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Reverence for Human Nature

— The Poetry of Dryden and Pope —

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Reverence for Human Nature

—The Poetry of Dryden and Pope—

I

When Shelley described a poet as "a nightingale, who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds," he must have denied the claim to the name of a poet by Dryden, Pope and other poets of neo-classical school. They have been, however, enjoying the honour and privilege of a poet since their days, and among them Dryden and Pope are even favoured with a very lofty rank in the society of English poets. What were they aiming at while writing poems, and where should we recognize the merits of their works? They assigned to man a fixed place between angels and animals in a "Great Chain of Being." They treated man, both individually and generically, solely as a human being constituting human society. Man, they believed, is capable of improving through his humble effort to develop his heaven-born faculties superior to those of animals. The supreme faculty which distinguishes mankind from animals is reason, and the full exercise of reason brings happiness to an individual man, and as a matter of consequence, to the whole society as well.

Now, we may safely second a common opinion that romantic spirit is inherent in English people. They are shy of the abstract and respectful to first-hand experience. They abhor uniformity and value individuality. While unskilful in constructing a huge and consistent system of theory, they are endowed with abundant, vigorous and sublime imagination. Despite their pursuit of profitable business, they are very fond of perilous adventures. The origin of their national character may be explained anthropologically or geographically as lying in the mixture of blood between native Celts and foreign Anglo-Saxons or in the isolated situation of the country separated from the Continent by the English Channel. Be that as it may, the prolificity and variety of their literature are due to their romantic spirit. They have not produced many first-rate artists and musicians, but in the field of literature, especially of poetry, they may well boast of many masters, who displayed their creative power to the full, by means of English language which is an amazing success of amalgamation of Germanic and Latin. Some French critics over the channel looks, not without envy, at the prosperity of English literature. They find French literature endures the restraint of activity within the pales of classicism, whereas English writers have a good fortune to be able to express their romantic spirit as freely as they like. M. Louis Cazamian, for instance, regards the literature in the Elizabethan and the Romantic ages as the proper product of English mind, and asserts the neo-classical age in between is a sort of anomaly, and that English classicism is very different from its French counterpart. Identifying English literature and romanticism, he affirms as follows,

Je l'ai rappelé, et il ne saurait guère y avoir de doute sur ce point: c'est par un véritable romantisme que débute la littérature anglaise moderne, et ce romantisme de la Renaissance est une croissance spontanée, directe, primitive, où s'affirme le tempérament profond d'un peuple.... La littérature anglaise moderne se marque d'abord et sans hésitation comme faite pour le romantisme, comme

trouvant en lui sa pleine et naturelle expression, au lieu que la littérature française moderne tend au classicisme d'un secret et impérieux instinct, et ne se sent vraiment elle-même que le jour où elle l'atteint.¹⁾

The neo-classical age might be an aberrance in the history of English literature. But those who abdicate it as heretic or worthless are too much stupefied by their romantic bias. Neo-classic poets took great pains to connect English literature to the literary tradition of the European continent. They were by no means wrong in the way of exploiting their talents. The misleading appellation, "pseudo-classicality" or "pseudo-classicism" did not appear before 1866 when the Romantic age had passed its prime. As can be seen in the opinions of Madame de Staël and Goethe towards the end of the eighteenth century, classicism maintained its healthy existence as a mighty power in the whole European literature, defying the romantic revival which started from England and ran over other European countries.

Arnold was very sympathetic with Gray, saying "Gray, a born poet, fell upon an age of prose," or "Gray, with the qualities of mind and soul of a genuine poet, was isolated in his century." But the following passage with a turn of an aphorism is likely to bias us in appreciating neo-classic poetry.

As regards literary production, the task of the eighteenth century in England was not the poetic interpretation of the world, its task was to create a plain, clear, straightforward, efficient prose. Poetry obeyed the bent of mind requisite for the due fulfilment of this task of the century. It was intellectual, argumentative, ingenious; not seeing things in their truth and beauty, not interpretative....

The difference between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this: their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul. The difference between the two kinds of poetry is immense.²⁾

It may be a fact in the history of English literature that the eighteenth century, barren of distinguished poets and magnificent poems, was followed by the age of the romantic revival which produced many poetical geniuses and supremely imaginative poems. Nevertheless, Arnold, with all his profound culture in classics and his insistence on the necessity of objective criteria of criticism free from provincialism, had a serious weak point, since he did not so much as try to understand the poetry of Dryden and Pope at all. Just as we are in the wrong when we despise romanticism as puerile sentimentalism or abhor it as a microbe incurring a social collapse, so he who expels Dryden and Pope out of the realm of poets is guilty of narrow-mindedness and perversity.

In 1922 Mr. Eliot published his essay on Dryden, in the early part of which we find the following statement.

To those whose taste in poetry is formed entirely upon the English poetry of the nineteenth century—to the majority—it is difficult to explain or excuse Dryden: the twentieth century is still the nineteenth, although it may in time acquire its own character. The nineteenth century had, like every other, limited tastes and peculiar fashions; and, like every other, it was unaware of its own limitations. Its

tastes and fashions had no place for Dryden; yet Dryden is one of the tests of a catholic appreciation of poetry.³⁾

Disappointment in romanticism appeared early in the nineteen-twenties after the World War I, and critics, one after another, began to revalue the poetry of Dryden, Pope, Johnson and others. Consequently there came into vogue the efforts to understand sympathetically the eighteenth century poetry as a whole, which has several characteristics of its own, different from those of either metaphysical or romantic school. The epithet "pseudo-classical" applied to the poetry of Dryden and his school was now replaced by "neo-classical." *A Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry* (1948) by Professor Sutherland and *From Classic to Romantic* (1949) by Professor Bate are two of excellent researches in this field based upon close investigation and deep insight.

English people, having passed through the period of the Civil War in bloodshed, shifted their mental attitude into a new direction through the compromise of the Glorious Revolution. Peace and prosperity were what people in those days desired more than anything else. The clarity and orderliness of French culture introduced into England by Charles II endeared them to classicism, just when they were satiated with the literature addicted to the extravagant use of fanciful or affected expressions. Moreover, natural science took a first step of its rapid development, and deism became prevalent in the field of theology. Being the believer in orthodox Christianity, neo-classic poets did not commit the errors of romantic poets who are optimistic enough to overrate human nature by covering their eyes against the evil inherent in our experiential world.

The eighteenth century poetry is sometimes charged with the abuse of personification. Wordsworth's preface to *Lyrical Ballads* is the first and most famous attack upon it. Of late there have appeared some competent advocates for personification, among whom Professor Chapin, in his work *Personification in the Eighteenth Century English Poetry* (1955), has explained the origin and meaning of personification and ascribed the beginning of its abuse to the later eighteenth century poets. Mr. Donald Davie, the author of *Purity of Diction in English Verse* (1952), has demonstrated how personification played an important role in neo-classic poetry. He declared in the preface to that work that the scarcity of metaphor in the eighteenth century poetry was essential to the production of the poetic value absent from romantic poetry.⁴⁾ It was because of the current climate of opinion that poets in that century used general language, which stands for the universal rather than the particular and has few nuances and undertones. As Professor Bate points out, the simplification and clarification of English was one of the important purposes of the Royal Society founded in 1645.⁵⁾ We err at the start if we expect of neo-classical poetry the same sort of delight that we find in romantic poetry whose texture is composed of the words that chiefly appeal to our emotion or suggest to us various associated ideas.

The list of neo-classic poets may include Dryden, Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, Johnson, Goldsmith and others. We might add to it the names of Crabbe and Byron of *Don Juan*. But the exhaustive study of the whole neo-classic school is not the subject of my study for the present. I should like to confine myself to the discussion on the poetry

of Dryden and Pope, who were celebrated leaders one after another in the age of neo-classicism.

II

John Dryden is often accused of inconsistency in his principles. Born and bred in a Puritan family, he adopted the doctrines of the Anglican Church in the reign of Charles II, and later was converted to Roman Catholicism after the enthronement of James II. On the death of Oliver Cromwell, Dryden extolled the exploits of the Republican leader in *Heroic Stanzas Consecrated to the Memory of His Highness, Oliver, Late Lord Protector of This Common Wealth*, while three years later he welcomed Charles II and the Restoration, composing *Astraea Redux*. To such seeming inconsistency, however, Defoe and Johnson rendered a favorable interpretation.

[Dryden]...having his extraordinary genius flung and pitched upon a swivel... every day to change his principle, change his religion, change his coat, change his master, and yet never change his nature.

The reproach of inconstancy was, on this occasion, shared with such numbers, that it produced neither hatred nor disgrace; if he changed, he changed with the nation.¹⁾

Dryden was not a base opportunist who shifts from one direction to another in accordance with the prevailing political and religious tone. On every occasion he acted of his own will after having earnestly pondered over and again in the midst of the spiritual tempest blowing hard throughout England in those days. In his later life Dryden remained Catholic and endured many inconveniences, though the Protestant William III and Mary reigned over English people after the Glorious Revolution. What he heartily prayed for was the peace and order based upon *concordia discors*. He was consistent from his youth to his old age in his wish to defend the Eternal and Absolute against the invasion of materialism and skepticism then rising up. Professor Bredvold, publishing a special study on this problem, examines Dryden with reference to the intellectual background in the seventeenth century. He sums up Dryden's standpoint as follows.

It was this distrust of reason, this philosophical skepticism, that drove Dryden toward conservatism and authority in religion, and ultimately to the Catholic Church, just as his distrust of the populace was one reason for his increasing conservatism and Toryism in politics.²⁾

Dryden was after all a man of large mind and complex mentality. As Lowell says, "he is in more senses than one, in language, in turn of thought, in style of mind, in the direction of his activity, the first of moderns."³⁾ George Farquhar tells us disparagingly of Dryden's personality made of multifarious ingredients, naming it "variety, and not of a piece: the quality and mob, farce and heroics: the sublime and ridiculous mixed in a

piece; great Cleopatra in a hackney coach."⁴⁾ For my part, I believe the very variety of Dryden's character benefited him by making his poetry many-sided and multi-coloured.

The valuation of Dryden from a romantic point of view, as is seen in the essay of Arnold, no longer holds good in the present day. To the revaluation of Dryden Mr. Eliot's contribution is most important. In his *John Dryden: Three Essays* (1932), he discusses Dryden in three aspects, namely, as a poet, a dramatist and a critic. In the first chapter he emphasizes on naturalness of Dryden's style, affirming that Dryden the poet, far from being artificial, rendered great services to English language by creating a plain style.

Dryden became a great poet because he could not write an artificial style; because it was intolerable to him; because he had that uncorruptible sincerity of word which at all times distinguishes the good writer from the bad, and at critical times such as his, distinguishes the great writer from the little one. What Dryden did in fact was to reform the language, and devise a natural, conversational style of speech in verse in place of an artificial and decadent one.⁵⁾

It was only imitators of Dryden in the eighteenth century who indulged in formal and artificial language, while the verse of Dryden himself is characterized by simple expression and smooth tone, and even the rhyming of every two lines gives us few hitches.

In his early poems we often meet with conceits of metaphysical poetry. But he soon abandoned them as rendering English poetry coarse and artificial, and endeavoured to create a plain and natural style. In "A Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satires," he tells us that he finally found what agreed with him in Spenser, not in Milton, after he had read various poets.

I found in him [Milton] a true sublimity, lofty thoughts, which were clothed with admirable Grecisms...but I found not there neither that for which I looked. At last I had recourse to his master, Spenser... and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. Spenser had studied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongst the rest of his excellencies had copied that.⁶⁾

He also worked very diligently as a writer of dramatic verse for a rather long period during his middle age. That he followed the example of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson more than any others must have been of great use to the creation of his own new style. Dryden is highly appreciated as a satiric poet by the general public. This reputation of his is indisputable, and I may venture to say Dryden's satiric poetry has loftier and more dignified quality than that of any other English poets, not excepting Pope. Besides, Dryden excelled in pure lyric, producing a quantity of exquisite lyric poems. Though satire is a product of astute intellect and severe morality, we must not regard Dryden as lacking emotion or passion and overlook his gift of lyric poetry.

We may begin our survey of Dryden's poetry with his shorter pieces. There are about fifty-five of them, among which ten, published between 1649 and 1667, are panegyrics on the virtues of noblemen and statesmen in power. Dryden wrote poems, not to

advertise his own joy or grief as experienced by a unique individual, but to maintain the peace and order in the society of which he was merely one of the numerous components. To select the more important pieces, the followings may be on the list: *Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings* (1649), *Heroic Stanzas* (1659), *Astraea Redux* (1660), *To his Sacred Majesty, A Panegyric on his Coronation* (1661), *Annus Mirabilis: The Year of Wonders, 1666* (1667). The first poem contains several conceits similar and yet inferior to those of Donne. For example,

His body was an orb, his sublime soul
 Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole:
 Whose regular motions better to our view
 Than Archimedes' sphere the heavens did shew.
 Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
 Beauty and learning, filled up all the parts.
 Heaven's gifts, which do, like falling stars, appear
 Scattered in others, all, as in their sphere,
 Were fixed and conglobate in his soul, and thence
 Shone through his body with sweet influence;
 Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
 The whole frame rendered was celestial.

Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings, 27—38.

These conceits, however, gradually decrease in number and are toned down into sober metaphors, as he proceeded on writing year after year.

Dryden's third poem *Heroic Stanzas*, composed in 1658, at the age of twenty-seven, was published in the following year in *Three Poems upon the Death of his late Highness, Oliver*, the other two being by Edmund Waller and Thomas Sprat. Throughout thirty-seven quatrains, Dryden extols the merits of Cromwell who, as a military commander and a political leader, enhanced the national prestige of England both at home and abroad. Indeed our poet adores the heroic character of Cromwell, but we find in this poem no inklings of his sympathy with Puritanism and republicanism that form the springs of Cromwell's activity. The expressions in the poem are commonplace and feeble. Although the poem is often overrated because of its subject, we may lose it to our little disadvantage from the collected works of Dryden. In the last three stanzas Dryden thus describes Cromwell's death just when he had reached the acme of his glorious super-human activity on the earth.

Such was our Prince, yet owned a soul above
 The highest acts it could produce to show:
 Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
 Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
 But fresh laurels courted him to live;
 He seemed but to prevent some new success,
 As if above what triumphs earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came,
 As near the centre motion does increase;
 Till he, pressed down by his own weighty name,
 Did, like the Vestal, under spoils decease.

Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell, st. 32—34.

The metaphors of machinery in working and rotation movement are very apt, but the lamentation of the writer over the hero's death is scarcely expressed. The allusion in the thirty-fourth stanza to Tarpeia, who gave up the Roman fortress to the Sabines and was crushed under the shields of hostile soldiers, is not very relevant either.

In several months after writing *Heroic Stanzas*, Dryden welcomed home Charles II and then celebrated the coronation of the new king, with *Astraea Redux* (1660) and *To his Sacred Majesty* (1661) respectively. People may well doubt his constancy. Men of principles rightly feel dissatisfied that Dryden did not stick to one principle all life as Milton, despite Johnson's pleading that Dryden changed with the age and that he was simply a mouthpiece of the age as a protégé of the ruling class. The two poems, however, do not deal with a theoretical debate on the superiority of monarchy over republicanism, or justification of Anglicans against Nonconformists. After preaching on the absurdity of the Civil War, the poet tells us his expectation for Charles II, who would have learnt the virtue of generosity from his long suffering and rich experience during his exile, and whose reign would succeed in both restoring the domestic order and commanding respect of foreign nations. The chief tenor of these poems is enthusiastic praise to the character of Charles II from Dryden as a public person.

Born and grown up in the age of successive disturbances, Dryden hankered for peace more than anything else. We are deeply affected by his sincere sentiments in and between the following lines.

For his long absence Church and State did groan;
 Madness the pulpit, faction seized the throne.
 Experienced age in deep despair was lost
 To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crost:
 Youth that with joys had unacquainted been
 Envied gray hairs that once good days had seen:
 We thought our sires, not with their own content,
 Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
 Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
 Who ruined crowns would coronets exempt:
 For when, by their designing leaders taught
 To strike at power which for themselves they sought,
 The vulgar, gulled into rebellion, armed,
 Their blood to action by the prize was warmed;
 The sacred purple then and scarlet gown,
 Like sanguine dye to elephants, was shown.

Astraea Redux, 21-36.

Who should be the bringer of peace? His political tenet does not matter, if only he is an exceedingly great man who can lead people towards a national prosperity such as the

Romans enjoyed in the reign of Augustus. Though Dryden's parents were both Parliamentarians, he was not greatly influenced by their political and religious principles. As a deliberate man of intelligence, the young Dryden was enticed into the skepticism advocated by Montaigne. But, having passed through this darkness of disbelief, he was awakened to the light of faith, and joined to the congregation of the Anglican Church. Later on he at last found the eternal support of life in Catholicism.

The idea that *nil sub sole novum* and the order on the earth was once and for all decreed by God was innate in Dryden and fostered up through stages of his experience in life, though not without a momentary eclipse. The coronation of Charles II, I would say, was just the occasion for him to make the assurance doubly sure, rather than to become a turncoat from liberalism to reactionary conservatism. He who surveys the history of only the two hundred years after the days of Dryden may censure the poet as lacking clairvoyance to foresee the direction of the current of thought. But what Dryden really wanted to say in his poetry, after all has been said, was the thing essential to man and above the vicissitudes of temporal life. His main purpose was to lecture on human follies to mankind. His belief in monarchy and Catholicism by no means deprives his poetry of its significance even to the twentieth century readers. In both of the poems in question he expresses his hearty wish that King Charles may take a very generous measure forgetting all the past wrongs and give a fair judgment on each different opinion, thus building up a new society of peace and stability.

But you, whose goodness your descent doth show
 Your heavenly parentage and earthly too,
 By that same mildness which your father's crown
 Before did ravish shall secure your own.
 Not tied to rules of policy, you find
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
 Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
 A sight of all he could behold and live,
 A voice before His entry did proclaim
 Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in His name.
 Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
 Your goodness only is above the laws,
 Whose rigid letter, while pronounced by you,
 Is softer made.

ibid., 256—269.

The jealous sets, that dare not trust their cause
 So far from their own will as to the laws,
 You for their umpire and their synod take
 And their appeal alone to Caesar make.
 Kind Heaven so rare a temper did provide
 That guilt repenting might in it confide.
 Among our crimes oblivion may be set,
 But 'tis our King's perfection to forget.
 Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
 From milder heavens you bring, without their crimes.

Your calmness does no after-storms provide
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.

To His Sacred Majesty, 81—92.

Annus Mirabilis is, we may safely assume, a work in which Dryden's poetical talent first found a wide scope to play. As its subject is extraordinary events, so is his descriptive power is quite mature and equal to them. He explains his view of poetry in the preface which contains the famous definition of wit: "no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer; which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory." Among other things, he owns to the fact that he has followed the example of Virgil who polished words and phrases elaborately and succeeded in a very accurate delineation. Dryden does not placidly gaze at the events with curiosity of a private person, but zealously describes and interprets them in behalf of the public at large. The menace of the Dutch Navy near the English coast and the great fire in London are both warnings of God to English nation. A poet should not be wholly occupied in vividly picturing them. He owes to society the responsibility of comforting and encouraging people, no matter how his narrative may be extremely objective and free from his private emotions.

Adopting quatrains suitable to striking solemn notes, Dryden assigns the first half of the poem to the sea-battle against the Dutch Navy and the second half to the great fire. As he had no immediate information about the sea-battle—he himself makes appropriate excuses for the defect—, the first half does not leave a deep impression upon us. It only reports to us the general process of the battle, interspersing the narrative with various allusions and metaphors. For example,

Never did men more joyfully obey
Or sooner understood the sign to fly;
With such alacrity they bore away
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet!
Thy monument inscribed such praise shall wear
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provoked the tardy English close to fight.
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
As larks lie dared to shun the hobby's flight.

st. 193—195.

On the contrary, the description of the second half is the object of almost unanimous praise of critics. The furious rage of conflagration and the misery of the victims are depicted through vigorous exercise of the eye and the heart of the poet himself.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run

And, while through burning labyrinths they retire,
 With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
 To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
 And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
 Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
 What streets are burning now, and what are near:
 An infant, waking, to the paps would press
 And meets instead of milk a falling tear.

st. 257—259.

In describing the gradual approach of fire, he borrows the similes of a thief and a harlot, which may seem rather abrupt, but prove very relevant when we take into consideration the society of the Restoration period forming the background of the poem.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
 And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed:
 Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,
 Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
 Too great for prison which he breaks with gold,
 Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear
 And dares the world to tax him with the old,

So scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail
 And makes small outlets into open air:
 There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
 And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
 His flames from burning but to blow them more:
 And, every fresh attempt, he is repelled
 With faint denials, weaker than before.

st. 218—221.

Another important aspect of the poem is, to my mind, the fact that Dryden is intending the whole poem for a glorification of King Charles' virtues, emphasizing on his brave, calm and merciful conduct in the two disastrous events.

In 1681, fourteen years later than *Annus Mirabilis*, Dryden the satiric poet suddenly shows his huge figure before the audience. What were the characteristics of his verse satire? His satire is generally acknowledged to have Horatian latitude and cordiality rather than Jevanlian austerity and gloom. Even *Mac Flecknoe* (written in 1678), whose purport lies in rebuking certain persons, is almost innocent of perverse personalities. Dr. D.N. Smith says Dryden "raised English satire to the rank of an art."⁷ Indeed Dryden believed satire should hold a noble purpose and a magnanimous spirit. A poet

must not be so egotistic as to look down upon and rail at the common people, nor complain of his own misfortunes, nor indulge in self-congratulation by exposing the defects and blunders of other people. So long as he publishes his poems as literary works, they must be, so to speak, a public property and benefit the improvement of the morality of society as a whole.

In "A Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satire" (1693), a much longer essay than usual with Dryden, he mentions "heroic poetry itself of which the satire is undoubtedly a species."⁸ It is a lifelong ambition of any great poets to complete an epic in its widest sense. Chaucer, Spenser and Milton had left each his own masterpiece appropriate to his age, and, after Dryden, Pope and Wordsworth belonged to the line of these great poets representative of the voice of their age. We may not be much mistaken if we take Dryden's satire for a kind of epic produced in the particular mould of his genius and of the spirit of his age. Mr. F.N. Lees, referring to *Absalom and Achitophel*, suspects Dryden's intention of writing epic poetry.

Absalom and Achitophel is, of course, genuinely "heroic" (it is entitled "a Poem", not, as *The Medal*, "a Satire"), and in it Dryden is at bottom making another attempt at what his age so desired, epic poetry, as a form of which he and others had been cultivating the fantastic "heroic play".⁹

It is true the characters in *Absalom and Achitophel* are modelled on the real persons, the story being based upon a real event. Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II, instigated by the First Earl of Shaftesbury and his party, plotted to usurp the throne but was discomfited. In Dryden's poem Charles II, Duke of Monmouth, Earl of Shaftesbury and Duke of Buckingham are named David, Absalom, Achitophel and Zimri respectively, and many other names of persons and places are of biblical or Roman origin. But we readers of today might as well dispense with any cumbrous commentaries upon such historical facts and nominal identification. We can cull greater delights from the poem when we read it through deliberately without caring for the information about real persons and events here alluded to.

The famous first ten lines, which have often been quoted as a typical passage showing the magnificence of the poem, describe the selfish lustfulness of a king at once solemnly and ridiculously without slipping into obscenity.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
 Before polygamy was made a sin,
 When man on many multiplied his kind,
 Ere one to one was cursedly confined,
 When nature prompted and no law denied
 Promiscuous use of concubine and bride,
 Then Israel's monarch after Heaven's own heart
 His vigorous warmth did variously impart
 To wives and slaves, and, wide as his command,
 Scattered his Maker's image through the land.

I, 1—10.

As Mr. Jack points out, the essential merit of the poem lies in "the blending with a heroic basis of a strong element of wit," and it is because the poem begins not with an apostrophe to God but with a witty phrase that "the heroic idiom of the poem as a whole has often been overlooked."¹⁰ Reading the poem a little further on, we are struck with unbounded admiration at the consummate character sketch of Achitophel, feeling as if we were seated face to face with the notorious politician himself.

A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied;
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide:
 Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?

 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

I, 159—181.

A politician like Achitophel, obsessed by excessive desire for power and scheming to bring disturbances into peaceful society under the pretext of patriotism, is not peculiar to the seventeenth century England. His duplicates do live in any country and in any age. Moreover, they are not confined to political circles. Wherever people gather into a group, there often exists an Achitophel. Concerning the passage above Mr. Kenneth Young rightly affirms,

at this point, Dryden introduces his first and perhaps most famous character—Achitophel (Shaftesbury) himself. And here—if it had not been observed in the opening lines—is the epic, almost Miltonic touch: Dryden himself said that satire was undoubtedly a species of heroic poetry, and Absalom was partly Dryden (a substitute for the poem that he never wrote, in his age perhaps could not write, on the Black Prince):

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit—

The lines are famous; but how carefully in his characterisation Dryden trod the line between the too personal (which in this case might have eventually been dangerous) and the too general (the fault of a great deal of British satire both before and after Dryden). Achitophel is Shaftesbury, but he is also any politician of a certain type of any time.¹¹

The conspiracy led by Achitophel was frustrated by a swift and brave transaction of David. The poem ends with the hope of eternal prosperity of David's family. Though inferior to the sketch of Achitophel, the poem contains another fine sketch of a noteworthy character, Zimri. Indeed Dryden himself boasts that "the character of Zimri in my *Absalom* is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem." The portrait of a versatile man of all trades, fickle and treacherous, is finished to the last touch in the following eleven lines.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
 A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!

I, 544—554.

