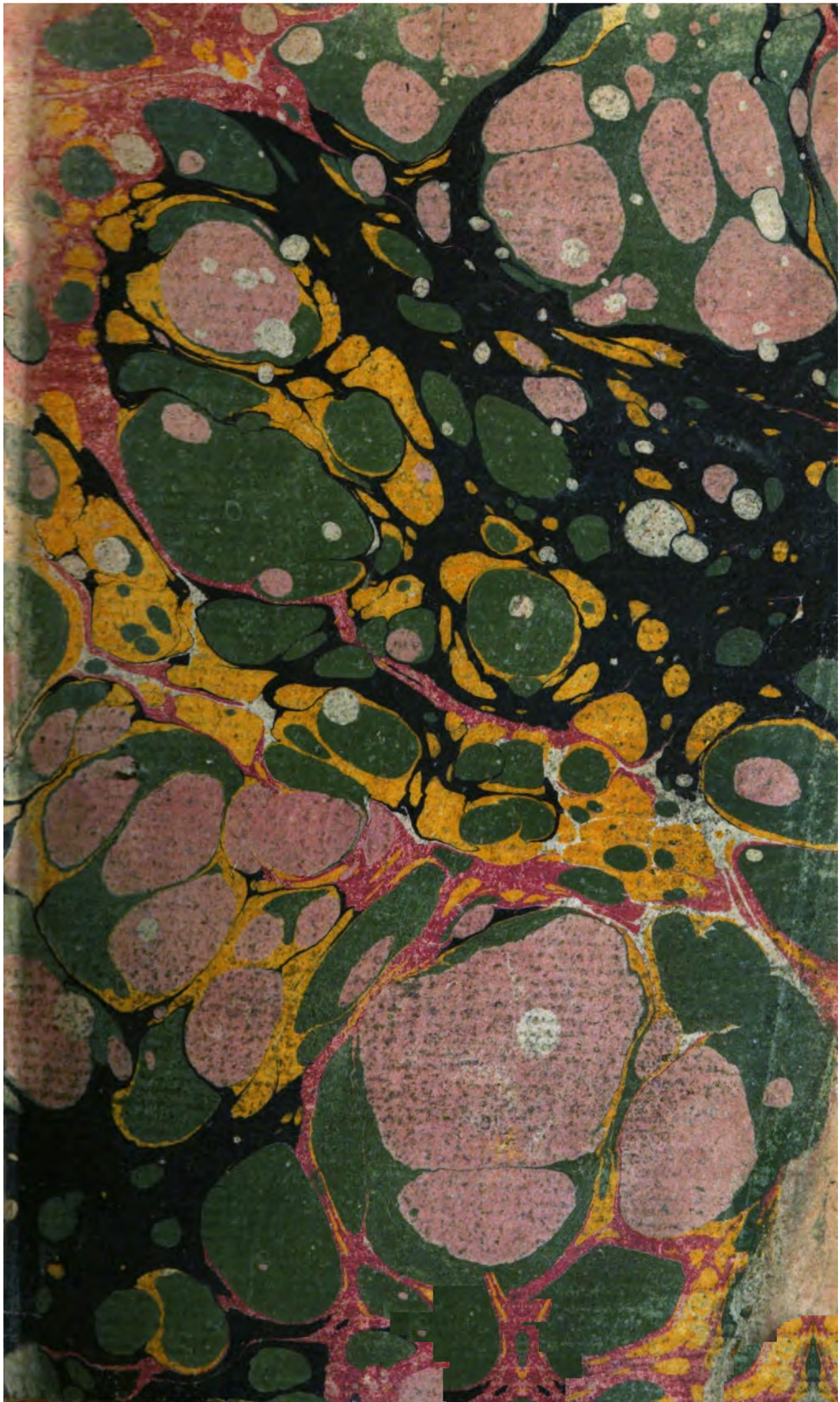
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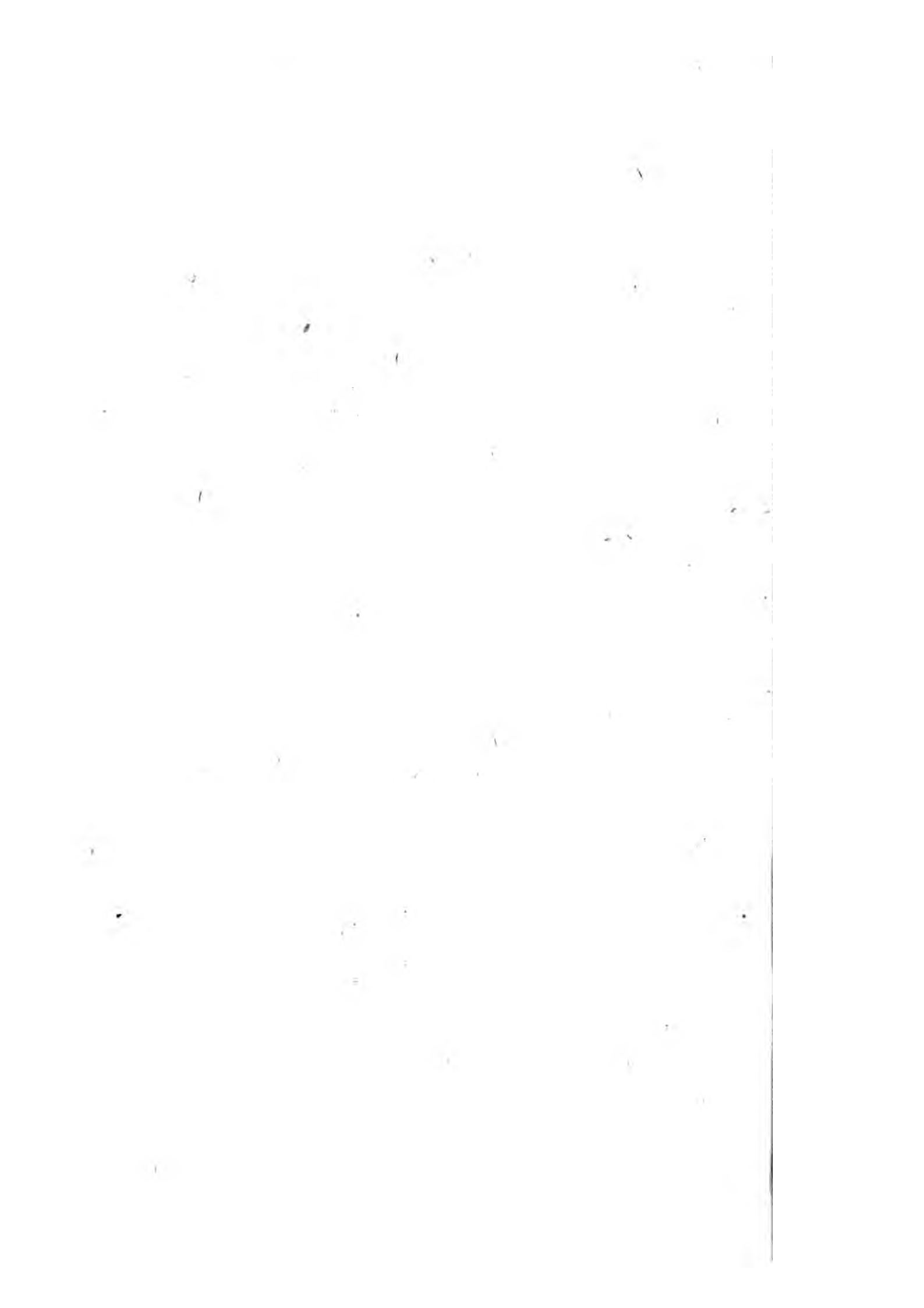
Miss Emma F. I. Dunston

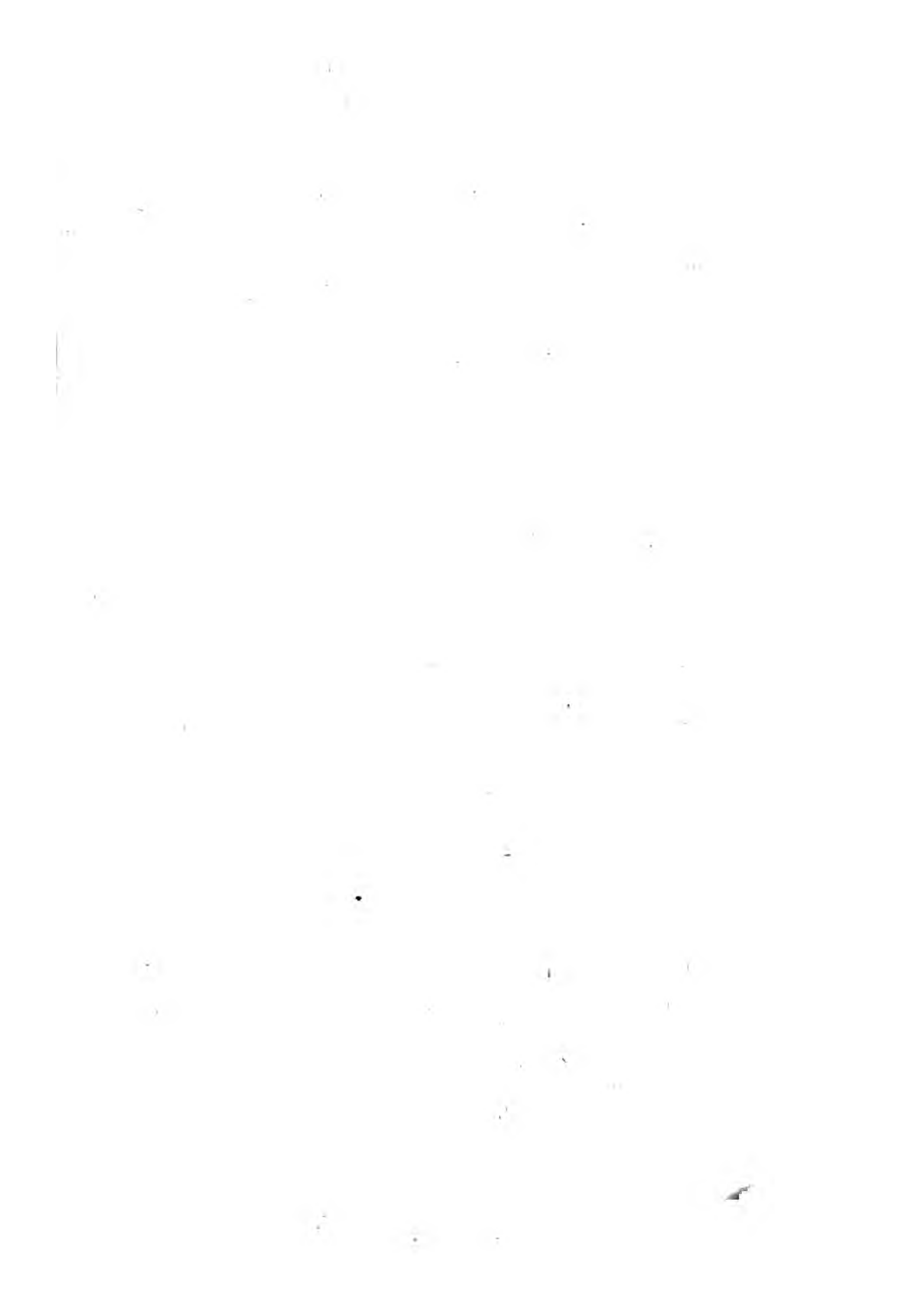


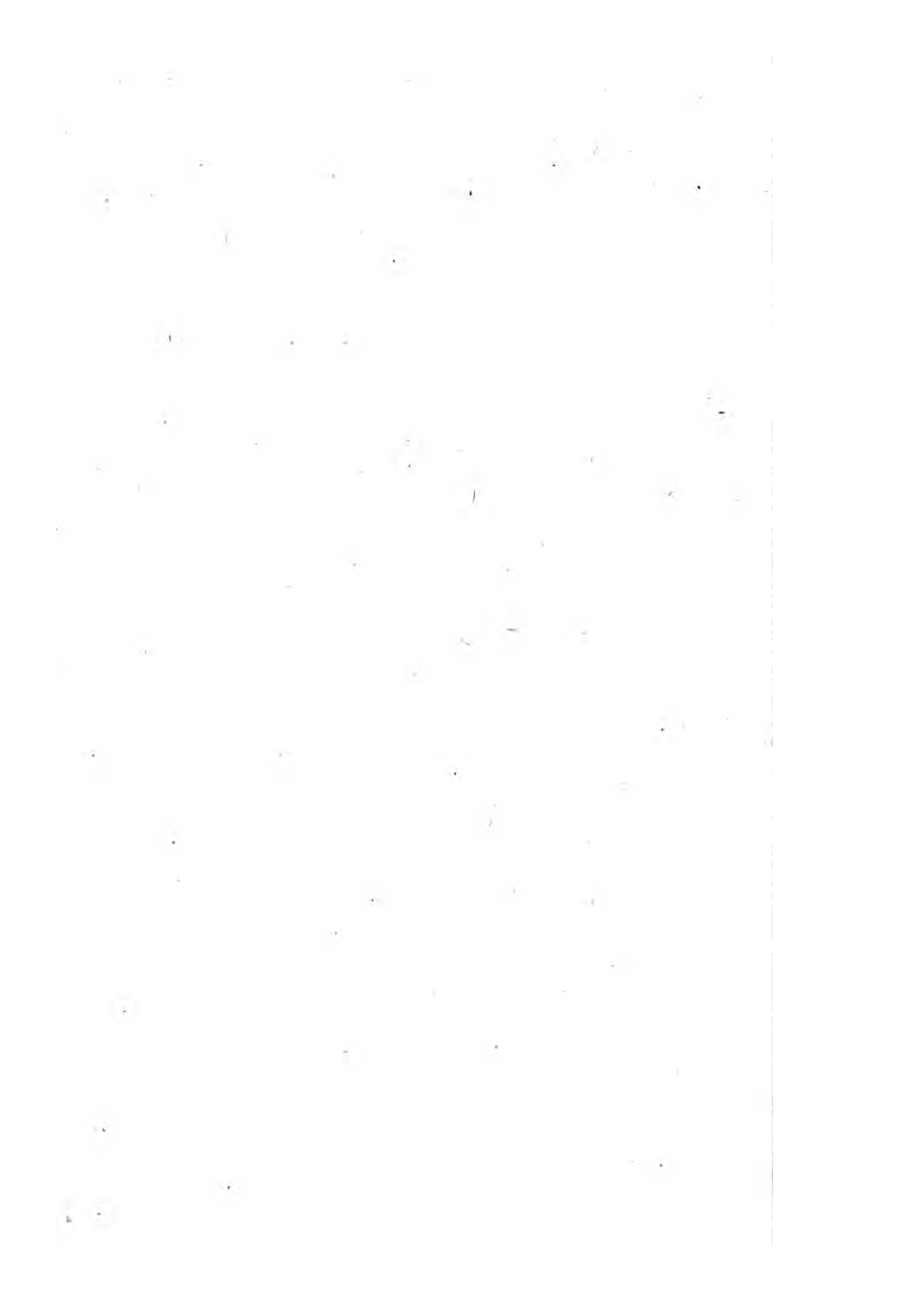
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P R E F A C E S,
B I O G R A P H I C A L
A N D
C R I T I C A L,
T O T H E
W O R K S
O F T H E
E N G L I S H P O E T S.
B Y S A M U E L J O H N S O N.

V O L U M E T H E F I F T H .

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y J . N I C H O L S ;

F O R C . B A T H U R S T , J . B U C K L A N D , W . S T R A H A N , J . R I V I N G T O N A N D S O N S , T . D A V I E S , T . P A Y N E , L . D A V I S , W . O W E N ,
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S O N , J . J O H N S O N , T . L O W N D E S , G . R O B I N S O N ,
T . C A D E L L , J . N I C H O L S , E . N E W B E R Y ,
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G . N I C O L , L E I G H A N D S O T H E B Y ,
J . B E W , N . C O N A N T , J . M U R R A Y ,
W . F O X , J . B O W E N .

M D C C L X X X I .



P R E F A C E S

T O

A D D I S O N,

B L A C K M O R E,

A N D

S H E F F I E L D.

Vol. V.

a 2

1801 1802

1803 1804

1805 1806

1807 1808

1809

A D D I S O N.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the first of May, 1672, at Milston, of which his father, Lancelot Addison, was then rector, near Ambrosbury in Wiltshire, and, appearing weak and unlikely to live, he was christened the same day. After the usual domestick education, which, from the character of his father, may be reasonably supposed to have given him strong impressions of piety, he was committed to the care of

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Mr.

Mr Naish at Ambrosbury, and afterwards of Mr. Taylor at Salisbury.

Not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature, is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished: I would therefore trace him through the whole process of his education. In 1683, in the beginning of his twelfth year, his father being made dean of Lichfield, naturally carried his family to his new residence, and, I believe, placed him for some time, probably not long, under Mr. Shaw, then master of the school at Lichfield, father of the late Dr. Peter Shaw. Of this interval his biographers have given no account, and I know it only from a story of a *barring-out* told me,

me, when I was a boy, by Andrew Corbet of Shropshire, who had heard it from Mr. Pigot his uncle.

The practice of *barring-out* was a savage license practised in many schools to the end of the last century, by which the boys, when the periodical vacation drew near, growing petulant at the approach of liberty, some days before the time of regular recess, took possession of the school, of which they barred the doors, and bade their master defiance from the windows. It is not easy to suppose that on such occasions the master would do more than laugh; yet, if tradition may be credited, he often struggled hard to force or surprise the garrison. The master, when Pigot was

4 A D D I S O N.

a school-boy, was *barred-out* at Lichfield, and the whole operation, as he said, was planned and conducted by Addison.

To judge better of the probability of this story, I have enquired when he was sent to the Chartreux; but, as he was not one of those who enjoyed the Founder's benefaction, there is no account preserved of his admission. At the school of the Chartreux, to which he was removed either from that of Salisbury or Lichfield, he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint labours have so effectually recorded.

