SCERT & DIET

(English study material)

Senior/Junior/ Lectures

Unit 2-

Jacobean to Augustan Age

John Milton	Paradise Lost - Book IX
John Dryden	Mac Flecnoe
Alexander Pope	An Epistle to Dr.Arbuthnot
Thomas Gray	Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard
Thompson	Spring, Autumn & Winter
William Collins	Ode to Evening
William Blake	A Poison Tree ,The Tiger & The Lamb
John Dryden	Preface to the Fables
Jonathan Swift	The Battle of the Books
Daniel Defoe	Robinson Crusoe
Addison and Steele	The Spectator and the Coverly Papers
Samuel Johnson	Preface to Shakespeare
William Congreve	The Way of the World
R.B.Sheridan	The Rivals
Goldsmith	She Stoops to Conquer
Henry Fielding	Tom Jones

Paradise Lost Book IX-John Milton

- His classmates used to call him 'The Lady of christ'
- Milton's Poetic drama ' Samson Agonistrs' is considered the last work of Milton
- The length of the poem, 13355 lines in all.
- In Book IX – 1189 lines
- It is written in an epic form. The story is rendered in 12 books
- A good poet is made as well as Born – Ben Jonson
- 'Paradise lost' is written in the meeting point of 'Renaissance and Reformation'
- (Pre-destination, fate was an influence in calvinisuy followers of johncalvin, a French protestant)

(Epic poetry is divided in two 1. Primary epic – authentic epic – oral , 2. Secondary epic – Literal epic – written primary epic is intended for recital secondary epic is for reading paradise lost includes both the qualities.)

(This poem is written in unrhymed iambic pentameter of blank verse and his style is grand style gods are the missionaries of Epic. In primary epic – 1.Heroism 2. Love . The them is expressed in the opening lines and followed by invocation)

(Epic similes are called as heroic similes The theme of the paradise Lost is man's first disobedience and Justification of God's ways to man. (subsidiary them))

(Book IX deals with the fall of the man and it opens after the sunset. It is all about Satan's re-entry into paradise (the Garden of Eden in the form of serpent) The

Guardian angels of man areUriel and Gabriel After the sunset the Hesperus (Venus) shines. Gabriel already threaten the SatanUriel, the Regent of the sun warned the Angels, Satan is the hero of 'Paradise Lost" He represents the idea of "Pride Goeth before a fall". He remarks, " Better to reign in Hell than in Heaven" Saturn circles in the space for 7 nights. He circles the Equatorial line 3 times and he moves from pole to pole – 4 times. He enters the earth on the 8th day. He sinks in the river Tigris in the paradise and he rises Springing up in the fountain of tree of life.)

(The serpent is known for its cunningness)

(Lines 1-47 – Invocation – Asking help from God He tells us of the 'disobedience of man and he names it 'the fall' that leads to sin and death.)

(Lines 48-73 – Saturn returns to paradise 74-86 – Saturn enters the Eden Garden He roams the sea and land to seek a place to hide himself. He goes north ward over the Pontus (Black sea) and over Macoties. (sea of Azof) and further over the river obe (Siberiar river in Russian territory flows in to the Arctic sea) In the equatorial region he goes westward from Orontes (Syrian river, west of Eden) to the Isthmus at Drien (Panama, the Caribbean sea) and round to India (Ganges and Indus valleys and at last it finds the Serpant suitable)

- (Lines 97-103 – Satan Soliloquises.

  Soliloquy – an out Burst of lamentation, jealousy and malice mixed

  Lines 104-133 – Satan determines to destroy man for whom all this earth was made

Lines – 134-178 – Satan resolves to Revenge God Satan will himself the sole glory among the devils to have rained in one day what the so called Almightytoo 6 successive days to Creat the world. This pitiable state arises out of his Ambition and Revenge. Here ends the soliloquy.

- (Lines 87- 96 – Saturn chooses the serpent.

Lines 179-191 Satan permeates into the serpent

Lines 192-204 Adam and Eve discuss the day's work

Lines 205-225 Eve suggests to Adam

Lines 226-269 – Adam advices Eve

Lines 270-289 – Eve persists

Lines 290-319 – Adam Explains himself

Lines 320-341 – Eve perverts

Lines 342-376 – Adam insists)

(Lines 377-386 - Eve withdraws her hed. Adam is created with dust)

(Eve is created from the rib of Adam. Lines – 387-396 – Eve compared. As she leaves Adam, she is fairer than the mountain nymphs, she is like Diana in her giat. She is also compared to Drayad of wood and Artemis or Delia being born in the island of Delos the Godders of chastily)

(Lines 397-411 Milton Laments)

(Lines 412-466 – Satan in serpent admires Eve. Eve stands as a stooping flower among the drooping flower. Satan reachers the flowery Plot' (where Eve is) which is more in comus Faire Queene III, keat'sendymion etc. Eve's garden is more delicious than the garden of alcinous-king of phaeacia. where Odysseus was entertained in Odyssey VII and the garden of Solomon (Egyptian) who entertained the daughter of pharoh)

(Lines 467-493- Satan soliloquises again)

(Lines 494-526 – Satan Nears Eve)

(Lines 527-547 – Satan flatters Eve)

(Lines 548-566 – Eve is surprised Eve asks the serpent to redouble the miracle by explaining how it have the power of speech)

(Lines 567-612 – The serpent explains)

Lines 613-624 – Eve enquires where the tree is

Lines – 625 – 630 – Satan offers to lead Eve to the tree

Lines – 631 – 645 - Eve offers to be led)

(Lines 646 – 654 – The serpent leads

Lines 656 – 663 – Eve finds it to be the forbidden tree, The tree of knowledge)

(Lines 664 – 678 – Satan the temiter posture at this statement. He appears like a roman or Athenian)

(Lines – 679 – 732 – Satan Rationalizes. Tree of knowledge is the mother of science. He addresses Eve, the queen of this universe and not to be afraid of the death. If man eats the fruit, he will rise to the level of God.)

(Lines – 734 – 744 – Eve's senses appealed. The appeal to her five fold sense synchronizes with Rev desire to eat the fruit.)

(Lines 745 – 779 Eve muses address the tree. The angels know Satan the father and author of Evil)

(Lines – 780 – 792 – Eve eats, the serpent slinks away. Eve, our mother does not that she is eating death)

(Lines – 793 – 837 – The fallen Eve soliloquizes forbidder is the name attributed to God by the enemies of God, satan and his followers)

(Lines – 838 – 852 – Adam finds near the tree)

(Lines – 853 – 887 – Eve relates Adam of the fruit. Eve crowns her prefence with a lie that for Adam's sake she ate the fruit. "you must also taste, to ensure that we both enjoy an equality of fortune")

(Lines – 888 – 895 – Adam stands astonished and blank)

(Lines – 896 – 959 – Adam declares his sharing of Eve's Fall. Eve is bone and flesh of Adam. Even if Adam eats, God the wise creator, will not destroy his own creation)

(Lines – 960 – 989 Eve amplifies their bond of Flesh. She amplifies that they are one heart, one soul, one guilt, one crime)

(Lines – 990 – 999 – Eve embraces who eats the fruit.)

(Lines 1000 – 1015 – intoxicated, they lust after each other)

(Lines 1016 – 1033 – Adam appreciates Eve)

(Lines 1034 – 1044 – They sleep after satisfying their lust)

(Lines 1045 – 1066 – Awaking, they feel guilty and Shania.)

Lines 1067 – 1080 – Adam upraids Eve.

It is a bad fruit that makes them that they are taken of their innocence, faith and purity. They are filled with desire which forebodes evil and shanie.

(Lines 1081 – 1131 – They make Loin clothes out of fig leaves.

Lines 1132 – 1141 – Adam blames Eve for her willfulness

Lines 1142 – 1161 – Eve blames Adam and the serpent in turn

Lines 1162 – 1186 – Adam incensed and defends himself

Lines 1187 – 1189 – They resort to mutual Recrimination)

Salan:-

- He is a lover of liberty and freedom.

- His entry into Eden is compared to the wolf stealing into the sheepfold.
- Good is a curse and bad/evil is a boon to him

Adam:-He like a disciplined soldier

Summary

In the prologue to Book IX, Milton says that his work must now take a tragic tone and that this Christian epic, though different, is nonetheless more heroic than earlier epics like the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*. Again, he calls on Urania as the muse of Christian inspiration to help him complete his work and show the true heroism that lies in the Christian idea of sacrifice. Then Milton returns to his story.

Satan returns to Eden eight days after being forced out by Gabriel. He has studied all the animals and has decided to approach Eve in the form of a serpent which he considers to be the "subtlest Beast of all the Field" (86).

The following morning, Adam and Eve prepare for their daily work tending the Garden. Because the Garden's growth seems to surpass their labors, Eve suggests that on this day they work apart. She thinks they can accomplish more working individually. Adam argues the point with Eve, saying that Raphael has warned them of dangers and that she is more vulnerable by herself. He and she continue this argument — she proposing that they work alone; he proposing that they work together — until Adam finally relents; however, he makes Eve promise to return to their bower

soon, but Milton comments that she will never return to Adam in the way that she was that morning.

Satan in the form of the serpent is surprised and excited to find Eve alone tending flowers. He watches her and for a few moments becomes enraptured and forgets his evil nature. Then he remembers what his purpose is — to destroy God's creation. The serpent approaches Eve upright upon its tail. His various acts fail to attract Eve's attention because she is used to dealing with animals. However, when the serpent speaks, complimenting Eve on her beauty, playing on both her vanity and curiosity, Eve is suddenly interested. She is especially curious about how the serpent learned to speak. Satan replies through the serpent that he learned speech by eating the fruit of a particular tree in the Garden. He acquired speech and the ability to reason and has, therefore, sought Eve out to worship as the most beautiful of God's creations.

When Eve inquires which tree gave the serpent his abilities, he takes her to the Tree of Knowledge. Eve tells the serpent that God has forbidden Man to eat from that tree, and she chooses to obey God. Satan, using the same sophistic reasoning he has used throughout the story, tells Eve that God has tricked her and Adam. He has eaten of the tree and is not dead; neither will they die. Instead the tree will give them knowledge, which will make them like God. This fact makes God envious and has caused him to demand that Adam and Eve not eat of the tree. Eve is taken in by the words of the serpent, and after some rationalizing, she convinces herself that she should eat the fruit. And she does.

Now Eve suddenly worships the Tree of Knowledge as a god, even as all nature weeps for her fall. Her thoughts turn to Adam, and she decides that he must eat the fruit also. She cannot bear the idea that she might die and Adam would be given another wife. When Eve approaches Adam, he drops the wreath of flowers that he was weaving for her hair. Eve quickly tells him what she has done, and Adam just as quickly makes his own decision. He allows his physical love and passion for Eve to outweigh his reason. He knowingly eats the fruit and is immediately affected with carnal desire for Eve. The two humans exit to engage in "amorous play" (1045). The description here is not of love but lust.

After sex, Adam and Eve fall into a deep sleep. They awake and are overcome with shame and guilty knowledge. They both are weeping, and they launch into arguments with each other. Adam says Eve is at fault; she replies in kind. Milton describes them as spending "fruitless hours" (1188) in bitter accusation. Each is willing to blame the other, but neither is willing to accept responsibility. Paradise is gone and in its place guilt, blame, and shame. Milton says that both of them have given way to "Appetite" (1129), and reason is lost. Paradise has ended; the earth has begun.

Book IX, Lines 1–403 Summary

With Raphael's departure for Heaven, the story no longer consists of conversations between heavenly beings and humankind. Milton explains that he must now turn to Adam and Eve's actual act of disobedience. The poem must now turn tragic, and Milton asserts his intention to show that

the fall of humankind is more heroic than the tales of Virgil and Homer. He invokes Urania, the "Celestial Patroness" (IX.21) and muse of Christian inspiration, and asks for her to visit him in his sleep and inspire his words, because he fears he is too old and lacks the creative powers to accomplish the task himself. He hopes not to get caught up in the description of unimportant items, as Virgil and Homer did, and to remain focused on his ultimate and divine task.

Satan returns to the Garden of Eden the night after Raphael's departure. Satan's return comes eight days after he was caught and banished by Gabriel. He sneaks in over the wall, avoiding Gabriel and the other guards. After studying all the animals of the Garden, Satan considers what disguise he should assume, and chooses to become a snake. Before he can continue, however, he again hesitates—not because of doubt this time, but because of his grief at not being able to enjoy this wondrous new world. He struggles to control his thoughts. He now believes that the Earth is more beautiful than Heaven ever was, and becomes jealous of Adam and Eve and their chosen status to occupy and maintain Paradise. He gripes that the excess beauty of Earth causes him to feel more torment and anguish. Gathering his thoughts into action, he finds a sleeping serpent and enters its body.

The next morning, Adam and Eve prepare for their usual morning labors. Realizing that they have much work to do, Eve suggests that they work separately, so that they might get more work done. Adam is not keen on this idea. He fears that they will be more susceptible to Satan's

temptation if they are alone. Eve, however, is eager to have her strength tested. After much resistance, Adam concedes, as Eve promises Adam that she will return to their bower soon. They go off to do their gardening independently.

Lines 404–1189 Summary

Satan, in the form of the serpent, searches for the couple. He is delighted to find Eve alone. Coiling up, he gets her attention, and begins flattering her beauty, grace, and godliness. Eve is amazed to see a creature of the Garden speak. He tells her in enticing language that he gained the gifts of speech and intellect by eating the savory fruit of one of the trees in the garden. He flatters Eve by saying that eating the apple also made him seek her out in order to worship her beauty.

Eve is amazed by the power that this fruit supposedly gives the snake. Curious to know which tree holds this fruit, Eve follows Satan until he brings her to the Tree of Knowledge. She recoils, telling him that God has forbidden them to eat from this tree, but Satan persists, arguing that God actually wants them to eat from the tree. Satan says that God forbids it only because he wants them to show their independence. Eve is now seriously tempted. The flattery has made her desire to know more. She reasons that God claimed that eating from this tree meant death, but the serpent ate (or so he claims) and not only does he still live, but can speak and think. God would have no reason to forbid the fruit unless it were powerful, Eve thinks, and seeing it right before her eyes makes all of the

warnings seem exaggerated. It looks so perfect to Eve. She reaches for an apple, plucks it from the tree, and takes a bite. The Earth then feels wounded and nature sighs in woe, for with this act, humankind has fallen.

Eve's first fallen thought is to find Adam and to have him eat of the forbidden fruit too so that they might be equal. She finds him nearby, and in hurried words tells him that she has eaten the fruit, and that her eyes have been opened. Adam drops the wreath of flowers he made for her. He is horrified because he knows that they are now doomed, but immediately decides that he cannot possibly live without Eve. Eve does not want Adam to remain and have another woman; she wants him to suffer the same fate as she. Adam realizes that if she is to be doomed, then he must follow. He eats the fruit. He too feels invigorated at first. He turns a lustful eye on Eve, and they run off into the woods for sexual play.

Adam and Eve fall asleep briefly, but upon awakening they see the world in a new way. They recognize their sin, and realize that they have lost Paradise. At first, Adam and Eve both believe that they will gain glorious amounts of knowledge, but the knowledge that they gained by eating the apple was only of the good that they had lost and the evil that they had brought upon themselves. They now see each other's nakedness and are filled with shame. They cover themselves with leaves. Milton explains that their appetite for knowledge has been fulfilled, and their hunger for God has been quenched. Angry and confused, they continue to blame each other for committing the sin, while neither will admit any fault. Their shameful and tearful argument continues for hours.

John Dryden : Mac Flecnoe

- John Dryden – the first great English Critic to make a close study of the dramatic literature of England.
- He Belongs to Restoration Age (Age of satire)
- He is a master of scorn or Contempt.
- He was born on **9th August 1631**. He was educated at west minister school in London.
- In 1668 Dryden was appointed **Poet Laureate** to **1688(20Years)**
- His 'All for love' – the finest Tragedy(restoration period)
- He retold the immortal love story of Antony and Cleopatra. He died of gangrene on 1st may 1700 and was buried in the grave of Chaucer.
- It is the first drama written in blank verse. The action is confined in a single day.
- It was influenced by the tragedy of Cleopatra, an Elizabethan play by Samuel Daniel, and owed much to Plutarch's lives much as Shakespeare himself did. (Antony and Cleopatra)

Mac Flecknoe (full title: *Mac Flecknoe; or, A satyr upon the True-Blew-Protestant Poet, T.S.*) is a verse mock-heroic satire written by John Dryden. It is a direct attack on Thomas Shadwell, another prominent poet of the time. It opens with the lines:

> *All human things are subject to decay,*
>
> *And when fate summons, monarchs must obey*[2]

Written about 1678, but not published until 1682 (see 1682 in poetry), "Mac Flecknoe" is the outcome of a series of disagreements between Thomas Shadwell and Dryden. Their quarrel blossomed from the following disagreements: "1) their different estimates of the genius of Ben Jonson, 2) the preference of Dryden for comedy of wit and repartee and of Shadwell, the chief disciple of Jonson, for humors comedy, 3) a sharp disagreement over the true purpose of comedy, 4) contention over the value of rhymed plays, and 5) plagiarism." Shadwell fancied himself heir to Ben Jonson and to the variety of comedy which the latter had commonly written. Shadwell's poetry was certainly not of the same standard as Jonson's, and it is possible that Dryden wearied of Shadwell's argument that Dryden undervalued Jonson. Shadwell and Dryden were separated not only by literary grounds but also by political ones as Shadwell was a Whig, while Dryden was an outspoken supporter of the Stuart monarchy.

The poem illustrates Shadwell as the heir to a kingdom of poetic dullness, represented by his association with Richard Flecknoe, an earlier poet already satirized by Andrew Marvell and disliked by Dryden, although the poet does not use belittling techniques to satirize him. Multiple allusions in the satire to 17th-century literary works, and to classic Greek and Roman literature, demonstrate Dryden's complex approach and his mastery over the mock-heroic style.