However, the uncommonly vivid description of a few important characters alone would not entitle *Absalom and Achitophel* to the name of a great poem. Its vitality is due to the fiery mettle on which Dryden grapples with poetry. He has succeeded in representing with a latitudinarian and ironical attitude various strifes, large and small, for political power among human beings, utilizing the makebelieve that the whole incident happened in ancient Judea. We should not have our attention so strongly attracted by his character sketches, excellent as they are, as to miss what Johnson calls "general effects and ultimate result" of the work. Reading through the poem, we do not hate Earl of Shaftesbury nor sympathize with Charles II who both actually lived in England in the middle of the seventeenth century. Just as is the case with Shakespeare's plays, we are struck with awe, seeing the picture of the microcosm, Man, fully and clearly revealed within our bosom as well as before our eyes. After *Absalom and Achitophel* Dryden continued to write satiric verse, but the first work remained the best of the kind, with its lively description of characters, its compact structure of the whole, and its abundance in felicitous expressions.

Absalom and Achitophel: The Second Part, consisting of 1140 lines, was for the most part written by Nahum Tate, only the passages between l. 310 and l. 509 being authenticated to have issued from Dryden's pen. The poem, published in November, 1682, was preceded by *Mac Flecknoe* which had come out nearly a month before. The chief object of both poems is impeachment of Thomas Shadwell, who occupied laureateship after Dryden and before Tate. Of course Shadwell was a mediocre poet far inferior to Dryden, and the two poets were at first on friendly terms, rendering services to each other. But they soon grew hostile one against another, as Shadwell, a haughty and virulent man, took liberty to slander Dryden through envy at his superiority, and also

because they became adherents to opposite political and religious causes. When Dryden published *The Medal* in 1682 and railed at the nonconformists who cast memorial medals to congratulate the liberation of Shaftesbury, he was answered with severe counter-attacks, in which Shadwell distinguished himself with the *Medal of John Bayes*, bringing to light some errors and misdemeanours of Dryden hitherto concealed to the public eye. Dryden disdained to take up the gauntlet of Shadwell. His noble behaviour cannot be overpraised. Without condescending to quarrel with Shadwell tit for tat, prying into his private life, Dryden meant *Mac Flecknoe* for a full elucidation of the inveteracy of stupidity—"No medicine cures a fool," as a Japanese proverb says—and availed himself of Shadwell as a living paragon of fools. It is a well-established repute that Dryden is very skillful in beginning his poems, and it also holds true to *Mac Flecknoe*. He tells us how the poetaster Flecknoe, very old and childless, nominates Shadwell as his heir. Reading the passage, we are charmed with the forcible style and brilliant figures of speech, which bring home to us the harmfulness of stupidity to society, making the entity of Shadwell himself utterly negligible.

All humane things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
 This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
 Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long:
 In Prose and Verse was own'd, without dispute
 Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute.
 This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the Succession of the State;
 And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
 To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
 Should onely rule, who most resembles me:
Sh(adwell) alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dullness from his tender years;
Sh(adwell) alone of all my Sons is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But *Sh(adwell)* never deviates into sense.
 Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
 But *Sh(adwell)*'s genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:

1—24.

Dryden's next work, *Absalom and Achitophel: The Second Part*, treats the progress and collapse of the conspiracy machinated by Achitophel. But in the lines written by Dryden we read criticism upon several minor characters who took part in the conspiracy, among whom Elkanah Settle and Thomas Shadwell under the respective names of Doeg and Og are portrayed with an especially deft touch. Let us look at the portrait of Og.

With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spewed to make the batter.
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before cursed him;
 And if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
 To what would be on quail and pheasant swell
 That even on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
 He never was a poet of God's making;
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing—*Be thou dull*;
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write.

462—479.

This is not necessarily a calumny upon a specific person, nor a burst of private resentment. It is a stroke of a gigantic hammer upon any person who swaggers forgetting his own limitations. Readers cannot remain highly delighted with it, satisfying themselves that it has nothing to do with them, but they are compelled to plunge into deep reflection upon the weakness of human nature, let alone his own.

The four satires we have glanced at, namely, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Medal*, *Mac Flecknoe* and *The Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel* were all written successively in the period of one year and published anonymously. They roused a great sensation among the public, but in spite of the topical allusion in almost every line they acquired immortality because of their penetrative insight into the essence of human life which never changes in any age and in any place. Above all, *Absalom and Achitophel*, as Sir Walter Raleigh puts it, "gained at once, and retained ever after, a place among our great national classics," although it was originally "a pamphlet designed to achieve a particular end, pointed to the occasion."¹²

It seems, however, that Dryden at this time was more seriously interested in religious or ecclesiastical poetry, and that he intended to compose a sort of epic in this line. An intelligent and learned man, Dryden was racking his brains about questions of faith. Around him English people were split into several parties furiously fighting with each other, and the issue of the battle was uncertain, no one being able to foretell which would win, Catholics, Anglicans, or Nonconformists, or High Churchmen or Low Churchmen. To make the worse worser, various scientific discoveries by great geniuses were aggravating people's doubts of biblical stories and Christian doctrines. It was rather a matter of course that Dryden should have launched upon the task of kindling torchlight, in the terms of religious poetry, to guide the confounded people on the right way.

As Professor Bredvold has fully discussed, Dryden was under the influence of pyr-

rhonism which had been growing up since the Renaissance. Dryden, however, never denounced Christian belief, but found his innermost peace in the Eternal and Absolute above human intellect. Of *Religio Laici*, published in November 1682, nearly simultaneously with *The Second Part of Absalom and Achitophel*, Johnson says it is "almost the only work of Dryden which can be considered as a voluntary effusion." Indeed the poem was written, stimulated not so much by external circumstances as by inward spiritual necessity, but I believe Dryden had a positive intention to elucidate his own standpoint of an adherent of the Established Church and to check the then waxing rationalism by showing the limitations of reason, living as he did in the age when politics and religion were delicately intertwined. The poem as a whole may be rated as a fairly good work with few flaws. Here also the initial lines are very successful, comparing revelation and reason to the sun and the moon or stars.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars,
 To lovely, weary, wandering travellers
 Is Reason to the soul: and as on high
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day,
 And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

1—11.

As is naturally expected of an Anglican, Dryden rejects both an abstract view of Deists and dogmatism of Papists who claim absolute authority to their own Church alone.

The partial Papist would infer from hence,
 Their Church in last resort should judge the sense.
 But first they would assume with wondrous art
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
 Of that vast frame, the Church; yet grant they were
 The handers down, can they from thence infer
 A right to interpret? or would they alone
 Who brought the present claim it for their own?
 The Book's common largess to mankind,
 Not more for them than every man designed;
 The welcome news is in the letter found;
 The carrier's not commissioned to expound.
 It speaks its self, and what it does contain
 In all things needful to be known is plain.

356—369.

In the eye of Anglicans the tradition and authority of the Church is a contingent, not absolutely necessary to a man's Salvation. Dryden also was of the opinion that obedience to the Bible and a few clear articles of belief is all in all, and that the tradition is

fallible and consequently evidences must be tested by reason. He is ready to renounce the tradition whenever it is irreconcilable with holy Scripture.

Many critics asserted the poem, despite the author's declaration, contains Catholicism, and the assertion was confirmed almost incontestably by Professor Bredvold. According to him, *Religio Laici* and its successor *the Hind and the Panther* are closely akin in their religious thought, and the former is "a sort of prelude or introduction" to the latter. Professors J.M. Osborn, Bonamy Dobrée, D.N. Smith, G.R. Noyes, James Kinsley are all in favour of Bredvold's opinion, whereas Professor Douglas Grant has protested that *Religio Laici* is "great defence of the Church of England." Recently Mr. Thomas H. Fujimura published a very interesting essay on this question, in which he contradicted the interpretation by Professor Bredvold, by contrasting several passages in the poem with the writings of Tillotson, Jeremy Taylor, Hooker and other Anglican divines in the seventeenth century.¹³⁾ In *Religio Laici* Dryden does not maintain anti-rationalism, but agrees with Jeremy Taylor who insists on setting limits to the field of reason. In those days the Church of England was vexed how to steer well between purely rationalist Deism on the one hand and fideistic Catholicism and voluntaristic Puritanism on the other. However, as Mr. Fujimura himself says that "Dryden's chief objection to Catholicism is political rather than religious," we may reasonably conclude that the poem shows propensity towards Catholicism in its fundamental viewpoint, though the author sincerely intended it to be an eloquent defence of the Church of England.

In February 1685 James II was enthroned, and towards the end of the year or early in 1686 Dryden was converted to Catholicism. *The Hind and the Panther*, published in April 1687, is his manifesto as a faithful devotee of the Church of Rome. That he was not a base renegado in this conversion I have already referred to. The poem contains a famous confession of how he has moved from one church to another, motivated by his own sincere and earnest cogitation and not by selfish pursuit of the worldly happiness.

But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
 For erring judgments an unerring guide!
 Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
 O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
 And search no farther than Thy self revealed;
 But her alone for my director take,
 Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
 My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
 Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame!
 Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
 What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
 Can I believe eternal God could lie

Disguised in mortal mould and infancy,
 That the great Maker of the world could die?
 And, after that, trust my imperfect sense
 Which calls in question His omnipotence?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel,
 And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
 Superior faculties are set aside;
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers show the sun his way;
 For what my senses can themselves perceive
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they, who say the Host should be decried
 By sense, define a body glorified,
 Impassible, and penetrating parts?
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through the opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before His train confessed in Open sight.

Pt. I, 64—99.

Through the whole of the poem consisting of three parts, 2592 lines altogether, Dryden had in view describing the contemporary chaotic agitation of religious thought and showing the way to lead to its harmonious stabilization. On the difference of character among each of the three parts Dryden gives his own account near the close of the Preface.

The First Part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestic turn of heroic poesy. The second being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning Church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The third, which has more of the nature of domestic conversation, is or ought to be more free and familiar than the two former.

The different tones in the three parts, however, not colliding with one another, are mysteriously unified into at once dignified and familiar cadence. A profound view of life attained by Dryden in his maturity appeals to our mind through the veil of mellow style which has moulted its vehemence shown in *Absalom and Achitophel*. His conversion to Roman Catholicism with its four authorities, "Unity, Infallibility, Sanctity and Apostolic origin," was after all based on his traditionalism, and originated from his conviction that "what may change may fall. / Who can believe what varies every day, / Nor ever was nor will be at a stay?" A man cannot but fall into self-indulgence who solely relies upon his arbitrary interpretation of the Bible apart from the tradition nearly two thousand years old.

The Council steered, it seems, a diff'rent course,
 They tried the Scripture by tradition's force;
 But you tradition by the Scripture try;

Pursu'd, by sects, from this to that you fly,
 Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
 The Word is then depos'd, and in this view
 You rule the Scripture, not the Scripture you.
 Thus said the *Dame*, and, smiling, thus pursu'd,
 I see tradition then is disallow'd,
 When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
 And Scripture, as interpreted by you.

Pt. II, 181—191.

Protestantism only spreads a series of schisms in the world of belief, and each sect soon comes into a predicament confronted with a self-contradiction that it has no claim to universal authority at all.

Fierce to her [Panther's] foes, yet fears her force to try,
 Because she wants innate aucturity;
 For how can she constrain them to obey
 Who has her self cast off the lawful sway?
 Rebellion equals all, and those who toil
 In common theft, will share the common spoil.
 Let her produce the title and the right
 Against her old superiours first to fight;
 If she reform by Text, ev'n that's as plain
 For her own Rebels to reform again.
 As long as words a^d diff'rent sense will bear,
 And each may be his own Interpreter,
 Our airy faith will no foundation find;
 The word's a weathercock for ev'ry wind:
 The *Bear*, the *Fox*, the *Wolfe* by turns prevail,
 The most in pow'r supplies the present gale.
 The wretched *Panther* cries aloud for aid
 To church and councils, whom she first betray'd;
 No help from Fathers or tradition's train;
 Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain.
 And by that scripture which she once abus'd
 To Reformation, stands herself accus'd.
 What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
 Expounding which she owns her self may err?
 And, after all her winding ways are tried,
 If doubts arise, she slips herself aside
 And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
 If then that conscience set th' offender free,
 It bars her claim to church aucturity.
 How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
 But Scripture may be constru'd to defend?
 Ev'n those whom for rebellion she transmits
 To civil pow'r, her doctrine first acquits;
 Because no disobedience can ensure,

Where no submission to a Judge is due;
 Each judging for himself, by her consent,
 Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.

Pt. I, 452—488.

On the other hand Dryden is not a fellow-traveller with false traditionalists who only stick to the old routine and abuse their acquired rights. He is not a narrow-minded, egotistic extreme Right among Catholics. Indeed the snow-white Hind in the poem represents the Church of Rome and the spotted Panther symbolizes the Church of England, but the latter is invited to the dwelling of the former, treated to cakes and ale, and enjoys an hour's chatting after supper. The clergymen, too, of the Anglican Church, compared to doves, are censured, but the real target of Dryden's criticism was the Latitudinarian divines in the Church who favoured even the admittance of Nonconformists, such as Tillotson, Stillingfleet and Burnet.

Your sons of Latitude that court your grace,
 Though most resembling you in form and face,
 Are far the worst of your pretended race.
 And, but I blush your honesty to blot:
 Pray God you prove 'em lawfully begot:
 For, in some *Popish* libels I have read,
 The *Wolf* has been too busie in your bed;
 At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
 The paunch, and all that *Scorpio* claims are his.
 Their malice too a sore suspicion brings;
 For though they dare not bark, they snarl at kings;
 Nor blame 'em for intruding in your line,
 Fat Bishopricks are still of right divine.