Of this memorable friendship the greater praise must be given to Steele.

It

A D D I S O N. 5

It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared, and Addison never considered Steele as a rival; but Steele lived, as he confesses, under an habitual subjection to the predominating genius of Addison, whom he always mentioned with reverence, and treated with obsequiousness.

Addison *, who knew his own dignity, could not always forbear to shew it, by playing a little upon his admirer; but he was in no danger of retort: his jests were endured without resistance or resentment.

But the sneer of jocularitv was not the worst. Steele, whose imprudence of generosity, or vanity of profusion, kept him always incurably necessitous, upon

* Spence.

6 A D D I S O N.

some pressing exigence, in an evil hour, borrowed an hundred pounds of his friend, probably without much purpose of repayment; but Addison, who seems to have had other notions of a hundred pounds, grew impatient of delay, and reclaimed his loan by an execution. Steele felt with great sensibility the obduracy of his creditor; but with emotions of sorrow rather than of anger.

In 1687 he was entered into Queen's College in Oxford, where, in 1689, the accidental perusal of some Latin verses gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards provost of Queen's College; by whose recommendation he was elected into Magdalen College as a Demy, a term by which that society de-

nominates

A D D I S O N. 7

nominates those which are elsewhere called Scholars; young men, who partake of the founder's benefaction, and succeed in their order to vacant fellowships*.

Here he continued to cultivate poetry and criticism, and grew first eminent by his Latin compositions, which are indeed entitled to particular praise. He has not confined himself to the imitation of any ancient author, but has formed his stile from the general language, such as a diligent perusal of the productions of different ages happened to supply.

His Latin compositions seem to have had much of his fondness; for he collected a second volume of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, perhaps for a convenient receptacle, in which all his Latin pieces

* He took the degree of M. A. Feb. 14, 1693.

are inserted, and where his Poem on the Peace has the first place. He afterwards presented the collection to Boileau, who from that time *conceived*, says Tickell, *an opinion of the English genius for poetry*. Nothing is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin, and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.

Three of his Latin poems are upon subjects on which perhaps he would not have ventured to have written in his own language. *The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes*; *The Barometer*; and *a Bowling-green*. When the matter is low or scanty, a dead language, in which nothing is
mean

mean because nothing is familiar, affords great conveniences; and by the sonorous magnificence of Roman syllables, the writer conceals penury of thought, and want of novelty, often from the reader, and often from himself.

In his twenty-second year he first shewed his power of English poetry, by some verses addressed to Dryden; and soon afterwards published a translation of the greater part of the Fourth Georgick upon Bees; after which, says Dryden, *my latter swarm is hardly worth the hiving.*

About the same time he composed the arguments prefixed to the several books of Dryden's Virgil; and produced

an Effay on the Georgicks, juvenile, superficial, and uninstruative, without much either of the scholar's learning or the critick's penetration.

His next paper of verses contained a character of the principal English poets, inscribed to Henry Sacheverell, who was then, if not a poet, a writer of verses; as is shewn by his version of a small part of Virgil's Georgicks, published in the Miscellanies, and a Latin encomium on queen Mary, in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. These verses exhibit all the fondness of friendship; but, on one side or the other, friendship was too weak for the malignity of faction.

In this poem is a very confident and discriminative character of Spenser, whose

whose work he had then never read *. So little sometimes is criticism the effect of judgement. It is necessary to inform the reader, that about this time he was introduced by Congreve to Montague, then Chancellor of the Exchequer: Addison was then learning the trade of a courtier, and subjoined Montague as a poetical name to those of Cowley and of Dryden.

By the influence of Mr. Montague, concurring, according to Tickell, with his natural modesty, he was diverted from his original design of entering into holy orders. Montague alleged the corruption of men who engaged in civil employments without liberal education;

* Spence.

and declared, that, though he was represented as an enemy to the Church, he would never do it any injury but by withholding Addison from it.

Soon after (in 1695) he wrote a poem to king William, with a kind of rhyming introduction addressed to lord Somers. King William had no regard to elegance or literature; his study was only war; yet by a choice of ministers, whose disposition was very different from his own, he procured, without intention, a very liberal patronage to poetry. Addison was careffed both by Somers and Montague.

In 1697, he wrote his poem on the peace of Ryfwick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which was afterwards
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called by Smith *the best Latin poem since the Æneid*. Praise must not be too rigorously examined; but the performance cannot be denied to be vigorous and elegant.

Having yet no publick employment, he obtained (in 1699) a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might be enabled to travel. He staid a year at Blois*, probably to learn the French language; and then proceeded in his journey to Italy, which he surveyed with the eyes of a poet.

While he was travelling at leisure, he was far from being idle; for he not only collected his observations on the country, but found time to write his

* Spence.

Dialogues on Medals, and four acts of Cato. Such is the relation of Tickell. Perhaps he only collected his materials, and formed his plan.

Whatever were his other employments in Italy, he there wrote the letter to lord Halifax, which is justly considered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime, of his poetical productions. But in about two years he found it necessary to hasten home; being, as Swift informs us, distressed by indigence, and compelled to become the tutor of a travelling Squire.

At his return he published his Travels, with a dedication to lord Somers. As his stay in foreign countries was short, his observations are such as might
be

be supplied by a hasty view, and consist chiefly in comparisons of the present face of the country with the descriptions left us by the Roman poets, from whom he made preparatory collections, of which he might have spared the trouble, had he known that such collections had been made twice before by Italian authors.

The most amusing passage of his book is his account of the minute republick of San Marino; of many parts it is not a very severe censure to say that they might have been written at home. His elegance of language, and variegation of prose and verse, however gains upon the reader; and the book, though a while neglected, became in time so much the
favou-

favourite of the publick, that before it was reprinted it rose to five times its price.

When he returned to England (in 1702), with a meanness of appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his old patrons out of power, and was therefore for a time at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind, and a mind so cultivated gives reason to believe that little time was lost.

But he remained not long neglected or useles. The victory at Blenheim (1704) spread triumph and confidence over the nation; and lord Godolphin lamenting to lord Halifax that it had not been celebrated in a manner equal to
the

the subject, desired him to propose it to some better poet. Halifax told him that there was no encouragement for genius; that worthless men were unprofitably enriched with publick money, without any care to find or employ those whose appearance might do honour to their country. To this Godolphin replied, that such abuses should in time be rectified; and that if a man could be found capable of the task then proposed, he should not want an ample recompense. Halifax then named Addison; but required that the Treasurer should apply to him in his own person. Godolphin sent the message by Mr. Boyle, afterwards lord Carlton; and Addison, having undertaken the work,

communicated it to the Treasurer, while it was yet advanced no further than the simile of the Angel, and was immediately rewarded by succeeding Mr. Locke in the place of *Commissioner of Appeals*.

In the following year he was at Hanover with lord Halifax; and the year after was made under-secretary of state, first to Sir Charles Hedges, and in a few months more to the earl of Sunderland.

About this time the prevalent taste for Italian operas inclined him to try what would be the effect of a musical Drama in our own language. He therefore wrote the opera of Rosamond, which, when exhibited on the stage, was either hissed or neglected; but,

trusting that the readers would do him more justice, he published it, with an inscription to the dutchess of Marlborough; a woman without skill, or pretensions to skill, in poetry or literature. His dedication was therefore an instance of servile absurdity, to be exceeded only by Joshua Barnes's dedication of a Greek Anacreon to the Duke.

His reputation had been somewhat advanced by the *Tender Husband*, a comedy which Steele dedicated to him, with a confession that he owed to him several of the most successful scenes. To this play Addison supplied a prologue.

When the marquis of Wharton was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, Addison attended him as his secretary;

and was made keeper of the records in Birmingham's Tower, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year. The office was little more than nominal, and the salary was augmented for his accommodation.

Interest and faction allow little to the operation of particular dispositions, or private opinions. Two men of personal characters more opposite than those of Wharton and Addison could not easily be brought together. Wharton was impious, profligate, and shameless, without regard, or appearance of regard, to right and wrong: whatever is contrary to this, may be said of Addison; but as agents of a party they were connected, and

and how they adjusted their other sentiments we cannot know.

Addison must however not be too hastily condemned. It is not necessary to refuse benefits from a bad man, when the acceptance implies no approbation of his crimes; nor has the subordinate officer any obligation to examine the opinions or conduct of those under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the instrument of wickedness. It is reasonable to suppose that Addison counteracted, as far as he was able, the malignant and blasting influence of the Lieutenant, and that at least by his intervention some good was done, and some mischief prevented.

When he was in office, he made a law to himself, as Swift has recorded, never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends: “ For, said he, I may
 “ have a hundred friends; and, if my
 “ fee be two guineas, I shall by relin-
 “ quishing my right lose two hundred
 “ guineas, and no friend gain more than
 “ two; there is therefore no proportion
 “ between the good imparted and the
 “ evil suffered.”

He was in Ireland when Steele, without any communication of his design, began the publication of the *Tatler*; but he was not long concealed: by inserting a remark on Virgil, which Addison had given him, he discovered himself. It is indeed not easy for any man

to write upon literature, or common life, so as not to make himself known to those with whom he familiarly converses, and who are acquainted with his track of study, his favourite topics, his peculiar notions, and his habitual phrases.

If Steele desired to write in secret, he was not lucky; a single month detected him. His first Tatler was published April 22 (1709), and Addison's contribution appeared May 26. Tickell observes, that the Tatler began and was concluded without his concurrence. This is doubtless literally true; but the work did not suffer much by his unconsciousness of its commencement, or his absence at its cessation; for he continued

his assistance to December 23, and the paper stopped on January 2. He did not distinguish his pieces by any signature; and I know not whether his name was not kept secret, till the papers were collected into volumes.

To the Tatler, in about two months, succeeded the Spectator; a series of essays of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. Such an undertaking shewed the writers not to distrust their own copiousness of materials or facility of composition, and their performance justified their confidence. They found, however, in their progress, many auxiliaries. To attempt a single paper
was

was no terrifying labour: many pieces were offered, and many were received.

Addison had enough of the zeal of party, but Steele had at that time almost nothing else. The Spectator, in one of the first papers, shewed the political tenets of its authors; but a resolution was soon taken of courting general approbation by general topics, and subjects on which faction had produced no diversity of sentiments; such as literature, morality, and familiar life. To this practice they adhered with very few deviations. The ardour of Steele once broke out in praise of Marlborough; and when Dr. Fleetwood prefixed to some sermons a preface, overflowing with whiggish opinions, that it might
be

be read by the Queen, it was reprinted in the Spectator.

To teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation, was first attempted in Italy by *Casa* in his *Book of Manners*, and *Castiglione* in his *Countier*, two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because they have effected that reformation which their authors intended, and their precepts now are no longer wanted. Their usefulness

to

to the age in which they were written, is sufficiently attested by the translations which almost all the nations of Europe were in haste to obtain.

This species of instruction was continued, and perhaps advanced, by the French; among whom *La Bruyere's* *Manners of the Age*, though, as Boileau remarked, it is written without connection, certainly deserves great praise, for liveliness of description and justness of observation.

Before the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, if the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to teach
when

when to speak, or to be silent; how to refuse, or how to comply. We wanted not books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politicks; but an *Arbiter elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which teaze the passer, though they do not wound him.

For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read not as study but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise likewise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

This

This mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the Civil War, when it was much the interest of either party to raise and fix the prejudices of the people. At that time appeared Mercurius Aulicus, Mercurius Rusticus, and Mercurius Civicus. It is said that when any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him had he not worn the appearance of a friend. The tumult of those unhappy days left scarcely any man leisure to treasure up occasional compositions; and so much were they neglected, that a complete collection is no where to be found.

These

These Mercuries were succeeded by L'Esrange's *Observer*, and that by Lesley's *Rehearsal*, and perhaps by others; but hitherto nothing had been conveyed to the people, in this commo-
dious manner, but controversy relating to the Church or State; of which they taught many to talk, whom they could not teach to judge.

It has been suggested that the Royal Society was instituted soon after the Restoration, to divert the attention of the people from public discontent. The *Tatler* and *Spectator* had the same tendency: they were published at a time when two parties, loud, restless, and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct
termi-

termination of its views, were agitating the nation; to minds heated with political contest, they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections; and it is said by Addison, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolick and the gay to unite merriment with decency; an effect which they can never wholly lose, while they continue to be among the first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge.

The Tatler and Spectator reduced, like Casa, the unsettled practice of daily intercourse to propriety and politeness; and, like La Bruyere, exhibited the *Characters and Manners of the Age*.

The

The personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal; they were then known, and conspicuous in various stations. Of the Tatler this is told by Steele in his last paper, and of the Spectator by Budgell in the Preface to Theophrastus; a book which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it. Of those portraits, which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished, and sometimes aggravated, the originals are partly known, and partly forgotten.

But to say that they united the plans of two or three eminent writers, is to give them but a small part of their due praise; they superadded literature and criticism, and sometimes towered far
above

above their predeceffors, and taught, with great juftnefs of argument and dignity of language, the moft important duties and fublime truths.

All thefe topicks were happily varied with elegant fictions and refined allegories, and illuminated with different changes of ftile and felicities of invention.

It is recorded by Budgell, that of the characters feigned or exhibited in the Spectator, the favourite of Addifon was Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and difcriminated idea, which he would not fuffer to be violated; and therefore when Steele had fhewn him innocently picking up a girl in the Temple, and taking her to a

C

tavern,

tavern, he drew upon himself so much of his friend's indignation, that he was forced to appease him by a promise of forbearing Sir Roger for the time to come.

The reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el*, made Addison declare, with an undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir Roger; being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that any other hand would do him wrong.

It may be doubted whether Addison ever filled up his original delineation. He describes his Knight as having his imagination somewhat warped; but of this perversion he has made very little use.

use. The irregularities in Sir Roger's conduct, seem not so much the effects of a mind deviating from the beaten track of life, by the perpetual pressure of some overwhelming idea, as of habitual rusticity, and that negligence which solitary grandeur naturally generates.

The variable weather of the mind, the flying vapours of incipient madness, which from time to time cloud reason, without eclipsing it, it requires so much nicety to exhibit, that Addison seems to have been deterred from prosecuting his own design.

To Sir Roger, who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a Tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew

Freeport, a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the moneyed interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions, it is probable more consequences were at first intended than could be produced, when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison, who, when he dismissed him from the club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare that he *would not build an hospital for idle people*; but at last he buys land, settles in the country, and builds not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen, for men with whom a merchant has
little

little acquaintance, and whom he commonly confiders with little kindnefs.

Of effays thus elegant, thus instructive, and thus commodioufly diftributed, it is natural to fuppofe the approbation general and the fale numerous. I once heard it obferved, that the fale may be calculated by the product of the tax, related in the laft number to produce more than twenty pounds a week, and therefore ftated at one and twenty pounds, or three pounds ten fhillings a day: this, at a half-penny a paper, will give fixteen hundred and eighty for the daily number.

This fale is not great; yet this, if Swift be credited, was likely to grow lefs; for he declares that the Spectator,

whom he ridicules for his endless mention of the *fair sex*, had before his recess wearied his readers.

The next year (1713), in which Cato came upon the stage, was the grand climacterick of Addison's reputation. Upon the death of Cato, he had, as is said, planned a tragedy in the time of his travels, and had for several years the four first acts finished, which were shewn to such as were likely to spread their admiration. They were seen by Pope, and by Cibber; who relates that Steele, when he took back the copy, told him, in the despicable cant of literary modesty, that, whatever spirit his friend had shewn in the composition, he doubted whether he would have courage sufficient to expose

pose

pose it to the censure of a British audience.

The time however was now come when those who affected to think liberty in danger, affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it: and Addison was importuned, in the name of the tutelary deities of Britain, to shew his courage and his zeal by finishing his design.

To resume his work he seemed perversely and unaccountably unwilling; and by a request, which perhaps he wished to be denied, desired Mr. Hughes to add a fifth act. Hughes supposed him ferocious; and, undertaking the supplement, brought in a few days some scenes for his examination; but he had in the

mean time gone to work himself, and produced half an act, which he afterwards completed, but with brevity irregularly disproportionate to the foregoing parts; like a task performed with reluctance, and hurried to its conclusion.

It may yet be doubted whether Cato was made publick by any change of the author's purpose; for Dennis charged him with raising prejudices in his own favour by false positions of preparatory criticism, and with *poisoning the town* by contradicting in the Spectator the established rule of poetical justice, because his own hero, with all his virtues, was to fall before a tyrant. The fact is certain; the motives we must guess.

Addi-

Addison was, I believe, sufficiently disposed to bar all avenues against all danger. When Pope brought him the prologue, which is properly accommodated to the play, there were these words, *Britons, arise, be worth like this approved*; meaning nothing more than, Britons erect and exalt yourselves to the approbation of publick virtue. Addison was frightened lest he should be thought a promoter of insurrection, and the line was liquidated to *Britons, attend*.

Now, *heavily in clouds, came on the day, the great, the important day*, when Addison was to stand the hazard of the theatre. That there might, however, be left as little to hazard as was possible, on the last night Steele, as himself relates, undertook

dertook to pack an audience. This, says Pope *, had been tried for the first time in favour of the Distrest Mother; and was now, with more efficacy, practised for Cato.

The danger was soon over. The whole nation was at that time on fire with faction. The Whigs applauded every line in which Liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap, to shew that the satire was unfelt. The story of Bolingbroke is well known. He called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of Liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The Whigs, says Pope, design a second

* Spence.

present, when they can accompany it with as good a sentence.

The play, supported thus by the emulation of factious praise, was acted night after night for a longer time than, I believe, the publick had allowed to any drama before; and the author, as Mrs. Porter related, wandered through the whole exhibition behind the scenes with restless and unappeasable sollicitude.