The poem begins in the tone of an epic masterpiece, presenting Shadwell's defining characteristic as dullness, just as every epic hero has a defining characteristic: Odysseus's is cunning; Achilles's is wrath; the hero

of Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* is of holiness; whilst Satan in *Paradise Lost* has the defining characteristic of pride. Thus, Dryden subverts the theme of the defining characteristic by giving Shadwell a negative characteristic as his only virtue. Dryden uses the mock-heroic through his use of the heightened language of the epic to treat the trivial subjects such as poorly written and largely dismissible poetry. The juxtaposition of the lofty style with unexpected nouns such as 'dullness' provides an ironic contrast and makes the satiric point by the obvious disparity. In this, it works at the verbal level, with the language being carried by compelling rhythm and rhyme.

Alexander Pope : An Epistle to Dr.Arbuthnot

- Pope was born in 1688, the year of the glorious revolution when James II was deposed and William of Orange and Queen Mary were crowned.
- A Roman catholic by birth, he was too tolerant to engage in serious the vibrant quality of his alert mind.
- His poetry reveals the vibrant quality of his alert mind.
- "The rape of the Lock, Essay on criticism Essay on man, The Dunciad and Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot are the famous poems.
- Through the method of satire, he laughs at the follies and foibles of this society.
- 'The rape of the lock" was published in 1712, in Two cantos.
- In 1714, he published in 5 cantos.
- The rape of the lock is one such poem conceived of in the form of an epic.
- Critics rave often called it a mock epic

- The poem begins with Invocation to Goddess of poetry.
- It is a satire on artificial manners of the 18th century.
- Satire is a sacred weapon meant for Truth's Defence – to pope
- 18th century men have no respect for women as they have spent most of their time in make-up
- Swift is the close friend of pope.
- Pope's poetry has conciseness.
- 'The Dunciad' is the master piece of pope which is a satire on bad writing
- Dr. Johnson told, "Pope has made familiar things new and new things familiar".
- This poem is based on "A quarrel between 2 families, petre and Fermor"
- Pope is the master of Heroic couplet

The ***Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*** is a satire in poetic form written by Alexander Pope and addressed to his friend John Arbuthnot, a physician. It was first published in 1735 and composed in 1734, when Pope learned that Arbuthnot was dying. Pope described it as a memorial of their friendship.[1] It has been called[2] Pope's "most directly autobiographical work," in which he defends his practice in the genre of satire and attacks those who had been his opponents and rivals throughout his career.

Both in composition and in publication, the poem had a checkered history. In its canonical form, it is composed of 419 lines of heroic couplets. The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* is notable as the source of the phrase "damn with faint praise," used so often it has become a cliché or idiom. Another of its notable lines is "Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

John Arbuthnot was a physician known as a man of wit. He was a member of the Martinus Scriblerus Club, along with Pope, Jonathan Swift and John Gay. He was formerly the physician of Queen Anne. On 17 July 1734 Arbuthnot wrote to Pope to tell him that he had a terminal illness. In a response dated 2 August, Pope indicates that he planned to write more satire, and on 25 August told Arbuthnot that he was going to address one of his epistles to him, later characterizing it as a memorial to their friendship. Arbuthnot died on 27 February 1735, eight weeks after the poem was published

The poem includes character sketches of "Atticus" (Joseph Addison) and "Sporus" (John Hervey). Addison is presented as having great talent that is diminished by fear and jealousy; Hervey is sexually perverse, malicious, and both absurd and dangerous. Pope marks the virulence of the "Sporus" attack by having Arbuthnot exclaim "Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?" in reference to the form of torture called the breaking wheel. By emphasizing friendship, Pope counters his image as "an envious and malicious monster" whose "satire springs from a being devoid of all natural affections and lacking a heart." It was an "efficient and authoritative revenge": in this poem and others of the 1730s, Pope presents himself as writing satire not out of ego or misanthropy, but to serve impersonal virtue.

Although rejected by a critic contemporary with Pope as a "mere lampoon," *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* has been described as one of Pope's "most striking achievements, a work of authentic power, both tragic and

comic, as well as great formal ingenuity, despite the near-chaos from which it emerged.

Thomas Gray : Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

Thomas gray

(He was a cockney by birth he befriended Horace wal poll son of the when he went to study at Eton and Cambridge. He was born in London in 1716. He in the only survived child of the twelve born to his parents.)

- 1) Ode on a distant prospect of Eton college is a faithful account of the institution
- 2) Elegy written in a country churchyard.
- An elegy is a poem on dead. In England a number of pastoral elegies are written from renaissance.
- Elegy usually consists of three stages.

  The first stage – expression of grief

  The second stage – a tribute

  The third stage – glorification of the personality
- The best known examples of the pastoral elegyin English are milton'sLycidasshelley'sAdonais and Arnold's thyrsis.

The Poem

- This elegy is for the simple, unnamed people who lie buried in a quiet churchyard.
- The poet is all alone in the churchyard. It is late evening
- The frail monuments of the poor connotbe compared with the costly monuments of the rich.

- Nobody can escape death and there is no armour against death. Death lays his icy hands on every body.
- Birth, power, beauty and weath will have to submit to death.
- It is an archetypal general meditation on the parting of life
- The poem consists of 32 stanzas of 4 lines each with rhyme scheme 'abab'

3. The bard

- (The poem consists of nine stanzas, stanzas 1,2,4,5,7 and 8 have 14 lines each.
- Stanzas 3,6, and 9 have 20 lines each.
- The incident that inspired Gray was Edward I ordering the death of all the Bards in wales whose poetry induedthe welsh to revolt.
- The poem begins with a direct address to the king. The addressee is the Bard who has been sentenced to death by the king)
- The Pindaric odes were to be composed that it could be chanted to music by dancing chorus.
- A Pindaric ode has three sections 1. Strophe 2. Antistrophe 3. Epode.
- The tragic reign of Edward II are fore told by the Bard in powerful verbal pictures.

4 .The progress of poesy

- This ode consists of nine stanzas stanzas 1,2,4,5,7 and 8 have 12 lines each
- Stanzas 3, 6, 9have 17 lines each
- This poem showed that he had followed pindar's model for perfection.
- This ode was originally known as 'The power of poetry'
- The poetry has also presented the picture of labour pain, Disease, sorrow and death

- Poetry has revived many suffering an gloomy hearts, in different parts of the world like chili.
- moving through Delphi and the deep sea of the Aegean and llissus, poetry has left the mountain of parnasus to come dwell in the pains
- The power of poetry is described in vivid flowing style

5) Gray sent Walpole amusing

"Ode on the Death of a favourite cat walpole's and interested himself in various friends.

6) Hymn of Adversity

- It consists of 6 stanza of 8 lines each
- In this poem the poet worships Adversity and prays that he be blessed with good qualities.
- The poem is addressed directly to the Goddess Adversity
- The companions of Godders are charity, Justice and pity(to good people)
- Before giving brith to virtue, your father created you and asked you to fom virtue's mind
- Teach me to love and to forgive, to study my own defects and myself as a man
- To bad people she seems to be terrible and is a accompanied by terrible forces.

7) Ode on the spring

- This ode consists of 5 stanzas with 10 lines each.

- The spring is lofty universal theme selected by the poet

– The poet describes the flowers, birds and cool winds of spring in the first stanza.

– In the 2nd stanza the muse and the poet sit on a river bank a little away from oak and beech Strees and think of all kinds of people.

- This idea flows into the III stanza also
- In the IV stanza the poet says that what ever be the kind of life led by men, for all of them death is the same.- The poet moves from the theme of spring season to the universal truths about men.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard is a poem by Thomas Gray, completed in 1750 and first published in 1751.[1] The poem's origins are unknown, but it was partly inspired by Gray's thoughts following the death of the poet Richard West in 1742. Originally titled*Stanzas Wrote in a Country Church-Yard*, the poem was completed when Gray was living near St Giles' parish church at Stoke Poges. It was sent to his friend Horace Walpole, who popularised the poem among London literary circles. Gray was eventually forced to publish the work on 15 February 1751, to pre-empt a magazine publisher from printing an unlicensed copy of the poem.

The poem is an elegy in name but not in form; it employs a style similar to that of contemporary odes, but it embodies a meditation on death, and remembrance after death. The poem argues that the remembrance can be good and bad, and the narrator finds comfort in pondering the lives of the obscure rustics buried in the churchyard. The two versions of the poem, *Stanzas* and *Elegy*, approach death differently; the first contains a stoic response to death, but the final version contains an epitaph which serves to repress the narrator's fear of dying. With its

discussion of, and focus on, the obscure and the known, the poem has possible political ramifications, but it does not make any definite claims on politics to be more universal in its approach to life and death.

Claimed as "probably still today the best-known and best-loved poem in English",[2] the Elegy quickly became popular. It was printed many times and in a variety of formats, translated into many languages, and praised by critics even after Gray's other poetry had fallen out of favour. Later critics tended to comment on its language and universal aspects, but some felt the ending was unconvincing, failing to resolve the questions the poem raised; or that the poem did not do enough to present a political statement that would serve to help the obscure rustic poor who form its central image

Songs of Innocence and of Experience is an illustrated collection of poems by William Blake. It appeared in two phases. A few first copies were printed and illuminated by William Blake himself in 1789; five years later he bound these poems with a set of new poems in a volume titled *Songs of Innocence and of Experience Showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul*.

"Innocence" and "Experience" are definitions of consciousness that rethink Milton's existential-mythic states of "Paradise" and the "Fall." Blake's categories are modes of perception that tend to coordinate with a chronology that would become standard in Romanticism: childhood is a state of protected innocence rather than original sin, but not immune to the fallen world and its institutions. This world sometimes impinges on

childhood itself, and in any event becomes known through "experience," a state of being marked by the loss of childhood vitality, by fear and inhibition, by social and political corruption, and by the manifold oppression of Church, State, and the ruling classes. The volume's "Contrary States" are sometimes signaled by patently repeated or contrasted titles: in *Innocence*, *Infant Joy*, in*Experience*, *Infant Sorrow*; in *Innocence*, *The Lamb*, in *Experience*, *The Fly* and *The Tyger*. The stark simplicity of poems such as *The Chimney Sweeper* and *The Little Black Boy* display Blake's acute sensibility to the realities of poverty and exploitation that accompanied the "Dark Satanic Mills" of the Industrial Revolution.

Thompson : Spring, Autumn,Winter :

James Thomson was born to Scottish parents whose chief characteristics became some of his own. His father, an officer of the merchant marine, was known for his geniality and love of drink, while his mother was known for her melancholy.

Thomson's father was a chief officer in a ship out of Greenock, Scotland, when he was disabled by a paralytic stroke in 1840. He moved the family to London, where within two years the young Thomson was admitted to the Royal Caledonian Asylum, an institution for the children of indigent Scottish servicemen. His ailing mother died soon thereafter, in 1842.

Thomson's relatives determined his future as an army schoolmaster and in 1850 enrolled him in the military normal school of the Royal Military College at Chelsea. Successful in his studies, Thomson was posted in 1851 as assistant teacher in a regimental school in Ballincollig, near Cork, Ireland. His nearly year-and-a-half stay there proved pivotal.

He made friends with a trooper in the dragoons, Charles Bradlaugh, who later would become an editor and leading proponent of the Free Thought movement in England. He also fell in love with the young Matilda Weller. To Thomson's great despair, she died soon after his duties took him back to Chelsea. To his dying day, he kept a curl of her hair in a locket.

Made an army schoolmaster in 1854, for the next eight years he served in Devonshire, Dublin, Aldershot, Jersey, and Portsmouth. He also began his career as a poet. His works appeared in periodicals including the *Edinburgh Magazine* above the signature "B. V." The first initial represented "Bysshe," to invoke Percy Bysshe Shelley, while the second represented "Vanolis," an...

The Seasons is a series of four poems written by the Scottish author James Thomson. The first part, *Winter*, was published in 1726, and the completed poem cycle appeared in 1730. Thompson was educated first at the Parish school of Southdean then at Jedburgh Grammar School and Edinburgh University where he was a member of "The Grotesques" literary club; some of his early poems were published in the Edinburgh Miscellany of 1720. Seeking a larger stage, he went to London in 1725, and became the

tutor of Thomas Hamilton (who became the 7th Earl of Haddington) in Barnet. There he was able to begin *Winter*, the first of his four *Seasons*.

Blank verse had been considered more of an interesting toy than anything useful to poetry, despite John Milton's epic-scale *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* half a century earlier. The poem was published one season at a time, ***Winter* in 1726, *Summer* in 1727, *Spring* in** 1728 and *Autumn* only in the complete edition of 1730.

Thomson borrowed Milton's Latin-influenced vocabulary and inverted word order, with phrases like "in convolution swift". He extended Milton's narrative use of blank verse to use it for description and to give a meditative feeling.[4] The critic Raymond Dexter Havens called Thomson's style pompous and contorted, remarking that Thompson seemed to have avoided "calling things by their right names and speaking simply, directly, and naturally".

A cycle of four long poems in blank verse with a brief concluding hymn, *The Seasons* celebrates the magnificence and harmony of nature as a manifestation of the Supreme Being. It embodies literary, philosophical, and theological ideas characteristic of the eighteenth century, yet it also prefigures the Romantic movement of the nineteenth century, particularly in its depictions of storms and wilderness. It enjoyed extraordinary popularity and influence in both centuries, and its impressive, picturesque landscapes made it a favorite text for illustration.

The Seasons Summary by **James Thomson**

The poem evolved gradually, beginning with a short piece called "Winter," published in 1726. As he expanded and revised the work, James Thomson adopted the *Georgics* (c. 37-29 b.c.e.; English translation, 1589) of the ancient Roman poet Vergil as his literary model, finding there a precedent for his subject matter (nature), his four-part structure, and his elevated style. Standing in the middle ground between the pastoral and the epic, "georgic" verse was expected to use lofty diction in celebrating the earth's bounty. Whereas pastoral poetry uses nature artificially as stage scenery for the philosophizing of urbane shepherds, georgic poetry draws inspiration from the noble labors of the farmer. Thomson by no means restricts himself to the farm, however; he seeks in untamed nature a special quality that fascinated his age: the "sublime," the paradoxically uplifting experience of awe and even of terror.

Each of the four poems opens with conventional elements: an invocation to the poet's muse and an elegant address to his patron. Thereafter, each loosely adheres to a different structural principle. The first poem, "Spring," celebrates the influence of the season over the whole Chain of Being, starting with the lowest, inanimate matter, and ending with the highest of beings on earth, "Man."

Thomson prefers not to depict nature for its own sake but to do so for what it teaches, and many of its glories become occasions for edifying digressions. After describing the breezes warming the soil, the poet argues

for the dignity of his theme, for agriculture crowns the British Empire as it once crowned the Roman Empire. Describing a rainbow after a spring shower, he contrasts the scientific theory of Sir Isaac Newton with the dumb amazement of the ignorant swain. The thought of the virtues in herbs provokes a long discussion of humanity's lost innocence.

In days of old, reason governed passion and even the lion was gentle, but, since the Flood, afflictions have beset humanity. Yet, humankind still neglects the "wholesome Herb" and consumes the flesh of harmless animals. Some readers have criticized the looseness that results from this circuitous method, and no doubt the long, cumulative process of composition worked against the development of a rigid structure, but this lack of architecture reflects Thomson's sense of nature, for the poem possesses an underlying coherence that may be discerned only intermittently beneath the wonderful variety of the surface.

Birds follow vegetation; the poem relates how, infused with love from the "Source of Beings," they mate and build nests, brood over their eggs, and at last teach their offspring the art of flight. This springtime diffusion of amorous passions dominates the rest of the poem, but it refuses to conduct—out of respect for female readers, says the poet—a detailed discussion of animals and gives rise instead to a lecture on the torments that befall youthful lovers and the happiness of those who join in marriage and bring forth a delightful "human blossom."

Moralizing or "didactic" verse of this kind (besides being sanctioned by Thomson's literary model) was considered to be an integral part of the "topographical" poem, in which an impressive landscape becomes the occasion for profound and edifying meditation. Indeed, *The Seasons* inseparably intertwines description and didacticism, arguing throughout that our experience of nature inspires feeling, feeling inspires thought, and thought inspires praise of God.

"Summer," the longest of the four poems, traces a single day from morning to night, but it also uses the eye of imagination to describe the harsh climate of the tropics. The sun rules majestically over the summer day. All beings are its courtiers; his reign extends even to shining metals and gems that lie within the earth; ponds and oceans glitter with the sun's reflected light, yet...

Ode to Evening - William Collins

William Collins

- Collins was a precursor of the romantics also in that he came from a middle clars background. He was born in 1721.
- He completed his degree in 1743, magdolen college, oxford.
- His odes (1746-47) are rich and excellently written.
- In 1746 he brought out his volume of odes – over which he was very optimistic
- It was Thomson's death that again inspired him to write poetry in 1748.

- It is thought that Thomson described his young friend Collins in the lines from the

"Castle of Indolence"

1) After Thomson's death Collins commemorated his friend in a very touching ode. He also wrote an ode to his Scottish friend Home, the author of the famous poem 'Douglas' This is the one now printed as" The ode on the superstitions of the Highlands.
2) Ode to evening

- In this ode, Collins portrays the landscape in a simple and direct manner.
- The picturisation of ordinary sights is done in a unique manner.
- There are 13 stanzas with 4 lines each.
- If there is any pastoral song that can soothe the modest ear of evening.
- The ploy of the various seasons is presented as being transient where as 'Evening' is seen through them all as eternal factor.
- The poet not only personifies 'Evening' as a Lady worthy of worship but also gives her qualities – solemn, reserved, composed, still, shadowy, calm, meek and gentle.

William Collins

1) Hossan or The camel driver
2) Dirage for Fiddle
3) Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.