Pt. III, 160—172.

Burnet has the honour to be singly picked up as a laughing-stock towards the end of the poem. The portraiture here is as successful as and more harmless than that of Achitophel or Zimri.

A Portly Prince, and goodly to the sight,
 He seem'd a Son of *Anach* for his height:
 Like those whom stature did to Crowns prefer;
 Black-brow'd and bluff, like *Homer's Jupiter*;
 Broad-backed and Brawny built for Love's delight,
 A Prophet form'd to make a female Proselyte.
 A Theologue more by need, than genial bent,
 By breeding sharp, by Nature confident,
 Int'rest in all his Actions was discern'd;
 More learn'd than honest, more a Wit than learn'd.
 Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
 Or both conjoin'd, his Native clime he fled:
 But brought the Vertues of his Heav'n along;
 A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue.

Pt. III, 1141—1154.

These Broad Churchmen still have some merits to alleviate their faults. The incorrigible are the Nonconformists who proudly behave like sages, emphasizing on petty details of religion. Dryden gibes at them attaching names of ignoble animals to them, Bear, Hare, Ape, Boar, Reynard and others, according to the idiosyncrasy of each denomination. Belief should have its foundation on *Credo quia impossibile*, and the intellectual debate on the creeds of the Church leads only to endless entanglement. Convinced thus, Dryden himself was converted to Roman Catholicism with its history of seventeen thousand years, yet he thought it a great error to drive other people to the same belief by main force, no matter how eager we might be to let them share in our supreme bliss. Contrasting the Declaration of Indulgence (1687) by James II with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) by Louis XIV, he insists in the Preface that belief is ever the question of conscience of an individual.

I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt God and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

Mr. Eliot has indicated the unique quality of the poem, saying "in *The Hind and the Panther* for the first time and for the last is political-religious controversy elevated to the condition of poetry." When we remind ourselves that many argumentative poems of the eighteenth century are very dull and monotonous, we cannot but admire Dryden's genius which turned a dissertation on religion into poetry by means of racy and graceful tone full of variety, appropriate metaphors to the point, and an excellent design of the story. Johnson sums up the merits of *The Hind and the Panther* as follows.

...the poem must be confessed to be written with great smoothness of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant multiplicity of images; the controversy is embellished with pointed sentences, diversified by illustrations, and enlivened by sallies of invective.¹⁴⁾

"He placed Satire," says W.D. Christie, "on a pinnacle in our literature, and he is the greatest satirist of British poetry."¹⁵⁾ Though some will take objection to ranking Dryden higher than any other English satiric poets, no one will doubt that Dryden did elevate verse satire to the level of dignified poetry. When poets are satisfied with the existing state of things or flattered with sanguine hope of its steady improvement, no satire is born. Furthermore, even when poets are disgusted with the existing state of things or have a pessimistic view of its future, they do not write a satire so long as they escape into an ideal world of beauty they have created by their imagination. Satire is born when poets, fitted into their appropriate position within society, keenly realize their own responsibility as its members and want to give a warning either to the statesmen or to the people in general. Satiric poems in which the writer only gives vent to his private hatred or complaint degenerate into personalities unworthy of the name of poetry. Satiric poets must have both a tenacious power resolutely to cling to life and a fine sensibility which quickly responds to the slightest stir in the real world. At the same time they must be able to control their emotion rigidly and to observe the state

of things calmly and shrewdly. Dryden did not direct his satiric spearhead to human nature itself as Swift in *Gulliver's Travels* or Pope in some passages in *The Dunciad*, but chose the general situation of politics and religion around him as the aim of his attack, and, through several persons concerned with the situation, referred to the very essence of human existence. His was the conservative standpoint which endeavoured to prevent the old order from collapsing rather than to establish a new order. His efforts to lead English literature into the European tradition since Virgil indeed deserve our high respect and appreciation, but it may be undeniable that they have lost some of their fascination because of the political, religious and social changes that the world have undergone since his day.

Of two kinds of satire by Dryden, political satire is more successful as characters are vividly represented and action is rich and vigorous, while religious satire deviates a little from its proper function, as it often tends to be explanatory or theoretic and resembles a fable due to its use of animals. Both of them warn us against pride and preach obedience to the authority which is a symbol of tradition. But the one has for its central theme an earthly problem of politics—a concrete fact that rebels have come amiss, whereas the other evolves upon a superhuman problem of religion—a metaphysical theory of the supremacy of the Roman Church over Protestant churches. It is quite natural that Dryden's political satire should differ from his religious satire, the former having more glamour and energy to move the reader than the latter. And yet each kind has its peculiar good quality and, as we have seen in the passages above quoted, both have very apt imagery and correct language in common.

Dryden distinguished himself as a satirist. But we should not be totally engrossed in the study of this aspect of him so as to ignore other kinds of poetry by him. Dr. Smith regrets such negligence.

For the last hundred years what has been thought of first at the mention of his name is satire. That is because of his pre-eminence in satire. But let me again remind you that his satires belong to a short period of his long career; and let me add that we should not allow their brilliance to distract our attention from other poems in which like pre-eminence cannot be claimed for him.¹⁶⁾

Here I should like to inquire into Dryden's lyrics somewhat at length. Indeed they may be what Mr. Alladyce Nicoll calls "but an infinitesimal part of his great output," but early in the nineteenth century Scott estimated Dryden's lyrics as not only superior to any lyrics by Dryden's contemporaries but pre-eminent among all his works. In the present century Saintsbury anticipated Dr. Smith in regretting that "his smaller lyrics [are] far too often not so much undervalued as ignored."¹⁷⁾

Dryden's lyrics can be classified into three groups: Elegies and Epitaphs, fourteen pieces; Songs, Odes, and Lyrical Pieces, fifteen; Songs from the Plays, thirty-eight. As for a very accessible text we have that of *Oxford Standard Authors, The Globe Edition, or Everyman's Library*. The second text, having omitted songs from the plays, suffers from an unfortunate defect — "a fly in the ointment" in A.W. Verall's words. Of course these songs must be supplemented by reading through all Dryden's plays. By the way,

Dryden translated into English some Latin hymns, such as *Veni, Creator Spiritus* that St. Francis Xavier used to sing with enthusiasm, but I hope I may exclude them from my present study with impunity.¹⁸⁾

Rhys considered Dryden's poetic gifts were too ponderous to succeed in lyric, in which he merely was "beating his tabor and 'using a drone,'" but the critic is exaggerating when he concludes Dryden trifled with "song-smith's art." It is true the vehement, poignant or grandiose tone running through *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Hind and the Panther* cannot apply to short lyrics and that occasional far-fetched imagery or logical reasoning spoils a lyrical cry, but some of his lyrics reach the highest pitch with compact structure and harmonious mood, either tempestuous and bitter or mild and merry.

Needless to say we should not expect of Dryden's lyrics the expression of his personal grief or joy, nor admiration of stars, a nightingale or daffodils. He usually speaks for the public in singing of various emotions. Most of his elegies tell us not so much of his own lament over the deceased as of the public affliction due to the loss of a noble person. His love-songs do not convey to us his own rapture or chagrin but express the general state of feeling about a successful or an unrequited love.

In elegies and epitaphs he usually adopts heroic couplet which he tells us he could command more easily than prose. In order to prevent monotony and flaccidity he now and then inserts triplets and produces symmetry by dint of antitheses he was versed in. Alliteration was also his favorite technique.

A Female Softness, with a manly Mind;
A Daughter duteous, and a Sister kind;
In Sickness patient; and in Death resign'd.

"The Monument of a Fair Maiden Lady," 34—36.

To "Upon the Death of the Lord Hastings" we have already referred as containing conceits of metaphysical school. It was composed when Dryden was a boy of seventeen at Westminster School in memory of his classmate who died of small pox. As is natural with such poems of public condolence, it is interspersed with many exaggerations and suggestive of a straightened posture of the author, but we notice the rudiments of satire in this juvenile work with undertones of irony accompanying the keytone of solemnity.

Must then old three-legged grey-beards, with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for the hospital,
Or to hang antiquary's rooms withal!
Must drunkards, lechers spent with sinning, live
With such helps as broths, possets, physic give?
None live but such as should die? shall we meet
With none but ghostly fathers in the street?
Grief makes me rail, sorrow will force its way,
And showers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

"Upon the Death of Lord Hastings," 81—92.

But "Eleonora," dedicated to the memory of Countess of Abingdon, consists of nearly four hundred lines in heroic couplet and is not free from flatness as a whole in spite of its occasional purple passages. Moreover, Dryden is here too much occupied with hackneyed formulae of eulogy and unnatural similes, though he was duty bound to extol the lady as is shown by its subtitle "A Panegyric Poem." This tendency is not confined to "Eleonora" but common to most of his elegies. Indeed an elegy should praise fine qualities of the deceased to some extent after the conventional fashion, but when we read such lines as "Adorned with features, virtues, wit, and grace," or "So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,/ So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit," too much idealized a description in trite words makes us doubtful of the poet's sincerity. Or, when the poet, borrowing the time-worn phrase that those whom God love die young, invests the dead lady with heavenly virtues too pure to let her live long on the dirty earth, we wonder how heartily he adores her, or at least how much he intends to convey his real regret to us. We are driven into despair when we hear only formal hollow words contrary to our expectation of poetry overflowing with unbearable grief and uncontrollable yearning.

None the less, in case Dryden gives utterance to his heartfelt sorrow shaking his soul tempestuously, he attains a splendid success in striking out exalted notes with full display of his gifts. John Oldham who suddenly became famous with *Satires on Jesuits* (1679) was a brilliant satirist sometimes surpassing Dryden, but unfortunately died young at the age of twenty-nine. Dryden deeply lamented his death with a dirge, "To the Memory of Mr. Oldham."

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
 Whom I began to think and call my own:
 For sure our Souls were near alli'd, and thine
 Cast in the same poetick mould with mine.
 One common Note on either Lyre did strike,
 And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike.
 To the same Goal did both our Studies drive:
 The last set out the soonest did arrive.
 Thus *Nisus* fell upon the slippery place,
 Whilst his young Friend perform'd and won the Race.
 O early ripe! to thy abundant Store
 What could advancing Age have added more?
 It might (what Nature never gives the Young)
 Have taught the Numbers of thy Native Tongue.
 But Satire needs not those, and Wit will shine
 Through the harsh Cadence of a rugged Line.
 A noble Error, and but seldom made,
 When Poets are by too much force betray'd.
 Thy gen'rous Fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
 Still shew'd a Quickness: and maturing Time
 But mellows what we write to the dull Sweets of Rhyme.
 Once more, hail, and farewell! farewell, thou young,
 But ah! too short, Marcellus of our Tongue!
 Thy Brows with Ivy and with Laurels bound;
 But Fate and gloomy Night encompass thee around.

The first part (ll. 1-11) tells us that Dryden and Oldham with souls "cast in the same poetic mould" equally hated mean and stupid fellows, and solemnly ends with a sort of proverb and an allusion to Nisus in the Fifth Book of *Aeneid*. The middle part (ll. 12-21), with its tone a little elevated, affirms that satire does not require trim embellishment and that some crudeness must be allowed as "a noble error." These lines are infused with Dryden's affection and insight which enabled him to understand Oldham's genius. In the third part (ll. 22-25) the compliments to Oldham vividly represent the state of the poet's heart agitated by inconsolable affliction. It is quite reasonable that Professor Grierson should have quoted the poem as Dryden's most representative lyric and Mr. Eliot, commenting on it, should have said that "from the perfection of such an elegy we cannot detract."

"To the Pious Memory of the Accomplisht Young Lady Mrs. Anne Killigrew" (1686) is longer and more successful. Though Johnson exaggerated when he rated it as "undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language had ever produced," it has architectural effects of symmetry and order and is filled with bitter grief of the writer. Among ten stanzas altogether, the third celebrating the birth of Anne, the fourth praying for her efforts to purify the deteriorated poetical circles, the fifth applauding her inborn qualities and acquired dexterity, and the ninth expressing sympathy with his brother coming home in triumph are especially impressive. To quote the third stanza by way of specimen,

May we presume to say, that at thy Birth,
 New joy was sprung in HEAV'N as well as here on Earth?
 For sure the Milder Planets did combine
 On thy Auspicious Horoscope to shine,
 And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine.
 Thy Brother-Angels at thy Birth
 Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high,
 That all the People of the Skie
 Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.
 And then if ever, Mortal Ears
 Had heard the Musick of the Spheres!
 And if no clust'ring Swarm of Bees
 On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden Dew,
 'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles
 Heav'n had not Leisure to renew:
 For all the Blest Fraternity of Love
 Solemniz'd there thy Birth, and kept thy Holyday above.

39—55.

Though figures of speech here interspersed are merely fragments drawn from astrology, Greek philosophy and the Holy Scripture, a skillful arrangement of them conduces greatly to the reproduction of a joyful and celestial atmosphere in which the heavenly poetess was born just at daybreak. The ninth stanza, on the contrary, breathes a hint of Dryden's own hearty and almost unutterable lamentation, addressing in very simple words to the brother victoriously on his way home without the slightest inkling of his younger sister's death.