When it was printed, notice was given that the Queen would be pleased if it was dedicated to her; *but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged, says Tickell, by his duty on the one hand, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication.*

Human happiness has always its abatements; the brightest sunshine of success is not without a cloud. No sooner was Cato offered to the reader than it was attacked by the acute malignity of Dennis, with all the violence of angry criticism. Dennis, though equally zealous, and probably by his temper more furious than Addison, for what they called liberty, and, though a flatterer of the Whig ministry, could not sit quiet at a successful play; but was eager to tell friends and enemies, that they had misplaced their admirations. The world was too stubborn for instruction; with the fate of the censurer of Corneille's Cid, his animadversions shewed his anger

without effect, and Cato continued to be praised.

Pope had now an opportunity of courting the friendship of Addison, by vilifying his old enemy, and could give repentment its full play without appearing to revenge himself. He therefore published a *Narrative of the Madness of John Dennis*; a performance which left the objections to the play in their full force, and therefore discovered more desire of vexing the critick than of defending the poet.

Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and, resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis
by

by Steele, that he was sorry for the insult; and that whenever he should think fit to answer his remarks, he would do it in a manner to which nothing could be objected.

The greatest weakness of the play is in the scenes of love, which are said by Pope * to have been added to the original plan upon a subsequent review, in compliance with the popular practice of the stage. Such an authority it is hard to reject; yet the Love is so intimately mingled with the whole action, that it cannot easily be thought extrinſick and adventitious; for if it were taken away, what would be left? or how were the four acts filled in the first draught?

* Spence.

At the publication the wits seemed proud to pay their attendance with encomiastick verses. The best are from an unknown hand, which will perhaps lose somewhat of their praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys.

Cato had yet other honours. It was censured as a party-play by a *Scholar of Oxford*, and defended in a favourable examination by Dr. Sewel. It was translated by Salvini into Italian, and acted at Florence; and by the Jesuits of St. Omer's into Latin, and played by their pupils. Of this version a copy was sent to Mr. Addison: it is to be wished that it could be found, for the sake of comparing their version of the soliloquy with that of Bland.

A tragedy was written on the same subject by Des Champs, a French poet, which was translated, with a criticism on the English play. But the translator and the critick are now forgotten.

Dennis lived on unanswered, and therefore little read: Addison knew the policy of literature too well to make his enemy important, by drawing the attention of the publick upon a criticism, which, though sometimes intemperate, was often irrefragable.

While Cato was upon the stage, another daily paper called the *Guardian* was published by Steele. To this Addison gave great assistance, whether occasionally or by previous engagement is not known.

The character of Guardian was too narrow and too serious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and the decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculations, and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had the Guardian of the Lizards to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with Strada's prolusions?

Of this paper nothing is necessary to be said, but that it found many contributors, and that it was a continuation of the Spectator, with the same elegance, and the same variety, till some unlucky sparkle from a Tory paper set Steele's politicks on fire, and wit at once blazed into faction. He was soon

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too

too hot for neutral topicks, and quitted the *Guardian* to write the *Englishman*.

The papers of Addison are marked in the *Spectator* by one of the letters in the name of *Clio*, and in the *Guardian* by *a hand*; whether it was, as Tickell pretends to think, that he was unwilling to usurp the praise of others, or as Steele with far greater likelihood insinuates, that he could not without discontent impart to others any of his own. I have heard that his avidity did not satisfy itself with the air of renown, but that with great eagerness he laid hold on his proportion of the profits.

Many of these papers were written with powers truly comick, with nice discrimination of characters, and accu-

rate

rate observation of natural or accidental deviations from propriety; but it was not supposed that he had tried a comedy on the stage, till Steele, after his death, declared him the author of the *Drummer*; this however he did not know to be true by any cogent testimony; for when Addison put the play into his hands, he only told him it was the work of a *Gentleman in the Company*; and when it was received, as is confessed, with cold disapprobation, he was probably less willing to claim it. Tickell omitted it in his collection; but the testimony of Steele, and the total silence of any other claimant, has determined the publick to assign it to Addison, and it is now printed with his other poetry.

Steele carried the *Drummer* to the play-house, and afterwards to the press, and sold the copy for fifty guineas.

To the opinion of Steele may be added the proof supplied by the play itself, of which the characters are such as Addison would have delineated, and the tendency such as Addison would have promoted. That it should have been ill received would raise wonder, did we not daily see the capricious distribution of theatrical praise.

He was not all this time an indifferent spectator of publick affairs. He wrote, as different exigences required (in 1707), *The present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation*; which, however judicious, being written
on

on temporary topicks, and exhibiting no peculiar powers, has naturally sunk by its own weight into neglect. This cannot be said of the few papers entitled *The Whig Examiner*, in which is exhibited all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire. Of this paper, which just appeared and expired, Swift remarks, with exultation, that *it is now down among the dead men*. He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed. Every reader of every party, since personal malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for more of the *Whig Examiners*; for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigo-

roufully exerted, and on none did the superiority of his wit more evidently appear. His *Trial of Count Tariff*, written to expose the Treaty of Commerce with France, lived no longer than the question that produced it.

Not long afterwards an attempt was made to revive the *Spectator*, at a time indeed by no means favourable to literature, when the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion; and either the turbulence of the times or the satiety of the readers put a stop to the publication, after an experiment of eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into an eighth volume, perhaps more valuable than any one of those that
went

went before it: Addison produced more than a fourth part, and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. The time that had passed during the suspension of the *Spectator*, though it had not lessened his power of humour, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness: the proportion of his religious to his comick papers is greater than in the former series.

The *Spectator*, from its recommencement, was published only three times a week, and no discriminative marks were added to the papers. To Addison Tickell has ascribed twenty-three*:

* Numb. 556. 557. 558. 559. 561. 562. 565. 567. 568. 569. 571. 574. 575. 579. 580. 582. 583. 584. 585. 590. 592. 598. 600.

The *Spectator* had many contributors; and Steele, whose negligence kept him always in a hurry, when it was his turn to furnish a paper, called loudly for the Letters, of which Addison, whose materials were more, made little use; having recourse to sketches and hints, the product of his former studies, which he now reviewed and completed: among these are named by Tickell the *Essays* on *Wit*, those on the *Pleasures* of the *Imagination*, and the *Criticism* on *Milton*.

When the House of Hanover took possession of the throne, it was reasonable to expect that the zeal of Addison would be suitably rewarded. Before the arrival of king George he was made secretary to the regency, and was required

by his office to send notice to Hanover that the Queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expression, that the lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, called Mr. Southwell, a clerk in the house, and ordered him to dispatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary, in the common stile of business, and valued himself upon having done what was too hard for Addison.

He was better qualified for the *Freeholder*, a paper which he published twice a week, from Dec. 23, 1715, to the middle

middle of the next year. This was undertaken in defence of the established government, sometimes with argument, sometimes with mirth. In argument he had many equals; but his humour was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be delighted with the Tory Fox-hunter.

There are however some strokes less elegant, and less decent; such as the Pretender's Journal, in which one topick of ridicule is his poverty. This mode of abuse had been employed by Milton against king Charles II.

— — Jacobæi

Centum exulantis viscera Marsupii regis.

And

And Oldmixon delights to tell of some alderman of London, that he had more money than the exiled princes; but that which might be expected from Milton's savageness, or Oldmixon's meanness, was not suitable to the delicacy of Addison.

Steele thought the humour of the *Freeholder* too nice and gentle for such noisy times; and is reported to have said that the ministry made use of a lute, when they should have called for a trumpet.

This year * he married the countess dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very

* August 2, 1716.

unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. He is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son †. “He formed,” said Tonson, “the design of getting that lady, from the time when he was first recommended into the family.” In what part of his life he obtained the recommendation, or how long, and in what manner he lived in the family, I know not. His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a

† Spence.

Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, "Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave." The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son. Rowe's ballad of the *Despairing Shepherd* is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair; and it is certain that Addison has left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.

The year after (1717), he rose to his highest elevation, being made secretary
of

of state. For this employment he might be justly supposed qualified by long practice of business, and by his regular ascent through other offices; but expectation is often disappointed; it is universally confessed that he was unequal to the duties of his place. In the house of commons he could not speak, and therefore was useless to the defence of the government. In the office, says Pope*, he could not issue an order without losing his time in quest of fine expressions. What he gained in rank, he lost in credit; and, finding by experience his own inability, was forced to solicit his dismissal, with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. His

* Spence.

friends palliated this relinquishment, of which both friends and enemies knew the true reason, with an account of declining health, and the necessity of recess and quiet.

He now returned to his vocation, and began to plan literary occupations for his future life. He purposed a tragedy on the death of Socrates; a story of which, as Tickell remarks, the basis is narrow, and to which I know not how love could have been appended. There would however have been no want either of virtue in the sentiments, or elegance in the language.

He engaged in a nobler work, a defence of the *Christian Religion*, of which part was published after his death; and
he

he designed to have made a new poetical version of the Psalms.

These pious compositions Pope imputed * to a selfish motive, upon the credit, as he owns, of Tonson; who having quarrelled with Addison, and not loving him, said, that, when he laid down the secretary's office, he intended to take orders, and obtain a bishoprick; *for, said he, I always thought him a priest in his heart.*

That Pope should have thought this conjecture of Tonson worth remembrance is a proof, but indeed so far as I have found, the only proof, that he retained some malignity from their ancient rivalry. Tonson pretended but to

* Spence.

guess it; no other mortal ever suspected it; and Pope might have reflected, that a man who had been secretary of state, in the ministry of Sunderland, knew a nearer way to a bishoprick than by defending Religion, or translating the Psalms.

It is related that he had once a design to make an English Dictionary, and that he considered Dr. Tillotson as the writer of highest authority. There was formerly sent to me by Mr. Locker, clerk of the Leatherfellers Company, who was eminent for curiosity and literature, a collection of examples selected from Tillotson's works, as Locker said, by Addison. It came too late to be of use, so I inspected it but

E slight.

slightly, and remember it indistinctly. I thought the passages too short.

Addison however did not conclude his life in peaceful studies; but relapsed, when he was near his end, to a political question.

It so happened that (1718-19) a controversy was agitated, with great vehemence, between those friends of long continuance, Addison and Steele. It may be asked, in the language of Homer, what power or what cause could set them at variance. The subject of their dispute was of great importance. The earl of Sunderland proposed an act called the *Peerage Bill*, by which the number of peers should be fixed, and the king restrained from any new creation of nobi-

nobility, unless when an old family should be extinct. To this the lords would naturally agree; and the king, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and, as is now well known, almost indifferent to the possessions of the Crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The bill therefore was eagerly opposed, and among others by Sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published.

The lords might think their dignity diminished by improper advancements, and particularly by the introduction of twelve new peers at once, to produce a

majority of Tories in the last reign; an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right, with which some time afterwards, by the instigation of Whiggism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven. But, whatever might be the disposition of the lords, the people had no wish to increase their power. The tendency of the bill, as Steele observed in a letter to the earl of Oxford, was to introduce an Aristocracy, for a majority in the house of lords, so limited, would have been despotick and irresistible.

To prevent this subversion of the ancient establishment, Steele, whose pen

readily seconded his political passions, endeavoured to alarm the nation by a pamphlet called the *Plebeian*; to this an answer was published by Addison under the title of the *Old Whig*, in which it is not discovered that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the commons. Steele replied by a second *Plebeian*; and, whether by ignorance or by courtesy, confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Nothing hitherto was committed against the laws of friendship, or proprieties of decency; but controversialists cannot long retain their kindness for each other. The *Old Whig* answered the *Plebeian*, and could not forbear some contempt of little *Dicky*, whose trade it

was to write pamphlets. Dicky however did not lose his settled veneration for his friend; but contented himself with quoting some lines of Cato, which were at once detection and reproof. The bill was laid aside during that session, and Addison died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected by two hundred sixty-five to one hundred seventy-seven.

Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years past in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was *Bellum plusquam civile*, as Lucan expresses it.

Why

Why could not faction find other advocates? But, among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship.

Of this dispute I have little knowledge but from the *Biographia Britannica*. The *Old Whig* is not inserted in Addison's works, nor is it mentioned by Tickell in his Life; why it was omitted the biographers doubtless give the true reason; the fact was too recent, and those who had been heated in the contention were not yet cool.

The necessity of complying with times, and of sparing persons, is the great impediment of biography. History may be formed from permanent monuments and records; but Lives can only be

written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and when it might be told, it is no longer known. The delicate features of the mind, the nice discriminations of character, and the minute peculiarities of conduct, are soon obliterated, and it is surely better that caprice, obstinacy, frolick, and folly, however they might delight in the description, should be silently forgotten, than that, by wanton merriment and unseasonable detection, a pang should be given to a widow, a daughter, a brother, or a friend. As the process of these narratives is now bringing me among my contemporaries, I begin

to feel myself *walking upon ashes under which the fire is not extinguished*, and coming to the time of which it will be proper rather to say *nothing that is false, than all that is true.*

The end of this useful life was now approaching.—Addison had for some time been oppressed by shortness of breath, which was now aggravated by a dropfy; and, finding his danger pressing, he prepared to die conformably to his own precepts and professions.

During this lingering decay, he sent, as Pope relates *, a message by the earl of Warwick to Mr. Gay, desiring to see him: Gay, who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons,

* Spence.

and

and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview had been solicited was then discovered: Addison told him, that he had injured him; but that, if he recovered, he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain, nor did Gay ever know; but supposed that some preferment designed for him had by Addison's intervention been withheld.

Lord Warwick was a young man of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavoured to reclaim him; but his arguments and expostulations had no effect: one experiment, however, remained

mained to be tried. When he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called; and when he desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, told him, *I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die.* What effect this awful scene had on the earl I know not; he died himself in a short time.

In Tickell's excellent Elegy on his friend are these lines:

He taught us how to live; and, Oh!
too high

The price of knowledge, taught us
how to die.

In which he alludes to this moving interview, as he told Dr. Young, to whom he related it.

Having

Having given directions to Mr. Tickell for the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend Mr. Craggs, he died June 17, 1719, at Holland-house, leaving no child but a daughter.

Of his virtue it is a sufficient testimony, that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime. He was not one of those who are praised only after death; for his merit was so generally acknowledged, that Swift, having observed that his election passed without a contest, adds, that if he had proposed himself for king he would hardly have been refused.

His zeal for his party did not extinguish his kindness for the merit of his
oppo-

opponents: when he was secretary in Ireland, he refused to intermit his acquaintance with Swift.

Of his habits, or external manners, nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or fullen taciturnity, which his friends called modesty by too mild a name. Steele mentions with great tenderness, “that remarkable bashfulness, “which is a cloak that hides and muffles “merit;” and tells us, that “his abilities were covered only by modesty, “which doubles the beauties which are “seen, and gives credit and esteem to “all that are concealed.” Chesterfield affirms, that “Addison was the most “timorous and aukward man that he “ever saw.” And Addison, speaking of
his

his own deficiency in conversation, used to say of himself, that, with respect to intellectual wealth, “ he could draw bills “ for a thousand pounds, though he had “ not a guinea in his pocket.”

That he wanted current coin for ready payment, and by that want was often obstructed and distressed; that he was oppressed by an improper and ungraceful timidity, every testimony concurs to prove; but Chesterfield’s representation is doubtless hyperbolic. That man cannot be supposed very unexpert in the arts of conversation and practice of life, who, without fortune or alliance, by his usefulness and dexterity, became secretary of state; and who died at forty-seven, after having not
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only stood long in the highest rank of wit and literature, but filled one of the most important offices of state.

The time in which he lived had reason to lament his obstinacy of silence; “for he was,” says Steele, “above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.” This is the fondness of a friend; let us hear what is told us
by

by a rival. “Addison’s conversation *, says Pope, “had something in it more
 “charming than I have found in any
 “other man. But this was only when
 “familiar : before strangers, or perhaps
 “a single stranger, he preserved his
 “dignity by a stiff silence.”

This modesty was by no means inconsistent with a very high opinion of his own merit. He demanded to be the first name in modern wit; and, with Steele to echo him, used to depreciate Dryden, whom Pope and Congreve defended against them †. There is no reason to doubt that he suffered too much pain from the prevalence of Pope’s poetical reputation; nor is it

* Spence.

† Tonson and Spence.

without strong reason suspected that by some disingenuous acts he endeavoured to obstruct it: Pope was not the only man whom he insidiously injured, though the only man of whom he could be afraid.

His own powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence. Of very extensive learning he has indeed given no proofs. He seems to have had small acquaintance with the sciences, and to have read little except Latin and French; but of the Latin poets his *Dialogues on Medals* shew that he had perused the works with great diligence and skill. The abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious sentiments; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded.

manded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratagem to the surface of affectation.

What he knew he could easily communicate. “This,” says Steele, “was particular in this writer, that, when he had taken his resolution, or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room, and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated.”

Pope,

Pope *, who can be less suspected of favouring his memory, declares that he wrote very fluently, but was slow and scrupulous in correcting; that many of his Spectators were written very fast, and sent immediately to the press; and that it seemed to be for his advantage not to have time for much revival.

“He would alter,” says Pope, “any thing to please his friends, before publication; but would not retouch his pieces afterwards: and I believe not one word in Cato, to which I made an objection, was suffered to stand.”

The last line of Cato is Pope's, having been originally written

* Spence.

And, Oh ! 'twas this that ended Cato's
life.

Pope might have made more objections to the six concluding lines. In the first couplet the words *from hence* are improper ; and the second line is taken from Dryden's Virgil. Of the next couplet, the first verse being included in the second, is therefore useless ; and in the third *Discord* is made to produce *Strife*.

Of the course of Addison's familiar day *, before his marriage, Pope has given a detail. He had in the house with him Budgell, and perhaps Philips. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and colonel Brett. With one or other of these he al-

* Spence.

ways breakfasted. He studied all morning; then dined at a tavern, and went afterwards to Button's.