3) How sleep the Brave

- This is a short poem consisting of 2 stanzas only with 6 lines each
- This poem is other wise known as the ' ode beginning of the year 1746'

- The subject of the poem to those people who became the national heroes after meeting with their death bravely in the Battle of Falkirk on 17th January 1746.
- Like Gray's Elegy this poem mourns for the loss but in the end immortalizes the heroes

4) The passions, An ode for music

- This ode consists of 4 stanzas of unequal length.
- Music is personified as a maiden in this poem.
- The poet's intention is to invite music to come back to the world and change the mind of the man from indifferent paths by her power.
- The strong passions like Fear, Anger Revenge, Jealousy, Melancholyetc.drowned the music produced by hope, cheerfulness and joy. Therefore it is necessary for music to return to her natural position and restore herself to the past glory.

5) Ode to simplicity

- This ode consists of 9 stanzas of 6 lines each.
- There are three factors common to all literature.
- They are unity, clarity and universality.
- Simplicity is personified as a maiden and the poet prefers her form to ornate style of medieval and modern times.
- The poet explores many aspects of her mental condition and shows us how and what reasons she chose to desert a place or favour an individual
- He is truly a forerunner of romantic age by love of Nature.

Introduction:

"Ode to Evening," is one among the most enduring poems of William Collins. It is a beautiful poem of fifty-two lines, addressed to a goddess figure representing evening. This nymph, or maid, who personifies dusk, is chaste, reserv'd, and meek, in contrast to the bright-hair'd sun, a male figure who withdraws into his tent, making way for night. Thus evening is presented as the transition between light and darkness.

Collins' Construction of Evening:

Collins slowly constructs Evening as an allegorical figure with many attributes, and many aural and visual characteristics. Collins piles up epithets; Eve is "chaste," "reserved," "composed," "calm," "meekest";her ear is "modest." The figure of Eve so far is only yet a sketch, but her attributes add up to the idea of an attractive, calm woman who is not restless or forcefully active.

Contrast of Evening with the Daytime:

According to the poet, Evening possesses "solemn springs" and "dying gales" Daytime activity gives way to calm as the wind literally often dies down in the evening. Some activity now supplements our picture of Eve. The gentle movements of water and the air ensure that her figure is not static.

Eve's contrast with the daytime world is even more obvious when Collins compares her to the setting sun. The glaring "bright-haired sun" sits regally in his tent of clouds, the "skirts" or edges of which seem to be made of many-colored braided cloth. This ethereal (heavenly) cloth evokes a picture of a vivid sunset; the sun is descending to its "wavy bed," behind an ocean or lake. The day is almost done, and the sun not at the height of vigor (he is in his tent), but the implication is that he rests only after an active day.

The Journey of the Pilgrim into the world of Evening:

After the sunset, at "twilight," the world is not yet attuned to Eve's mood. The air is hushed, except for some annoying sounds: the bat's "short shrill shrieks" and sound of the beetle's "small but sullen horn." The bat's weak eyes and "leathern wing" are not pleasant, nor are the many beetles as they are borne (by the a breeze, I assume) up against the pilgrim on his quasi-religious journey. The beetles' horns together can be characterized a making a humming noise; in any case they are heedless of the annoyance they cause.

The Poet in a Prayerful Mood:

Up until now, Collins has simply been addressing Evening. The grammatical unit of the opening of the poem is not completed until Line 15: "Now teach me." The mood of this verb is not imperative, but prayerful. In the drama of the poem, the speaker is at first unsure of himself but gradually gains confidence. Evening has finally arrived:

darkening, still, genial, cheering, vital, and beloved. The poet prays for Eve to teach him to write a poem which praises her. This is Collins' way.

Description of Evening:

Now the poem blossoms. Collins begins to build up, not a literal picture of Evening, but a picture of the allegorical figure of Evening composed of details which evoke more of her attributes. A "car" or processional vehicle is being prepared for Eve in which she can progress through the evening surrounded by her attendants. The picture Collins gives us of a ceremonial car would have been more familiar to his audience than to us. Her attendants add to her characterization. Her car is prepared by The Hours (goddesses who order the seasons and are given to adorn things), and accompanied by sprightly elves who sleep in flowers, river goddesses wreathed in sedge and shedding freshening dew, and pensive Pleasures. These are active and by-and-large beautiful figures, without being at all bustling or too dazzling. They all embellish the figure of Eve, delicately balancing her qualities: active yet calm, beautiful and cheerful yet chaste and reserved.

The Spirit of Evening:

Collins then asks Evening to lead on as she progresses to this lovely day's end. She moves from the lowly heath, lighted now only by a reflection of a totally calm lake. Moving upward where Evening can be seen for the last time, the lake's light cheers an ancient building and an

upland field. Note that Eve is addressed a "vot'ress"; presumably like the poet she worships the spirit of Evening.

The Other side of Evening:

Collins now expands on his definition. So far, his description of Evening has been calm and beautiful. But Collins' Evening is not just beautiful. She also includes "chill blustering winds" and "driving rain." When he cannot walk about, the poet hopes to look out from a "hut" on a mountainside, rather like the place from which many Claude scenes are viewed. He will see wild scenery and flooding rivers, as well as the poem's first traces of ordinary civilization: "hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires." Now night falls as Eve's "dewy fingers draw / The gradual dusky veil."

Evening as seen through the Whole Year:

Collins then takes Evening through the year. As before, some of the associations are not pleasant. Spring is nicely associated with both water and the movement of air (showers and "breathing tresses"), Summer with sport and half-light. Autumn is less lovely (sallow), but is generous with leaves. Winter is nasty, "yelling through the troublous air and attacking Eve's train (of attendants? of her dress?) and even rending her robes. Evening can be attacked and is vulnerable, but she is not defeated. Collin's characterization leads us from the beautiful picture of the poems first 32 lines to a picture of Evening's strength to endure through good and bad.

All in all, Collins has accomplished what he evidently set out to do—catch lovely time of day in all its transitory aspects.

Evening as a State of Mind: Lessons from Evening:

From the beginning Collins has asked Evening to lead him on, to infuse his heart and mind with the ability to see her and write about her. The progress in the poem has not just been the gradual unfolding of Evening, but the gradual education of the poet about what Evening is—from the early visions of shadowy beauty to the qualities that endure through bad weather. These qualities have obvious human analogues. In short, Evening becomes, not only a time of day, but a state of mind that develops in the pilgrim/poet by contemplating and experiencing and writing about the literal evening. Literal evening is not just associated with but actually helps cause this wonderful calm, happy, contemplative, intelligent, happy, open, creative, sympathetic state of mind, the state that feeds Fancy (as in the writing of this poem), Friendship, Science (that is knowledge and learning), and for that matter physical, and by extension mental, health. It is no surprise that these qualities sing a hymn of praise to Evening—a hymn that is a sharp contrast to the yelling of winter a few lines before.[21]

Conclusion:

This poem points ahead. He is enabled by this state of mind and moves forward. Ode to Evening is one of the masterpieces of Collins. Collins' odes, do not point morals. Rather they dramatically define their

subject by building up a personified and vividly pictured allegorical character. it is the best of the mid-century odes and provides a good bridge to the great Romantic poets.

William Blake : A Poison Tree

William Blake

- William Blake was born in 1757 in London
- At the age of 10, he showed an absorbing interest in art. He learned to draw from the antique.
- He was one of the last of the pre-Romantic poets
- He was called ' the little connoisseur
- In order to amuse himself, he started writing verses.
- These verses are knows Poetical sketches.
- Songs of Innocence have beautiful verses and accompanying decorative pieces (1787)
- His finest work as a poet came with Songs of experience (1794) His early poems were lyrical, his later poems were expressions of his Mysticism.

Other poems of William Blake in peacock's English verse

- My skills and find array, 2. Memory, Hither come, 3. To the muses, 4. Piping down the valley's wile 5. Nurse's song, 6. Night, 7. A cradle song, 8. Holy Thursday, 9. On another's sorrow 10. Ah! Sunflower, 11. Jesus was sitting in Moses' chair, 12. The New Jerusalem ,13. Vision of Beulah.

I. From poetical sketches

1. How sweet I roamed from field to field

- The poem consists of four stanzas of four lines
- The poem captures mood of the care free life of the little boy who is taken in by sweet words and ends up losing liberty
- This roaming lasted till he saw the prince of Loe.
- The poet's wings were wet with the sweet may dews.

2. To spring

The poem is the description of spring as a bride and sheis welcomed

3. To the evening star

- This poem consisting of 14 lines looks like a sonnet. There is no end rhyme scheme.
- The evening star ushers the evening
- When the sun sets, It lights up its bright torch of love. It smiles upon those who are in bed after a heavyday. It puts silvery dew up on every flower that begins to sleep.

II. Songs of innocence

1. The Lamb

- The poet addresses the Lamb directly and asks it certain questions in the first stanza and in the second stanza he answers those questions he himself asked.
- The lamb has been given life and has been made to feed by the stream and eat the grars over the meadow.
- He calls himself by the same name "Lamb"

2. A Dream

- Once when he was young, a dream waved a shadow over his Angel – guarded bed. An emmet had lost its way.

- He was all heart broken. It was then that he heard her say.
- Soon the children look every where for the ant giving up the search, they return and weep for him.
- Taking pity on her, the poet began to cry.
- The glow worm "watchman of the night"itself light up the way. The mother can reach her home safely.

3. The little blackboy

- The black boy has no power to change himself into a white English boy.
- He says that only his body is black but his soul is white
- His mother teaches him the truth that God and the natural forces are common to everyone.
- The same sun shines upon everyone.
- At that time, the white angelic-looking boy may need the helping hand of the black boy. There will be total enjoyment, love and understanding.

4. The echoing green

- The sun rises and makes the skies happy. The merry bells ring in order to welcome the spring.
- Old john sits under the Oak tree along with other old people.
- In the mean while our sports can be seen.
- Soon the little ones are tired and cannot make merry any more. The sun is setting and our sports have to come to an end.
- There is no more sport seen on the darkening green.

III. Songs of Experience

1) The Tiger

- The phrase 'burning bright' may have multiple meaning – it may be the eyes, it may he of its yellow coat enhanced by the black lines in the body.
- He also suggests that God has forged the Tiger in a furnace using hammer, anvil, chain and fire.
- The poet identifies that God who creates gentleness and peace also creates fierceness and strength.

2) Chimney – sweeper

- A little black boy is crying amidst the snow
- It is woeful to hear him crying.
- He is asked the question where his father and mother were. He answers that they had gone to the church to pray.
- They had clothed him in a black drers and made him work and thus be useful to others.
- His priest and king who believe that man's misery is the way to heaven.

3) The school boy:-

- A summer morning, when the birds, sing, I love to wake up and skylark sings with me.
- The little children are kept under the cruel eye of the teacher who has grown old in his profession
- It is impossible for a bird that is born for joy to sit in a cage and sing.
- Similary the child cannot be expected to forget the spring time of his life.
- The poet is successful in evoking the emotions of a little boy who hates going to school.

A Poison Tree - WILLIAM BLAKE

I was angry with my friend;

I told my wrath, my wrath did end. I was angry with my foe:

I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I waterd it in fears,

Night & morning with my tears:

And I sunned it with smiles,

And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.

Till it bore an apple bright.

And my foe beheld it shine,

And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,

When the night had veild the pole;

In the morning glad I see;

My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

"A Poison Tree" is a poem written by William Blake, published in 1794 as part of his *Songs of Experience* collection. It describes the narrator's repressed feelings of anger towards an individual, emotions which eventually lead to murder. The poem explores themes of indignation, revenge, and more generally the fallen state of mankind.

The *Songs of Experience* was published in 1794 as a follow up to Blake's 1789 *Songs of Innocence*. The two books were published together under the merged title *Songs of Innocence and Experience, showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul: the author and printer, W. Blake* featuring 54 plates. The illustrations are arranged differently in some copies, while a number of poems were moved from *Songs of Innocence* to *Songs of Experience*. Blake continued to print the work throughout his life.[3] Of the copies of the original collection, only 28 published during his life are known to exist, with an additional 16 published posthumously. Only 5 of the poems from*Songs of Experience* appeared individually before 1839 with "A Poison Tree" first published in the 1830 *London University Magazine*. The original title of the poem is "Christian Forbearance," and was placed as number 10 in the Rossetti manuscript, printed on a plate illustrated by a corpse under a barren tree. The body was shown in a similar manner to the crucified corpse of Blake's "A

The poem relies on a trochaic beat. It consists of four stanzas, and begins with an emphasis on the first person. The first person perspective changes with the use of the word "And" after the first stanza, while the emphasis on "I" is replaced with "it" to emphasize the perspective of the

"foe." The original draft has a line drawn beneath the first stanza, which could denote that Blake originally intended the poem as concluding at the 4th line. There are also many differences between the manuscript and published versions of the poem, with the original line 3 and 4 reading "At a Friends Errors Anger Shew / Mirth at the Errors of a Foe."

Themes

The poem suggests that acting on anger reduces the need for vengeance, which may be connected to the British view of anger held following the start of the French Revolution. The revolutionary forces were commonly connected to the expression of anger with opposing sides arguing that the anger was either a motivating rationale or simply blinded an individual to reason. Blake, like Coleridge, believed that anger needed to be expressed, but both were wary of the type of emotion that, rather than guide, was able to seize control.

Poisoning appears in many of Blake's poems. The poisoner of "A Poison Tree" is similar to Blake's Jehovah, Urizen, Satan, and Newton. Through poisoning an individual, the victim ingests part of the poisoner, as food, through reading, or other actions, as an inversion on the Eucharist. Through ingestion, the poisoned sense of reason of the poisoner is forced onto the poisoned. Thus, the death of the poisoned can be interpreted as a replacement of the poisoned's individuality. The world of the poem is one where dominance is key, and there is no reciprocal interaction between individuals because of a lack of trust.

The poem, like others in *Songs of Experience*, reflects a uniquely Christian sense of alienation. As such, "A Poison Tree" appears to play off the Christian idea of self-denial, and it is possible that Blake is relying on Emanuel Swedenborg's theme of piety concealing malice, which ultimately alienates the individual from their true identity and evil no longer appears to be evil. Blake's poem differs from Swedenborg's theory by containing an uncontrollable progression through actions that lead to the conclusion. The final murder is beyond the control of the narrator, and the poem reflects this by switching from past to the present tense. The poem's theme of duplicity and the inevitable conclusion is similar to the anonymous poem "There was a man of double deed."

The image of the tree appears in many of Blake's poems, and seems connected to his concept of the Fall of Man. It is possible to read the narrator as a divine figure who uses the tree to seduce mankind into disgrace. This use of the fallen state can also be found in the poems "The Human Abstract" and "London" from the *Songs of Experience*series. The actual tree, described as a tree of "Mystery," appears again in "The Human Abstract," and both trees are grown within the mind

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,

In the forests of the night;

What immortal hand or eye,

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.

Burnt the fire of thine eyes?

On what wings dare he aspire?

What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,

What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp,

Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears

And water'd heaven with their tears:

Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,

In the forests of the night:

What immortal hand or eye,

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

"**The Tyger**" is a poem by the English poet William Blake published in 1794 as part of the *Songs of Experience* collection. Literary critic Alfred Kazin calls it "the most famous of his poems," and *The Cambridge Companion to William Blake* says it is "the most anthologized poem in English." It is one of Blake's most reinterpreted and arranged works

The *Songs of Experience* was published in 1794 as a follow up to Blake's 1789 *Songs of Innocence*. The two books were published together under the merged title *Songs of Innocence and Experience, showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul: the author and printer, W. Blake* featuring 54 plates. The illustrations are arranged differently in some copies, while a number of poems were moved from *Songs of Innocence* to *Songs of Experience*. Blake continued to print the work throughout his life. Of the copies of the original collection, only 28 published during his life are known to exist, with an additional 16 published posthumously. Only 5 of the poems from *Songs of Experience* appeared individually before 1839

"The Tyger" is the sister poem to "The Lamb" (from "Songs of Innocence"), a reflection of similar ideas from a different perspective (Blake's concept of "contraries"), with "The Lamb" bringing attention to innocence. "The Tyger" presents a duality between aesthetic beauty and primal ferocity, and Blake believes that to see one, the hand that created

"The Lamb", one must also see the other, the hand that created "The Tyger": "Did he who made the Lamb make thee?"

The "Songs of Experience" were written as a contrary to the "Songs of Innocence" – a central tenet in Blake's philosophy, and central theme in his work. The struggle of humanity is based on the concept of the contrary nature of things, Blake believed, and thus, to achieve truth one must see the contraries in innocence and experience. Experience is not the face of evil but rather another facet of that which created us. Kazin says of Blake, "Never is he more heretical than ... where he glories in the hammer and fire out of which are struck ... the Tyger".Rather than believing in war between good and evil or heaven and hell, Blake thought each man must first see and then resolve the contraries of existence and life. In "The Tyger," he presents a poem of "triumphant human awareness," and "a hymn to pure being," according to Kazin

The Lamb" -William Blake,

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:

I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

"The Lamb" is the counterpart poem to Blake's poem: "The Tyger" in *Songs of Experience*. Blake wrote *Songs of Innocence*as a contrary to the *Songs of Experience* – a central tenet in his philosophy and a central theme in his work. Like many of Blake's works, the poem is about Christianity. The lamb is a common metaphor for Jesus Christ, who is also called "The Lamb of God" in John 1:29.

This poem has a simple rhyme scheme : AA BB CC DD AA AA EF GG FE AA. The layout is set up by two stanzas with the refrain: "Little Lamb who made thee Dost thou know who made thee". In the first stanza,

the speaker asks the lamb who his creator is; the answer lies at the end of the poem. Here we find a physical description of the lamb, seen as a pure and gentle creature. In the second stanza, the lamb is compared with the infant Jesus, as well as between the lamb and the speaker's soul. In the last two lines the speaker identifies the creator: God.