Mean time, her Warlike Brother on the Seas
 His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,
 And vows for his Return with vain Devotion pays.

Ah, Generous Youth! that Wish forbear,
 The Winds too soon will Waft thee here!
 Slack all thy Sails, and fear to come,
 Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
 No more shalt thou behold thy Sister's Face,
 Thou hast already had her last Embrace.
 But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
 Among the Pleiad's, a New-kindl'd star,
 If any sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

164—177.

The general tone of the poem is similar to that of his Pindaric Odes, and, as Mr. Mark van Doren points out, Dryden's genius was as fit for praising the merits of men as for satirizing their foibles.¹⁹⁾

"On the Death of Mr. Purcell," in praise of Henry Purcell who set in music some of Dryden's songs in the plays, is full of warmth and energy, derived from his sincere friendship towards the musician.

Mark how the Lark and Linnet sing,
 With rival Notes
 They strain their warbling Throats
 To welcome in the Spring.
 But in the close of night,
 When Philomel begins her Heav'nly Lay,
 They cease their mutual spight,
 Drink in her Musick with delight,
 And list'ning and silent, silent and list'ning, list'ning and silent, obey.

So ceas'd the rival Crew, when Purcell came,
 They Sung no more, or only Sung his Fame.
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd
 The godlike man,
 Alas, too soon retir'd,
 As He too late began.
 We beg not Hell our Orpheus to restore;
 Had He been there,
 Their Sovereigns fear
 Had sent Him back before.
 The pow'r of Harmony too well they knew;
 He long ere this had Tun'd their jarring Sphere,
 And left no Hell below.

1—23.

We are not quite pleased with the strained imagery of a lark and a linnet that vie with each other in singing during the day and become mute at nightfall when a nightingale begins her song, but the delineation of nature freshened with whiffs of sylvan odour, or the repetition of epithets in the concluding line—"And list'ning and silent, silent and list'ning, list'ning and silent, obey" — is quite a *tour de force*. The second stanza sounds a little too ratiocinative, when the poet, alluding to Orpheus and the heavenly ladder, wishes other poets may enjoy a long life since Purcell has fallen asleep for ever in Heaven. But general tone of tightness and variety induces us to share the poet's mourning over the deceased composer, notwithstanding some traces of didacticism and decorativeness.

The second group of Dryden's lyrics is composed of songs. In those days songs were in great vogue, as they are now in Japan, and broadsides, songsheets and popular songbooks went through numerous printings. In writing plays Dryden seems to have availed himself of this fashion sometimes for the purpose of heightening stage effects. We may wonder why such a great master of poetry as Dryden, author of satires on important political and religious questions, of verse plays with ancient and modern heroes and heroines for their protagonists, of various critical essays on literature full of original and profound ideas, and of a fine English version of *Aeneid*, could condescend to writing paltry popular ditties, sometimes even for musical comedies. It may seem beneath his dignity. But, so long as a poet is not a hermit but a dweller in the midst of society breathing the same breath with the multitude, Dryden's scribbling of mellifluous light songs does not humiliate him but evinces the amplitude of his capacity.

What made Dryden's songs successful is his striking out a tone pleasant to ears, by means of a wonderful command of prosodical techniques—meter, rhyme, cesura, assonance, alliteration and refrain. As Professor Dobrée reminds us, we should not, while reading these songs, forget that originally they were sung accompanied by a musical instrument. The following is the second stanza of a song with frequent use of double rhyme.

'Tis easie to deceive us
 In Pity of your Pain,
 But when we love you leave us
 To rail at you in vain.
 Before we have descry'd it,
 There is no Bliss beside it,
 But she that once has try'd it
 Will never love again.

The Spanish Fryar, V, i.

Another song fully expresses the sentiment contained by means of numerous monosyllabics and repetitions. The quotation below is one stanza in a rondeau sung by a shepherd and his mistress together.

Thus at the Height we love and live,
 And fear not to be poor:
 We give, and give, and give, and give,

Till we can give no more:
 But what to day will take away,
 To Morrow will restore.
 Thus at the heighth we love and live,
 And fear not to be poor.

“Pastoral Dialogue”, st. v, *Amphitryon*, Act IV.

However, we should ever bear in mind that Dryden’s songs are good not because of their formal beauty as is seen in the specimens above, but because they convey to us even the subtlest vibration of heart’s string and arouse our deepest sympathy. In his songs, alien from other contemporary lyrics, beautiful Elizabethan lyrical voices come to be heard again.

Any one who reads nearly sixty songs and lyrics of Dryden will immediately find that the scope of subject-matters is extremely narrow. This may be inevitable partly due to the very nature of a song and partly owing to the social customs of his day. Songs in a play naturally correspond with the play itself, but even in independent lyrics composed on occasion, love is almost the sole subject. It is no wonder that Dryden who, having come up to London at the age of twenty-seven and been introduced into the society of aristocrats and gentlemen, became thoroughly acquainted with the life in London of the upper classes, should have reflected the colour of the age upon his lyrics without any scruple. Historians record that London in those days was still a small city with suburbs not far from its centre and that Londoners could easily enjoy the rural scenery of verdant trees and warbling birds. But Dryden seems to have been absorbed into the exciting city life, without his interest being awake in a cloud or a flower. He seldom refers to fresh rustic objects in his songs. Most of their subjects are in stereotype of love affairs. Moreover, he does not sing of love ennobled by some lofty ideal as is maintained in Browning’s lyrics, but describes joy of stealing a momentary bliss of secret love, satisfaction of lust, or sometimes even awakening of carnal desire and a lascevious act itself. Of course we should not disparage him merely on the moral ground, but rather try to understand his excellent qualities, taking into consideration the atmosphere of the age which gave birth to the Restoration drama.

Dryden wrote lyrics mainly while he was between thirty-five and sixty-five of age, so that he left not a single line expressive of visionary or idealistic passion peculiar to youth. He takes up the attitude of accepting all bitter-sweets of love as they are and calmly examining and appreciating every phase of love. A song in *The Indian Emperor* (1665) complains of the dreariness of life, and its first five lines testify to Dryden’s rare skill to strike up a pensive and lovely tune.

Ah! fading joy, how quickly art thou past?
 Yet we thy ruine haste:
 As if the Cares of Humane Life were few,
 We seek out new:
 And follow Fate that does too fast pursue.

Act IV, sc. iii.

A song in *An Evening's Love* (1668) sings praises to the thrilling ecstasy in which a man first holds his lover's hand after a long period of wooing. As is usual with Dryden, repetitions are deftly used, the interchange of dactyl and anapaest is smoothly carried on, and thus his naive tact is brought into full play. Here are the first two stanzas.

After the pangs of a desperate Lover,
 When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
 Ah what a Pleasure it is to discover
 In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is,
 And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,
 Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
 Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

Act II.

To prosper in one's suit is not easy. Many lyrics of Dryden tell us of a man who is worried with paying court to a woman or who wears himself to death in ardent love for a cruel woman. A song "Go tell Amynta, gentle swain", with two lines of pointblank proposal, "Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,/ And love with love is only paid", includes an intense passion within its frank and simple expression. Here is another song.

Fair, sweet and young, receive a prize
 Reserv'd for your Victorious Eyes:
 From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see,
 O pity, and distinguish me;
 As I from thousand Beauties more
 Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your Face for Conquest was design'd,
 Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;
 Angels, when you your Silence break,
 Forget their Hymns to hear you speak;
 But when at once they hear and view,
 Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

No Graces can your Form improve,
 But all are lost, unless you love;
 While that sweet Passion you disdain,
 Your Veil and Beauty are in vain.
 In pity then prevent my Fate,
 For after dying all Reprieves too late.

In the first stanza a man confesses that he has been captured by fascinating eyes of a girl and prays she would reciprocate love, in the second he praises the beauty of her features, carriage and voice, and in the third he preaches her that the most lovely form is worthless when the tender passion does not dwell in it. Seemingly such a way of wooing is very theoretical, but the poem is packed with more implicit emotion than a buoyant confes-

sion dressed in showy metaphors. The abstract description of womanly beauty in the second stanza is not very moving and especially the illustration of an angel sounds a little extravagant, but the speech both preaching and supplicating in the third stanza is supremely eloquent.

Love is very hard to gain, and, even if one has gained it, it does not last very long. The lesson that we should enjoy to our heart's content the evanescent bliss of love while it lasts comes from hedonism then in fashion as can be sometimes seen in Herrick's poetry, and also all the poets who extol love sail more or less on the same tack. For example, a song from *Troilus and Cressida* (1679) is very hilarious and carefree, eulogizing joy of love chiefly in anapaestic verse with elaborate rhymes and repetitions.

Can Life be a Blessing,
Or worth the possessing,
Can Life be a blessing if Love were away?
Ah no! though our Love all Night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with Cares all the Day,
Yet he sweetens he sweetens our Pains in the taking,
There's an Hour at the last, there's an Hour to repay.

In ev'ry possessing,
The ravishing Blessing,
In ev'ry possessing the Fruit of our Pain,
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
What e'er they have suffer'd and done to obtain;
'Tis a Pleasure, a Pleasure to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

Act III, sc. ii.

In Dryden's songs we often meet with the rhyming of "blessing" and "possessing". The world of love he pictures is ruled by the principle that possessing is blessing and *vice versa* and restricted within the area of carnal enjoyment. Consequently satisfaction is always followed by languor, passion is taken for sport and illicit intercourse is forgiven as a natural act. Such a loose view of morality is a reflexion of the contemporary life in the fashionable society whose centre was the court of Charles II. The following song, describing a desolate ashy relationship between a man and a woman whose feeling is exhausted and senses corrupted, subtly exhales poignant smell of decadence around it.

Fair *Iris* I love and hourly I dye,
But not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye:
She's fickle and false, and there I agree;
For I am as false and as fickle as she:
We neither believe what either can say;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear and say Things of course;
We mean not the taking for better or worse.
When present we love, when absent agree;
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me:

The Legend of Love no Couple can find
So easie to part, or so equally join'd.

"Mercury's Song," *Amphitryon*, Act IV.

Apart from the amorous songs above quoted, there are some songs of a different kind, among which the pre-eminent are "The Beautiful Lady of May", "Song to Apollo", and a song from *King Arthur* (1691). The first is a melodious pastoral treating the expelled king James II and his queen, and the second is, as it were, a heroic march praising the god of light, music and prophecy. The third, I think, is especially worth attention because it produces a humorous and artless effect devoid of any tint of urbanity or learning, singing on the joy of harvest in a rustic tone rarely found in Dryden's poetry.

Comus. Your Hay it is Mow'd, and your Corn is Reap'd;
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd:
Come, my Boys, come;
Come, my Boys, come;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home.

Chorus. Come, my Boys, come, &c.

1 *Man.* We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten,
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

2 For Prating so long like a Book-learn'd Sot,
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot,
Till Pudding and Dumpling burn to Pot.

Chorus. Burn to Pot, &c.

3 We'll toss off our Ale till we cann' stand,
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*:
Old *England*,
Old *England*,
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*.

Chorus. Old *England*, &c.

Act V.

As Taine argued, Dryden was "contracted by habits of classical argument, stiffened by controversy and polemics, and unable to create souls or to depict artless and delicate sentiments," but it does not detract at all from his greatness as a poet. His poetical gift was unique, no less than his genius for prose was matchless or his talent for literary criticism was distinguished. His gift for poetry was, indeed, embodied most splendidly in narrative or satiric poems we have considered in the previous section, but his lyrics and songs we are now discussing are also far from mediocre in their sure grasp of amatory psychology and their command of flowing rhythm. He set store by sweetness of sound

and correctness of form, and interspersed his verses with most suitable images, so that he succeeded in bringing into poetry a musical or sometimes a pictorial effect. Even Wordsworth who decried followers of Dryden and Pope for their use of poetic diction paid his respect to "an excellent ear" of Dryden. In seemingly buoyant style of his lyrics we also realize a sort of force integrating all the ingredients of his soul, what Mr. Mark van Doren has called "his abounding energy." His lyrics are always filled with a torrent of fiery energy, which seems, so to speak, on the point of shooting up into the sky. It is this energy that gives to his lyrics either a grand and vigorous or a smooth and steady tone, and impresses indelible images upon our mind. In fine Dryden could display his Protean skill in various rhythms of lyric, no matter whether it may be elegy, love poetry, hymn or others. We should do him great injustice if we neglected to understand Dryden as a lyrical poet.

Lastly I should like to compare Dryden's Pindaric odes with those of Gray, an ode being a species of lyric in a broader sense. Any one who opens Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* will find the only works of Dryden there contained are "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast, or, the Power of Music." In fact these two odes were written by him at the age of fifty-seven and sixty-seven respectively, and both attest to the mellowest design and technique he attained as a lyrical poet. They also gave a good example to some later poets, above all to Gray, Collins, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Tennyson. Gray's sister odes, "The Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard" appeared about fifty years later. As Gray himself owned and Phelps and other critics acknowledge, they are his most ambitious works where he was most completely in his element, and far surpass his more popular *Elegy* in lively force and harmonious formal beauty. Putting aside the motives and purposes of each pair of odes, one by Dryden and another by Gray, I should like briefly to consider their relations and different characteristics.