Button had been a servant in the countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south-side of Ruffell-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said, that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine. In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness

for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the fervile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who, that ever asked succour from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?

Among those friends it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may easily be supposed such as Pope represents them. The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that
 he

he was a parson in a tye-wig, can detract little from his character; he was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville.

From any minute knowledge of his familiar manners, the intervention of sixty years has now debarred us. Steele once promised Congreve and the publick a complete description of his character; but the promises of authors are like the vows of lovers. Steele thought no more on his design, or thought on it with anxiety that at last disgusted him, and left his friend in the hands of Tickell.

His works will supply some information. It appears from his various pic-

tures of the world, that, with all his bashfulness, he had conversed with many distinct classes of men, had surveyed their ways with very diligent observation, and marked with great acuteness the effects of different modes of life. He was a man in whose presence nothing reprehensible was out of danger; quick in discerning whatever was wrong or ridiculous, and not unwilling to expose it. *There are, says Steele, in his writings many oblique strokes upon some of the wittiest men of the age.* His delight was more to excite merriment than detestation, and he detects follies rather than crimes.

If any judgement be made, from his books, of his moral character, nothing
will

will be found but purity and excellence. Knowledge of mankind indeed, less extensive than that of Addison, will shew that to write and to live are very different. Many who praise virtue, do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since, amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies: of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him,

him,

him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.

It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that had long connected gaiety with vice, and easiness of manners with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character, *above all Greek, above all Roman fame*. No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure,

sure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gaiety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having *turned many to righteousness.*



ADDISON, in his life, and for some time afterwards, was considered by the greater part of readers as supremely excelling both in poetry and criticism. Part of his reputation may be probably ascribed to the advancement of his fortune; when, as Swift observes, he became

came a statesman, and saw poets waiting at his levee, it is no wonder that praise was accumulated upon him. Much likewise may be more honourably ascribed to his personal character; he who, if he had claimed it, might have obtained the diadem, was not likely to be denied the laurel.

But time quickly puts an end to artificial and accidental fame, and Addison is to pass through futurity protected only by his genius. Every name which kindness or interest once raised too high, is in danger, lest the next age should, by the vengeance of criticism, sink it in the same proportion. A great writer has lately stiled him *an indifferent poet, and a worse critick.*

His

His poetry is first to be considered; of which it must be confessed that it has not often those felicities of diction which give lustre to sentiments, or that vigour of sentiment that animates diction: there is little of ardour, vehemence, or transport; there is very rarely the awfulness of grandeur, and not very often the splendour of elegance. He thinks justly; but he thinks faintly. This is his general character, to which doubtless many single passages will furnish exceptions.

Yet if he seldom reaches supreme excellence, he rarely sinks into dulness, and is still more rarely entangled in absurdity. He did not trust his powers enough to be negligent. There is in
most

most of his compositions a calmness and equability, deliberate and cautious, sometimes with little that delights, but seldom with any thing that offends.

Of this kind seem to be his poems to Dryden, to Somers, and to the King. His ode on St. Cecilia has been imitated by Pope, and has something in it of Dryden's vigour. Of his Account of the English Poets, he used to speak as a *poor thing* *; but it is not worse than his usual strain. He has said, not very judiciously, in his character of Waller:

Thy verse could shew ev'n Cromwell's
innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore
him hence.

* Spence.

O! had thy Muse not come an age
too soon,

But seen great Nassau on the British
throne,

How had his triumph glitter'd in thy
page.—

What is this but to say that he who could compliment Cromwell had been the proper poet for king William? Addison however never printed the piece.

The Letter from Italy has been always praised, but has never been praised beyond its merit. It is more correct, with less appearance of labour, and more elegant, with less ambition of ornament, than any other of his poems. There is however one broken metaphor, of which notice may properly be taken:

Fir'd with that name—

I bridle in my struggling Muse with
pain,

That longs to launch into a nobler
strain.

To *bridle* a *goddes* is no very delicate idea ; but why must she be *bridled*? because she *longs to launch*; an act which was never hindered by a *bridle* : and whither will she *launch*? into a *nobler strain*. She is in the first line a *horse*, in the second a *boat* ; and the care of the poet is to keep his *horse* or his *boat* from *singing*.

The next composition is the far-famed Campaign, which Dr. Warton has termed a *Gazette in Rhyme*, with harshness not often used by the good-nature of his criticism. Before a cen-

ture so severe is admitted, let us consider that War is a frequent subject of Poetry, and then enquire who has described it with more justness and force. Many of our own writers tried their powers upon this year of victory, yet Addison's is confessedly the best performance; his poem is the work of a man not blinded by the dust of learning: his images are not borrowed merely from books. The superiority which he confers upon his hero is not personal prowess, and *mighty bone*, but deliberate intrepidity, a calm command of his passions, and the power of consulting his own mind in the midst of danger. The rejection and contempt of fiction is rational and manly.

It may be observed that the last line is imitated by Pope;

Marlb'rough's exploits appear divinely
bright—

Rais'd of themselves, their genuine
charms they boast,
And those that paint them truest,
praise them most.

This Pope had in his thoughts, but
not knowing how to use what was not
his own, he spoiled the thought when he
had borrowed it:

The well-sung woes shall soothe my
ghost;

He best can paint them who shall
feel them most.

Martial exploits may be *painted*; per-
haps *woes* may be *painted*; but they are
surely not *painted* by being *well-sung*: it

is

is not easy to paint in song, or to sing in colours.

No passage in the Campaign has been more often mentioned than the simile of the Angel, which is said in the Tatler to be *one of the noblest thoughts that ever entered into the heart of man*; and is therefore worthy of attentive consideration. Let it be first enquired whether it be at last a simile. A poetical simile is the discovery of likenesses between two actions, in their general nature dissimilar, or of causes terminating by different operations in some resemblance of effect. But the mention of another like consequence from a like cause, or of a like performance by a like agency, is not a simile, but an exemplification.

fication. It is not a simile to say that the Thames waters fields, as the Po waters fields; or that as Hecla vomits flames in Iceland, so Ætna vomits flames in Sicily. When Horace says of Pindar, that he pours his violence and rapidity of verse, as a river swollen with rain rushes from the mountain; or of himself, that his genius wanders in quest of poetical decorations, as the bee wanders to collect honey, he, in either case, produces a simile; the mind is impressed with the resemblance of things generally unlike, as unlike as intellect and body. But if Pindar had been described as writing with the copiousness and grandeur of Homer, or Horace had told that he reviewed and finished his own poetry

with



A D D I S O N. I O T

with the same care as Isocrates polished his orations, instead of similitude he would have exhibited almost identity; he would have given the same portraits with different names. In this poem, when the English are represented as gaining a fortified pass, by repetition of attack and perseverance of resolution; their obstinacy of courage, and vigour of onset, is well illustrated by the sea that breaks, with incessant battery, the dikes of Holland. This is a simile; but when Addison, having celebrated the beauty of Marlborough's person, tells us that *Achilles thus was form'd with every grace*; here is no simile, but a mere exemplification. A simile may be compared to lines converging at a point, and is more

excellent as the lines approach from greater distance: an exemplification may be considered as two parallel lines which run on together without approximation, never far separated, and never joined.

Marlborough is so like the angel in the poem, that the action of both is almost the same, and performed by both in the same manner. Marlborough *teaches the battle to rage*; the angel *directs the storm*: Marlborough is *unmoved in peaceful thought*; the angel is *calm and serene*: Marlborough stands *unmoved amidst the shock of hosts*; the angel rides *calm in the whirlwind*. The lines on Marlborough are just and noble; but the simile gives almost the same images a second time.

But perhaps this thought, though hardly a simile, was remote from vulgar conceptions, and required great labour of research, or dexterity of application. Of this, Dr. Madden, a name which Ireland ought to honour, once gave me his opinion. *If I had jet, said he, ten school-boys to write on the battle of Blenheim, and eight had brought me the Angel, I should not have been surpris'd.*

The opera of Rosamond, though it is seldom mentioned, is one of the first of Addison's compositions. The subject is well-chosen, the fiction is pleasing, and the praise of Marborough, for which the scene gives an opportunity, is, what perhaps every human excellence must be, the product of good-luck improved by

genius. The thoughts are sometimes great, and sometimes tender; the versification is easy and gay. There is doubtless some advantage in the shortness of the lines, which there is little temptation to load with expletive epithets. The dialogue seems commonly better than the songs. The two comick characters of Sir Trusty and Grideline, though of no great value, are yet such as the poet intended. Sir Trusty's account of the death of Rosamond is, I think, too grossly absurd. The whole drama is airy and elegant; engaging in its process, and pleasing in its conclusion. If Addison had cultivated the lighter parts of poetry, he would probably have excelled.

The

The tragedy of Cato, which, contrarily to the rule observed in selecting the works of other poets, has by the weight of its character forced its way into this collection, is unquestionably the noblest production of Addison's genius. Of a work so much read, it is difficult to say any thing new. About things on which the publick thinks long, it commonly attains to think right; and of Cato it has been not unjustly determined, that it is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life. Nothing here *excites or asswages emotion*; here is *no magical power of raising phantastick*

tastick terror or wild anxiety. The events are expected without solicitude, and are remembered without joy or sorrow. Of the agents we have no care: we consider not what they are doing, or what they are suffering; we wish only to know what they have to say. Cato is a being above our solicitude; a man of whom the gods take care, and whom we leave to their care with heedless confidence. To the rest neither gods nor men can have much attention; for there is not one amongst them that strongly attracts either affection or esteem. But they are made the vehicles of such sentiments and such expression, that there is scarcely a scene in the play which the reader
does

does not wish to impress upon his memory.

When Cato was shewn to Pope*, he advised the author to print it, without any theatrical exhibition, supposing that it would be read more favourably than heard. Addison declared himself of the same opinion; but urged the importunity of his friends for its appearance on the stage. The emulation of parties made it successful beyond expectation, and its success has introduced or confirmed among us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unassuming elegance, and chill philosophy.

The universality of applause, however it might quell the censure of common

* Spence.

mortals, had no other effect than to harden Dennis in fixed dislike; but his dislike was not merely capricious. He found and shewed many faults: he shewed them indeed with anger, but he found them with acuteness, such as ought to rescue his criticism from oblivion; though, at last, it will have no other life than it derives from the work which it endeavours to oppress.

Why he pays no regard to the opinion of the audience, he gives his reason, by remarking, that

“ A deference is to be paid to a general applause, when it appears that that applause is natural and spontaneous; but that little regard is to be had to it, when it is affected and artificial.

“ ficial. Of all the tragedies which in
 “ his memory have had vast and vio-
 “ lent runs, not one has been excellent,
 “ few have been tolerable, most have
 “ been scandalous. When a poet writes
 “ a tragedy, who knows he has judge-
 “ ment, and who feels he has genius,
 “ that poet presumes upon his own
 “ merit, and scorns to make a cabal.
 “ That people come coolly to the re-
 “ presentation of such a tragedy, with-
 “ out any violent expectation, or delu-
 “ sive imagination, or invincible pre-
 “ possession; that such an audience is
 “ liable to receive the impressions which
 “ the poem shall naturally make in
 “ them, and to judge by their own rea-
 “ son and their own judgements, and
 “ that

“ that reason and judgement are calm
 “ and serene, not formed by nature to
 “ make profelytes, and to controul and
 “ lord it over the imaginations of others.
 “ But that when an author writes a
 “ tragedy, who knows he has neither
 “ genius nor judgement, he has re-
 “ course to the making a party, and
 “ endeavours to make up in industry
 “ what is wanting in talent, and to sup-
 “ ply by poetical craft the absence of
 “ poetical art: that such an author is
 “ humbly contented to raise men’s pas-
 “ sions by a plot without doors, since
 “ he despairs of doing it by that which
 “ he brings upon the stage. That party
 “ and passion, and prepossession, are
 “ clamorous and tumultuous things,
 “ and

A D D I S O N. III.

“ and so much the more clamorous and
“ tumultuous by how much the more
“ erroneous : that they domineer and
“ tyrannize over the imaginations of
“ persons who want judgement, and
“ sometimes too of those who have it ;
“ and, like a fierce outrageous torrent,
“ bear down all opposition before them.”

He then condemns the neglect of poetical justice ; which is always one of his favourite principles.

“ ’Tis certainly the duty of every
“ tragick poet, by the exact distribu-
“ tion of poetical justice, to imitate the
“ Divine Dispensation, and to inculcate
“ a particular Providence. ’Tis true,
“ indeed, upon the stage of the world,
“ the

“ the wicked sometimes prosper, and
 “ the guiltless suffer. But that is per-
 “ mitted by the Governor of the world,
 “ to shew, from the attribute of his in-
 “ finite justice, that there is a compen-
 “ sation in futurity, to prove the im-
 “ mortality of the human soul, and the
 “ certainty of future rewards and pu-
 “ nishments. But the poetical persons
 “ in tragedy exist no longer than the
 “ reading, or the representation; the
 “ whole extent of their entity is cir-
 “ cumscribed by those; and therefore,
 “ during that reading or representation,
 “ according to their merits or demerits,
 “ they must be punished or rewarded.
 “ If this is not done, there is no im-
 “ partial distribution of poetical justice,
 “ no

“ no instructive lecture of a particular
 “ Providence, and no imitation of the
 “ Divine Dispensation. And yet the
 “ author of this tragedy does not only
 “ run counter to this, in the fate of his
 “ principal character; but every where,
 “ throughout it, makes virtue suffer and
 “ vice triumph: for not only Cato is
 “ vanquished by Cæsar, but the treache-
 “ ry and perfidiousness of Syphax pre-
 “ vails over the honest simplicity and
 “ the credulity of Juba; and the sly
 “ subtlety and dissimulation of Portius
 “ over the generous frankness and open-
 “ heartedness of Marcus.”

Whatever pleasure there may be in
 seeing crimes punished and virtue re-
 warded, yet, since wickedness often pro-

spers in real life, the poet is certainly at liberty to give it prosperity on the stage. For if poetry has an imitation of reality, how are its laws broken by exhibiting the world in its true form? The stage may sometimes gratify our wishes; but, if it be truly the *mirror of life*, it ought to shew us sometimes what we are to expect.

Dennis objects to the characters that they are not natural, or reasonable; but as heroes and heroines are not beings that are seen every day, it is hard to find upon what principles their conduct shall be tried. It is, however, not useless to consider what he says of the manner in which Cato receives the account of his son's death.

“ Nor is the grief of Cato, in the
 “ fourth act, one jot more in nature
 “ than that of his son and Lucia in the
 “ third. Cato receives the news of his
 “ son’s death not only with dry eyes,
 “ but with a sort of satisfaction; and
 “ in the same page sheds tears for the
 “ calamity of his country, and does
 “ the same thing in the next page upon
 “ the bare apprehension of the danger
 “ of his friends. Now, since the love
 “ of one’s country is the love of one’s
 “ countrymen, as I have shewn upon
 “ another occasion, I desire to ask these
 “ questions: of all our countrymen,
 “ which do we love most, those whom
 “ we know, or those whom we know
 “ not? And of those whom we know,

“ which do we cherish most, our friends
 “ or our enemies? And of our friends,
 “ which are the dearest to us, those who
 “ are related to us, or those who are
 “ not? And of all our relations, for
 “ which have we most tenderness, for
 “ those who are near to us, or for those
 “ who are remote? And of our near re-
 “ lations, which are the nearest, and con-
 “ sequently the dearest to us, our off-
 “ spring or others? Our offspring, most
 “ certainly; as Nature, or in other words
 “ Providence, has wisely contrived for
 “ the preservation of mankind. Now,
 “ does it not follow, from what has been
 “ said, that for a man to receive the
 “ news of his son’s death with dry eyes,
 “ and to weep at the same time for the
 “ cala-

“ calamities of his country, is a wretched
 “ affectation, and a miserable inconfi-
 “ tency? Is not that, in plain English,
 “ to receive with dry eyes the news of
 “ the deaths of those for whose sake
 “ our country is a name so dear to us,
 “ and at the same time to shed tears for
 “ those for whose sakes our country is
 “ not a name so dear to us?”

But this formidable assailant is least
 resistible when he attacks the probabi-
 lity of the action, and the reasonable-
 ness of the plan. Every critical reader
 must remark, that Addison has, with
 a scrupulosity almost unexampled on the
 English stage, confined himself in time
 to a single day, and in place to rigorous
 unity. The scene never changes, and

the whole action of the play passes in the great hall of Cato's house at Utica. Much therefore is done in the hall, for which any other place had been more fit; and this impropriety affords Dennis many hints of merriment, and opportunities of triumph. The passage is long; but as such disquisitions are not common, and the objections are skilfully formed and vigorously urged, those who delight in critical controversy will not think it tedious.

“ Upon the departure of Portius,
 “ Sempronius makes but one soliloquy,
 “ and immediately in comes Syphax,
 “ and then the two politicians are at it
 “ immediately. They lay their heads
 “ together, with their snuff-boxes in
 “ their

“ their hands, as Mr. Bays has it, and
“ league it away. But in the midst of
“ that wise scene, Syphax seems to give
“ a feasonable caution to Sempronius :

“ *Syph.* But is it true, Sempronius,
“ that your senate

“ Is call'd together? Gods! thou must
“ be cautious;

“ Cato has piercing eyes.

“ There is a great deal of caution shewn
“ indeed, in meeting in a governor's
“ own hall to carry on their plot against
“ him. Whatever opinion they have of
“ his eyes, I suppose they had none of
“ his ears, or they would never have
“ talked at this foolish rate so near :

—“ Gods! thou must be cautious.

“ Oh ! yes, very cautious : for if Cato
 “ should overhear you, and turn you off
 “ for politicians, Cæsar would never
 “ take you ; no, Cæsar would never take
 “ you.