Like the other *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, *The Lamb* was intended to be sung; William Blake's original melody is now lost. It was made into a song by Vaughan Williams, in his 1958 song cycle *Ten Blake Songs*, although he described it as "that horrible little lamb - a poem that I hate". It was also set to music by Sir John Tavener, who explained, "*The Lamb* came to me fully grown and was written in an afternoon and dedicated to my nephew Simon for his 3rd birthday." American poet Allen Ginsberg set the poem to music, along with several other of Blake's poems, in the 1970

John Dryden : Preface to the Fables

John Dryden (19 August [O.S. 9 August] 1631 – 12 May [O.S. 1 May] 1700) was an English poet, literary critic, translator, and playwright who was made England's first Poet Laureate in 1668. He is seen as dominating the literary life of Restoration England to such a point that the period came to be known in literary circles as the Age of Dryden. Walter Scott called him "Glorious John

Dryden was born in the village rectory of Aldwincle near Thrapston in Northamptonshire, where his maternal grandfather was rector of All

Saints. He was the eldest of fourteen children born to Erasmus Dryden and wife Mary Pickering, paternal grandson of Sir Erasmus Dryden, 1st Baronet (1553–1632) and wife Frances Wilkes, Puritan landowning gentry who supported the Puritan cause and Parliament. He was a second cousin once removed of Jonathan Swift. As a boy Dryden lived in the nearby village of Titchmarsh, where it is likely that he received his first education.

In 1644 he was sent to Westminster School as a King's Scholar where his headmaster was Dr. Richard Busby, a charismatic teacher and severe disciplinarian.[3] Having recently been re-founded by Elizabeth I, Westminster during this period embraced a very different religious and political spirit encouraging royalism and high Anglicanism. Whatever Dryden's response to this was, he clearly respected the headmaster and would later send two of his sons to school at Westminster. Historically, the ***Age of Dryden*** is called the ***Restoration Age***. Charles I was executed by Cromwell in 1649. From 1649 to 1660 there was the domination of the parliament. During this period, Prince Charles II remained in exile in France. However the English people wanted monarchy back in power. So in 1660 the monarchy was restored. Charles II was installed on the throne. This age is therefore called the age of Restoration. Dryden lived and wrote in this age. The Restoration age was an age of sweeping reactions against Puritanism and the Glorious Revolution [1688].

Fable: **A fable is a brief tale conveying a moral. Usually, in fables beast and birds are made to act and speak like human beings. But**

Dryden's Fables are in no sense fables, but rather tales in verse. They are verse paraphrases of tales by Chaucer, Boccaccio and Ovid.

The Background: In the *Preface to the Fables*, Dryden explains the background and project of the Fables. He explains how the project was taken up on a very modest scale which however expanded to the full size of a book. Metaphorically, Dryden says that he had only planned to build a lodge, but ended up with a house.

Dryden began with a translation of the first book of Homer's ***Iliad***. This was done as an experiment. However it was a great success. The success gave him confidence and he soon turned to another writer, Ovid. He translated into simple English Ovid's ***'Metamorphoses'***. These experiments and the success he got, encouraged him to choose five tales from Chaucer's famous work "Canterbury Tales". Later he translated three of ***Boccaccio's Tales***. At the end of the preface Dryden says that he makes no claims as to the merits of his translation. He leaves it to the readers to decide.

Preface to *The Fables* (1700) [Translations of Ovid and Chaucer]

[Dryden translates The Knight's Tale, the Nun's Priest's Tale, The Wife of Bath's Tale, and The Flower and The Leaf (then thought to be Chaucer's), and The character of a Good Parson, based on (rather than translated from) the portrait of the Parson in the General Prologue.]

Chaucer and Ovid Compared

I proceed to Ovid, and Chaucer; considering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the Golden Age of the Roman Tongue: From Chaucer the Purity of the English Tongue began. The Manners of the Poets were not unlike: Both of them were well-bred, well-natur'd, amorous, and Libertine, at least in their Writings, it may be also in their Lives. Their Studies were the same, Philosophy, and Philology.

Both of them were knowing in Astronomy; of which Ovid's Books of the Roman Feasts, and Chaucer's Treatise of the Astrolabe, are sufficient Witnesses. But Chaucer was likewise an Astrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Persius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful Facility and Clearness; neither were great Inventors: For Ovid only copied the Grecian Fables; and most of Chaucer's Stories were taken from his Italian Contemporaries, or their Predecessors: Boccace his Decameron was first publish'd; and from thence our Englishman has borrow'd many of his

Canterbury Tales: Yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by some Italian wit, in a former Age; as I shall prove hereafter: The tale of Grizild was the Invention of Petrarch; by him sent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida was also written by a Lombard Author; but much amplified by our English Translatour, as well as beautified; the Genius of our Countrymen, in general, being rather to improve an Invention than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our Poetry, but in many of our Manufactures.

I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: But there is so much less behind; and I am of the Temper of most Kings, who love to be in Debt, are all for present Money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: Besides, the Nature of a Preface is rambling; never wholly out of the Way, nor in it. This I have learn'd from the Practice of honest Montaign, and return at my pleasure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to say.

Both of them built on the Inventions of other Men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as The Wife of Baths Tale, The Cock and the Fox, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our Countryman the Precedence in that Part; since I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them understood the Manners; under which Name I comprehend the Passions, and, in a larger Sense, the Descriptions of Persons, and their very Habits:

For an Example, I see Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if some ancient Painter had drawn them; and all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their Humours, their Features, and the very Dress, as distinctly as if I had supp'd with them at the Tabard in Southwark: Yet even there, too, the Figures of Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better Light: Which though I have not time to prove; yet I appeal to the Reader, and am sure he will clear me from Partiality.

The Styles of Chaucer and Ovid

The Thoughts and Words remain to be considered, in the Comparison of the two Poets; and I have sav'd my self one half of that Labour, by owning that Ovid liv'd when the Roman Tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the Dawning of our Language: Therefore that Part of the Comparison stands not on an equal Foot, any more than the Diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer and our present English. The Words are given up as a Post not to be defended in our Poet, because he wanted the Modern Art of Fortifying. The Thoughts remain to be consider'd: And they are to be measur'd only by their Propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the Persons describ'd, on such and such Occasions.

The Vulgar Judges, which are Nine Parts in Ten of all Nations, who call Conceits and Jingles Wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad for preferring the Englishman to the Roman: Yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the Things they admire are only glittering Trifles, and so far from being Witty, that in a serious Poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Wou'd any Man, who is ready to die for Love, describe his Passion like Narcissus? Wou'd he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a Dozen more of such Expressions, pour'd on the Neck of one another, and signifying all the same Thing? If this were Wit, was this a Time to be witty, when the poor Wretch, was in the Agony of Death? This is just John Littlewit, in Bartholomew Fair, who had a Conceit (as he tells you) left him in his Misery; a miserable Conceit.

On these Occasions the Poet shou'd endeavour to raise Pity: But, instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such Machines when he was moving you to commiserate the Death of Dido: He would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his Love, and unjust in the Pursuit of it: Yet, when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: He repents not of his Love, for that had alter'd his Character; but acknowledges the Injustice of his Proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this Occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his Death-bed. He had complained he was further off from Possession, by being so near, and a thousand such Boyisms, which Chaucer rejected as below the Dignity of the Subject. They who think otherwise, would by the same Reason, prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all Four of them.

As for the Turn of Words, in which Ovid particularly excels all Poets; they are sometimes a Fault, and sometimes a Beauty, as they are us'd properly or improperly; but in strong Passions always to be shunn'd, because Passions are serious, and will admit no Playing. The French have a high Value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call Delicate, when they are introduc'd with Judgment; but Chaucer writ with more Simplicity, and follow'd Nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my Knowledge, been an upright Judge betwixt the Parties in Competition, not medling with the Design nor the Disposition of it; because the Design was not their own; and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

Chaucer the Father of English Poetry

In the first place, as he is the Father of English Poetry, so I hold him in the same Degree of Veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: He is a perpetual Fountain of good Sense; learn'd in all Sciences; and, therefore speaks properly on all Subjects: As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a Continence which is practis'd by few Writers, and scarcely by any of the Ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great Poets is sunk in his Reputation, because he cou'd never forgive any Conceit which came in his way; but swept like a Dragnet, great and small.

There was plenty enough, but the Dishes were ill sorted; whole Pyramids of Sweet-meats for Boys and Women; but little of solid Meat for Men: All this proceeded not from any want of Knowledge, but of Judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the Beauties and Faults of other Poets; but only indulg'd himself in the Luxury of Writing; and perhaps knew it was a Fault, but hoped the Reader would not find it. For this Reason. though he must always be thought a great Poet, he is no longer esteemed a good Writer: And for Ten Impressions, which his Works have had in so many successive Years, yet at present a hundred Books are scarcely purchased once a Twelvemonth: For, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer follow'd Nature every where, but was never so bold to go beyond her: And there is a great Difference of being *Poeta* and *nimis Poeta*,

if we may believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest Behaviour and Affectation. The Verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not Harmonious to us; but 'tis like the Eloquence of one whom Tacitus comnends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodate*: They who liv'd with him, and some time after him, thought it Musical; and it continues so even in our Judgment, if compar'd with the Numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his Contemporaries: There is the rude Sweetness of a Scotch Tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect.

Chaucer's Meter Defective

'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who publish'd the last Edition of him; for he would make us believe the Fault is in our Ears, and that there were really Ten Syllables in a Verse where we find but Nine: But this Opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an Errour, that common Sense (which is a Rule in everything but Matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the Reader, that Equality of Numbers, in every Verse which we call Heroick, was either not known, or not always practis'd, in Chaucer's Age.

It were an easie Matter to produce some thousands of his Verses, which are lame for want of half a Foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no Pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he liv'd in the Infancy of our Poetry, and that nothing is brought to Perfection at the first. we must be Children before we grow Men. There was an Ennius, and in process of Time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace;

even after Chaucer there was a Spencer, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: And our Numbers were in their Nonage till these last appeared.

Chaucer's Poltical Connections

I need say little of his Parentage, Life, and Fortunes: They are to be found at large in all the Editions of his Works. He was employ'd abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was Poet, as I suppose, to all Three of them. In Richard's Time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the Rebellion of the Commons; and being Brother-in-Law to John of Ghant, it was no wonder if he follow'd the Fortunes of that Family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he depos'd his Predecessor.

Neither is it to be admir'd, that Henry, who was a wise as well as a valiant Prince, who claim'd by Succession, and was sensible that his Title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the Heir of York; it was not to be admir'd, I say, if that great Politician should be pleas'd to have the greatest Wit of those Times in his Interests, and to be the Trumpet of his Praises. Augustus had given him the Example, by the Advice of Mecaenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whose Praises helped to make him Popular while he was alive, and after his Death have made him Precious to Posterity.

Chaucer's Religion

As for the Religion of our Poet, he seems to have some little Byas towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Ghant his Patron; somewhat of which appears in the Tale of Piers Plowman: Yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the Vices of the Clergy in his Age: Their Pride, their Ambition, their Pomp, their Avarice, their Worldly Interest, deserv'd the Lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury Tales: Neither has his Contemporary Boccace, spar'd them.

Yet both those Poets liv'd in much esteem, with good and holy Men in Orders: For the Scandal which is given by particular Priests reflects not on the Sacred Function. Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryar, took not from the Character of his Good Parson. A Satyrical Poet is the Check of the Laymen on bad Priests. . . . I have followed Chaucer, in his Character of a Holy Man, and have enlarg'd on that Subject with some Pleasure, reserving to myself the Right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of Priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last Blow to Christianity in this Age, by a Practice so contrary to their Doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him.

Here is God's Plenty

He must have been a Man of a most wonderful comprehensive Nature, because, as it has been truly observ'd of him, he has taken into the Compass of his Canterbury Tales the various Manners and Humours (as we now call them) of the whole English Nation, in his Age. Not a single

Character has escap'd him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Phisiognomies and Persons.

Baptista Porta could not have describ'd their Natures better, than by the Marks which the Poet gives them. The Matter and Manner of their Tales, and of their Telling, are so suited to their different Educations, Humours, and Callings, that each of them would be improper in any other Mouth. Even the grave and serious Characters are distinguished by their several sorts of Gravity: Their Discourses are such as belong to their Age, their Calling, and their Breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his Persons are Vicious, and some Vertuous; some are unlearn'd, or (as Chaucer calls them) Lewd, and some are Learn'd. Even the Ribaldry of the Low Characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several Men, and are distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady-Prioress, and the broad-speaking, gap-tooth'd wife of Bathe.

But enough of this: There is such a Variety of Game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my Choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say according to the Proverb, that here is God's Plenty. We have our Fore-fathers and Great Grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's Days; their general Characters are still remaining in Mankind, and even in England, though they are call'd by other Names than those of Moncks, and Fryars, and Chanons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns:

For Mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of Nature, though every thing is alter'd.

Chaucer's Bawdry

May I have leave to do myself the Justice, (since my Enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good Poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a Moral Man), may I have leave, I say, to inform my Reader, that I have confin'd my Choice to such Tales of Chaucer as savour nothing of Immodesty.

If I had desir'd more to please than to instruct, the Reve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchant, the Sunmer, and above all, the Wife of Bathe, in the Prologue to her Tale, would have procur'd me as many Friends and Readers, as there are Beaux and Ladies of Pleasure in the Town. But I will no more offend against Good Manners: I am sensible as I ought to be of the Scandal I have given by my loose Writings; and make what Reparation I am able, by this Public Acknowledgment.

If anything of this Nature, or of Profaneness, be crept into these Poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo*. Chaucer makes another manner of Apologie for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our Country-man, in the end of his Characters, before the Canterbury Tales, thus excuses the Ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his Novels.

But firste, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrete it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere,

Yet if a Man should have enquir'd of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such Characters, where obscene Words were proper in their Mouths, but very undecent to he heard; I know not what Answer they could have made: For that Reason, such Tales shall be left untold by me.

Chaucer's Language and the Need for Translation

You have here a Specimen of Chaucer's Language, which is so obsolete, that his Sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one Example of his unequal Numbers, which were mention'd before. Yet many of his Verses consist of Ten Syllables, and the Words not much behind our present English: as for Example, these two Lines, in the Description of the Carpenter's Young Wife:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly Colt,
Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.

I have almost done with Chaucer, when I have answer'd some Objections relating to my present Work. I find some People are offended that I have turn'd these Tales into modern English; because they think them unworthy of my Pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-fashioned Wit, not worth receiving.

I have often heard the late Earl of Leicester say, that Mr. Cowley himself was of that opinion; who, having read him over at my Lord's Request, declared he had no Taste of him. I dare not advance my Opinion against the Judgment of so great an Author: But I think it fair, however, to leave the Decision to the Publick: Mr. Cowley, was too modest to set up for a Dictatour; and, being shock'd perhaps with his old Style, never examin'd into the depth of his good Sense.

Chaucer, I confess, is a rough Diamond, and must first be polish'd, e'er he shines. I deny not likewise, that, living in our early Days of Poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but sometimes mingles trivial Things with those of greater Moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great Wits beside Chaucer, whose Fault is their Excess of Conceits, and those ill sorted. An Author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought.

Having observ'd this Redundancy in Chaucer, (as it is an easie Matter for a Man of ordinary Parts to find a Fault in one of greater,) I have not ty'd myself to a Literal Translation; but have often omitted what I judg'd unnecessary, or not of Dignity enough to appear in the Company of better Thoughts. I have presum'd farther in some Places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my Author was deficient, and had not given his Thoughts their true Lustre, for want of Words in the Beginning of our Language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because, (if I may be permitted to say it of my self) I found I had a Soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same Studies.

Another Poet, in another Age, may take the same Liberty with my Writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve Correction.

It was also necessary sometimes to restore the Sense of Chaucer, which was lost or mangled in the Errors of the Press: Let this Example suffice at present in the Story of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is describ'd, you find these Verses in all the Editions of our Author:

There saw I Dane turned unto a Tree,
I mean not the goddess Diane,
But Venus Daughter, which that hight Dane.

But there are other Judges, who think I ought not to have translated Chaucer into English, out of a quite contrary Notion: They suppose there is a certain Veneration due to his old Language; and that it is little less than Profanation and Sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that somewhat of his good Sense will suffer in this Transfusion, and much of the Beauty of his Thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more Grace in their old Habit. Of this Opinion was that excellent Person, whom I mention'd, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despis'd him.

My Lord dissuaded me from this Attempt, (for I was thinking of it some Years before his Death,) and his Authority prevail'd so far with me, as to defer my Undertaking while he liv'd, in deference to him: Yet my Reason was not convinc'd with what he urg'd against it. If the first End of a Writer be to be understood, then, as his Language grows obsolete, his

Thoughts must grow obscure, *multa renascuntur, quae nunc cecidere; cadentque quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi*. When an ancient Word for its Sound and Significancy, deserves to be reviv'd, I have that reasonable Veneration for Antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is Superstition.

Words are not like Land-marks, so sacred as never to be remov'd: Customs are chang'd, and even Statutes are silently repeal'd, when the Reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other Part of the Argument, that his Thoughts will lose of their original Beauty by the innovation of Words; in the first place, not only their Beauty, but their Being is lost, when they are no longer understood, which is the present Case. I grant, that something must be lost in all Transfusion, that is, in all Translations; but the Sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maim'd, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, so as to understand him perfectly? And if imperfectly, then with less Profit, and no Pleasure.

'Tis not for the Use of some old Saxon Friends, that I have taken these Pains with him: Let them neglect my Version, because they have no need of it. I made it for their sakes who understand Sense and Poetry, as well as they; when that Poetry and Sense is put into Words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what Beauties I lose in some Places, I give to others which had them not originally:

But in this I may be partial to my self; let the Reader judge, and I submit to his Decision. Yet I think I have just Occasion to complain of them, who because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their Countrymen of the same Advantage, and hoord him up, as Misers do their Grandam Gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it.