Abraham Cowley, whom Dryden highly esteemed as a senior poet, invented several devices in composing a Pindaric ode and greatly influenced later generations. But against his relaxation of prosody which demands strict observance Edward Phillips, a contemporary of Dryden, first expressed his disapproval in *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*, and later on Congreve protested in the "Discourse on the Pindarique Ode." Dryden in his early days had sincere reverence for Cowley as well as for Dehnam and Waller, as can be seen here and there in his miscellaneous essays. In his "Preface to the 'Translation of Ovid's Epistles'" (1680), he divides translation into three kinds, i.e., metaphrase, paraphrase and imitation, and quoting Cowley's Pindaric odes as an illustration of the third kind, he says,

So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and Samson-like he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's, was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation.²⁰⁾

But five years later he dares to point out the weaknesses of Cowley's odes, though still praising the older poet in "Sylvae" (1685).

He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers, in one word, somewhat of a finer turn and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting.²¹⁾

In his odes Dryden does not follow the ancient formula of dividing a whole poem into regular sections, but freely varies the length of lines and passages according to their content. In this respect he is a disciple of Cowley. But the resemblance between the two poets is only superficial, and beneath the surface we discover a great difference, Cowley being loose and rough in contrast with Dryden who is exact and smooth. Whoever reads their odes somewhat carefully will notice that what seems very free-and-easy form of Dryden is the product of excessively scrupulous invention. A little later on in "Sylvae" he declares a Pindaric ode can be written only by a poet with a nice ear.

...in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be lyrical; for variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers: without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric verse can never be complete; the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one extreme into another.

The ideal which was casually mentioned in the essay was soon to be realized in his own excellent odes. In fact English poetical circles at that time were in a chaotic state, and Dryden, like any other contemporary poets, was groping for the immovable foundation to build his poetry upon. At last he hit upon it and published his achievement in the form of an ode. It was no other than "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day."

What are the characteristics of Dryden's two odes which R.L. Stevenson admired as "surprising masterpieces"? Their subjects are rather commonplace and trite. As for the first ode, both an exposition of the creation of the universe when "the tuneful voice was heard from high" in the first stanza and a prophecy that "the dead shall live, the living die" on the Judgment Day in the last are favorite conventions with Dryden. When he says angels appeared on the earth when they heard Cecilia's music, "mistaking earth for heaven," we feel poetic grace defiled. In the second ode which, as is well known, deals with the feast celebrating the victory of Alexander the Great against a huge invading army of Persians, Timotheus, a minstrel, first sings how Jupiter descending from heaven paid his court to beautiful Olympia, and then, after filling the company with rapture through a praise of Bacchus, laments the defeat of Darius with lowered tones. After chiming in with the grave mood which has momentarily hovered over them, he slowly pours the pleasure of love into the heart of the King. In this stanza, such didactic phrases as "For pity melts the mind to love," and "Honour [is] but an empty bubble" detract from our keen interest in the poem. When the King has been drunken to sleep on the bosom of his love and all the officers and soldiers have also fallen dead asleep intoxicated by wine, they are astounded by the sound of "the golden lyre" which strikes

up "A louder yet, and yet a louder strain." The poem is concluded with an encomium to Cecilia whose mysterious and fertile power of music is yet superior to that of Timotheus, but the last four lines are very hackneyed and incompetent.

However, when we turn our attention to the form of the two odes, they show the apex of verbal art without even an infinitesimal flaw. Among old critics Edward Young said "I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no composition of this kind."²³ In the present day Mr. Mark van Doren regards Dryden's odes as "the most amazing *tour de force* in English poetry." Dryden gives a great variety to the number of lines in a stanza and to that of metres in a line, and yet holds together all the units of the poems into consummate harmony. The form was not imposed upon them from outside but was naturally engendered from within. Moreover every word is selected and set in its proper place with great care. This comes from his ear of genius, uncommonly sensitive to rhythms and tones. Though the form has gone through such elaborate polishing in his mind, it has not been degenerated into limpid bric-a-brac, but is inspired with strong passions on the verge of explosion. For example, the first seven lines in the first stanza of "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day" convey to us a solemn and august feeling through a repetition of long vowels, and the eighth line exactly represents the manner in which each particle hurries to its stated position to form a cosmos by a masterly use of monosyllabics alone.

From Harmony, from heav'nly Harmony
 This universal Frame Began;
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring Atomes lay,
 And cou'd not heave her Head,
 The tuneful Voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead.
 Then cold and hot and moist and dry
 In order to their Stations leap,
 And MUSICK'S pow'r obey.

His most exquisite skill is displayed in the third, fourth and fifth stanzas, where, by putting proper words in proper places and aptly changing the length of each line, he distinctly conveys to our ear each peculiar note of various instruments — trumpets, drums, flutes, lutes and violins.

In "Alexander's Feast" the triplet from the ninth to the eleventh line, the repetition three times of the word "happy" in the twelfth line and that of the phrase "none but the brave" are a feat to be performed only by a genius, as A.W. Verrall refers to. This way of expression is most adequate to the picture of the great king triumphantly sitting at the table attended by a beautiful woman. The third stanza that describes Bacchus "ever fair, and ever young" appearing with light steps is also a master stroke, for the twelfth and thirteenth lines are shortened into dimeter by omitting a verb and the succeeding fourteenth line of tetrameter concludes the stanza at a tranquil climax.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet Musician sung,
 Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young:

The jolly God in Triumph comes;
 Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;
 Flush'd with a purple Grace
 He shows his honest Face:

Now give the Hautboys breath; He comes, He comes.

Bacchus ever Fair and Young

Drinking Joys did first ordain;

Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure;

Drinking is the Soldiers Pleasure;

Rich the Treasure;

Sweet the Pleasure;

Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

The twelfth line of the fourth stanza consists of the same words "fallen" four times repeated, but it does not sound unnatural but fittingly represents the precipitation, like that of Satan, from the zenith of the supreme bliss into the abyss of the bitterest woe. In the fifth stanza the alternate feminine rhymes from the ninth to the twelfth line, the internal rhyme in the ninth line, the antithesis in the tenth line, and the frequent appearance of present participles in those lines are also a consummate technique for the description of ceaseless fighting. M. Cazamian highly appreciates this sort of merits of Dryden, saying "the flexibility, the variety, the wealth of rhythmic resources, and of the suggestive or descriptive methods employed, show the incomparative gifts of Dryden as a versifier."²⁴)

In the middle of the eighteenth century when Gray published *The Progress of Poesy* (1754) and *The Bard* (1757), Dryden had been dead over fifty years and Pope ten years. It was because Gray had a distinguished paragon in Dryden as much as because he had great gifts himself that he could contribute to the tradition of the English Pindaric ode. In Mr. van Doren's words, "It was Dryden's 'excellent ear' which saved the Pindaric ode for Gray." We can understand Gray's adoration of Dryden by reading through his letters, essays and poems. There is a famous opinion of Gray expressed in his letter to Beattie in October, 1765, "Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults." Some people assume that Gray, having extraordinary intelligence and romantic temper, remained unable to lead the new current of poetry then gradually rising up solely because he could never shed off the influence of Dryden whom he had endeavoured to imitate in his young days. "Dryden," says Gray, "in whose admirable ear the music of our old versification still sounded," and he himself was a poet with an uncommonly nice ear. Besides, he even surpassed Dryden in erudition on classics and fortitude in polishing verses. We might be reminded of the fact that Pindaric odes of Gray are after the manner of Congreve's regular odes and divided into three sections, a strophe, an antistrophe and an epode.

When we recite Gray's two odes after Dryden's, we have just the same feeling as we would have on gazing at a rich oil-painting after a plain water-colour. They are indeed very gorgeous and irresistibly fascinate us, but at the same time repel us for its pompous attire. A famous comment by Johnson, "in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous

splendour, which we wish away," recurs to our mind as a remark to the point. Gray, who quoted from Pindar his motto, "Vocal to the intelligent alone," to "The Progress of Poesy", must have launched on the two odes with ardent ambition to be admired by the later generations. The subjects he chose are both genuinely English, as was not the case with Dryden. In the first ode he gives hint to his profound learning on and close attachment to the classic literature, asserting the direct literary lineage from ancient Greeks and Romans to English people. We can easily realize how he was racking his brains about the present and future state of English poetry, the clue being afforded by the third antistrophe, where he refers to Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton and Dryden with grateful appreciation and professes his own aspiration that he would be a poet not unworthy of them. The second ode deals with neither Alexander the Great nor Satan, but a massacre of Welsh bards by Edward I and the bloody history of Wars of the Roses. This will also prove that Gray's mind was not preoccupied solely by classical learning.

As has been mentioned earlier, both of Gray's odes are divided into three parts, each consisting of a strophe, an antistrophe and an epode. Strophes, antistrophes and epodes in the three parts have the same meter and rhyme respectively. Indeed a few traces of strained effort due to this restriction show themselves, and sometimes the narrative, without ending at the close of a section, runs into another, but such a fine structure of symmetry is rare in English poetry. The method of grouping is the most cardinal lesson that Gray learned from Dryden. Gray positively utilized the art of intensifying the impression on the ear by dividing a long section into several simple and regular groups, as had been adopted to some extent by Dryden in "Alexander's Feast". The most striking example is found in the epode of the second part of "The Bard", where the starvation of Richard II fallen from glory, the internecine Wars of the Roses, horrible murders in the Tower of London, and the enthronement of Henry VI are all briefly described within three or four lines.

Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long Years of havock urge their destined course,
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
 And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread.

Now comparing the odes of Gray with those of Dryden with regard to diction, we find the later poet uses far more personified abstract nouns. Dryden in his two odes uses only three — Nature, Music, Love, whereas Gray, in "The Progress of Poesy" alone, uses eighteen — Care, Passion, Love, Sport, Pleasure, Desire, Labour, Penury,

Pain, Disease, Sorrow, Death, Glory, Shame, Power, Vice, Extasy, Fancy. Again, we find no periphrasis at all in Dryden, while Gray gives three instances — “Cere’s golden reign,” “Hyperion’s march,” and “the orb of day.” Inversion of the word order rarely employed by Dryden occurs almost in every line of Gray, which indeed adds to dignity of sentences but deepens the colour of artificiality in contrast with Dryden’s simple and smooth style. Gray is one of the few poets who often have recourse to quotations and allusions which they have thoroughly digested, but he does not seem to have borrowed a single phrase from Dryden. Though the second stanza of “A Song for St. Cecilia’s Day” and the second part of “The Progress of Poesy” deal with the same subject, the effect of music upon the whole creation, their origin can be traced up to the same ancestor Pindar himself. Only I suspect Gray’s “And frantic Passions bear thy [Music’s] soft control” may owe something to Dryden’s “What passion cannot Music raise and quell.” The tone in which Gray depicts the revenge upon Edward I in the second part of “The Bard” also closely resembles the tone of the sixth stanza of “Alexander’s Feast.” With reference to the resemblance I also suspect that Dryden’s “Deserted at his utmost need/
By those his former bounty fed” (ll. 80-81) might have given a suggestion to Gray when he wrote “The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn” (ll. 69-71).

Concerning the technique of making the best of a musical element in poetry, Gray rather surpasses than matches Dryden in displaying dexterity. In his odes alliteration is very frequent, and especially in “The Bard” it is all but continuous. To quote examples of concordance between sense and sound, Gray delineates the flow of a large river with four adjectives “Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong” — readers will remember Denham’s celebrated couplet in *Cooper’s Hill* — in the strophe of the first part of “The Progress of Poesy”, and portrays Edward I descending craggy paths at the head of his exhausted troops in “He wound with toilsome march his long array.”

In fine Gray’s two odes may occupy the highest rank among English poetry as masterpieces of regular Pindaric ode, but they will sit lower than Dryden’s when we estimate them simply in the light of essential poetic worth. Dryden’s odes have inborn majesty, while Gray’s have acquired grandeur, though reaching its culmination. Dryden created elegant and august odes, by adjusting disorderly strains originated by Cowley, without being checked by formality. Gray could learn from such fine examples of Dryden and adopted a regular form of Congreve, but his odes were not exempt from being constrained, however splendid they might have been. The gifts of Gray, I venture to say, were inferior to Dryden’s after all. We might say Dryden maintained an inner form without being shackled by an outer form, while Gray missed an inner form by paying too much respect to an outer form. Though Phelps extolled Gray’s odes as “the best Pindaric odes ever writtern” having their strict observance of a Pindaric form in view, I believe Dryden’s odes with beauty of simplicity and unity are greater than Gray’s.

In conclusion Gray’s odes have literature itself as their subject and, telling of a history or mysterious power of poetry, infuse into it his own aspiration, while Dryden’s odes praise a genius or a hero through a story of magical function of music, and he discharges his social responsibility as a poet without giving a glimpse of himself. Dryden sings

what people want to sing on behalf of them and is utterly untainted with the romantic trend of self-assertion.