“ When Cato, Act II. turns the sena-
 “ tors out of the hall, upon pretence of
 “ acquainting Juba with the result of
 “ their debates, he appears to me to do
 “ a thing which is neither reasonable
 “ nor civil. Juba might certainly have
 “ better been made acquainted with the
 “ result of that debate in some private
 “ apartment of the palace. But the
 “ poet was driven upon this absurdity
 “ to make way for another ; and that is,
 “ to give Juba an opportunity to de-
 “ mand Marcia of her father. But the

“ quarrel and rage of Juba and Syphax,
 “ in the same Act, the invectives of Sy-
 “ phax against the Romans and Cato;
 “ the advice that he gives Juba, in her
 “ father’s hall, to bear away Marcia by
 “ force; and his brutal and clamorous
 “ rage upon his refusal, and at a time
 “ when Cato was scarce out of fight,
 “ and perhaps not out of hearing; at
 “ least, some of his guards or domef-
 “ ticks must necessarily be supposed to
 “ be within hearing; is a thing that is
 “ so far from being probable, that it is
 “ hardly possible.

“ Sempronius, in the second Act,
 “ comes back once more in the same
 “ morning to the governor’s hall, to
 “ carry on the conspiracy with Syphax
 “ against

“ against the governor, his country, and
 “ his family : which is so stupid, that it
 “ is below the wisdom of the O—’s,
 “ the Mac’s, and the Teague’s; even
 “ Euface Commins himself would ne-
 “ ver have gone to Justice-hall, to have
 “ conspired against the government. If
 “ officers at Portsmouth should lay their
 “ heads together, in order to the carry-
 “ ing off J— G—’s niece or daughter,
 “ would they meet in J— G—’s hall,
 “ to carry on that conspiracy? There
 “ would be no necessity for their meet-
 “ ing there, at least till they came to
 “ the execution of their plot, because
 “ there would be other places to meet
 “ in. There would be no probability
 “ that they should meet there, because
 “ there

“ there would be places more private
 “ and more commodious. Now there
 “ ought to be nothing in a tragical
 “ action but what is necessary or pro-
 “ bable.

“ But treason is not the only thing
 “ that is carried on in this hall : that
 “ and love, and philosophy, take their
 “ turns in it, without any manner of
 “ necessity or probability, occasioned by
 “ the action, as duly and as regularly,
 “ without interrupting one another, as
 “ if there were a triple league between
 “ them, and a mutual agreement that
 “ each should give place to and make
 “ way for the other, in a due and or-
 “ derly succession.

“ We

“ We come now to the third Act,
 “ Sempronius, in this Act, comes into
 “ the governor’s hall, with the leaders
 “ of the mutiny : but as soon as Cato is
 “ gone, Sempronius, who but just be-
 “ fore had acted like an unparalleled
 “ knave, discovers himself, like an egre-
 “ gious fool, to be an accomplice in the
 “ conspiracy.

“ *Semp.* Know, villains, when such
 “ paltry slaves presume
 “ To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
 “ They’re thrown neglected by ; but if
 “ it fails,
 “ They’re sure to die like dogs, as you
 “ shall do.
 “ Here, take these factious monsters,
 “ drag them forth

“ To

“ To sudden death.—

“ ’Tis true, indeed, the second leader

“ says, there are none there but friends :

“ but is that possible at such a juncture ?

“ Can a parcel of rogues attempt to

“ assassinate the governor of a town of

“ war, in his own house, in mid-day,

“ and after they are discovered and de-

“ feated ? Can there be none near them

“ but friends ? Is it not plain from these

“ words of Sempronius,

“ Here, take these factious monsters,

“ drag them forth

“ To sudden death.—

“ and from the entrance of the guards

“ upon the word of command, that

“ those guards were within ear-shot ?

“ Behold

“ Behold Sempronius then palpably dis-
 “ covered. How comes it to pass, then,
 “ that, instead of being hanged up with
 “ the rest, he remains secure in the go-
 “ vernor’s hall, and there carries on his
 “ conspiracy against the government, the
 “ third time in the same day, with his
 “ old comrade Syphax? who enters at
 “ the same time that the guards are
 “ carrying away the leaders, big with
 “ the news of the defeat of Sempronius;
 “ though where he had his intelligence
 “ so soon is difficult to imagine. And
 “ now the reader may expect a very ex-
 “ traordinary scene : there is not abun-
 “ dance of spirit indeed, nor a great
 “ deal of passion, but there is wisdom
 “ more than enough to supply all defects.

“ *Syph.*

- “ *Syph.* Our first design, my friend,
 “ has prov’d abortive ;
 “ Still there remains an after-game to
 “ play :
 “ My troops are mounted, their Numi-
 “ dian steeds
 “ Snuff up the winds, and long to scour
 “ the desert :
 “ Let but Sempronius lead us in our
 “ flight,
 “ We’ll force the gate, where Marcus
 “ keeps his guard,
 “ And hew down all that would oppose
 “ our passage ;
 “ A day will bring us into Cæsar’s camp.
 “ *Semp.* Confusion ! I have fail’d of
 “ half my purpose ;
 “ Marcia, the charming Marcia’s left
 “ behind. “ Well !

“ Well! but though he tells us the
 “ half-purpose that he has failed of, he
 “ does not tell us the half that he has
 “ carried. But what does he mean by
 “ Marcia, the charming Marcia’s left
 “ behind?

“ He is now in her own house; and we
 “ have neither seen her nor heard of her
 “ any where else since the play began.
 “ But now let us hear Syphax:

“ What hinders then, but that thou
 “ find her out,
 “ And hurry her away by manly force?

“ But what does old Syphax mean by
 “ finding her out? They talk as if she
 “ were as hard to be found as a hare in
 “ a frosty morning.

“ *Semp.*

“ *Semp.* But how to gain admiffion ?

“ Oh ! fhe is found out then, it feems.

“ But how to gain admiffion ? for

“ accefs

“ Is giv’n to none, but Juba and her

“ brothers.

“ But, raillery apart, why accefs to Juba ?

“ For he was owned and received as a

“ lover neither by the father nor by the

“ daughter. Well ! but let that pafs.

“ Syphax puts Sempronius out of pain

“ immediately ; and, being a Numidian,

“ abounding in wiles, fupplies him with

“ a stratagem for admiffion, that, I

“ believe, is a non-pareille :

“ *Syph.* Thou fhalt have Juba’s drefs,

“ and Juba’s guards ;

“ The doors will open, when Numidia’s
 “ prince

“ Seems to appear before them.

“ Sempronius is, it seems, to pass for
 “ Juba in full day at Cato’s house, where
 “ they were both so very well known, by
 “ having Juba’s dress and his guards:
 “ as if one of the marshals of France
 “ could pass for the duke of Bavaria,
 “ at noon-day, at Versailles, by having
 “ his dress and liveries. But how does
 “ Syphax pretend to help Sempronius
 “ to young Juba’s dress? Does he serve
 “ him in a double capacity, as general
 “ and master of his wardrobe? But why
 “ Juba’s guards? For the devil of any
 “ guards has Juba appeared with yet.
 “ Well! though this is a mighty poli-

“ tick invention, yet, methinks, they
 “ might have done without it : for, since
 “ the advice that Syphax gave to Sem-
 “ pronius was,

“ To hurry her away by manly force,
 “ in my opinion, the shortest and like-
 “ liest way of coming at the lady was
 “ by demolishing, instead of putting on
 “ an impertinent disguise to circumvent
 “ two or three slaves. But Sempronius,
 “ it seems, is of another opinion. He
 “ extols to the skies the invention of
 “ old Syphax :

“ *Sempr.* Heavens ! what a thought
 “ was there !

“ Now I appeal to the reader, if I have
 “ not been as good as my word. Did I

“ not tell him, that I would lay before
 “ him a very wise scene ?

“ But now let us lay before the
 “ reader that part of the scenery of the
 “ Fourth Act, which may shew the ab-
 “ surdities which the author has run
 “ into, through the indiscreet obser-
 “ vance of the Unity of Place. I do not
 “ remember that Aristotle has said any
 “ thing expressly concerning the Unity
 “ of Place. ’Tis true, implicitly he has
 “ said enough in the rules which he has
 “ laid down for the Chorus. For, by
 “ making the Chorus an essential part
 “ of Tragedy, and by bringing it on the
 “ stage immediately after the opening
 “ of the scene, and retaining it there
 “ till the very catastrophe, he has so de-

“ terminated and fixed the place of ac-
 “ tion, that it was impossible for an au-
 “ thor on the Grecian stage to break
 “ through that unity. I am of opinion
 “ that if a modern tragic poet can pre-
 “ serve the unity of place, without de-
 “ stroying the probability of the inci-
 “ dents, ’tis always best for him to do
 “ it, because by the preservation of that
 “ unity, as we have taken notice above,
 “ he adds grace, and cleanness, and
 “ comeliness, to the representation. But
 “ since there are no express rules about
 “ it, and we are under no compulsion
 “ to keep it, since we have no Chorus
 “ as the Grecian poet had; if it cannot
 “ be preserved, without rendering the
 “ greater part of the incidents unrea-

“sonable and absurd, and perhaps some-
 “times monstrous, ’tis certainly better
 “to break it.

“Now comes bully Sempronius, co-
 “mically accoutred and equipped with
 “his Numidian dress and his Numidian
 “guards. Let the reader attend to him
 “with all his ears; for the words of the
 “wife are precious :

“*Sempr.* The deer is lodg’d, I’ve
 “track’d her to her covert.

“Now I would fain know why this
 “deer is said to be lodged, since we
 “have not heard one word, since the
 “play began, of her being at all out of
 “harbour: and if we consider the dis-
 “course with which she and Lucia begin
 “the

“ the Act, we have reason to believe that
 “ they had hardly been talking of such
 “ matters in the street. However, to
 “ pleasure Sempronius, let us suppose,
 “ for once, that the deer is lodged :

“ The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to
 “ her covert.

“ If he had seen her in the open field,
 “ what occasion had he to track her,
 “ when he had so many Numidian dogs
 “ at his heels, which, with one halloo,
 “ he might have set upon her haunches?
 “ If he did not see her in the open field,
 “ how could he possibly track her? If
 “ he had seen her in the street, why did
 “ he not set upon her in the street, since
 “ through the street she must be carried

“ at last? Now here, instead of having
 “ his thoughts upon his business, and
 “ upon the present danger; instead of
 “ meditating and contriving how he shall
 “ pass with his mistress through the
 “ southern gate, where her brother Mar-
 “ cus is upon the guard, and where she
 “ would certainly prove an impediment
 “ to him, which is the Roman word for
 “ the *baggage*; instead of doing this,
 “ Sempronius is entertaining himself
 “ with whimsies :

“ *Sempr.* How will the young Numi-
 “ dian rave to see
 “ His mistress lost? If aught could glad
 “ my soul,
 “ Beyond th’ enjoyment of so bright a
 “ prize,
 “ ’Twould

“ ’Twould be to torture that young gay
“ Barbarian.

“ But hark ! what noise ? Death to my
“ hopes, ’tis he,

“ ’Tis Juba’s self ! There is but one way
“ left !

“ He must be murder’d, and a passage
“ cut

“ Thro’ those his guards.

“ Pray, what are *those his guards* ? I
“ thought at present, that Juba’s guards
“ had been Sempronius’s tools, and had
“ been dangling after his heels.

“ But now let us sum up all these ab-
“ surdities together. Sempronius goes
“ at noon-day, in Juba’s clothes, and
“ with Juba’s guards, to Cato’s palace,
“ in order to pass for Juba, in a place
“ where

“ where they were both so very well
 “ known : he meets Juba there, and re-
 “ solves to murder him with his own
 “ guards. Upon the guards appearing
 “ a little bashful, he threatens them :

“ Ha ! Daftards, do you tremble !
 “ Or act like men, or by yon azure
 “ heav'n !

“ But the guards still remaining restive,
 “ Sempronius himself attacks Juba, while
 “ each of the guards is representing Mr.
 “ Spectator's sign of the Gaper, awed,
 “ it seems, and terrified by Sempronius's
 “ threats. Juba kills Sempronius, and
 “ takes his own army prisoners, and
 “ carries them in triumph away to Cato.
 “ Now I would fain know, if any part
 “ of

“ of Mr. Bays’s tragedy is so full of ab-
 “ surdity as this ?

“ Upon hearing the clash of swords,
 “ Lucia and Marcia come in. The
 “ question is, why no men come in
 “ upon hearing the noise of swords in
 “ the governor’s hall ? Where was the
 “ governor himself ? Where were his
 “ guards ? Where were his servants ?
 “ Such an attempt as this, so near the
 “ person of a governor of a place of war,
 “ was enough to alarm the whole gar-
 “ rison : and yet, for almost half an
 “ hour after Sempronius was killed, we
 “ find none of those appear, who were
 “ the likeliest in the world to be alarm’d ;
 “ and the noise of swords is made to
 “ draw only two poor women thither,
 “ who

“ who were most certain to run away
 “ from it. Upon Lucia and Marcia’s
 “ coming in, Lucia appears in all the
 “ symptoms of an hysterical gentlewo-
 “ man :

“ *Luc.* Sure ’twas the clash of swords!

“ my troubled heart

“ Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its

“ sorrows,

“ It throbs with fear, and akes at every

“ found !

“ And immediately her old whimsy re-

“ turns upon her :

“ O Marcia, should thy brothers, for

“ my sake—

“ I die away with horror at the thought.

“ She

“ She fancies that there can be no cut-
 “ ting-of-throats, but it must be for her.

“ If this is tragical, I would fain know
 “ what is comical. Well! upon this

“ they spy the body of Sempronius; and

“ Marcia, deluded by the habit, it

“ seems, takes him for Juba; for, says

“ she,

“ The face is muffled up within the

“ garment.

“ Now how a man could fight, and fall

“ with his face muffled up in his gar-

“ ment, is, I think, a little hard to con-

“ ceive! Besides, Juba, before he killed

“ him, knew him to be Sempronius. It

“ was not by his garment that he knew

“ this; it was by his face then: his face

“ therefore was not muffled. Upon see-

“ ing

“ing this man with the muffled face,
 “ Marcia falls a-raving; and, owning
 “ her passion for the supposed defunct,
 “ begins to make his funeral oration.
 “ Upon which Juba enters listening, I
 “ suppose on tiptoe: for I cannot ima-
 “ gine how any one can enter, listening,
 “ in any other posture. I would fain
 “ know how it came to pass, that during
 “ all this time he had sent nobody, no
 “ not so much as a candle-snuffer, to
 “ take away the dead body of Sempro-
 “ nius. Well! but let us regard him
 “ listening. Having left his apprehen-
 “ sion behind him, he, at first, applies
 “ what Marcia says to Sempronius. But
 “ finding at last, with much ado, that
 “ he himself is the happy man, he quits
 “ his

“ his eye-dropping, and discovers him-
“ self just time enough to prevent his
“ being cuckolded by a dead man, of
“ whom the moment before he had ap-
“ peared so jealous; and greedily inter-
“ cepts the bliss, which was fondly de-
“ signed for one who could not be the
“ better for it. But here I must ask a
“ question: how comes Juba to listen
“ here, who had not listened before
“ throughout the play? Or, how comes
“ he to be the only person of this tra-
“ gedy who listens, when love and trea-
“ son were so often talked in so public
“ a place as a hall? I am afraid the au-
“ thor was driven upon all these absur-
“ dities only to introduce this miserable
“ mistake of Marcia; which, after all,
“ is

“ is much below the dignity of tragedy,
 “ as any thing is which is the effect or
 “ result of trick.

“ But let us come to the scenery of the
 “ Fifth Act. Cato appears first upon the
 “ scene, sitting in a thoughtful posture;
 “ in his hand Plato’s treatise on the Im-
 “ mortality of the Soul, a drawn sword
 “ on the table by him. Now let us con-
 “ sider the place in which this fight is
 “ presented to us. The place, forsooth,
 “ is a long hall. Let us suppose, that
 “ any one should place himself in this
 “ posture, in the midst of one of our
 “ halls in London; that he should ap-
 “ pear *solus*, in a fullen posture, a drawn
 “ sword on the table by him; in his
 “ hand Plato’s treatise on the Immorta-
 “ lity

“ lity of the Soul, translated lately by
 “ Bernard Lintot : I desire the reader to
 “ consider, whether such a person as
 “ this would pass with them, who be-
 “ held him for a great patriot, a great
 “ philosopher, or a general, or for some
 “ whimsical person who fancied himself
 “ all these ; and whether the people,
 “ who belonged to the family, would
 “ think that such a person had a design
 “ upon their midrifs or his own ?

“ In short, that Cato should sit long
 “ enough, in the aforesaid posture, in
 “ the midst of this large hall, to read
 “ over Plato’s treatise on the Immorta-
 “ lity of the Soul, which is a lecture of
 “ two long hours ; that he should pro-
 “ pose to himself to be private there

“ upon that occasion; that he should be
 “ angry with his son for intruding there;
 “ then, that he should leave this hall
 “ upon the pretence of sleep, give him-
 “ self the mortal wound in his bed-
 “ chamber, and then be brought back
 “ into that hall to expire, purely to shew
 “ his good-breeding, and save his friends
 “ the trouble of coming up to his bed-
 “ chamber; all this appears to me to be
 “ improbable, incredible, impossible.”

Such is the censure of Dennis. There
 is, as Dryden expresses it, perhaps *too*
much horse-play in his raillery; but if his
 jests are coarse, his arguments are strong.
 Yet as we love better to be pleased than
 to be taught, Cato is read, and the cri-
 tick is neglected.

Flushed

Flushed with consciousness of these detections of absurdity in the conduct, he afterwards attacked the sentiments of Cato; but he then amused himself with petty cavils, and minute objections.

Of Addison's smaller poems, no particular mention is necessary; they have little that can employ or require a critic. The parallel of the Princes and Gods, in his verses to Kneller, is often happy, but is too well known to be quoted.

His translations, so far as I have compared them, want the exactness of a scholar. That he understood his authors cannot be doubted; but his versions will not teach others to understand them, being too licentiously paraphrastic.