In sum, I seriously protest, that no Man ever had, or can have, a greater Veneration for Chaucer than my self. I have translated some part of his Works, only that I might perpetuate his Memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my Countrymen. If I have alter'd him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: *Facile est inventis addere*, is no great Commendation; but I am not so vain to think I have deserv'd a greater.

I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one Remark: A Lady of my Acquaintance, who keeps a kind of Correspondence with some Authors of the Fair Sex in France, has been inform'd by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspir'd like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French.

From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provencall; (for, how she should come to understand Old English, I know not). But the Matter of Fact being true, it makes me think, that there is something in it like Fatality; that after certain Periods of Time, the Fame

and Memory of Great Wits should be renew'd, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly Chance, 'tis extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for fear of being tax'd with Superstition.

Chaucer and Boccaccio Compared

Boccace comes last to be considered, who, living in the same Age with Chaucer, had the same Genius, and followed the same Studies: Both writ Novels, and each of them cultivated his Mother-Tongue: But the greatest Resemblance of our two Modern Authors being in their familiar Style, and pleasing way of relating Comical Adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from Boccace of that Nature.

In the serious part of Poetry, the Advantage is wholly on Chaucer's Side; for though the Englishman has borrow'd many Tales from the Italian, yet it appears, that those of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from Authors of former ages, and by him only modell'd: So that what there was of Invention, in either of them, may be judg'd equal. But Chaucer has refin'd on Boccace, and has mended the Stories which he has borrow'd, in his way of telling; though Prose allows more Liberty of Thought, and the Expression is more easie, when unconfined by Numbers. Our Countryman carries Weight, and yet wins the Race at disadvantage. I desire not the Reader should take my Word; and, therefore, I will set two of their Discourses on the same Subject, in the same Light, for every Man to judge betwixt them.

The Wife of Bath's Tale

I translated Chaucer first, and amongst the rest, pitch'd on The Wife of Bath's Tale; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue, because 'tis too licentious: There Chaucer introduces an old Woman of mean Parentage, whom a youthful Knight of Noble Blood, was forc'd to marry, and consequently loath'd her: The Crone being in bed with him on the wedding Night, and finding his Aversion, endeavours to win his Affection by Reason, and speaks a good Word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollifie the sullen Bridegroom. She takes her Topiques from the Benefits of Poverty, the Advantages of old Age and Ugliness, the Vanity of Youth, and the silly Pride of Ancestry and Titles, without inherent Vertue, which is the true No ability.

When I had clos'd Chaucer; I return'd to Ovid, and translated some more of his Fables; and, by this time, had so far forgotten The Wife of Bath's Tale, that when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the same Argument of preferring Virtue to Nobility of Blood, and Titles, in the Story of Sigismonda; which I had certainly avoided for the Resemblance of the two Discourses, if my Memory had not fail'd me. Let the Reader weigh both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, 'tis in him to right Boccace.

The Knight's Tale

I prefer in our Countryman, far above all his other Stories, the Noble Poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epique kind, and perhaps not much inferiour to the Ilias or the Aeneis: the Story is more pleasing than

either of them, the Manners as perfect, the Diction as poetical, the Learning as deep and various; and the Disposition full as artful: only it includes a greater length of time; as taking up seven years at least; but Aristotle has left undecided the Duration of the Action; which yet is easily reduc'd into the Compass of a year, by a Narration of what preceded the Return of Palamon to Athens.

I had thought for the Honour of our Nation, and more particularly for his, whose Laurel, tho' unworthy, I have worn after him, that this Story was of English Growth, and Chaucer's own: But I was undeceiv'd by Boccace; for casually looking on the End of his seventh Giornata, I found Dioneo, (under which name he shadows himself,) and Fiametta, (who represents his Mistress, the natural Daughter of Robert, King of Naples) of whom these Words are spoken. *Dioneo e Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme d'Arcita, e di Palemone*: by which it appears, that this Story was written before the time of Boccace; but the Name of its Author being wholly lost, Chaucer is now become an Original; and I question not but the Poem has receiv'd many Beauties, by passing through his Noble Hands.

Besides this Tale, there is another of his own Invention, after the manner of the Provencalls, call'd The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was so particularly pleas'd, both for the Invention and the moral; that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the Reader

Addison and Steele : The Spectator and the Coverly Papers

Sir Richard Steele (bap. 12 March 1672 – 1 September 1729) was an Irish writer and politician, remembered as co-founder, with his friend Joseph Addison, of the magazine *The Tatle* Steele was born in Dublin, Ireland in March 1672 to Richard Steele, an attorney, and Elinor Symes (*née* Sheyles); his sister Katherine was born the previous year. Steele was largely raised by his uncle and aunt, Henry Gascoigne and Lady Katherine Mildmay.

A member of the Protestant gentry, he was educated at Charterhouse School, where he first met Addison. After starting at Christ Church in Oxford, he went on to Merton College, Oxford, then joined the Life Guards of the Household Cavalry in order to support King William's wars against France. He was commissioned in 1697, and rose to the rank of captain within two years. Steele left the army in 1705, perhaps due to the death of the 34th Foot's commanding officer, Lord Lucas, which limited his opportunities of promotion.

In 1706 Steele was appointed to a position in the household of Prince George of Denmark, consort of Anne, Queen of Great Britain. He also gained the favour of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford

Joseph Addison (1 May 1672 – 17 June 1719) was an English essayist, poet, playwright, and politician. He was the eldest son of The Reverend Lancelot Addison. His name is usually remembered alongside that of his long-standing friend, Richard Steele, with whom he founded *The Spectator* magazine.

Addison was born in Millstone, Wiltshire, but soon after his birth his father, Lancelot Addison, was appointed Dean of Lichfield and the Addison family moved into the cathedral close. He was educated at Charterhouse School, where he first met Richard Steele, and at The Queen's College, Oxford. He excelled in classics, being specially noted for his Latin verse, and became a fellow of Magdalen College. In 1693, he addressed a poem to John Dryden, and his first major work, a book of the lives of English poets, was published in 1694. His translation of Virgil's *Georgics*

was published in the same year. Dryden, Lord Somers and Charles Montague, 1st Earl of Halifax, took an interest in Addison's work and obtained for him a pension of £300 to enable him to travel to Europe with a view to diplomatic employment, all the time writing and studying politics.

While in Switzerland in 1702, he heard of the death of William III, an event which lost him his pension, as his influential contacts, Halifax and Somers, had lost their employment with the Crown. This article is about the 18th-century author. For others, see Richard Steele (disambiguation). Sir Richard Steele by Godfrey Kneller c.1712, National Portrait Gallery, London (one of the "Kit-Cat Portraits")

The Spectator was a daily publication founded by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele in England, lasting from 1711 to 1712. Each "paper", or "number", was approximately 2,500 words long, and the original run consisted of 555 numbers, beginning on 1 March 1711. These were collected into seven volumes. The paper was revived without the involvement of Steele in 1714, appearing thrice weekly for six months, and these papers when collected formed the eighth volume. Eustace Budgell, a cousin of Addison's, also contributed to the publication

In Number 10, Mr. Spectator states that *The Spectator* will aim "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality". He hopes it will be said he has "brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools, and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee–houses". He recommends that readers of the paper consider it "as a part of the tea-equipage" and set aside time to read it each morning. *The*

Spectator sought to provide readers with topics for well-reasoned discussion, and to equip them to carry on conversations and engage in social interactions in a polite manner. In keeping with the values of Enlightenment philosophies of their time, the authors of *The Spectator* promoted family, marriage, and courtesy.

Character of Sir Roger in "The Coverley Paper"

Answer: Joseph Addison and Richard Steele were the two distinguished essayists of the 18th century England who flourished and flowered English prose to its highest peak. However, in the essay collection entitled **"The Coverley Paper"** Sir Roger de Coverley is the best creation by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. His character is a well mixture of hospitality, humanity, love, helpfulness, disappointment, superstition, singularities, kindness, honesty and goodness. However, through the character of Sir Roger the above mentioned satirists tried their utmost to show the oddities and vices of the 18th century English society in a very mild manner. Although sometimes his behaviour seems to be very odd but they proceed from his good sense. He is beloved rather than esteemed by all who know him.

After getting invitation from Sir Roger, the author went to Sir Roger's country house. Here his hospitality takes the attention of the readers. Here we see that he is very hospitable and did everything possible to make his friend happy. Even the people around his house were requested not to get closer to Addison because Addison would be disturbed. In his house Addison was requested to feel free for any kind of job.

In the essay **"Sir Roger at Home"** Sir Roger's treatment to his servants was adequately well. He loved each and every servant at his home and they returned his love with both service and love because he maintained a friendly relationship with them and inquired after their health and family. And they were also satisfied with him. Addison says in **"Sir Roger at Home"**

"I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons;

for as the knight is the best master in the world,

he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him."

His nice behaviour towards them helped them develop such love for him that if they were not employed, they seemed discouraged. It indicates that they were largely willing to be engaged in his service. Even his pet dog was not left unloved. So when Sir Roger arrived at home upon completion his outside activities, their hearts leapt with a great deal of pleasure. The love between the master and the servants developed in such a degree that if he simply coughed or showed any infirmity of old age, there appeared tension in the looks of his servants.

His broadness of heart has been revealed in **"The Coverley Household"**. The servants in the household of Sir Roger considered themselves quite fortunate to have a master like him. They seemed to enjoy doing whatever he demanded them to do. Unlike many other masters, he did not like rewarding his servants with the cast off clothes as, he thought,

it would be the sign of narrow-mindedness. He believed in the equality of master and servants. So he provided them with the vacant tenements and the money collected from the tenants so that the servants would live comfortably. Not only that but also he allowed them to make business of their own to make good. It bears the testimony that his treatment to his servants was ideal.

In the essay **"His Account of His Disappointment in Love"** the knight is found to be disappointed. In his youth he fell in love a beautiful widow in his next county but she did not respond to him in the same manner he expected. She was such a woman that liked to be courted by all other men but had not liked to marry anyone. Sir Roger was very frustrated at her behaviour. He tired many times to overcome the passion but it printed deeply in his heart. The following line reveals his disappointed heart.

"Oh the excellent creature!

She is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

We find Sir Roger superstitious in "**Sir Roger and the Gipsies**". As the Spectator was riding with Sir Roger along the fields, he noticed a group of gypsies. He began to tell the Spectator about all the mischiefs done by the gypsies. He described to him that they used to steal pieces of linen, hogs, geese and anything they could manage hold of and take pieces of sliver from dairy-maids and, in return, promise them handsome sweethearts.

But soon after that he revealed his wish to the Spectator to visit them to know about his fortunes. Here his singularities are traceable. At the beginning of the essay, he was despising the gypsies but now he is willing to hear his fortunes from them. He showed his hand to an old gypsy. Examining his hand the gypsy foretold that he had a widow in his line of life and further told him that his love was constant and the she would dream of him that night. At that news he was very delighted.

Although it is strange to believe in the existence of witches, the belief in witchcraft is a common matter in the country in the time of Addison and Steele. In **"On Witch Craft – Story of Moll White"** we see that Sir Roger like many other people in the country tended to consider an old woman to be a witch as people attributed all disasters of their life to her. They hardly believed that it had been a rumour that an old woman could be a witch.

To some extent Sir Roger can be considered to be eccentric. In almost all the essays regarding him, we find its full expression. In the essay **"Sir Roger at Church"** his eccentricity is seen in which he exercised his authority. He wanted that his tenants should behave well in the church.

They must not sleep or make any noise during the church service but he himself did so. Sometimes when everybody was on their knees, he stood up. And his kindness of heart is revealed in the essay "**Sir Roger in Town**". Once Sir Roger was seen conversing with a beggar who asked for some alms from him. At first he chided the beggar for not finding out some work but later on he put his hand in his pocket and gave him away six pence.

In summing up, it can be said that despite being a man of great honour, Sir Roger is regarded as a humorist and sometimes eccentric because of possessing some oddities or peculiarities in him. However, the ultimate aim of Addison was not to show his humorous expressions to make up laugh only, rather to make up correct for our follies and absurdities. But the main intention of Mr. Spectator was to correct the society, to reform every corner of life by presenting the character Sir Roger.

Joseph Addison and Richard Steele's *The Spectator* was among the most popular and influential literary periodicals in England in the eighteenth century. Begun on March 1, 1711, this one-page essay sheet was published six days a week, Monday through Saturday, and reached 555 issues by its last issue on December 6, 1712. Each issue was numbered, the articles were unsigned, and many had mottoes from classical authors.

The Spectator's end was brought about by a combination of the other interests of its authors and by a rate increase in the taxes that were levied on paper. In 1714, *The Spectator* was revived from June through December by Addison and two other writers, who had occasionally contributed to the original publication. Reading *The Spectator* yields a vivid portrait of London life in the first decades of the eighteenth century.

The Spectator, like its equally famous predecessor, *The Tatler* (1709 to 1712), was the creation of Sir Richard Steele, who combined a life of politics with a writing career as a poet, a playwright, and a literary journalist. Steele became a member of Parliament, was knighted by King George I in

1715, and achieved success as a dramatist with his play *The Conscious Lovers* in 1722. Using the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaff, Steele provided lively stories and reports on London society through *The Tatler*, which attracted male and female readers. Addison, already popular as poet, was also a playwright and a writer on miscellaneous topics who held a series of government appointments.

He contributed material to *The Tatler* and then formed a collaborative relationship with Steele to write for *The Spectator*. While *The Tatler* featured both news and short essays on topical matters, *The Spectator*, with the established readers of *The Tatler* as its primary buyers, was composed of one long essay on the social scene or a group of fictive letters to the editor that gave Addison and Steele a forum for moral or intellectual commentary. This was presented in the periodical by the specially created, fictional social observer, "Mr. Spectator."

To give the essays structure, Steele created the Spectator Club and presented the character of Sir Roger De Coverly, a fifty-six-year-old bachelor and country gentleman, as its central spokesman. Other members of this fictional group included a merchant, Sir Andrew Freeport, a lawyer, a soldier, a clergyman, and a socialite, Will Honeycomb, who contributed gossip and interesting examples of social behavior to Mr. Spectator.

Although Steele ultimately did not use the Spectator Club as a device as often as he apparently anticipated, the De Coverly essays were the best recognized and most popular section of *The Spectator*. In later literature of

the century, characters similar to those created by Steele for the club appeared in novels and political periodicals. Through De Coverly and Freeport, Addison and Steele are able to contrast the political views of the Tory and Whig parties and, through Honeycomb, to satirize the ill effects of an overly social life on personal morality and good judgment.

The first number of *The Spectator* begins with Addison's general introduction of Mr. Spectator to his readers. As Mr. Spectator explains, readers want to know something about an author, even if the information is general: Thus I live in the World, rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species . . . as a Looker-on, which is the Character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

As for keeping some personal details to himself, Mr. Spectator notes that knowing his real name, his age, and his place of residence would spoil his ability to act as a nonpartisan observer. By issue 10 (written by Addison), Mr. Spectator reports to his readers that the periodical has a daily circulation of three thousand papers, and, by its height in 1712, nine thousand issues of it are sold daily in London. In addition to essays on a single theme, some issues used letters from readers (written by friends of Addison and Steele), which created the impression of a widespread circulation while offering a means for Mr. Spectator to address specific social problems.

Issue 20, for example, written by Steele, is based on a young lady's note about men who stare at women in church. Mr. Spectator gives a

detailed and courteous reply that contrasts "male impudence," as he labels it, among the English, the Irish, and the Scots. Several subsequent issues, such as 48 and 53, are composed entirely of these sorts of letters, which become a typical way for the authors to discuss male and female social behavior and, usually, female fashion. The importance of conversation in society is profiled in issue 49, also by Steele, on the role of the coffeehouse as "the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary...

Samuel Johnson : Preface to Shakespeare

Samuel Johnson (18 September 1709- 13 December 1784), often referred to as **Dr Johnson**, was an English writer who made lasting contributions to English literature as a poet, essayist, moralist, literary critic, biographer, editor and lexicographer. Johnson was a devout Anglican and committed Tory, and has been described as "arguably the most distinguished man of letters in English history". He is also the subject of "the most famous single biographical work in the whole of literature," James Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*.

Born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, Johnson attended Pembroke College, Oxford for just over a year, before his lack of funds forced him to leave. After working as a teacher, he moved to London, where he began to write for *The Gentleman's Magazine*. His early works include the biography *Life of Mr Richard Savage*, the poems *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and the play *Irene*.

After nine years of work, Johnson's *A Dictionary of the English Language* was published in 1755. It had a far-reaching effect on Modern English and has been described as "one of the greatest single achievements of scholarship".

This work brought Johnson popularity and success. Until the completion of the *Oxford English Dictionary* 150 years later, Johnson's was viewed as the pre-eminent British dictionary. His later works included essays, an influential annotated edition of *The Plays of William Shakespeare*, and the widely read tale *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia*. In 1763, he befriended James Boswell, with whom he later travelled to Scotland; Johnson described their travels in *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*. Towards the end of his life, he produced the massive and influential *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, a collection of biographies and evaluations of 17th- and 18th-century poets

Dr. Johnson's *Preface to Shakespeare* is a classic of literary criticism. It displays all Johnson's gifts at their best—the lucidity, the virile energy, the individuality of his style; his sturdy commonsense and discernment; and his massive knowledge of the English language and literature. In his criticism of Shakespeare he is above his usual political, personal, religious and literary prejudices.

His judgement here is impartial and objective. He mentions both the merits and faults of Shakespeare like a true critic. He is very honest and sincere in his estimate of Shakespeare. He is able to free himself from the

shackles of classical dogma and tradition. In an age of classicism he dismisses the classical concepts of the unities of Time and Place. He tests Shakespeare by fact and experience, by the test of time, nature and universality. His defence of tragi-comedy is superb and still unsurpassed. He has excelled his *guru* Dryden. He finds Shakespeare great because he holds a mirror to nature. In minimizing the importance of love on the sum of life, Johnson anticipates Shaw.