III

After the death of Dryden, literary circles of London were under the sway of Pope, Swift, Gay and their friends, and, needless to say, Pope was the first disciple of Dryden. He was born a Londoner, "as yet a child...lisp'd in numbers," and was greatly moved to see the old Dryden at Wills' Coffee House. William Walsh whom Dryden had labelled as "the best critic of our nation" recognized the genius of the young Pope and gave him warm-hearted counsel and encouragement. Walsh's advice to Pope to be a correct poet is so famous that almost every writer on Pope has quoted it. Through the medium of Walsh Pope was inspired with Dryden's poetical ideal and confirmed his resolution to develop English poetry farther in connection with the European tradition since Homer, making "the art of verse," as Voltaire put it, "useful to human kind" and refining the style of English poetry to the utmost.

Dryden and Pope are often coupled together as the princes of the neo-classic school, but the latter has been apt to be more severely disparaged. At least such tendency was strong until about 1930. We can think of many reasons for it. In the first place, one who abhors a priest abhors his cassock to boot, as a Japanese proverb says. The antipathy against the personality of Pope infused an unfavorable bias into many critics on his works. We may readily surmise there was something perverse or restive in the character of Pope, who had uncommonly delicate sensitiveness, and who was suffering from "the natural imbecility of his body"—humpback and short stature of only four feet and a half—all through "this long disease, my life." He intended to attain poetical distinction above any other contemporaries by overmastering his physical handicaps and through extraordinarily assiduous efforts—what Johnson calls "pertinacious diligence of study and meditation." We have Pope's own statement that "no man can be a true poet, who writes for diversion only." Moreover, he tells us in vehement words that any one who is devoted to poetry has no time to care for ordinary business.

To write well, lastingly well, immortally well, —must not one be prepared to endure the reproaches of men, want, and much fasting, nay martyrdom in its cause? It is such a task as scarce leaves a man time to be a good neighbour, and useful friend, nay to plant a tree, much less to save his soul.¹⁷

The notorious episode that in the unusually frigid winter of 1740 Pope spent one night as Lord Oxford's guest and woke up the maid four times, asking for sheets of paper every time an idea occurred to his mind, seems to argue his serious attitude towards poetry rather than his lack of commiseration. Being a Roman Catholic he was not admitted into Oxford University as Addison, nor was employed by the Foreign Ministry as Prior, so it is no wonder that he should have wagered his life on poetry and rushed on neck or nothing towards the victory. Probably it was not without reason that he had not only

many friends but many enemies who handed down to us proverbial comments on his character, for example, "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem," or "He played the politician about cabbages and turnips." But as Professor Ault has lately given various evidences, Pope was not so cunning and fond of stratagem as is believed by common readers. For that matter, it is very dangerous for us to discuss literary works which have become a common property released from the author merely with reference to his personality, though, it must be admitted, the author's life often helps us very much towards understanding his works.

In the second place a critical comparison of Dryden and Pope carries weight in estimating the latter. Generally speaking, it is far from easy and often almost meaningless to decide on superiority between two writers. But in the present case I dare say we must frankly admit Pope is not a match for Dryden after all in respect of poetical dignity and magnitude. He is indeed a great disciple worthy of his master, but not so great as to outshine his master. So far as the variety of works is concerned, Pope surpasses Dryden; such poems as *Windsor Forest*, "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," and *Eloisa to Abelard* with their romantic traits, *The Rape of the Lock* with its light playfulness, *An Essay on Criticism* and *An Essay on Man* with their deliberate reasoning, are all of the kind that Dryden did not try to exercise his poetical talent in. Pope's version of Homer is half an original creation and ranks among English classics, the case being otherwise with Dryden's translation of *Aeneid*. On the other hand Dryden wrote numerous heroic plays. Though both poets are enthroned in the highest place as satirists, Dryden is more familiar with reality, calmer and more objective, while Pope sometimes turns emotional and subjective. It is true Pope's satire is very sharp and abounds in significant epigrams and Dr. Leavis' defence is quite persuasive, but, to say nothing of the picture of Sporus in "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," even those of Morris, Dennis and others in *The Dunciad* written with more generous frame of mind suggest Pope's combative posture challenging his opponents in good earnest. Johnson who devoutly worshipped Pope nevertheless admitted Dryden is superior in genius, though Pope was more assiduous in polishing verse and free from unevenness of style. Here is Johnson's contrast between the characteristics of the two poets.

His [Dryden's] mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.²⁾

In the third place the difference of style between Dryden and Pope can be ascribed to the age each lived in as well as to their respective natural endowments. As we have seen in the preceding chapter, Dryden's life ran parallel with the age of repetitive political and religious upheavals, while Pope's life had as its background the age of construction after peace having been restored. The year 1688 when Pope was born saw the Glorious Revolution which put the end to the disturbance for the past many years. Since then Catholics indeed often tried to recapture the political supremacy in England and even

on the death of Queen Anne in 1714 there arose such a crisis as is described in *Henry Esmond*, but with the enthronement of George I from Hanover the parliamentary government on a two-party system was founded, and thereafter people enjoyed the "peace of the Augustans" under Walpole's administration. Pope himself procured a long purse thanks to his translation of Homer and lived in leisurely affluence in the Twickenham House with a famous grotto. Unless sticking to the ultraconservatism, no one had cause to complain of the present social state or to worry about the future of the country. Once Pope was firmly established on the top of the literary world, it became one of his amusements to refresh his spirit by striking down on the earth any one who dared to oppose him. So he chose individuals more often than society as a whole for a target of his attack and, laying stress on expression, did his utmost to refine better and better the rhymed couplet he had inherited from Dryden. In fact we are amazed to see that he produced such a great variety within this limited verse form. The social stability in the early eighteenth century must be counted among the reasons why we are not impressed by Pope with the same sense of sublimity and magnitude as Dryden imprints on us, in spite of our full appreciation of Pope's prominent and exuberant poetic gifts and our deep gratitude to the various savours inherent in his poetry.

Some critics hold the opinion that Pope who was of a romantic temperament became a prosaic poet overwhelmed by the poetic trend in that age. I do not think it is a proper approach to Pope. Needless to say we should not hastily bundle together Dryden and Pope under the label of neo-classicists without prying into their differences, and Pope indeed had an inclination to romanticism. But we shall be prejudiced in the opposite direction if we presume Pope had a serious intention towards romanticism. Professor G. K. Hunters, in his suggestive essay on Pope's *Imitations* of Horace, emphasizes Pope's romanticism with reference to Byron.³ But Byron is not a reliable witness to romanticism, as he adores and imitates Pope the classicist in his criticism on society, laying aside his romantic admiration for nature and love, and it is because of this idiosyncrasy that he has recently become a favourite among literary critics to the exclusion of the other romantic poets.

Pope kept cherishing Dryden's will to transplant the European literary tradition since the age of Homer and let it bloom with splendid flowers in England, aiming during the first stage at becoming the English Virgil and then in his later years endeavouring to follow the example of Horace. His first poem *Pastorals* indeed sings rural scenes, but it is merely a work after the conventional pattern derived from Theocritus and Virgil, which many other poets of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century poets, including Milton, were eager to follow. No one will discover a single trace of original description in the following passage.

Now setting Phoebus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear, the tender notes convey.

As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
 Thus, far from *Delia*, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd and forlorn.

Autumn, 13—22.

Windsor Forest is, so to speak, a series of landscape paintings. There appear one after another various passages depicting a scenery, attesting to the contemporary taste for "ut pictura poesis" as well as to Pope's own love of painting. But it is not a mere descriptive poem. As Professor Wasserman discusses at length, relating it with Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, it conceals within itself the author's praise of the king and men in power, sustained by a viewpoint that the world is best which maintains *concordia discors*.

Now to proceed to the discussion on *The Rape of the Lock*. The poem is a composition in Pope's young days and comparatively short, but deserves the name of a masterpiece, as it is best suited to his talent and in it we see his unique quality fully revealed. It may well have been honoured with liberal commendation by W. P. Ker, J. W. Mackail, Dame Sitwell and others.⁴⁾ As is shown in its subtitle "An Heroi-comical Poem," Pope here gives vent to what Mr. Ault calls "gust for sheer irresponsible fun", and by mixing the heroic and the comic together, or, I should rather say, by retaining the comic to the last under the disguise of the heroic, allures the readers into a dreamland where they are transformed into butterflies and forget the lapse of time fluttering merrily from flower to flower. As the title itself is a parody of the "Rape of Helen" that gave rise to a fatal and protracted war between the Troyans and the Greeks, so the playful cutting off of a mere wisp of hair is here treated as if it were the gravest affair in the world. All through the poem we often meet with phrases derived from the lines in *Iliad*, *Odyssey* and *Aeneid*, but its subject-matter is not a war or adventures decisive of the fortune of races, but merely dressing, boating or playing cards of luxurious young gentlemen and ladies. Probably Pope may have realized that the age for true heroic poetry had already gone, seeing that he began his second period with such a mock-heroic poem. Be that as it may, the poem reproduces before our eyes the life in London of the leisured class early in the eighteenth century together with its whole atmosphere. No other work either in verse or prose, not even *The Spectator*, matches *The Rape of the Lock* in point of graphic charms. The life here described is completely peaceful without a slightest shadow of care, closely akin to what in our country courtiers in the eras of Jogan (856-876) and Engi (901-922) or millionaires in the era of Genroku (1688-1703) are said to have enjoyed.

Canto I is an introductory part where Aerial the head of sylphs forewarns sleeping Belinda of the outbreak of a woeful accident. Some twenty lines with which the canto is concluded seem to send us a waft of aroma with its lively portraiture of the heroine at her vanity table attended by her maid Betty.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.

Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

I, 125-148.

Canto II begins with the description of Belinda's lovely two locks in curl. The adventurous baron attracted by them prays gods for his success in obtaining the prize, while round Belinda sailing on the Thames many sylphs take their posts. The appearance of Belinda hot from her dressing captivates all the men who see her, and though the chaste girl repulses every one of them, no one hates her at all. Pope's touch hereabout is very witty and nice.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

II, 7-18.

Of all the parts of her body the most important is her waist, round which elect fifty sylphs sit on guard, but these arrangements turn out to be baffled. In four or five lines Pope tells us of frailty of the fair sex in a blunt and yet not indecent turn of speech.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

II, 117-122.

Canto III first sings of a causerie of wits and beauties at Hampton Court, and then of a game of ombre by Belinda and two knights. Bouts in the course of the heated competition are compared to the combats between ancient Greek heroes, each character painted on the cards being analogous to each warrior in *Iliad*. The pitched battle at last ends in the victory on Belinda's side, but no sooner has she been transported with triumph than an unsuspected evil comes in. Here the story reaches its climax. When she has put aside cards and begins sipping coffee, suddenly is cut off a lock of her curly hair by "a two-edg'd Weapon," which the Baron has borrowed from the maid Clarissa.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 To inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

III, 147-154.

Canto IV develops around the grief and resentment of Belinda. Umbriel goes underground to the Queen of Spleen, and brings Belinda "a wond'rous bag" containing "sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues" and a vial filled with "fainting fears, soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears." Upon Umbriel opening the bag the Furies rush out, and Belinda "burns with more than mortal fire," and then upon his breaking the vial the sorrows flow out, and the young lady laments as follows.

'For ever cursed be this detested day,
 Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
 Oh had I rather un-admired remained
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
 There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
 Oh had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!

IV, 147-160.

In *Canto V* Belinda, to be revenged on her wrong, opens her fire and the fierce fighting between the male and the female sexes is carried on. Here we meet with not a few descriptions imitative of Homer and Virgil. For example, the passage where Jove weighs with a pair of balances the wisdom of a man and the hair of a woman is an adaptation of a device mentioned in the eighth book of *Iliad* and the twelfth book of *Aeneid*.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

V, 71-86.

The subject of the *Rape of the Lock* is thus a trifling jestful incident, but what renders the poem immortal lies in Pope's ingenuity in handling the mock-heroic, the ingenuity in leading readers into illusion that here is narrated a very serious affair to which no one should rest nonchalant. In case of classic epics the event continues for some years and heroes fight against each other on behalf of their nation, while in this poem of Pope the event is only of a few hours' duration on an afternoon, crowned by a practical joke by a young man on a young lady in the drawing room. Arnold's criticism on Pope's poetry that it was conceived in wit and not in soul applies to the *Rape of the Lock* better than to any other pieces by Pope. Yet we should be in the wrong if we allege that any poem conceived in wit is not worth the name of poetry. Pope here is not pretending to a grave attitude at all, but indulging in cracking a clownish joke so as to offer affluent mirth to readers. Overflowing wit and aerial fancy condensed within a most refined and appropriate expression turned out to be a lovely cosy poem just like a cameo ware—"the most exquisite specimen of *fillagree* work ever invented" as Hazlett calls it. To cite a passage often quoted as containing an example of *zeugma*,

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

III, 7-8.

The double use of the verb 'take' and the effective insertion of a dash strike us with boundless admiration. The skillful use of vowels and consonants are rather hard for us Japanese fully to understand, but through the passage we have read earlier in *Canto III* the

repetition of *s* sound and the frequent use of *f* and *l* sounds bring home to us the clipping of a pair of sharp silver-bright scissors. Dame Sitwell, an enthusiastic lover of the *Rape of the Lock*, remarks that our insensitiveness to what Robert Graves calls "texture" hinders us from rightly appreciating the poem.