They are however, for the most part, smooth and easy; and, what is the first excellence of a translator, such as may be read with pleasure by those who do not know the originals.

His poetry is polished and pure; the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence. He has sometimes a striking line, or a shining paragraph; but in the whole he is warm rather than fervid, and shews more dexterity than strength. He was however one of our earliest examples of correctness.

The versification which he had learned from Dryden, he debased rather than refined. His rhymes are often dissonant; in his Georgick he admits broken lines.

He uses both triplets and alexandrines, but triplets more frequently in his translations than his other works. The mere structure of verses seems never to have engaged much of his care. But his lines are very smooth in *Rosalind*, and too smooth in *Cato*.

Addison is now to be considered as a critick; a name which the present generation is scarcely willing to allow him. His criticism is condemned as tentative or experimental, rather than scientific, and he is considered as deciding by taste rather than by principles.

It is not uncommon for those who have grown wise by the labour of others to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised

by some who perhaps would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them. That he always wrote as he would think it necessary to write now, cannot be affirmed; his instructions were such as the character of his readers made proper. That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk was in his time rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity, by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy; he therefore presented knowledge in the most alluring form, not
lofty

lofty and austere, but accessible and familiar. When he shewed them their defects, he shewed them likewise that they might be easily supplied. His attempt succeeded; enquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited, and from his time to our own life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged.

Dryden had, not many years before, scattered criticism over his Prefaces with very little parsimony; but, though he sometimes condescended to be somewhat familiar, his manner was in general too scholastick for those who had yet their rudiments to learn, and found it not easy to understand their master. His

observations were framed rather for those that were learning to write, than for those that read only to talk.

An instructor like Addison was now wanting, whose remarks being superficial, might be easily understood, and being just, might prepare the mind for more attainments. Had he presented *Paradise Lost* to the publick with all the pomp of system and severity of science, he would perhaps have been admired, and the book still have been neglected; but by the blandishments of gentleness and facility, he has made Milton an universal favourite, with whom readers of every class think it necessary to be pleased.

He

He descended now and then to lower disquisitions, and by a serious display of the beauties of *Chevy Chase* exposed himself to the ridicule of Wagstaff, who bestowed a like pompous character on *Tom Thumb*; and to the contempt of Dennis, who, considering the fundamental position of his criticism, that *Chevy Chase* pleases, and ought to please, because it is natural, observes, “ that there is a way of deviating from nature, by bombast or tumour, which soars above nature, and enlarges images beyond their real bulk; by affectation, which forsakes nature in quest of something unsuitable; and by imbecillity, which degrades nature by faintness and diminution, by obscuring images and weaken-

weakening effects. In *Chevy Chase* there is not much of either bombast or affectation; but there is chill and lifeless imbecillity. The story cannot possibly be told in a manner that shall make less impression on the mind.

Before the profound observers of the present race repose too securely on the consciousness of their superiority to Addison, let them consider his *Remarks on Ovid*, in which may be found specimens of criticism sufficiently subtle and refined; let them peruse likewise his *Essays on Wit*, and on the *Pleasures of Imagination*, in which he founds art on the base of nature, and draws the principles of invention from dispositions inherent in the mind of man, with skill and elegance,

gance, such as his contemners will not easily attain.

As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestick scenes and daily occurrences. He never *outsteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As

As a teacher of wisdom he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthufiaftick or fuperftitious: he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly fceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real intereft, the care of pleafing the Author of his being. Truth is fhewn fometimes as the phantom of a vifion, fometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory; fometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and fometimes fteps forth in the confidence of reafon. She wears a thoufand drefles, and in all is pleafing.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

His

His prose is the model of the middle stile; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour.

It seems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and feverity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections,

nections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetick; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity: his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English stile, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

THE



THE following poem was accidentally overlooked in the Collection, and is therefore inserted here.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
With the Tragedy of CATO, Nov. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has generous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On You submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
 A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
 But boast her royal progeny's increase,
 And count the pledges of her future peace.
 O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
 While you, fair Princess, in your Offspring smile,
 Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
 Each heavenly Daughter's triumphs we presage;
 Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
 And pity Monarchs doom'd to fight in vain.

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
 Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
 With manly valour and attractive air
 Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
 O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
 The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
 For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race
 Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
 Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
 Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,

Thy

A D D I S O N. 161

Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' Imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress:
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new Monarch's
praise,

Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

Mean while, bright Princess, who, with grace-
ful ease

And native majesty, are form'd to please,
Behold those Arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!

L

Then

Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
 Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
 More noble characters expose to view,
 And draw her finish'd heroines from You.

Nor You the kind indulgence will refuse,
 Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse :
 The deathless Muse, with undiminish'd rays,
 Through distant times the lovely dame conveys :
 To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung ;
 The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
 Ev'n all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
 The common fate of mortal charms may find
 (Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
 The joy and wonder of a single age),
 Unless some Poet, in a lasting song,
 To late posterity their fame prolong,
 Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
 And see Your beauty with their fathers' eyes.



BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE is one of those men whose writings have attracted much notice, but of whose life and manners very little has been communicated, and whose lot it has been to be much oftener mentioned by enemies than by friends.

He was the son of Robert Blackmore of Corsham in Wiltshire, styled by Wood *Gentleman*, and supposed to have been an attorney: having been for some time educated in a country-school, he was

A

fent

sent at thirteen to Westminster ; and in 1668 was entered at Edmund-Hall in Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. June 3, 1676, and resided thirteen years ; a much longer time than it is usual to spend at the university. He afterwards travelled : at Padua he was made doctor of physick ; and, after having wandered about a year and a half on the Continent, returned home.

In some part of his life, it is not known when, his indigence compelled him to teach a school ; an humiliation with which, though it certainly lasted but a little while, his enemies did not forget to reproach him, when he became conspicuous enough to excite malevolence ; and let it be remembered for his

honour, that to have been once a school-
 master is the only reproach which all
 the perspicacity of malice, animated by
 wit, has ever fixed upon his private life.

When he first engaged in the study
 of physick, he enquired, as he says,
 of Dr. Sydenham what authors he should
 read, and was directed by Sydenham to
 Don Quixote; *which, said he, is a very
 good book; I read it still.* The perverseness
 of mankind makes it often mis-
 chievous in men of eminence to give
 way to merriment. The idle and the
 illiterate will long shelter themselves un-
 der this foolish apophthegm.

Whether he rested satisfied with this
 direction, or sought for better, he com-
 menced physician, and obtained high

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eminence and extensive practice. He became Fellow of the College of Physicians April 12, 1687, being one of the thirty which, by the new charter of king James, were added to the former Fellows. His residence was in Cheapside, and his friends were chiefly in the city. In the early part of Blackmore's time a citizen was a term of reproach; and his place of abode was another topick to which his adversaries had recourse, in the penury of scandal.

Blackmore therefore was made a poet not by necessity but inclination, and wrote not for a livelihood but for a fame; or, if he may tell his own motives, for a nobler purpose, to engage poetry in the cause of Virtue.

I believe

I believe it is peculiar to him, that his first publick work was an heroick poem. He was not known as a maker of verses, till he published (in 1699) *Prince Arthur*, in ten books, written, as he relates, *by such catches and starts, and in such occasional uncertain hours as his profession afforded, and for the greatest part in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets.* For the latter part of this apology he was accused of writing *to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.* He had read, he says, *but little poetry throughout his whole life; and for fifteen years before had not written an hundred verses, except one copy of Latin verses in praise of a friend's book.*

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He thinks, and with some reason, that from such a performance perfection cannot be expected; but he finds another reason for the severity of his censurers, which he expresses in language such as Cheapside easily furnished. *I am not free of the Poets Company, having never kissed the governor's hands: mine is therefore not so much as a permission-poem, but a downright interloper. Those gentlemen who carry on their poetical trade in a joint stock, would certainly do what they could to sink and ruin an unlicensed adventurer, notwithstanding I disturbed none of their factories, nor imported any goods they had ever dealt in. He had lived in the city till he had learned its note.*

That

That *Prince Arthur* found many readers is certain; for in two years it had three editions; a very uncommon instance of favourable reception, at a time when literary curiosity was yet confined to particular classes of the nation. Such success naturally raised animosity; and Dennis attacked it by a formal criticism, more tedious and disgusting than the work which he condemns. To this censure may be opposed the approbation of Locke and the admiration of Molineux, which are found in their printed Letters. Molineux is particularly delighted with the song of *Mopas*, which is therefore subjoined to this narrative.

It is remarked by Pope, that what *raises the hero often sinks the man.* Of

8 B L A C K M O R E.

Blackmore it may be said, that as the poet sinks the man rises; the animadversions of Dennis, insolent and contemptuous as they were, raised in him no implacable resentment: he and his critick were afterwards friends; and in one of his latter works he praises Dennis as *equal to Boileau in poetry, and superior to him in critical abilities.*

He seems to have been more delighted with praise than pained by censure, and, instead of slackening, quickened his career. Having in two years produced ten books of *Prince Arthur*, in two years more (1697) he sent into the world *King Arthur* in twelve. The provocation was now doubled, and the resentment of wits and criticks may be
sup-

supposed to have increased in proportion. He found, however, advantages more than equivalent to all their outrages; he was this year made one of the physicians in ordinary to king William, and advanced by him to the honour of knighthood, with a present of a gold chain and a medal.

The malignity of the wits attributed his knighthood to his new poem; but king William was not very studious of poetry, and Blackmore perhaps had other merit: for he says in his Dedication to *Alfred*, that *he had a greater part in the succession of the house of Hanover than ever he had boasted.*

What Blackmore could contribute to the Succession, or what he imagined
him-

himself to have contributed, cannot now be known. That he had been of considerable use, I doubt not but he believed, for I hold him to have been very honest; but he might easily make a false estimate of his own importance; those whom their virtue restrains from deceiving others, are often disposed by their vanity to deceive themselves. Whether he promoted the Succession or not, he at least approved it, and adhered invariably to his principles and party through his whole life.

His ardour of poetry still continued; and not long after (1700) he published a *Paraphrase on the Book of Job*, and other parts of the Scripture. This performance Dryden, who pursued him with
great

great malignity, lived long enough to ridicule in a Prologue.

The wits easily confederated against him, as Dryden, whose favour they almost all courted, was his professed adversary. He had besides given them reason for resentment, as, in his Preface to *Prince Arthur*, he had said of the Dramatick Writers almost all that was alleged afterwards by Collier; but Blackmore's censure was cold and general, Collier's was personal and ardent; Blackmore taught his reader to dislike, what Collier incited him to abhor.

In his Preface to *King Arthur* he endeavoured to gain at least one friend, and propitiated Congreve by higher praise

praise of his *Mourning Bride* than it has obtained from any other critick.

The same year he published a *Satire on Wit*; a proclamation of defiance which united the poets almost all against him, and which brought upon him lampoons and ridicule from every side. This he doubtless foresaw, and evidently despised; nor should his dignity of mind be without its praise, had he not paid the homage to greatness which he denied to genius, and degraded himself by conferring that authority over the national taste, which he takes from the poets, upon men of high rank and wide influence, but of less wit, and not greater virtue.

Here

Here is again discovered the inhabitant of Cheapside, whose head cannot keep his poetry unmingled with trade. To hinder that intellectual bankruptcy which he affects to fear, he will erect a *Bank for Wit*.

In this poem he justly censured Dryden's impurities, but praised his powers; though in a subsequent edition he retained the satire and omitted the praise. What was his reason I know not; Dryden was then no longer in his way.

His head still teemed with heroick poetry, and (1705) he published *Eliza* in ten books. I am afraid that the world was now weary of contending about Blackmore's heroes; for I do not remember that by any author, serious

or

or comical, I have found *Eliza* either praised or blamed. She *dropped*, as it seems, *dead-born from the press*. It is never mentioned, and was never seen by me till I borrowed it for the present occasion. Jacob says *it is corrected, and revised for another impression*; but the labour of revision was thrown away.

From this time he turned some of his thoughts to the celebration of living characters; and wrote a poem on the *Kit-cat Club*, and *Advice to the Poets how to celebrate the Duke of Marlborough*; but, on occasion of another year of success, thinking himself qualified to give more instruction, he again wrote a poem of *Advice to a Weaver of Tapesty*. Steele was then publishing the *Tatler*; and looking

ing

ing round him for something at which he might laugh, unluckily lighted on Sir Richard's work, and treated it with such contempt, that, as Fenton observes, he put an end to the species of writers that gave *Advice to Painters*.

Not long after (1712) he published *Creation, a philosophical Poem*, which has been, by my recommendation, inserted in this collection. Whoever judges of this by any other of Blackmore's performances, will do it injury. The praise given it by Addison (*Spect.* 339) is too well known to be transcribed; but some notice is due to the testimony of Dennis, who calls it a "philosophical Poem, which has equalled that of Lucretius in the beauty of its versification, and
" infi-

“ infinitely surpassed it in the solidity
 “ and strength of its reasoning.”

Why an author surpasses himself, it is natural to enquire. I have heard from Mr. Draper, an eminent bookseller, an account received by him from Ambrose Philips, “ That Blackmore, as he proceeded in this poem, laid his manuscript from time to time before a club of wits with whom he associated ; and that every man contributed, as he could, either improvement or correction ; so that,” said Philips, “ there are perhaps no where in the book thirty lines together, that now stand as they were originally written.”

The relation of Philips, I suppose, was true ; but when all reasonable, all
 credible

credible allowance is made for this friendly revision, the author will still retain an ample dividend of praise; for to him must always be assigned the plan of the work, the distribution of its parts, the choice of topicks, the train of argument, and, what is yet more, the general predominance of philosophical judgement and poetical spirit. Correction seldom effects more than the suppression of faults: a happy line, or a single elegance, may perhaps be added; but of a large work the general character must always remain; the original constitution can be very little helped by local remedies; inherent and radical dulness will never be much invigorated by extrinsic animation.

B

This

This poem, if he had written nothing else, would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favourites of the English Muse; but to make verses was his transcendent pleasure, and as he was not deterred by censure, he was not satiated with praise.

He deviated, however, sometimes into other tracks of literature, and condescended to entertain his readers with plain prose. When the *Spectator* stopped, he considered the polite world as destitute of entertainment; and in concert with Mr. Hughes, who wrote every third paper, published three times a week the *Lay Monastery*, founded on the supposition that some literary men, whose characters are described, had retired to a
4
house

house in the country to enjoy philosophical leisure, and resolved to instruct the publick, by communicating their disquisitions and amusements. Whether any real persons were concealed under fictitious names is not known. The hero of the club is one Mr. Johnson; such a constellation of excellence, that his character shall not be suppressed, though there is no great genius in the design, nor skill in the delineation.

“ The first I shall name is Mr. Johnson, a gentleman that owes to Nature excellent faculties and an elevated genius, and to industry and application many acquired accomplishments. His taste is distinguishing, just and deli-

“cate; his judgement clear, and his
“reason strong, accompanied with an
“imagination full of spirit, of great
“compass, and stored with refined ideas.
“He is a critick of the first rank; and,
“what is his peculiar ornament, he is
“delivered from the ostentation, male-
“volence, and supercilious temper, that
“so often blemish men of that charac-
“ter. His remarks result from the
“nature and reason of things, and are
“formed by a judgement free, and un-
“biaffed by the authority of those who
“have lazily followed each other in the
“same beaten track of thinking, and
“are arrived only at the reputation of
“acute grammarians and commenta-
“tors; men, who have been copying
“one

“ one another many hundred years,
 “ without any improvement; or, if they
 “ have ventured farther, have only ap-
 “ plied in a mechanical manner the
 “ rules of antient criticks to modern
 “ writings, and with great labour disco-
 “ vered nothing but their own want of
 “ judgement and capacity. As Mr.
 “ Johnson penetrates to the bottom of
 “ his subject, by which means his ob-
 “ servations are solid and natural, as well
 “ as delicate, so his design is always to
 “ bring to light something useful and
 “ ornamental; whence his character is
 “ the reverse to theirs, who have emi-
 “ nent abilities in insignificant know-
 “ ledge, and a great felicity in finding
 “ out trifles. He is no less industrious

“ to search out the merit of an author,
“ than sagacious in discerning his errors
“ and defects; and takes more pleasure
“ in commending the beauties than ex-
“ posing the blemishes of a laudable
“ writing: like Horace, in a long work,
“ he can bear some deformities, and
“ justly lay them on the imperfection of
“ human nature, which is incapable of
“ faultless productions. When an ex-
“ cellent *Drama* appears in publick,
“ and by its intrinsick worth attracts a
“ general applause, he is not stung with
“ envy and spleen; nor does he express
“ a savage nature, in fastening upon the
“ celebrated author, dwelling upon his
“ imaginary defects, and passing over
“ his conspicuous excellences. He treats
“ all

“ all writers upon the same impartial
 “ foot; and is not, like the little cri-
 “ ticks, taken up entirely in finding out
 “ only the beauties of the ancient, and
 “ nothing but the errors of the modern
 “ writers. Never did any one express
 “ more kindness and good nature to
 “ young and unfinished authors; he
 “ promotes their interests, protects their
 “ reputation, extenuates their faults,
 “ and sets off their virtues, and by his
 “ candour guards them from the fever-
 “ rity of his judgement. He is not like
 “ those dry criticks, who are morose
 “ because they cannot write themselves,
 “ but is himself master of a good vein
 “ in poetry; and though he does not
 “ often employ it, yet he has sometimes

“entertained his friends with his unpublished performances.”

The rest of the *Lay Monks* seem to be but feeble mortals, in comparison with the gigantick Johnson; who yet, with all his abilities, and the help of the fraternity, could drive the publication but to forty papers, which were afterwards collected into a volume, and called in the title a *Sequel to the Spectators*.