His enumeration of faults in Shakespeare in itself is a classic piece of criticism. These faults he finds are owing to two causes—(a) carelessness, (b) excess of conceit. "The detailed analysis of the faults" says Raleigh, "is a fine piece of criticism, and has never been seriously challenged." Shakespeare's obscurities arise from

(a) the careless manner of publication;

(b) the shifting fashions and grammatical licence of Elizabethan English;

(c) the use of colloquial English,

(d) the use of many allusions, references, etc., to topical events and personalities,

(e) the rapid flow of ideas which often hurries him to a second thought before the first has been fully explained.

Thus many of Shakespeare's obscurities belong either to the age or the necessities of stagecraft and not to the man. "In my opinion," concludes Johnson, "very few of his lines were difficult to his audience, and that he uses such expressions as were then common, though the paucity of contemporary writers makes them now seem peculiar.

The object of all criticism is to make the obscure and the confused clear and understood and it is this service which Johnson has performed to Shakespeare. "Johnson's strong grasp of the main thread of the discourse, his sound sense, and his wide knowledge of humanity, enables him, in a hundred passages, to go straight to Shakespeare's meanings." (Raleigh).

Johnson led Shakespearean criticism back from paths that led to nowhere, and suggested directions in which discoveries might be made. He was the fist to emphasize the historical and comparative point of view in criticism. He says in the *Preface,* "every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived and with his own particular opportunities." It was he who, "stemmed the tide of rash emendation, and the ebb which began with him has continued ever since." With great shrewdness and acuteness, he states in the *Preface* that "they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right than we who read it only in imagination." Therefore, the readings of the earliest editions must be true, and should not be disturbed without sufficient reason.

In short, to quote John Bailey again, "Shakespeare has had subtler and more poetic art than Johnson; but no one has equalled the insight, sobriety, lucidity and finality which Johnson shows in his own field." Johnson's work on Shakespeare has not been superseded. He has been depreciated and neglected ever since the 19th century broughtin the new aesthetic and philosophical criticism. The 20th century, it seems likely, will treat him more respectfully." (Raleigh).

"Johnson's *Preface*" writes E. E. Halliday, "is remarkable not so much for what it says as for what it is, the judicial summing up of the opinion of a century; it is the impartial estimate of Shakespeare's virtues and defects by a powerful mind anxious not to let his prejudices prevent the defects as he saw them from weighing too lightly in the balance. It is the final verdict of an epoch."

There are a few limitations of the *Preface* too. Johnson could not fathom the depthsof Shakespeare's poetic genius. Nor could he think of the psychological subtleties of his characterization. He was equally deaf to "the overtones of Shakespeare's poetry at its most sublime. His criticism of Shakespeare's verbal quibbling shows the deficiency of his perceptive powers. The mystery of a Shakespearean tragedy was beyond the reach of his common sense.

No wonder then if he feels that Shakespeare was at his best in comedy; 'In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve." He could not see "how truth may be stated in myth or symbol, how *The Tempest* and *Winter's Tale,* for instance, are more than pleasant romantic pieces: significantly, he says-ef the latter that 'with all its absurdities, it is very entertaining. The limitations of his critical sensibility are nowhere more prominent than in his complaint that Shakespeare "seems to write without any moral purpose." He" fails to see the hidden morals of Shakespeare's plays; to him only the explicitly stated morals are the only morals. Thus some of the most

conspicuous virtues of Shakespeare, for example, his objectivity and his highly individualised treatment of his dramatic characters, are treated by Johnson as his "defect." These defects are certainly not Shakespeare's, but Johnson's.

But these shortcomings do not mar the basic merits of his *Preface*. His *Preface* is as immortal as the plays of Shakespeare. They demonstrate to the best his mature and profound sense of the human situation, his study and erudition. The tests of Shakespeare provided by him are valid even today.

That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the

ancients. While an authour is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be stilled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavors.

Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square, but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been

able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The Poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topick of merriment or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated.

The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity nor gratify malignity, but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have past through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved

from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakespeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a-while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirrour of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the

writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestick wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and oeconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excells in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authours. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topicks which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this authour is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit

of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harrass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find, any that can be properly

transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: Even where the agency is supernatural the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents: so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would be probably such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed. This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirrour of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious extasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish Usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious but despicable, he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and

sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrours of distress, and some the gayeties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of tragedy and comedy, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing.

That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our authour's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion

constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent of each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of "Antony and Cleopatra", than in the history of "Richard the Second". But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rhymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of "Hamlet" is opened,

without impropriety, by two sentinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakespeare engaged in dramatick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: He therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rhymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comick, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comick scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are

communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a stile which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language as to remain settled and unaltered; this stile is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other authour equally

remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakespeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: His characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and

at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independant on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and, in view of his reward, he shortened the labour, to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined in interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his "Arcadia", confounded the pastoral with

the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet and security, with those of turbulence, violence and adventure.

In his comick scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contest of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gayety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuse the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion which exigence forces out are for the most part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is, naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakespeare found it an

encumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendour.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetick without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terrour and

pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakespeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures, it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of criticks.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: But, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him,

I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakespeare is the poet of nature: But his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard, and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this, may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Caesar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in extasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that compleat a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over

her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of "Henry the Fifth", yet no man takes his book for the field of Agencourt. A dramatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that encrease or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato.

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real, and it follows that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakespeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to

notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and criticks, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: Nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama, that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shewn, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play, are to copy nature and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frighted at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Aeneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakespeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to the reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the authour, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to

original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakespeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The Death of Arthur was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of Palmerin and Guy of Warwick, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our authour's plots are generally borrowed from novels, and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authours, were in his time accessible and familliar. The fable of "As You Like It", which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's Gamelyn, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of Hamlet in plain English prose, which the criticks have now to seek in Saxo Grammaticus.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crouded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught

than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakespeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our authour's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our authour's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakespeare, of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its authour, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning, but "Othello" is the

vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished unto brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakespeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authours.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Johnson, his friend, affirms, that “He had small Latin and no

Greek."; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidencies of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, "Go before, I'll follow," we read a translation of, I prae, sequar. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, "I cry'd to sleep again," the authour imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The "Comedy of Errors" is confessedly taken from the Menaechmi of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of "Romeo and Juliet" he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authours. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authours have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakespeare, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature.

Many of the Roman authours were translated, and some of the Greek; the reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topicks of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakespeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that "perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for ought I know," says he, "the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best." But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase

his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakespeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our authour had both matter and form to provide; for except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the

necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakespeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life, that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakespeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, "as dewdrops from a lion's mane."

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances He had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakespeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are compleat.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any authour, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. “He seems,” says Dennis, “to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to

common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation."

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in Gorboduc which is confessedly before our authour; yet in Hieronnymo, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce, had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgement, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in

him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critick, a collection of anomalies which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authours, though more studious of fame than Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little of what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask,

by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little "declined into the vale of years," before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakespeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the authour, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, their negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shown. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the authour published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but

now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The stile of Shakespeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errours; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches; and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our authour's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errours, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults

were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious exposition of the new reading, and self congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

Of Rowe, as of all the editors, I have preserved the preface and have likewise retained the authour's life, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakespeare's text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgement of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condel, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakespeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of "the dull duty of an

editor". He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critick would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his authour's particular cast of thought, and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he past the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his authour, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every

An epilogue by the author addresses the audience. Originally uttered by Mrs. Bulkley, adopting the identity of the Muse, it reads, "One moral's plain," cried I, "without more fuss;/Man's social happiness all rests on us:/Through all the drama—whether damn'd or not—/Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot./From every rank obedience is our due/D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove it true." She says that women carry the torch of love, and that love is central to all matters.

She stoops to conquer - Oliver Goldsmith

- Goldsmith was born in 1728 at palls in Longford. He got his degree in 1749 (Trinity college, Dublin)
- In 1757, He started his literary carrer.
- Hir first work 'An Enquiry into the present state at polite Learning' – in 1758
- In 1755, he undertook a walking tour of Belgium, France, Switzerland and Italy.
- In 1757, he reviewed books for the monthly Review.
- From 1759, he reviewed books for Smollett's Critical Review.
- In 1762, he published the famous biography of Bean Nash of Bath.
- Literary fame came to Goldsmith only in 1764 through his poem 'The traveller' one of the finest poems.
- According to Johnson 'The traveller' was a production to which since the death of pope, it will not be easy to find anything equal'
- Goldsmith was intimate with Dr. Johnson

- Tobias smolet, Thomas percy, Dr. Johnson, James Boswell were friends of Goldsmith at the club.
- Boswell presents Goldsmith that 'he wrote like an angel but talked like poor poll' in life of Dr. Johnson.
- His first play 'The good Natural man' in 1767
- It was staged only 15 times during the another's lifetime. 'She stoops to conquer' on 15th march 1773 met with extraordinary and unexpected suckers.
- He started writing it in September 1771
- The play in dedicated to Dr. Samuel Johnson
- The Prologue is composed by David Garrick
- The prologue is acted by wood wap.
- This play is a comedy of intrigues(an anti sentimental comedy)
- The Epilogue is written by Goldsmith.
- The epilogue is spoken by Mrs. Bulkley as Miss. Hard castle
- (Another epilogue is written by J. Cradeck spoken by Tony Lumpkin)
- Some consider this play is a farce.

Summary

She Stoops to Conquer opens with a prologue in which an actor mourns the death of the classical low comedy at the altar of sentimental, "mawkish" comedy. He hopes that Dr. Goldsmith can remedy this problem through the play about to be presented.

Act I is full of set-up for the rest of the play. Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle live in an old house that resembles an inn, and they are waiting

for the arrival of Marlow, son of Mr. Hardcastle's old friend and a possible suitor to his daughter Kate. Kate is very close to her father, so much so that she dresses plainly in the evenings (to suit his conservative tastes) and fancifully in the mornings for her friends. Meanwhile, Mrs. Hardcastle's niece Constance is in the old woman's care, and has her small inheritance (consisting of some valuable jewels) held until she is married, hopefully to Mrs. Hardcastle's spoiled son from an earlier marriage, Tony Lumpkin. The problem is that neither Tony nor Constance loves the other, and in fact Constance has a beloved, who will be traveling to the house that night with Marlow. Tony's problem is also that he is a drunk and a lover of low living, which he shows when the play shifts to a pub nearby. When Marlow and Hastings (Constance's beloved) arrive at the pub, lost on the way to Hardcastle's, Tony plays a practical joke by telling the two men that there is no room at the pub and that they can find lodging at the old inn down the road (which is of course Hardcastle's home).

Act II sees the plot get complicated. When Marlow and Hastings arrive, they are impertinent and rude with Hardcastle, whom they think is a landlord and not a host (because of Tony's trick). Hardcastle expects Marlow to be a polite young man, and is shocked at the behavior. Constance finds Hastings, and reveals to him that Tony must have played a trick. However, they decide to keep the truth from Marlow, because they think revealing it will upset him and ruin the trip. They decide they will try to get her jewels and elope together. Marlow has a bizarre tendency to speak with exaggerated timidity to "modest" women, while speaking in lively and hearty tones to women of low-class. When he has his first

meeting with Kate, she is dressed well, and hence drives him into a debilitating stupor because of his inability to speak to modest women. She is nevertheless attracted to him, and decides to try and draw out his true character. Tony and Hastings decide together that Tony will steal the jewels for Hastings and Constance, so that he can be rid of his mother's pressure to marry Constance, whom he doesn't love.

Act III opens with Hardcastle and Kate each confused with the side of Marlow they saw. Where Hardcastle is shocked at his impertinence, Kate is disappointed to have seen only modesty. Kate asks her father for the chance to show him that Marlow is more than both believe. Tony has stolen the jewels, but Constance doesn't know and continues to beg her aunt for them. Tony convinces Mrs. Hardcastle to pretend they were stolen to dissuade Constance, a plea she willingly accepts until she realizes they have actually been stolen. Meanwhile, Kate is now dressed in her plain dress and is mistaken by Marlow (who never looked her in the face in their earlier meeting) as a barmaid to whom he is attracted. She decides to play the part, and they have a lively, fun conversation that ends with him trying to embrace her, a move Mr. Hardcastle observes. Kate asks for the night to prove that he can be both respectful and lively.

Act IV finds the plots almost falling apart. News has spread that Sir Charles Marlow (Hardcastle's friend, and father to young Marlow) is on his way, which will reveal Hastings's identity as beloved of Constance and also force the question of whether Kate and Marlow are to marry. Hastings has sent the jewels in a casket to Marlow for safekeeping but Marlow,

confused, has given them to Mrs. Hardcastle (whom he still believes is the landlady of the inn). When Hastings learns this, he realizes his plan to elope with wealth is over, and decides he must convince Constance to elope immediately. Meanwhile, Marlow's impertinence towards Hardcastle (whom he believes is the landlord) reaches its apex, and Hardcastle kicks him out of the house, during which altercation Marlow begins to realize what is actually happening. He finds Kate, who now pretends to be a poor relation to the Hardcastles, which would make her a proper match as far as class but not a good marriage as far as wealth. Marlow is starting to love her, but cannot pursue it because it would be unacceptable to his father because of her lack of weatlh, so he leaves her. Meanwhile, a letter from Hastings arrives that Mrs. Hardcastle intercepts, and she reads that he waits for Constance in the garden, ready to elope. Angry, she insists that she will bring Constance far away, and makes plans for that. Marlow, Hastings and Tony confront one another, and the anger over all the deceit leads to a severe argument, resolved temporarily when Tony promises to solve the problem for Hastings.

Act V finds the truth coming to light, and everyone happy. Sir Charles has arrived, and he and Hastings laugh together over the confusion young Marlow was in. Marlow arrives to apologize, and in the discussion over Kate, claims he barely talked to Kate. Hardcastle accuses him of lying, since Hardcastle saw him embrace Kate (but Marlow does not know that was indeed Kate). Kate arrives after Marlow leaves the room and convinces the older men she will reveal the full truth if they watch an interview between the two from a hidden vantage behind a screen.

Meanwhile, Hastings waits in the garden, per Tony's instruction, and Tony arrives to tell him that he drove his mother and Constance all over in circles, so that they think they are lost far from home when in fact they have been left nearby. Mrs. Hardcastle, distraught, arrives and is convinced she must hide from a highwayman who is approaching. The "highwayman" proves to be Mr. Hardcastle, who scares her in her confusion for a while but ultimately discovers what is happening. Hastings and Constance, nearby, decide they will not elope but rather appeal to Mr. Hardcastle for mercy. Back at the house, the interview between Kate (playing the poor relation) and Marlow reveals his truly good character, and after some discussion, everyone agrees to the match. Hastings and Constance ask permission to marry and, since Tony is actually of age and therefore can of his own volition decide not to marry Constance, the permission is granted. All are happy (except for miserly Mrs. Hardcastle), and the "mistakes of a night" have been corrected.

There are two epilogues generally printed to the play, one of which sketches in metaphor Goldsmith's attempt to bring comedy back to its traditional roots, and the other of which suggests Tony Lumpkin has adventures yet to be realized.

Character List

Sir Charles Marlow : The father of Young Marlow and friend of Hardcastle. A respectable and aristocratic fellow from the town who believes his son is of very modest character.

Marlow

Ostensibly the hero of a play.A respectable fellow who comes to Hardcastle's home to meet Kate Hardcastle. Possessed of a strange contradictory character, wherein he is mortified to speak to any "modest" woman, but is lively and excitable in conversation with barmaids or other low-class women.

Hardcastle

The patriarch of the Hardcastle family, and owner of the estate where the play is set. He despises the ways of the town, and is dedicated to the simplicity of country life and old-fashioned traditions.

Hastings

Friend of Marlow's, and lover of Constance Neville. A decent fellow who is willing to marry Constance even without her money.

Tony Lumpkin

Son of Mrs. Hardcastle from an earlier marriage, and known for his free-wheeling ways of drinking and tomfoolery.Loves to play practical jokes.Proves to be good-natured and kind despite his superficial disdain for everyone. His mother wants him to marry Constance but he is set against the idea.

Diggory

Hardcastle's head servant.

Mrs. Hardcastle

Matriarch of the Hardcastle family, most notable for her pronounced vanity. She coddles her son Tony, and wants him to marry her niece, Constance Neville.

Kate Hardcastle

Called "Miss Hardcastle" in the play. The heroine of the play, she is able to balance the "refined simplicity" of country life with the love of life associated with the town. She pretends to be a barmaid in order to judge her suitor Marlow's true character.

Constance Neville

Called "Miss Neville" in the play.Niece of Mrs. Hardcastle, an orphan whose only inheritance is a set of jewels in the care of her aunt. Her aunt wishes her to marry Tony Lumpkin, but Constance wants to marry Hastings.

Maid

Kate's servant. The woman who tells her that Marlow believed Kate to be a barmaid, which leads Kate towards her plan to stoop and conquer.

Landlord

Landlord of the Three Pigeons, who welcomes Marlow and Hastings, and helps Tony to play his trick on them.

Jeremy

Marlow's drunken servant. His drunken impertinence offends Hardcastle, which leads Hardcastle to order Marlow to leave.

Summary

Scene One

Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle enter in the midst of a pleasant argument. Mrs. Hardcastle is perturbed at her husband's refusal to take trips into London, while he insists he is not interested in the "vanity and affectation" of the city. He tires even of the pretentious London trends that find their way into his removed country community. Mrs. Hardcastle mocks him for his love of old-fashioned trends, so much that he keeps his house in such a way that it "looks for all the world like an inn."

They joke about her age, which she wishes to downplay, and speak of her son from a first marriage, Tony Lumpkin. Mr. Hardcastle finds his roguish ways grating, and laments how the boy is too given to practical jokes. On the other hand, Mrs. Hardcastle (Tony's natural mother) defends him, saying education is unnecessary for him since he needs only plan for spending his sizable fortune, and she begs her husband to be easier on

Tony. They both grant that he is too inclined towards drink and jokes, but Mrs. Hardcastle believes him frail and needing of sympathy.