Some years afterwards (1716 and 1717) he published two volumes of *Essays* in prose, which can be commended only as they are written for the highest and noblest purpose, the promotion of religion. Blackmore's prose is not the prose of a poet; for it is

lan-

languid, sluggish, and lifeless; his diction is neither daring nor exact, his flow neither rapid nor easy, and his periods neither smooth nor strong. His account of *Wit* will shew with how little clearness he is content to think, and how little his thoughts are recommended by his language.

“ As to its efficient cause, *Wit* owes
 “ its production to an extraordinary and
 “ peculiar temperament in the consti-
 “ tution of the possessor of it, in which
 “ is found a concurrence of regular and
 “ exalted ferments, and an affluence of
 “ animal spirits, refined and rectified to
 “ a great degree of purity; whence,
 “ being endowed with vivacity, bright-
 “ nefs,

26. B L A C K M O R E.

“ nefs, and celerity, as well in their re-
“ flexions as direct motions, they be-
“ come proper instruments for the sprite-
“ ly operations of the mind ; by which
“ means the imagination can with great
“ facility range the wide field of Na-
“ ture, contemplate an infinite variety
“ of objects, and, by observing the fini-
“ tude and disagreement of their feve-
“ ral qualities, single out and abstract,
“ and then suit and unite those ideas
“ which will best serve its purpose.
“ Hence beautiful allusions, surprizing
“ metaphors, and admirable sentiments,
“ are always ready at hand : and while
“ the fancy is full of images collected
“ from innumerable objects and their
“ different qualities, relations, and ha-
“ bitudes,

“ bitudes, it can at pleasure dress a com-
 “ mon notion in a strange but becoming
 “ garb ; by which, as before observed,
 “ the same thought will appear a new
 “ one, to the great delight and wonder
 “ of the hearer. What we call *genius*
 “ results from this particular happy
 “ complexion in the first formation of
 “ the person that enjoys it, and is Na-
 “ ture’s gift, but diversified by various
 “ specifick characters and limitations,
 “ as its active fire is blended and al-
 “ layed by different proportions of
 “ phlegm, or reduced and regulated by
 “ the contrast of opposite ferments.
 “ Therefore, as there happens in the
 “ composition of a facetious genius a
 “ greater or less, though still an infe-
 “ rior,

“rior, degree of judgement and pru-
 “dence, one man of wit will be varied
 “and distinguished from another.”

In these Essays he took little care to propitiate the wits; for he scorns to avert their malice at the expence of virtue or of truth.

“Several, in their books, have many
 “sarcastical and spiteful strokes at reli-
 “gion in general; while others make
 “themselves pleasant with the princi-
 “ples of the Christian. Of the last
 “kind, this age has seen a most auda-
 “cious example in the book intituled,
 “*A Tale of a Tub*. Had this writing
 “been published in a pagan or popish
 “nation, who are justly impatient of all
 “indig-

“ indignity offered to the established re-
 “ ligion of their country, no doubt but
 “ the author would have received the
 “ punishment he deserved. But the fate
 “ of this impious buffoon is very dif-
 “ ferent; for in a protestant kingdom,
 “ zealous of their civil and religious
 “ immunities, he has not only escaped
 “ affronts and the effects of publick re-
 “ sentment, but has been careffed and
 “ patronized by persons of great figure,
 “ and of all denominations. Violent
 “ party-men, who differed in all things
 “ besides, agreed in their turn to shew
 “ particular respect and friendship to
 “ this insolent derider of the worship of
 “ his country, till at last the reputed
 “ writer is not only gone off with im-
 “ punity,

“ punity, but triumphs in his dignity
 “ and preferment. I do not know that
 “ any inquiry or search was ever made
 “ after this writing, or that any reward
 “ was ever offered for the discovery of
 “ the author, or that the infamous book
 “ was ever condemned to be burnt in
 “ publick: whether this proceeds from
 “ the excessive esteem and love that men
 “ in power, during the late reign, had
 “ for wit, or their defect of zeal and
 “ concern for the Christian Religion, will
 “ be determined best by those who are
 “ best acquainted with their character.”

In another place he speaks with be-
 coming abhorrence of a *godless author*
 who has burlesqued a Psalm. This au-
 thor was supposed to be Pope, who pub-
 lished

lished a reward for any one that would produce the coiner of the accusation, but never denied it; and was afterwards the perpetual and incessant enemy of Blackmore.

One of his Effays is upon the Spleen, which is treated by him so much to his own satisfaction, that he has published the same thoughts in the same words; first in the *Lay Monastery*; then in the Essay; and then in the Preface to a Medical Treatise on the Spleen. One passage, which I have found already twice, I will here exhibit, because I think it better imagined, and better expressed, than could be expected from the common tenour of his prose:

“ —As

“ —As the several combinations of
 “ splenetick madness and folly produce
 “ an infinite variety of irregular under-
 “ standing, so the amicable accommo-
 “ dation and alliance between several
 “ virtues and vices produce an equal
 “ diversity in the dispositions and man-
 “ ners of mankind; whence it comes to
 “ pass, that as many monstrous and ab-
 “ surd productions are found in the
 “ moral as in the intellectual world.
 “ How surprising is it to observe among
 “ the least culpable men, some whose
 “ minds are attracted by heaven and
 “ earth, with a seeming equal force;
 “ some who are proud of humility;
 “ others who are censorious and uncha-
 “ ritable, yet self-denying and devout;
 “ some

“ some who join contempt of the world
 “ with fordid avarice ; and others, who
 “ preserve a great degree of piety, with
 “ ill-nature and ungoverned paffions :
 “ nor are instances of this inconsistent
 “ mixture less frequent among bad men,
 “ where we often, with admiration, see
 “ persons at once generous and unjust,
 “ impious lovers of their country, and
 “ flagitious heroes, good-natured shar-
 “ pers, immoral men of honour, and
 “ libertines who will sooner die than
 “ change their religion ; and though it
 “ is true that repugnant coalitions of so
 “ high a degree are found but in a part
 “ of mankind, yet none of the whole
 “ mass, either good or bad, are intirely
 “ exempted from some absurd mixture.”

He about this time (Aug. 22, 1716) became one of the *Elects* of the College of Physicians; and was soon after (Oct. 1) chosen *Censor*. He seems to have arrived late, whatever was the reason, at his medical honours.

Having succeeded so well in his book on *Creation*, by which he established the great principle of all Religion, he thought his undertaking imperfect, unless he likewise enforced the truth of Revelation; and for that purpose added another poem on *Redemption*. He likewise wrote, before his *Creation*, three books on the *Nature of Man*.

The lovers of musical devotion have always wished for a more happy metrical version than they have yet obtained
of

of the book of Psalms; this with the piety of Blackmore led him to gratify, and he produced (1721) *a new Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the tunes used in Churches*; which, being recommended by the archbishops and many bishops, obtained a license for its admission into publick worship; but no admission has it yet obtained, nor has it any right to come where Brady and Tate have got possession. Blackmore's name must be added to those of many others, who, by the same attempt, have obtained only the praise of meaning well.

He was not yet deterred from heroick poetry; there was another monarch of this island, for he did not fetch his he-

roes from foreign countries, whom he considered as worthy of the Epick Muse, and he dignified Alfred (1723) with twelve books. But the opinion of the nation was now settled; a hero introduced by Blackmore was not likely to find either respect or kindness; *Alfred* took his place by *Eliza* in silence and darkness: benevolence was ashamed to favour, and malice was weary of insulting. Of his four Epick Poems the first had such reputation and popularity as enraged the criticks; the second was at least known enough to be ridiculed; the two last had neither friends nor enemies.

Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which if it seizes one part of a character corrupts all the rest by degrees.

Blackmore, being despised as a poet, was in time neglected as a physician; his practice, which was once invidiously great, forsook him in the latter part of his life; but being by nature, or by principle, averse from idleness, he employed his unwelcome leisure in writing books on physick, and teaching others to cure those whom he could himself cure no longer. I know not whether I can enumerate all the treatises by which he has endeavoured to diffuse the art of healing; for there is scarcely any distemper, of dreadful name, which he has not taught his reader how to oppose. He has written on the small-pox, with a vehement invective against inoculation; on consumptions, the spleen, the gout,

the rheumatism, the king's-evil, the dropsy, the jaundice, the stone, the diabetes, and the plague.

Of those books, if I had read them, it could not be expected that I should be able to give a critical account. I have been told that there is something in them of vexation and discontent, discovered by a perpetual attempt to degrade physick from its sublimity, and to represent it as attainable without much previous or concomitant learning. By the transient glances which I have thrown upon them, I have observed an affected contempt of the Ancients, and a supercilious derision of transmitted knowledge. Of this indecent arrogance the following quotation from
his

his Preface to the Treatise on the Small-pox will afford a specimen; in which, when the reader finds what I fear is true, that when he was censuring Hippocrates he did not know the difference between *aphorism* and *apophthegm*, he will not pay much regard to his determinations concerning ancient learning.

“ As for this book of Aphorisms, it
 “ is like my lord Bacon’s of the same
 “ title, a book of jests, or a grave col-
 “ lection of trite and trifling observa-
 “ tions; of which though many are
 “ true and certain, yet they signify
 “ nothing, and may afford diversion,
 “ but no instruction; most of them
 “ being much inferior to the sayings of
 “ wise men of Greece, which yet are so

“ low and mean, that we are entertained
 “ every day with more valuable senti-
 “ ments at the table-conversation of in-
 “ genious and learned men.”

I am unwilling however to leave him in total disgrace, and will therefore quote from another Preface a passage less reprehensible.

“ Some gentlemen have been disinge-
 “ nuous and unjust to me, by wresting
 “ and forcing my meaning in the Pre-
 “ face to another book, as if I con-
 “ demned and exposed all learning,
 “ though they knew I declared that I
 “ greatly honoured and esteemed all men
 “ of superior literature and erudition;
 “ and that I only undervalued false or
 “ superficial learning, that signifies no-
 “ thing

“ thing for the service of mankind ; and
 “ that, as to phyfick, I exprefsly af-
 “ firmed that learning must be joined
 “ with native genius to make a phyfi-
 “ cian of the first rank ; but if those
 “ talents are separated, I asserted, and
 “ do still insist, that a man of native fa-
 “ gacity and diligence will prove a more
 “ able and useful practifer, than a heavy
 “ notional scholar, encumbered with a
 “ heap of confused ideas.”

He was not only a poet and a phyfi-
 cian, but produced likewise a work of a
 different kind, *A true and impartial His-
 tory of the Conspiracy against King Wil-
 liam, of glorious Memory, in the Year 1695.*
 This I have never seen, but suppose it
 at least compiled with integrity. He en-
 gaged

gaged likewise in theological controversy, and wrote two books against the Arians; *Just Prejudices against the Arian Hypothesis*; and *Modern Arians unmasked*. Another of his works is *Natural Theology, or Moral Duties considered apart from Positive; with some Observations on the Desirableness and Necessity of a supernatural Revelation*. This was the last book that he published. He left behind him *The accomplished Preacher, or an Essay upon Divine Eloquence*; which was printed after his death by Mr. White of Nayland in Essex, the minister who attended his deathbed, and testified the fervent piety of his last hours. He died on the eighth of October, 1729.



BLACKMORE, by the unremitted enmity of the wits, whom he provoked more by his virtue than his dulness, has been exposed to worse treatment than he deserved; his name was so long used to point every epigram upon dull-writers, that it became at last a bye-word of contempt: but it deserves observation that malignity takes hold only of his writings, and that his life passed without reproach, even when his boldness of reprehension naturally turned upon him many eyes desirous to espy faults, which many tongues would have made haste to publish. But those who could not blame, could at least forbear to
 praise,

praise, and therefore of his private life and domestick character there are no memorials.

As an author he may justly claim the honours of magnanimity. The incessant attacks of his enemies, whether serious or merry, are never discovered to have disturbed his quiet, or to have lessened his confidence in himself; they neither awed him to silence nor to caution; they neither provoked him to petulance, nor depressed him to complaint. While the distributors of literary fame were endeavouring to depreciate and degrade him, he either despised or defied them, wrote on as he had written before, and never turned aside to quiet them by civility or repress them by confutation.

He

He depended with great security on his own powers, and perhaps was for that reason less diligent in perusing books. His literature was, I think, but small. What he knew of antiquity, I suspect him to have gathered from modern compilers: but though he could not boast of much critical knowledge, his mind was stored with general principles, and he left minute researches to those whom he considered as little minds.

With this disposition he wrote most of his poems. Having formed a magnificent design, he was careless of particular and subordinate elegancies; he studied no niceties of versification; he waited for no felicities of fancy; but caught his first thoughts in the first words

in

in which they were presented : nor does it appear that he saw beyond his own performances, or had ever elevated his views to that ideal perfection which every genius born to excel is condemned always to pursue, and never overtake. In the first suggestions of his imagination he acquiesced ; he thought them good, and did not seek for better.

The poem on *Creation* has, however, the appearance of more circumspection ; it wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction : it has either been written with great care, or, what cannot be imagined of so long a work, with such felicity as made care less necessary.

Its two constituent parts are ratiocination and description. To reason in verse is allowed to be difficult; but Blackmore not only reasons in verse, but very often reasons poetically; and finds the art of uniting ornament with strength, and ease with closeness. This is a skill which Pope might have condescended to learn from him, when he needed it so much in his Moral Essays.

In his descriptions, both of life and nature, the poet and the philosopher happily co-operate; truth is recommended by elegance, and elegance sustained by truth.

In the structure and order of the poem not only the greater parts are properly consecutive, but the didactic and

illustrative paragraphs are so happily mingled, that labour is relieved by pleasure, and the attention is led on through a long succession of varied excellence to the original position, the fundamental principle of wisdom and of virtue.





AS the heroick poems of Blackmore are now little read, it is thought proper to insert, as a specimen from *Prince Arthur*, the song of *Mopas* mentioned by Molineux.

But that which Arthur with most pleasure
 heard,
 Were noble strains, by Mopas sung the bard,
 Who to his harp in lofty verse began,
 And through the secret maze of Nature ran.
 He the great Spirit sung, that all things fill'd,
 That the tumultuous waves of Chaos still'd ;
 Whose nod dispos'd the jarring seeds to peace,
 And made the wars of hostile Atoms cease.

D

All

50 B L A C K M O R E.

All Beings we in fruitful Nature find,
Proceeded from the great Eternal Mind;
Streams of his unexhausted spring of power,
And cherish'd with his influence, endure.
He spread the pure cerulean fields on high,
And arch'd the chambers of the vaulted sky
Which he, to suit their glory with their height,
Adorn'd with globes, that reel, as drunk with
light.

His hand directed all the tuneful spheres,
He turn'd their orbs, and polish'd all the stars.
He fill'd the Sun's vast lamp with golden light,
And bid the silver Moon adorn the night.
He spread the airy Ocean without shores,
Where birds are wafted with their feather'd oars.
Then sung the bard how the light vapours rise
From the warm earth, and cloud the smiling
skies.

He sung how some, chill'd in their airy flight,
Fall scatter'd down in pearly dew by night.

How

How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret steams
 On the reflected points of bounding beams;
 Till, chill'd with cold, they shade th' etherial
 plain,

Then on the thirsty earth descend in rain.

How some, whose parts a slight contexture show,
 Sink hovering through the air, in fleecy snow.

How part is spun in silken threads, and clings
 Entangled in the grass in glewy strings.

How others stamp to stones, with rushing sound
 Fall from their crystal quarries to the ground.

How some are laid in trains, that kindled fly
 In harmless fires by night, about the sky.

How some in winds blow with impetuous force,
 And carry ruin where they bend their course:

While some conspire to form a gentle breeze,
 To fan the air, and play among the trees.

How some, enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
 Pent in the bowels of a frowning cloud;

That cracks, as if the axis of the world
Was broke, and heaven's bright towers were
 downwards hurl'd.

Hefunghow earth'swide ball, at Jove's command,
Did in the midst on airy columns stand.

And how the soul of plants, in prison held,
And bound with sluggish fetters, lies conceal'd,
Till with the Spring's warm beams, almost releas'd
From the dull weight, with which it lay oppress'd,
Its vigour spreads, and makes the teeming earth
Heave up, and labour with the sprouting birth:
The active spirit freedom seeks in vain,
It only works and twists a stronger chain.
Urging its prison's sides to break away,
It makes that wider, where 'tis forced to stay:
Till, having form'd its living house, it rears
Its head, and in a tender plant appears.
Hence springs the oak, the beauty of the grove,
Whose stately trunk fierce storms can scarcely
 move.

Hence

B L A C K M O R E. 53

Hence grows the cedar, hence the swelling vine
Does round the elm its purple clusters twine.
Hence painted flowers the smiling gardens bless,
Both with their fragrant scent and gaudy dress.
Hence the white lily in full beauty grows,
Hence the blue violet, and blushing rose.
He sung how sun-beams brood upon the earth,
And in the glebe hatch such a numerous birth ;
Which way the genial warmth in Summer storms
Turns putrid vapours to a bed of worms ;
How rain, transform'd by this prolific power,
Falls from the clouds an animated shower.
He sung the embryo's growth within the womb,
And how the parts their various shapes assume.
With what rare art the wondrous structure's
wrought,
From one crude mass to such perfection brought ;
That no part useless none misplac'd we see,
None are forgot, and more would monstrous be."



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for a systematic approach to data collection and the importance of using reliable sources of information.

3. The third part of the document describes the process of identifying and measuring the key variables that influence the outcome of the study. It notes that this process is often iterative and requires careful attention to detail.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the challenges of conducting research in this field. It points out that there are often significant barriers to data collection and analysis, and that these challenges must be carefully managed.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes by summarizing the key findings of the study. It notes that the results are consistent with the hypotheses and provide strong support for the proposed model.





S H E F F I E L D,
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, descended from a long series of illustrious ancestors, was born in 1649, the son of Edmund earl of Mulgrave, who died 1658. The young lord was put into the hands of a tutor, with whom he was so little satisfied, that he got rid of him in a short time, and at an age not exceeding twelve years re-

A

solved

solved to educate himself. Such a purpose, formed at such an age, and successfully prosecuted, delights as it is strange, and instructs as it is real.

His literary acquisitions are more wonderful, as the years in which they are commonly made were spent in the tumult of a military life, or the gaiety of a court. When war was declared against the Dutch, he went at seventeen on board the ship in which prince Rupert and the duke of Albemarle sailed, with the command of the fleet; but by contrariety of winds they were restrained from action. His zeal for the king's service was recompensed by the command of one of the independent

dent troops of horse, then raised to protect the coast.

Next year he received a summons to parliament, which, as he was then but eighteen years old, the earl of Northumberland censured as at least indecent, and his objection was allowed. He had a quarrel with the earl of Rochester, which he has perhaps too ostentatiously related, as Rochester's surviving sister, the lady Sandwich, is said to have told him with very sharp reproaches.

When another Dutch war (1672) broke out, he went again a volunteer in the ship which the celebrated lord Ossory commanded; and there made, as he relates, two curious remarks.

“ I have observed two things, which
“ I dare affirm, though not generally
“ believed. One was, that the wind of
“ a cannot-bullet, though flying never
“ so near, is incapable of doing the least
“ harm ; and, indeed, were it otherwise,
“ no man above deck would escape.
“ The other was, that a great shot may
“ be sometimes avoided, even as it flies,
“ by changing one’s ground a little ;
“ for, when the wind sometimes blew
“ away the smoak, it was so clear a sun-
“ shiny day that we could easily per-
“ ceive the bullets (that were half-
“ spent) fall into the water, and from
“ thence bound up again among us,
“ which gives sufficient time for making
“ a step or two on any side ; though, in
“ so

“ so swift a motion, ’tis hard to judge
 “ well in what line the bullet comes,
 “ which, if mistaken, may by removing
 “ cost a man his life, instead of saving
 “ it.”

His behaviour was so favourably represented by lord Offory, that he was advanced to the command of the *Katherine*, the best second-rate ship in the navy.

He afterwards raised a regiment of foot, and commanded it as colonel. The land-forces were sent a-shore by prince Rupert; and he lived in the camp very familiarly with Schomberg. He was then appointed colonel of the old *Holland* regiment, together with his own; and had the promise of a garter, which

6 S H E F F I E L D.

he obtained in his twenty-fifth year. He was likewise made gentleman of the bed-chamber.

He afterwards went into the French service, to learn the art of war under Turenne, but staid only a short time. Being by the duke of Monmouth opposed in his pretensions to the first troop of horse-guards, he, in return, made Monmouth suspected by the duke of York. He was however, not long after, when the unlucky Monmouth fell into disgrace, recompensed with the lieutenancy of Yorkshire and the government of Hull.

Thus rapidly did he make his way both to military and civil honours and employments; yet, busy as he was, he

S H E F F I E L D, 7

did not neglect his studies, but at least cultivated poetry; in which he must have been early considered as uncommonly skilful, if it be true which is reported, that, when he was yet not twenty years old, his recommendation advanced Dryden to the laurel.

The Moors having besieged Tangier, he was sent (1680) with two thousand men to its relief. A strange story is told of danger to which he was intentionally exposed in a leaky ship, to gratify some resentful jealousy of the king, whose health he therefore would never permit at his table, till he saw himself in a safer place. His voyage was prosperously performed in three weeks, and the Moors without a contest retired before him.

8 S H E F F I E L D.

In this voyage he composed the *Vision*; a licentious poem, such as was fashionable in those times, with little power of invention, or propriety of sentiment.

At his return he found the king kind, who perhaps had never been angry, and he continued a wit and a courtier as before.

At the succession of king James, to whom he was intimately known, and by whom he thought himself beloved, he naturally expected still brighter sunshine; but all know how soon that reign began to gather clouds. His expectations were not disappointed; he was immediately admitted into the privy council, and made lord chamberlain. He
accepted

accepted a place in the high commifion, without knowledge, as he declared after the Revolution, of its illegality. Having few religious fcruples, he attended the king to mafs, and kneeled with the reft; but had no difpofition to receive the Romifh Faith, or to force it upon others; for when the priefts, encouraged by his appearances of compliance, attempted to convert him, he told them, as Burnet has recorded, that he was willing to receive inftruction, and that he had taken much pains to believe in God who made the world and all men in it; but that he fhould not be eafily perfuaded *that man was quits, and made God again.*

A pointed

A pointed sentence is bestowed by successive transmission on the last whom it will fit: this censure of transubstantiation, whatever be its value, was uttered long ago by Anne Askew, one of the first sufferers for the Protestant Religion, who in the time of Henry VIII. was tortured in the Tower; concerning which there is reason to wonder that it was not known to the historian of the Reformation.

In the Revolution he acquiesced, though he did not promote it. There was once a design of associating him in the invitation of the prince of Orange; but the earl of Shrewsbury discouraged the attempt, by declaring that Mulgrave would never concur. This king
Wil-

William afterwards told him, and asked what he would have done if the proposal had been made. *Sir*, said he, *I would have discovered it to the king whom I then served.* To which king William replied, *I cannot blame you.*

Finding king James irremediably excluded, he voted for the conjunctive sovereignty, upon this principle, that he thought the titles of the prince and his consort equal, and it would please the prince their protector to have a share in the sovereignty. This vote gratified king William; yet, either by the king's distrust or his own discontent, he lived some years without employment. He looked on the king with malevolence, and, if his verses or his prose may be

cre-

credited, with contempt. He was, notwithstanding this aversion or indifference, made marquis of Normanby (1694); but still opposed the court on some important questions; yet at last he was received into the cabinet council, with a pension of three thousand pounds.

At the accession of queen Anne, whom he is said to have courted when they were both young, he was highly favoured. Before her coronation (1702) she made him lord privy seal, and soon after lord lieutenant of the North-riding of Yorkshire. He was then named commissioner for treating with the Scots about the Union; and was made next year first duke of Normanby, and then of Buckinghamshire, there being suspected

ed

ed to be somewhere a latent claim to the title of Buckingham.

Soon after, becoming jealous of the duke of Marlborough, he resigned the privy seal, and joined the discontentd Tories in a motion extremely offensive to the Queen, for inviting the princess Sophia to England. The Queen courted him back with an offer no less than that of the chancellorship, which he refused. He now retired from business, and built that house in the Park, which is now the Queen's, upon ground granted by the Crown.

When the ministry was changed (1710), he was made lord chamberlain of the household, and concurred in all transactions of that time, except that
he

he endeavoured to protect the Catalans. After the Queen's death, he became a constant opponent of the Court; and, having no publick business, is supposed to have amused himself by writing his two tragedies. He died February 24, 1720-21.

He was thrice married; by his two first wives he had no children: by his third, who was the daughter of king James by the countess of Dorchester, and the widow of the earl of Anglesey, he had, besides other children that died early, a son born in 1716, who died in 1735, and put an end to the line of Sheffield. It is observable that the Duke's three wives were all widows. The Dutchess died in 1742.

His

His character is not to be proposed as worthy of imitation. His religion he may be supposed to have learned from Hobbes, and his morality was such as naturally proceeds from loose opinions. His sentiments with respect to women he picked up in the court of Charles, and his principles concerning property were such as a gaming-table supplies. He was censured as covetous, and has been defended by an instance of inattention to his affairs, as if a man might not at once be corrupted by avarice and idleness. He is said, however, to have had much tenderness, and to have been very ready to apologise for his violences of passion.

He

He is introduced into this collection only as a poet, and, if we credit the testimony of his contemporaries, he was a poet of no vulgar rank. But favour and flattery are now at an end; criticism is no longer softened by his bounties or awed by his splendor, and being able to take a more steady view, discovers him to be a writer that sometimes glimmers, but rarely shines, feebly laborious, and at best but pretty. His songs are upon common topicks; he hopes, and grieves, and repents, and despairs, and rejoices, like any other maker of little stanzas: to be great he hardly tries; to be gay is hardly in his power.

In the Essay on Satire he was always supposed to have had the help of Dryden.

den. His *Essay on Poetry* is the great work, for which he was praised by Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope, and doubtless by many more whose eulogies have perished.

Upon this piece he appears to have set a high value; for he was all his life improving it by successive revivals, so that there is scarcely any poem to be found of which the last edition differs more from the first. Amongst other changes, mention is made of some compositions of Dryden, which were written after the *Essay*.

At the time when this work first appeared, Milton's fame was not yet fully established, and therefore Tasso and Spenser were set before him. The

two last lines were these. The Epick Poet, says he,

Must above Milton's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where great Torquato, and where
greater Spenser fail.

The last line in succeeding editions was shortened, and the order of names continued; but now Milton is at last advanced to the highest place, and the passage thus adjusted,

Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton
fail.

Amendments are seldom made without some token of a rent: *lofty* does not suit Tasso so well as Milton.

One celebrated line seems to be borrowed. The Essay calls a perfect character

A faultless monster which the world
ne'er saw.

Scaliger in his poems terms Virgil *sine labe monstrum*. Sheffield can scarcely be supposed to have read Scaliger's poetry; perhaps he found the words in a quotation.

Of this Essay, which Dryden has exalted so highly, it may be justly said that the precepts are judicious, sometimes new, and often happily expressed; but there are, after all the emendations, many weak lines, and some strange appearances of negligence; as, when he gives the laws of elegy, he insists upon

con-

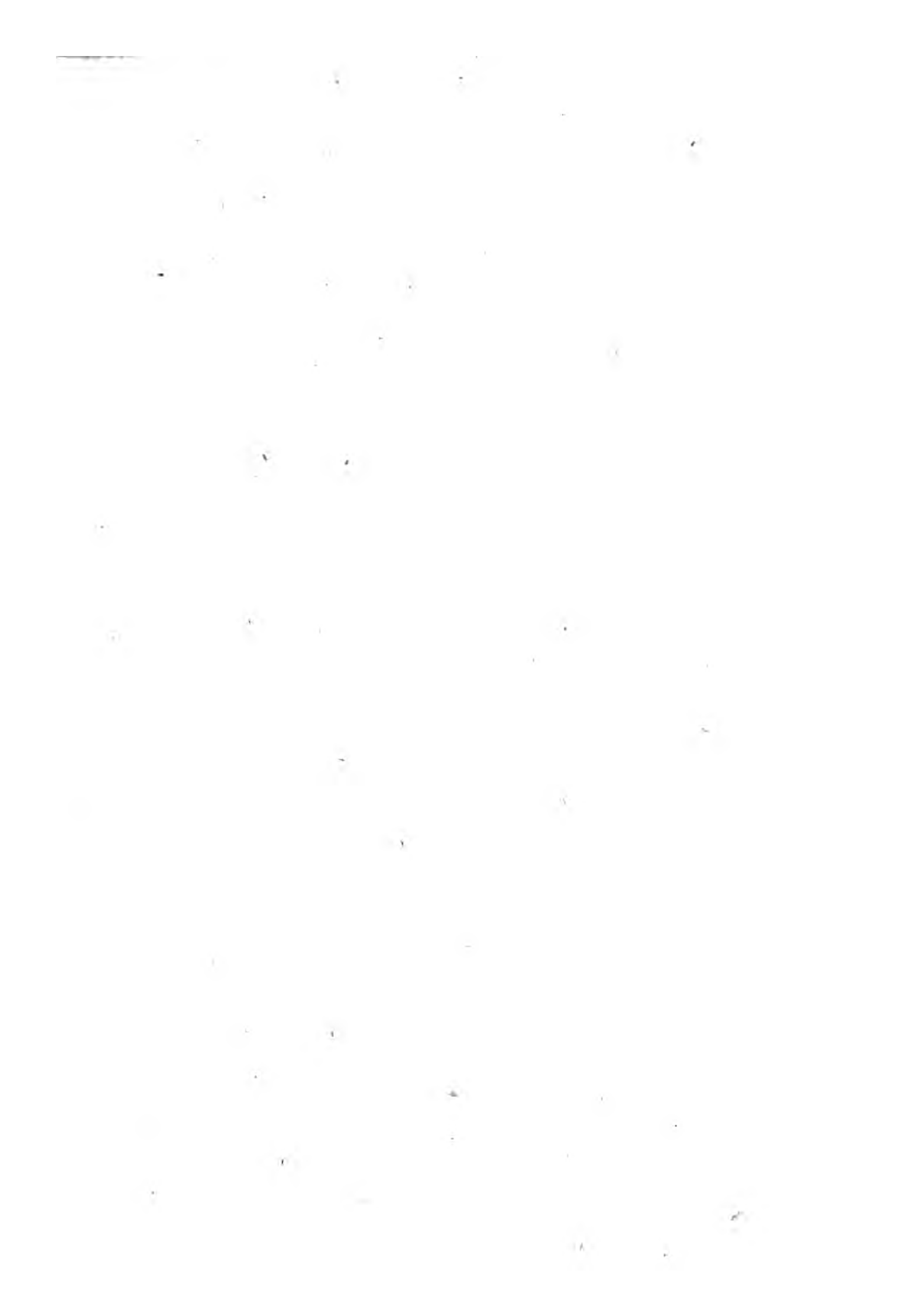
connection and coherence, without which,
says he,

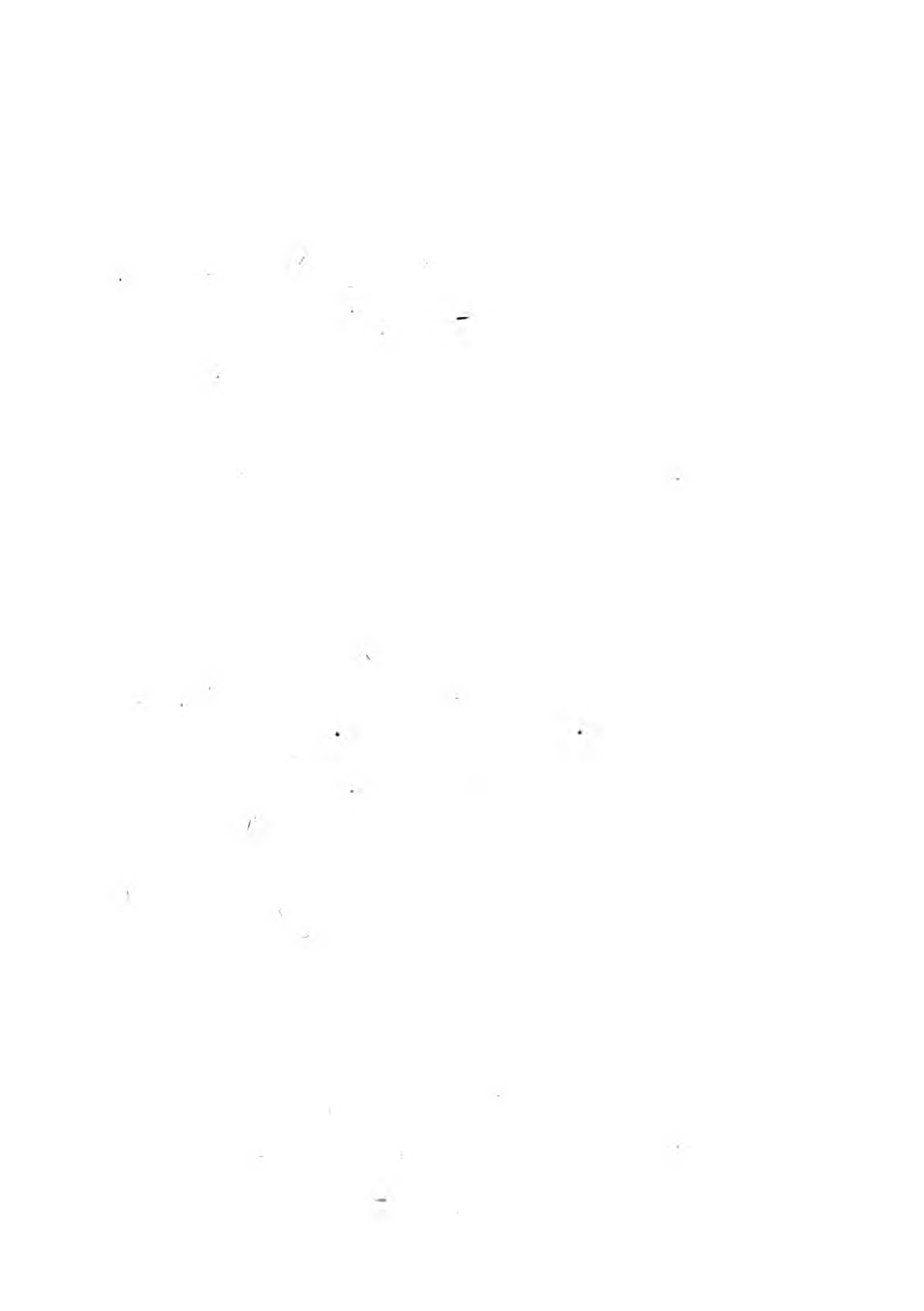
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will;
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No Panegyrick, nor a Cooper's Hill.

Who would not suppose that Waller's
Panegyrick and Denham's Cooper's Hill
were Elegies?

His verses are often insipid; but his
memoirs are lively and agreeable; he
had the perspicuity and elegance of an
historian, but not the fire and fancy of
a poet.







The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry, no matter how small, should be recorded to ensure the integrity of the financial statements. This includes not only sales and purchases but also expenses and income.

In the second section, the author provides a detailed breakdown of the accounting cycle. It outlines the ten steps involved in the process, from identifying the accounting entity to preparing financial statements. Each step is explained in a clear and concise manner, making it easy for readers to understand and apply.

The third part of the document focuses on the classification of accounts. It discusses the different types of accounts used in accounting, such as assets, liabilities, equity, and income. It also explains how these accounts are organized into a chart of accounts, which is a key tool for managing financial data.

Finally, the document concludes with a discussion on the importance of internal controls. It highlights the various ways in which a business can protect its assets and prevent fraud, such as through the implementation of strong policies and procedures.