Tony passes by and tells them he is off to the Three Pigeons, a local pub. Both adults request him not associate with such "low" company, but he defends the liveliness of his pub companions as "not so low." Mrs. Hardcastle forbids him to go, but he insists he has the stronger willpower, and drags her out.

Alone, Mr. Hardcastle describes them as "a pair that only spoil each other." He blames it partially on how the modern fashions have infiltrated their lives, and worries that even his own daughter Kate has been infected by those fashions because of her having lived for a few years in London.

Kate (labeled in the play as Miss Hardcastle, but called Kate here for ease) enters dressed in a lavish gown, which her father finds troublesome. Kate reminds him that they have an agreement: in the morning she dresses as she likes in order to welcome friends, while in the evening she dresses plainly in order to please his tastes.

Mr. Hardcastle then gives her news: he has invited Mr. Marlow, son of Hardcastle's old friend Charles Marlow, to their house that evening in order to court Kate. Hardcastle has chosen Marlow as husband for her, but she is immediately worried that their interview will be overly formal and dull. Mr. Hardcastle considers this a virtue, and in fact insists to her that Marlow is, while generous, brave, and handsome, best known for being reserved.

He leaves to prepare the servants, and Kate laments that she might have to spend her life with a boring man. She begins to wonder whether she might be able to find a way to be happy even in such a marriage or whether she can change him, but stops herself from thinking too far ahead.

Constance Neville (called Miss Neville in the play but Constance here for ease) enters and Kate tells her the news of Marlow. Constance is a cousin of Kate, a niece of Mr. Hardcastle who has been orphaned and now lives with the Hardcastles under the protectorship of Mrs. Hardcastle. Constance reveals that she knows Marlow's reputation, since Marlow is friends with Mr. Hastings, her admirer and the man she hopes to marry. Constance tells how Marlow is known for excessive formality amongst women of reputation and virtue, but that he is a "very different character" amongst common women. Kate finds this description strange, and they then discuss how Mrs. Hardcastle disparately wants Constance to marry her son Tony, in hopes of keeping Constance's small fortune (which consists of some jewels that were bequeathed to her) in the family. Constance quite hates Tony but does not want to reveal to Mrs. Hardcastle that she is in love with Mr. Hastings, and so is in a tricky spot. Her only small comfort is that Tony hates her equally.

Scene Two

Note that the scene is not explicitly labeled "Scene Two" but instead is marked by the setting change. The setting changes to the room in the Three Pigeons, where Tony fraternizes with several other drunk men.

They all urge Tony to sing a song, and he sings of how liquor provides the best learning, while traditional school wisdom can be ignorance. The song also touches on the hypocrisy of men of manners, who like liquor as much as anyone. The song is a great hit amongst the drunkards, who speak amongst themselves of how wonderful it is to hear songs that are not "low." They also reminisce to themselves about Tony's father, who was "the finest gentleman" in the way he celebrated life.

The landlord brings news that two gentleman have arrived, and are lost on their way to Mr. Hardcastle's house. Tony intuits quickly they must be Marlow and Hastings, and since Tony is still angry about Hardcastle's insults, decides he will play a joke on his step-father. He will convince them that Hardcastle's house is in fact an inn and so will they present themselves there not as gracious guests, but as entitled patrons.

He has the men brought to him. Marlow and Hastings are in poor spirits from a long day of travel, Hastings more so because Marlow's reserve prevented him from asking directions. Tony gives them nonsensical directions to Hardcastle's that make the place sound many miles away (when it is in fact down the road.) Tony interrogates them, and they tell how they have heard about Hardcastle's well-bred daughter and roguish, spoiled son. Tony argues that their information is reversed, that the son (himself) is much loved and the daughter a "talkative maypole." The men ask the landlord if they can stay, but, at Tony's instructions, he tells them there is no room, and so Tony suggests they head down to a nearby inn he knows of. He then gives directions to Hardcastle's house,

cautioning them that landlord there puts on airs and expects to be treated as a gentleman rather than servant. They thank him, and leave for Hardcastle's home, and so the stage is set for the comedy to come.

Summary Act II

Hardcastle and several "awkward servants" enter, the former instructing them on how to appear sophisticated for the expected guests. One of the servants, Diggory, brags over his ability to hold his hands properly while serving, but Hardcastle stops him and chides him for talking too much. He also instructs them not to laugh at funny stories, since they are not officially part of the company. Diggory points out that one story of Hardcastle's – about "Ould Grouse in the gun-room" – is too funny to ignore, and Hardcastle, amused, allows they might laugh at that. As they exit, the servants continue to banter about where each should stand while serving.

Another servant enters, leading in Marlow and Hastings. The men admire how much the inn seems as though it might have once been a mansion, but complain that they will be expected to pay a higher rate because of its quality. While discussing inns, Hastings introduces Marlow's particular oddity of character: in front of modest, reputable women, he is "an idiot, such a trembler," while he is eloquent and lively around barmaids and common women. Marlow too laments the shortcoming, pointing out that the only modest woman he ever knew well was his mother. He tells Hastings he is overcome by the splendor of modest women, and because of his bumbling will likely never make it through the formal courtship

process and thus might never marry. When Hastings asks how he intends to address Kate (whom he has been invited for the express purpose of courting), he says he will avoid looking her in the face and "bow low." Marlow then admits his purpose for the trip was not for himself, but to facilitate a meeting between his friend and the family of Constance, whom Hastings loves. Hastings assures Marlow he is not at all interested in Constance's inheritance and so needs no such meeting, but rather would be perfectly happy with the woman herself.

Hardcastle enters excitedly, asking for Marlow and offering them "hearty reception." Because of Tony's lie, they believe him to be the innkeeper. To himself, Marlow assumes aloud that the servants had given this man their first names (which he uses, perfectly acceptable for their host but impudent for a landlord). Marlow and Hastings converse with themselves about what clothes they ought to wear, which inspires Hastings to begin telling a story, which they ignore and interrupt, thinking it impudent in a landlord. Finally, Marlow cuts him off and asks for a glass of punch, which Hastings finds not only rude, but distinctly out of character from the modesty he had been led to expect.

He serves them a different sort of punch that what they requested, but they decide to humor him rather than confront him. They are amused by Hardcastle's loquaciousness and the way he speaks about politics as though he were a man of repute (which he of course is). They cut off another of his stories to ask for dinner, and when he tells them the cook is at work preparing it, they are shocked to hear they cannot choose their

own meal at an inn. He attempts to impress them by revealing that the meal will include pig with prune sauce and other delicacies, but they rudely diminish the value of such a fine meal and demand "plain eating" like calf's tongue and brains. In essence, they want pub food. When he apologizes for lacking such food, they instruct him to bring what he has and decide to retire.

Despite their confusion over this seemingly pushy landlord, the men allow Hardcastle to accompany them to their rooms. However, Hastings stays behind, remarking to himself on the strangeness of the situation, and Constance enters to find him. They are happily reunited, and Constance quickly surmises the trick Tony played, and corrects the mistake for Hastings. Hastings insists Constance join him in eloping, but she believes her fortune will prove crucial in their lives, and begs time to try and persuade her aunt (Mrs. Hardcastle) to turn the jewelry over. Hastings suggests they not correct Marlow's false assumptions since Marlow's timidity would make him to leave quickly in embarrassment, and any plan for elopement would be negated. Obviously, Hastings's identity needs to stay secret.

They are still discussing the issue when Marlow re-enters, confused over why Hardcastle would want to dine with them. Hastings spins a new lie, telling Marlow that Constance and Kate Hardcastle are themselves staying at the inn that night. Marlow is terrified by the news, and begs that Hastings postpone his meeting until the next day, when he can meet her at

the Hardcastle home (which, of course, he is in.) Constance will not hear of it, since Kate would see such a refusal to meet as insulting.

The argument is made moot when Kate enters, and is introduced to Marlow. He holds up decently at first, partially due to the encouragement of Hastings, and to Kate's questions about his worldliness, he says "I have lived, indeed, in the world…[but] I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it."

Things take a turn into one of the play's funniest scenes once Hastings and Constance abruptly leave despite Marlow's pleas to the contrary. Marlow keeps his head down during the entire interview, and stammers pleasantries, while Kate controls the conversation, amusing herself with the man's timidity. She asks questions about his time with women, about light, "sentimental" conversations that mean nothing, and about hypocrisy, with his responses slowly devolving until she is forced to complete his sentences for him. All the while, she is confused because she expected a man of "impudence" but instead is faced with this timid fellow.

He finally finds a way to politely exit, and Kate, now alone, laughs to herself at his ridiculous shyness. She does, however, note both his "good sense" and good looks, and wonders whether she might be able to teach him a confidence to accentuate those qualities.

She exits, and then four others enter: Tony, Constance, Hastings, and Mrs. Hardcastle. Constance is attempting to talk to Tony, who assumes she is pursuing the marriage desired by Mrs. Hardcastle, and so ignores her.

The focus shifts to the other two, where Mrs. Hardcastle enjoys talking of London with Hastings. She explains that, out in the country, the best she can do with London style is imitate it from magazines. She laments being saddled with an "antique" like Hardcastle, but is enlivened to hear that the fashion in London now sees the age of fifty as fashionable. She talks to Hastings of how much Constance loves Tony, and mistakes their bickering for flirtation. When Tony explicitly shows disdain for Constance, Mrs. Hardcastle attacks him, and they argue over whether he is ungrateful or whether she is a harpy for denying him his fortune.

Hastings asks the privilege to speak to Tony man-to-man, and so the ladies leave. Alone, Hastings strikes a deal: if Tony can help them to escape, Hastings will "take her off his hands." As an addendum to a deal he greatly endorses, Tony promises to try and help get her jewels so the lovers can have them.

Summary Act III

Hardcastle enters alone, confused over what his friend Charles Marlow meant by describing the young Marlow as modest, considering the young man's behavior thus far. Hardcastle is particularly worried that the behavior will put off his daughter.

Kate enters, in a plain dress per her father's wishes, and both express their shock at how different Marlow is from his or her expectations. Of course, Kate is confused over his modesty (expecting impudence), and Hardcastle over his impudence (expecting modesty). They realize the

contradiction but Hardcastle does see they both know enough to "reject him," a decision Kate approves unless she can reveal him to be more pleasing to each of them than they yet realize. Hardcastle finds such an outcome unlikely, but grants her license to attempt to correct his first impression, assuming her desire to do so is only because she thinks he is good-looking, and so wants to find something to like in his character.

They leave, and Tony rushes on, holding the casket containing Constance's jewels. Hastings joins him, and Tony reveals he has stolen the jewels, which concerns Hastings since he knows Constance is slowly finding success at convincing the old woman to turn over the jewels willfully. Tony calms him, assuring Hastings that he himself will take care of any resentment that might arise in Mrs. Hardcastle.

They hear the women approaching, so Hastings exits quickly with the casket. Mrs. Hardcastle attempts to convince Constance that a young woman does not need jewels, which should be reserved to disguise her faded beauty when she gets older. Constance does not accept the argument, so Mrs. Hardcastle attempts to have Tony praise her beauty to dissuade her from pursuing the jewels.

Tony pulls his mother aside, and suggests she lie to Constance, claiming the jewels have been stolen so as to put an end to the matter. Mrs. Hardcastle, who admits to him that she merely wants to save the jewels for him (and hence does she try to set them up in marriage), gladly accepts the plan. Mrs. Hardcastle makes a mock confession of the missing jewels, which Constance refuses to believe until Tony stands as witness to the lie,

claiming he too has seen them missing. Constance is upset, and Mrs. Hardcastle's offer to lend the girl her garnets does nothing to comfort her, but Mrs. Hardcastle nevertheless leaves to fetch them.

While she is gone, Tony confesses his plan to Constance, who is happy. However, Mrs. Hardcastle returns quickly, having discovered the jewels have actually been stolen. She laments their loss dramatically, and Tony plays along, as though this is still their play-acting for Constance's benefits. Her attempts to convince him the jewels are actually stolen (which he of course knows to be the case) only lead him to play-act harder, which makes her angrier until she charges offstage.

All exit, and Kate enters with a maid, laughing about the joke Tony played on the men. The maid tells Kate that, as they passed Marlow moments before, he asked the maid about Kate, believing her to be a barmaid because of her simple dress, and because he was so shy with her before that he had never seen her face. Kate sees in this mistake an opportunity to deceive him, and decides to continue playing the barmaid so that she can glimpse his true character and so that she "shall be *seen*." The maid wonders whether Kate can pull off such a ruse, but Kate promises she has the required acting skills.

Marlow enters, remarking to himself how terrible is his situation and how he will leave soon. Kate, acting the barmaid, approaches him and asks if she can help, offers he refuses until he notices her beauty. He grows immediately flirty and open, remarking on the "nectar" of her lips. They speak with great wit, and he confesses to his ability with ladies in town,

speaking in lively tones of his life there. Kate asks whether he was so free when he spoke with Miss Hardcastle (which is of course herself, but he doesn't realize that), and he insists he is not in awe of her. Kate also says, in character, that she has lived in the house for 18 years. Overcome with passion, he pulls her close right as Mr. Hardcastle enters. Marlow quickly exits, and Hardcastle confronts Kate, accusing her of lying about Marlow's modesty before since he just saw such an aggressive move. Kate asks for more time to reveal his true character—his "virtues that will improve with age." Hardcastle denies her until she promises to prove her point by the end of the evening, a limit to which he agrees.

Summary Act IV

Hastings and Constance enter, bringing news that Charles Marlow (father of our young hero) is expected to visit the house that evening. Since he would surely recognize Hastings and thereby ruin the plan for elopement, the lovers know they must move with speed. Hastings has meanwhile sent the casket with jewels to Marlow for safekeeping. Before she exits, Constance says to herself that she will delude her aunt "with the old pretense of a violent passion for [Tony]" so as to keep her off their trail.

Marlow enters with a servant, confused why Hastings sent him the casket. He asks the servant to bring the casket to Mrs. Hardcastle (whom he still believes is the landlady) for safekeeping (uh oh!) and then speaks to himself about his nascent passion for the barmaid.

Hastings enters and Marlow tells him about the barmaid and his new infatuation. Hastings is shocked that Marlow would rob a girl of her virtue, whereas Marlow insists he will "pay" for the virtue. When Hastings inquires after the casket, he's angered to hear Marlow has sent it to the landlady (since that has returned it to the hands of his antagonist Mrs. Hardcastle). However, Hastings cannot reveal the reasons for his displeasure without alerting Marlow to the duplicity being played on him, and so Hastings must decide on his own that he and Constance will leave without the jewels.

Hardcastle enters to find Marlow, whom he welcomes again as son to his old friend. However, Hardcastle (who Marlow still thinks the landlord) wishes Marlow to control Marlow's servants, who are getting drunk and causing a ruckus. When Jeremy, one of the servants, enters drunkenly and makes a fool of himself, Marlow refuses to discipline him but instead mocks Hardcastle's request. Fed up, Hardcastle demands Marlow and his servants leave immediately. Marlow is disgusted with the idea of being put out in the middle of the night, but Hardcastle insists until Marlow asks for his bill. In the confusion over why Marlow is requesting a bill, Marlow suddenly realizes what is going on, but not before Hardcastle exits angrily. As Marlow is grappling with his mistake, Kate (still disguised as barmaid) passes through, and he confronts her immediately about where they are. Realizing she needs to play the situation right so as not to counteract her well-designed ruse, she answers him that it is Hardcastle's house, and laughs at the prospect that he considered it an inn. What's more, she

provides she is not a barmaid but a "poor relation" who relies on the Hardcastles for the charity of shelter. Marlow is shocked to have potentially treated her as a lower class woman, and apologizes for having mistaken her behavior for that of a barmaid. He admits to her that he cannot pursue her since "the difference of our birth…makes an honourable connexion impossible" and so he must not endeavor to ruin her. Kate is impressed with the virtue he shows here, and she suggests that they could be wed even if she lacks fortune. He is touched by her "pretty simplicity" but admits "I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father," and so he leaves her as an act of courage. When he leaves, she decides to herself that she will maintain the deceit long enough to show her father his true character.

Tony and Constance enter, with the former explaining that his mother believes the missing jewels were due simply to a servant's mistake but that he cannot steal them again. However, he has prepared some horses for their escape, and if he and Constance can fool his mother for a while longer, she and Hastings should be able to escape. As Mrs. Hardcastle enters, they pretend to be caught fondling each other, and she, so happy to see it, promises she will have them married the next day.

A servant brings a letter for Tony, the handwriting of which Constance immediately recognizes as belonging to Hastings, which could ruin them. Tony, who cannot read, tries to sort it out, but before he can give it to his mother to read, Constance grabs it and pretends to read it, making up a nonsense letter on the spot. Her attempts to blow it off don't

deter Tony, who gives it to his mother to read. She reads from it that Hastings awaits them in anticipation of the elopement. Though polite, she insists she will not be bested at this game, and decides she will use the horses Tony prepared to bring Constance far away from Hastings and any attempt to run away. She then leaves.

Constance, now depressed, is joined by Hastings, who accuses Tony of betraying them. Before he can suitably defend himself, Marlow enters, angry at having been duped. In short order, everyone turns on Tony. A servant enters to inform Constance that Mrs. Hardcastle awaits her for a quick departure. In the meanwhile, the resentment between everyone grows harsher. With a quick and sad goodbye, Constance exits. Tony suddenly develops a plan, and tells everyone to meet him in two hours at the "bottom of the garden" where he'll prove to all he's more good-natured than they believe.

Summary Act V

Hastings enters with a servant, who tells him that Mrs. Hardcastle and Constance left a while before, and must be far away. The servant also tells him that Charles Marlow has arrived, and Hastings, who still wants to avoid detection, heads to the garden even though he has little faith Tony will save him.

He exits as Hardcastle and Charles Marlow enter, laughing about young Marlow mistaking Hardcastle for an innkeeper, and Charles Marlow offers that his son will not need much fortune in the way of dowry,

since he is already wealthy. Hardcastle shares that Kate believes the two young people like one another, but Charles Marlow waits to see for himself.

Marlow enters to apologize again for his impudence, but Hardcastle is able to laugh it off. They discuss his daughter, whom Marlow praises but says he did not share any intimacy with. Hardcastle, who saw Marlow take her hand in Act III, accuses him of lying, while Marlow continues to insist that their meeting was "without emotion." Sir Charles attempts to rectify the situation, but neither man understands why the other believes what he does, and Marlow leaves.

Kate enters almost right away, and the two elders interrogate her. When she answers that Marlow did indeed meet her more than once and spoke in effusive tones, Sir Charles is certain she lies, since he knows his son's manner to be "modest." There is an irreconcilable perspective amongst them, so Kate proposes they all meet in a half-hour, and the men can listen behind a screen while she confronts Marlow. All agree. The scene shifts now to the back of the garden.

Hastings waits alone, sure Tony will not come, when the latter finally arrives, covered in mud. He assures Hastings he is "the best friend you have in the world" and explains what he's done. He drove the horses around in circles, through difficult areas, until he finally crashed the carriage into a horse-pond nearby. Thinking herself 40 miles from home, Mrs. Hardcastle is in a panic. Tony stresses that his means of conflict

resolution has proved superior since no one has been harmed, and Hardcastle agrees.

Mrs. Hardcastle enters, terrified and lamenting being so far from home. She wonders whether the night could grow worse through a robbery, and almost right away, Tony points out a hat that can be spied over the bushes. He realizes it must be Mr. Hardcastle out on his nightly walk, and so exaggerates the appearance to convince his mother it must be a highwayman. He instructs her to hide in the thickets, which she does.

Hardcastle enters and is surprised to find Tony back so soon. As Mrs. Hardcastle prays to herself that Tony will come to no harm, Tony tries to dissuade Hardcastle from investigation by claiming he was talking to himself and so the latter did not hear any voices. Hardcastle persists in pushing through, which leads Mrs. Hardcastle to throw herself at the mercy of the "bandit" to save her son, at which point it takes a few passages of confusion for all to sort itself out and everyone to be angry with Tony again, although Hardcastle sees "morality" in the way he abuses his mother in pursuit of justice, and forces her to reap the spoiled nature she has sown in him.

Hastings and Constance enter, the former begging the latter to join him in eloping. But Constance, having been through so many trials in this night, no longer wants any part of duplicity and wants instead to apply to Hardcastle for leniency and permission to marry. Hastings insists he lacks the power to grant their wish (that lies with Mrs. Hardcastle), but she

believes his sense of justice might lead him to use his influence on their behalf.

The scene shifts back to the house.

Here, Sir Charles laments his situation to Kate: either his son is a liar or is an impudent fellow. Kate suggests it might not be so bad, and the man retires so as to observe the meeting between the young people.

Once he arrives, Marlow again laments his situation, where his passion is enflamed by the grace and appearance of this girl who lacks the fortune to please his father. He insists he must quit her immediately, and she grants him this, herself sad that "all [his] serious aims are fixed on fortune." He assures her fortune was not what drew him to her but rather her qualities, which he is learning to see as "refined simplicity." Through his speech to himself, he resolves to stay with her despite his father's lack of approval. She refuses him, claiming such a union will surely result in resentment, but he claims otherwise, and gets down on one knee before her.

At such a move, Sir Charles and Hardcastle charge from behind the screen and each accuse Marlow of falsehood, though for different reasons. In the attacks they launch at him, the truth of Kate's identity is revealed and Marlow is immediately leveled, saying "Oh, the devil." Having been caught, Kate continues to mock him, asking which of his "characters" he intends to use now. Hardcastle softens and asks Kate to forgive him, at which point the lovers move off to speak privately.

Mrs. Hardcastle enters, claiming loudly that her niece has eloped with Hastings and that she will not ever release the girl's fortune. Hardcastle accuses her of being "mercenary" but she tells him to mind his own business, reminding him that if Tony refuses to marry Constance of his own volition once he is of age, then her fortune goes automatically to her.

As Hastings and Constance arrive to beg forgiveness, Hardcastle reveals that Tony is actually of age and pretends otherwise, and so the fortune is for Constance after all. They had kept Tony's true age a secret in hopes it might induce him to mature more quickly. As his first act of age, Tony takes Constance's hand and in a wonderful parody of a marriage proposal, swears her off as a mate. Mrs. Hardcastle complains this is all "but the whining end of a modern novel" and shows no sign of having learned anything.

Mr. Hardcastle gives a final speech wherein he hopes the "Mistakes of a Night" shall lead all to never mistake in his or her beloved such faulty qualities again.

Tom Jones – Henry Fielding.

- Fielding was born in 1707, Somerset.
- His father sir Edmund Fielding was descended from the Earls of Denbigh.

- In 1748 Fielding was appointed Justice of peace with a pension. The Major Development in 18th century – the decline of the drama and the rise of the novel.
- The word 'Novel' is from the Italian word 'Novella' means something now. A novel is a prose narrative Richardson's 'Pamela' is the first novel in English.
- Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews' is a companion to Richardson's Pamela.
- Fielding had his influence for the work from Cervantes's 'Don Quixote'
- 'Tom Jones' is a combination of humor and satire.
- 'Joseph Andrews' is the first novel of Fielding.
- This novel is epical in structure. Fielding dedicated this novel to George Lyttleton.
- Lyttleton is the model for good man squire All worthy.
- Walter scott called fielding the father of English Novel.

  The novel has 18 books deivided into 3 parts. 1. Country, 2. Journey, 3.The city.

  Three types of plots 1.Plot of Action, 2.Plot of character, 3. Plot of thought .

  'Tom Jones" is a plot of Action.
- Squire All worthy was a widower in somerset shire. He lost his wife and three children.
- He lived with his sister miss Bridget All worthy.
- She was a woman of good qualities.
- He came back from London after three months to find a baby in his bed.

- Jenny jones, the young domestic servant confessed to be the mother of the child but refused to reveal the name of the father.
- Miss Bridget married caption Blifil. After the death of caption, Miss. Bridget reared her(Blifil) child and the baby.(Tome)
- Tom grew as gay and carefree handsome boy. Blifil became reserved and sober. Mr. Thwacked and Mr. squire were the teachers of the children. Tom was popular and loved by opposite sex. Mrs. Bridget was dead untimely. Sophia – a daughter of squire western.

  Molly – a daughter of a game keeper(Black George)

  Both of them were attracted Towards Tom.

  But tome fell in Love with Sophia.

  In this novel tom is the hero, Sophia – Heroine and 'Blifil is the Villain'

  Mr. All worthy turned Tom away. Tome went to Sea Sophia ran away seeking Tom. They stayed at an inn(without seeing)

  All worthy was betrayed by Blifil
- In Bristal, Tom met partridge, a loyal servant. Tom resques Mrs. Waters, From being robbed.

  Sophia left her muffin in Tom's bed.

  Tom realized Sophia's arrival and set out is pursuit of Sophia.
- Sophia rode with her cousin Harriet (Fitz Patrick's wife) Fits Patrick came to the Inn in search of his wife. In London Sophia stoyed in the house of Lady Betaston (a relative) Tour and Patridge arrived in London and stayed in the house of Mrs. Miller.
- Nancy – Miller's daughter. Mr. Nightingale and nancy were in Love.
- Tome convinced Alrightingale to Marry Nancy.

- Tom and Sophia Met again and he broke the relationship with Lady Bellaston. Lady Bellaston did not like their love. She told Lord Fellaman to Rape Sophia.

  Then All worthy, squire western, Mrs. Wester and Blifil arrived in London.

  Mr. Fitz Patrick thought Tom was his wife's lovel.

  In the fight Tom stabbed him with a sword.

  Tom input into Prison.

  Patritge Revealed that Mrs. Water is jenny Jones, Tom's mother.

  Mrs. Water met All worthy and revealed that Bliful persuades her to conspire against Tome.

  Mrs. Waters revealed that Bridget was Tom's mother.

  Bridget she wrote a letter on her death bed.

  As Tom's conduct was good, he was released.

  Tom and All worthy reunited.

  Tom was the All worthy's fortune.

  At last Tom married Sophia.

- Fielding described 'Tom Jones' a (comic epic poem) in prose 'Sophia and Jones' reminded of Shakespeare's characters 'Beatrice and Benedict' (much ado about nothing).

  The name Sophia means (wisdom)

  The greatest of Fielding's brusque (Initiation)(an using)(ridiculous) character is square western

CHARACTERS

Tom Jones-Tom Jones is a handsome young man with a good heart who is born as a bastard and ends up getting into a lot of trouble because he lacks good judgment.
Sophia -Western is a beautiful, good, and sensible country heiress who falls in love with Tom Jones when they are teenagers.
Mr. Allworthy is a rich, upright, and moral philanthropist and benefactor to many people who informally adopts Tom Jones when he is an infant.
Mr. Blifil is the child of Bridget Allworthy and Captain Blifil who grows up to be a spiteful and unscrupulous young man.
Squire Western is a rich country gentleman, a drunkard, and a sportsman, who loves his daughter but treats her like property.
Mrs. Western is the vain and silly sister of Squire Western who gets involved in trying to force Sophia to marry a man she despises.
Mr. Partridge is a schoolteacher who is falsely accused of being the father of the foundling Tom Jones.
Mr. Anderson is a poor man who tries to rob Tom Jones when he is on the road so that he can feed his family. He is a relative of Mrs. Miller.
Mrs. Anderson is the loving wife of Mr. Anderson and the mother of his children

Will Barnes is the former lover of Molly and Betty Seagrim and may be the father of Molly's child.
Lady Bellaston is an evil aristocrat who seduces Tom. She will stop at nothing to satisfy her desires.
Betsy Miller is the 10-year-old daughter of Mrs. Miller.
Betty is Sophia's maid after she is forced to give up Mrs. Honour.
Captain Blifil is a fortune hunter who marries Bridget for her brother's estate, which he hopes to inherit.
Dr. Blifil is a hanger-on at Mr. Allworthy's house and arranges for his brother to meet Bridget Allworthy.
Miss Bridget Allworthy, also called Miss Bridget, is Mr. Allworthy's sister and Tom's mother who has him out of wedlock before she marries Captain Blifil. She later becomes Mrs. Blifil.
Mr. Dowling is a lawyer, becomes Mr. Allworthy's steward and Mr. Blifil's right-hand man.

Tom Edwards is one of the liars in Mrs. Bellaston's club who tells Sophia a fib about Tom.

Captain Egglane is hired by Lord Fellamar to advance his marriage proposal to Sophia and later to have Tom Jones abducted for naval service.

Mrs. Etoff is Lady Bellaston's lady's maid.

Lord Fellamar is a rich suitor and friend of Lady Bellaston who falls in love with Sophia.

Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick is a fortune hunter who marries his wife, Harriet, for her money.

Mrs. Harriet Fitzpatrick is Sophia's cousin; they live together at their Aunt Western's for a period of time. Harriet elopes with Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Black George is a poor man with a big family; he is a poacher, a gamekeeper, and disloyal friend to Tom Jones. He is also called George Seagrim.

Mrs. Honour Blackmore is Sophia's maid. She is a single woman of an older age.

Mrs. Arabella Hunt is a widow of fortune who falls in love with Tom Jones.

King of the Gypsies is the title for the man who rules over the gypsies; Tom Jones and Mr. Partridge meet him during their journey.

Lieutenant is an upright man who befriends Tom when he volunteers to go to war.

Mr. Maclachlan is an Irish friend of Mr. Fitzpatrick whom he meets at the inn at Upton when Fitzpatrick is pursuing his wife.

The Man of the Hill is the misanthrope that Tom Jones meets on his journeys. The Man has withdrawn from the world.

Mrs. Miller is a good friend of Mr. Allworthy's and a keeper of a boardinghouse where Tom Jones stays when he gets to London.

Molly Seagrim is Tom Jones's first lover; she is pregnant with a child that belongs to either Tom or Will Barnes.

Nancy Miller is the 17-year-old daughter of Mrs. Miller who gets pregnant by Mr. Jack Nightingale.

Narrator-Often speaking directly to the reader in the first person, the narrator can be assumed to be Fielding himself, since he reflects on the creation of the story and refers to his wife, Charlotte.

Mr. Jack Nightingale is a boarder at Mrs. Miller's who begins having an affair with Nancy and later marries her.

Old Nightingale or Mr. Nightingale Sr. is Jack Nightingale's father; he wants him to marry an heiress.

Uncle Nightingale is a beloved uncle of Jack Nightingale who says children should make their own decisions about marriage but doesn't really believe that.

Ensign Northerton is a scoundrel who knocks Tom Jones on the head and almost kills Mrs. Waters.

Mrs. Partridge is the nagging wife of Mr. Partridge who dies early in the story.

Peer-The peer is a rich Irish lord who helps Mrs. Fitzpatrick escape from her husband and later becomes her lover.

Betty Seagrim is Molly's sister; she hates her sister because she stole her lover.

Mr. Thomas Square is one of the tutors of Tom Jones and Mr. Blifil; he calls himself a philosopher.

Mr. Parson Supple is a good friend of Squire Western's who tries to rein him in when his behavior gets too passionate.

Susan is a maid at the inn at Upton who provides Sophia with information about Tom.

Rev. Roger Thwackum is the hypocritical clergyman who is the tutor of Tom Jones and Mr. Blifil. He constantly beats Tom when he is a child.

Mrs. Waters is the woman in distress whom Tom rescues from Northerton. Later she becomes the common-law wife of an army captain and is instrumental in shedding light on the identity of Tom's mother. She is also known as Jenny Jones, Tom's supposed mother.

Watson is a thief and gambler that the Man of the Hill meets after he leaves school.

Mr. Whitefield is the innkeeper at Gloucester where Tom Jones and Mr. Partridge stop.

Mrs. Whitefield is the wife of the innkeeper at Gloucester where Tom Jones and Mr. Partridge stop.

Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, also known as Mrs. Deborah, is a maid in Mr. Allworthy's household. She is a single woman of an older age.

Summary

Tom Jones is a Picaresque story that chronicles the humorous escapades, romances and redemption of its roguish protagonist. Like most

of Henry Fielding's writing, the novel is both comedic and satirical. What particularly distinguishes Tom Jones is its adaptation of the conventions of the picaresque, a genre whose early modern origins are usually traced back to Spanish works such as Lazarillo de Tormes (1554), in which a series of interconnected episodes and a parade of different social types reveal the foibles and hypocrisies of society. Fielding was admired for his intricate plots and his knowing, satiric narrators, but in Tom Jones he also scandalised some readers with the moral elasticity of his memorable main character.

Tom Jones is a child of uncertain birth. The good Squire Allworthy returns to his estate one day to find a baby abandoned in his bed. He and his sister Bridgetsuspect that the baby belongs to Jenny Jones, a servant of the local schoolmaster, Mr Partridge. Jenny admits that she placed the baby in the Allworthys' home, but refuses to name Tom's father. Soon thereafter, Bridget is wooed and wed by the suspect Captain Blifil, with whom she has a child who is referred to throughout the novel as Master Blifil. The unlikeable Captain Blifil dies an untimely death, but his son inherits his ungenerous character and anxiety about social status. Master Blifil finds equally unlikeable sidekicks in Mr Thwackum and Mr Square.

Tom, by contrast, is a high-spirited and exuberant youth, friendly with people of the lower classes and especially with the gamekeeper Black George. Tom grows up to love Sophia, the daughter of the neighbouring Squire Western, but he also carries on an affair with Mollie Seagrem, Black George's daughter. Squire Western does not look kindly on the illegitimate Tom as a potential son-in-law, and, though she returns his feelings, Sophia

is sceptical that Tom is a reliable lover. Throughout the novel, Sophia weathers significant pressure from her family to marry Blifil, whom she despises. Eventually, Sophia takes her freedom into her own hands and escapes with her maid to a relative's house in London. Sophia's adventures on the road parallel Tom's.

Tom's fortunes change suddenly when Squire Allworthy falls seriously ill and then suddenly recovers, only to have Bridget unexpectedly die. Tom expresses his relief at the Squire's recovery with an ill-fated bout of drunken celebration, which culminates in being provoked into a fist fight by Blifil and Thwackam. Blifil tells Allworthy that Tom's rowdy behaviour and sexual escapades are evidence of his heartlessness, and Allworthy kicks Tom out of the house.

Taking to the road, Tom meets Mr Partridge, who swears he is not Tom's father but becomes Tom's travelling companion. Tom rescues a woman named Mrs Waters and then sleeps with her, but unfortunately, Sophia has stopped at the same inn and learns about the affair. She rushes off to London and the protection of her relative, Lady Bellaston.

Tom follows and decides to seduce Lady Bellaston in the hope of getting close to Sophia. Lady Bellaston decides though that she would rather keep Tom for herself and tries to get rid of Sophia by suggesting to Lord Fellamar that he assault her young relative and then marry her afterwards. Squire Western arrives in time to thwart Fellamar and Bellaston's schemes, but Sophia is nevertheless pressured to marry either Fellamar or Blifil. Fellamar's lackeys connive to get Tom arrested and

thrown in jail. There, Tom re-encounters Mrs Waters, whom Partridge informs him is actually Jenny Jones. Tom is horrified to learn that his licentiousness has led him to accidentally sleep with his own mother.

Just when Tom's redemption and romantic success seem impossible, Fielding deftly brings the intricate plot to a tidy conclusion. Mrs Waters reveals that Tom is in fact the older child of Bridget Allworthy. She also reports that Blifil had intercepted a letter from Bridget to Squire Allworthy that explained Tom's parentage. Squire Allworthy disinherits Blifil and adopts Tom as his legal heir, while Tom convinces the long-suffering Sophia to forgive and marry him.

UNIT-2-END –STUDY MATERIAL