It is because of this insensitiveness to texture that most people do not realise that Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock* is one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most skilful, poems in the English language. The texture of this poem is so airy that it might have been spun by one of the sylphs of whom it speaks. But this airy quality is as much a matter of texture as of inspiration, as much a question of inspiration as of texture. Indeed, if the time ever comes when this poem is valued at its true worth, I shall feel more hopeful for the future of English poetry. And for this reason *The Rape of the Lock* is one of the most beautiful examples of the fusion of subject-matter and style, without which perfection in a poem is impossible.⁵⁾

That Pope produced such a marvellous poem of unique kind besides satire and argumentative poetry is a testimony of his versatile and excellent talent. So long as we sometimes have to admire an elaborate fillagree work as well as a magnificent and gigantic marble temple, we would be greatly mistaken if we disparage *The Rape of the Lock* downright, branding it as an insignificant work of mere handicraft whose appeal only comes to our outward senses, falling short of our mind and heart.

"Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady", a mixture of satire and pathos, is a lyric indeed, but is based on the classical tradition, utilizing a pastoral complaint and the convention of an epitaph. I cannot join the party of critics who lay emphasis on Pope's lyrical genius. Even the well-known *Eloisa to Abelard* is not, to my mind, a first-rate lyric. Indeed an ardent passion is sung throughout the poem, but it is not really supported and enlivened by the poet's hearty sympathy with the heroine. Despite a very romantic subject — a young abbess almost distracted with love for a learned scholar — Pope accepts suggestions from Ovid's *Heroides* and *Metamorphoses* and regards love as irrational. As Professor Brower points out, it contains the same classical spirit as is found in tragedies by Racine.

Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night;
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
 Provoking Daemons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my claspings arms.
 I wake: — no more I hear, no more I view,
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
 Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go

Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

229-248.

When Pope's *Iliad* was published, Richard Bentley called it "a pretty poem—but not Homer." Either his *Iliad* or *Odyssey* is less a translation than a sort of adaptation, and teeming with the eighteenth century English atmosphere rather than the broad and naive spirit of Homer. After stating that literal translation of Greek complex adjectives into English is quite unnatural, Pope tells us of his inclination to paraphrase. "A poet," he says, "has therefore only to choose that, which most agrees with the tenor and main intent of the particular passage, or with the genius of poetry itself." But no one can be moved by Pope's version to the same sensation as he is by the original works of Homer. The merits (or defaults) of Pope's Homer is not poetical but historical. It sold so well that Pope became able to "live and thrive, / Indebted to no prince or peer alive." In fact it wrought an immense influence upon the versification of English poets in the succeeding generation. Professor Aubrey de Sélincourt explains thus.

Pope's translation of the *Iliad* is one of the most important poems in the history of English literature. It is also, nowadays, unreadable. It is important because, having dazzled contemporary readers by its brilliance and virtuosity, it set the standard of English versification for the rest of the century—and thus led directly to the great revolt of the Romantics.⁶⁷

Pope, like Milton, interprets primitive mythology so as to agree with the advanced religious and moral thought in his age, reconciles Greek fatalism with a Christian doctrine of free will, and minimizes the disorderliness in the hierarchy of Olympian gods. Hence the resemblance of Pope's Jupiter with Christian God portrayed by Milton in *Paradise Lost*.

Two representatives of Pope's controversial poems are of course *An Essay on Criticism* and *An Essay on Man*, both being conglomerations of what Pope calls "what was oft thought, but ne'er so well express'd." An essay here means "a trial account," "an imperfect attempt," or, in Johnson's words, "A loose sally of the mind", so that we should keep in mind on reading them that they are not mere methodical dissertations in rhyme. *An Essay on Criticism*, finished in 1709 and published anonymously in May, 1711, shows what Lowell calls "the singular discretion" for a young man only twenty-two years old. As we have seen, Pope was a voracious reader, and he did not indulge in reading indiscriminately to kill time but pored over any works with critical and analytical attention. That can be illustrated by his distinguishing the verse of Dryden from that of Waller, designating the characteristic of each as "sweetness" against "softness." His attempt while so young at writing a poem on the great subject "criticism" was preceded by a

long period of deliberate preparation, so that the *Essay* was not a patchwork fabricated on the strength of "a little learning." Indeed we may suspect some ambition and egotism were stirring in his mind while engaged in writing it, but we may safely believe that he was impelled by an innocent motive to express frankly what he thought best after he had read and digested many opinions of critics and poets before him. Pope in his later years gave vent to his personal anger and was railed at by his friend Lord Orrey as a specimen of "mens curva in corpore curvo", but *An Essay on Criticism* as a whole is impartial and impersonal except for abuses on John Dennis and a few others, because it had been composed on a righteous motive and with a calm attitude before he was thrown into the tempest to which literary and political circles were then exposed. Dr. Sherburn aptly says, in *The Early Career of Alexander Pope*, that "in his *Essay* Pope aimed not to be abusive but to be corrective."⁷⁾

In this *Essay* Pope has deftly adopted several arguments of the previous best critics, Horace, Vida, Boileau and others, and plays the role of "a systematic appropriator of other men's thoughts", as Leslie Stephen calls it. Accordingly the *Essay on Criticism* cannot be said to have opened a new field in the history of literary criticism, but it is marvellously free from a smack of pedantry. Though today few people read the poem, making Madame Sitwell deeply regret "the stupidly despised *Essay on Criticism*," once Addison and Johnson rated it very highly and in recent days Mr. Humbert Wolfe has given it special commendation. As a poem carrying moderate thought in a lucid form, it ought to appeal to the majority of mankind. Pope is not a poet who loudly declaims on a lofty ideal. But we are liable to spring up high above the ground and drop down prostrate in too eager a pursuit of an ideal. As long as we are human beings, we cannot soar up into the sky closing our eyes to the obvious existence of common sense, however trite and dull it may be, in our life here below. Man has fundamental elements common to all ages as well as mutable elements which renew themselves with the change of times. Pope, a classicist, is one of the few poets who remind us of man's essence and common sense based upon it. The *Essay on Criticism*, in spite of its being a work early in the poet's career and treating a commonplace subject, abounds in vigorous energy and profound wisdom, and its poetical effect is greatly reinforced by what Dr. Sherburn calls "that compelling form which is the magic of true wit." Let us first inquire into its form.

The doctrine advocated by Whitman and his followers that free verse is the highest form of poetry has become obsolete now, but a popular prejudice against heroic couplet that takes it for a stiff and often monotonous form dies hard. As Lytton Strachey pointed out, however, heroic couplet was an inevitable product in a stage of the development of English poetry and reached its consummation in Pope.⁸⁾ It was a remarkable achievement of Pope that he, following Dryden, brought forth such a variety of tones, either grave and intense or merry and vivacious, in the same definite form of iambic pentameter rhymed couplet, very commonplace by itself. Pope ridicules monotonous verse as follows, but in the *Essay on Criticism* we seldom meet with a passage which lures us into sleep.

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees,"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened, not in vain, with "sleep."

350-353.

Aphoristic phrases and "a little rusty words polished into a new style" emerge ever and anon, animating the whole poem with a vigorous spirit.

If one is prone to be faultfinding, one can peck out some flaws in this poem. Here Pope uses for rhyme "wit" ten times and "sense" twelve times, combines "write" and "spite" for rhyme twice at very short intervals, and leaves alone imperfect rhyme forty-six times, *e.g.*, "show'd, rod" (ll. 93-4); "esteem, them" (ll. 139-40); "light, wit" (ll. 301-2); "join, divine" (ll. 524-5). But we do not intend to amuse ourselves with what Pope calls "malignant dull delight," "seeking slight faults to find." On the contrary we would rather pay attention to the skill displayed in the style of the poem. Triplet is used eight times, and internal rhyme, as in "A little learning is a dangerous thing", is utilized three times. Caesura shows a great variety. Some lines have no caesura at all, and as for those that have it, its positions differ in different lines, now near the beginning and now near the end. These caesuras add greatly to the effect of occasional antitheses, single and double, such as "Correctly cold, and regularly low," or "To err is human, to forgive divine." We may not need to expatiate on Pope's frequent use of such aphorisms in the poem. Indeed the beauty of Pope's poetry lies in its "living variety" which W.P. Ker compared to the changeful colour of the waves. The following may be a typical passage which shows us his consummate skill as a versifier. He ironically imitates those poets who are engrossed in completing the requisite number of syllables.

These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

344-347.

A little later on Pope affirms "The sound must seem an Echo to the sense," and describes some aspects of nature and actions of a hero and a heroine as follows.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along the main.

366-373.

Although Courthope gave a negative comment, I think figures of speech scattered over the poem are also very appropriate. In Japanese language we have a time-honoured

phrase "luxuriant leaves of words." Pope uses the same simile, and immediately after it we find him comparing eloquence to prism, which attracts our special attention as Newton's *Optics* was published in 1704.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

309-317.

The content of *An Essay on Criticism* chiefly appeals to our intellect, and we are led to grapple with the question what Pope meant by criticism and a critic. Apart from Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie* and Jonson's *Timber*, English literary criticism was first provided with a firm foundation by Dryden, and passing through the hand of Johnson, completed the first stage of its construction through the efforts and ingenuity of Coleridge and Hazlitt. To this main current of critical history Pope does not belong, nor is the *Essays on Criticism* a critical writing in itself. Nevertheless it offers several considerations, as expressing the situation of critical circles in those days and Pope's own view on both creative and critical works, confronted with it. In spite of Dryden's achievements criticism then did strive not so much to seek after the real intention of an author with sympathy and analyse and judge on the significance of his works with equanimity as to discover every stain and flaw in them with Argus' eyes. Ten to one critics at that time were faultfinders. Pope with a rare literary talent and deep knowledge of classics, upon being faced with the disorderly state of literary circles, must have eagerly desired to restore order there and help superior creative works come out, by elucidating the proper duty of criticism and critics. On this point Courthope writes:

Young as he was, Pope perceived the necessity of reducing this chaos to order; his "Essay", ostensibly a mere collection of maxims for the benefit of critics, is in reality the first attempt to trace for English readers the just boundaries of taste.⁹⁾

And it was no wonder that Pope should have reached the conclusion, after years of reading and meditation, that the only remedy lay in returning to classics. Though the main body of the *Essay* consists of various comments which the ancients had already made, we cannot deny that it contains plenty of what Joseph Warton named "new remarks and original rules." If we today might make some complaints, we cannot find here Pope's more thoroughgoing and original view on criticism itself and Pope entirely disregards great poets in England, only praising Greek and Roman poets. But we had better acknowledge his merits of arranging and systematizing the critical movement that had prevailed in Europe since the Renaissance.

That the *Essay* contains many logical contradictions has rightly been pointed out by

many critics, let alone John Dennis, Pope's rival. But the *Essay* being not an academic dissertation but a poem to all intent and purpose, we should not be too severe in rebuking its lack of a thoroughly logical structure. We shall lose very much if we fail to grasp the purport of the poem by addicting ourselves to an exposure of partial defects, as Pope himself warns us: "Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find." Indeed the word "wit" appears in every four or five lines and forty-seven times altogether, and, moreover, is used in six or seven different senses, thus detracting from the formal beauty of the whole poem. "Nature", next to "sense", recurs very often. But such shortcomings in details do not spoil Pope's originality in completing the whole structure with "a just integrity, and a lucid order," as Joseph Warton put it.

As I have mentioned earlier, the word "essay" in the title means "an imperfect attempt," and it is only once throughout the poem that Pope uses the word "criticism". We can easily surmise he never presumes to carry on a philosophical research on the fundamentals of criticism itself. The poem is not a systematic theory of criticism. If allowed a little exaggeration, we had better designate it "A Handbook to Poets and Critics," so that the title may not belie the content.

In the first several passages Pope distinguishes creative from critical talent, but after reading through the whole poem we are convinced that Pope thought any excellent author, whether a poet or a critic, must have both kinds of talent. Beginning with two lines, " 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill,/ Appear in writing or judging ill," Pope repeats pairs of contrasting words, "writing, judging," "genius, taste", "wit, judgment" and so on, and sometimes gives us an inkling of his preference of creative to critical power. He maintains good criticism is only practicable to those who have a good poetical talent.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well.

15-16.

Then, Pope specifies three requisites of criticism.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine.

562-563.

Laying aside "truth and candour" as a moral principle in our estimation of literary works, "taste, judgment and learning" are the three indispensable factors to make a good critic. In another passage Pope makes a triplet of "genius, taste, and learning," in which he seems to identify "genius" with "creative talent."

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go.

48-49.

Taste and judgment are inborn in every individual, and when each justifies himself only and rejects other people's claims, there prevails an entirely personal, subjective criticism—a deteriorate form of creative criticism. In order to countercheck this wrong, the discovery of objective and general laws becomes necessary and accordingly learning is

called for. Some people mistake a classicist for a bigoted conservative without a sense of the present, trying hard to imitate ancients, fettered by rules those ancients prescribed, but the fact is that Pope insisted on the importance of objective criteria in accordance with tradition and deprecated opportunistic criticism indulging in arbitrary enthusiasm. By learning he means not merely reverence for rules set down by Aristotle and Horace but discipline and enrichment of taste through arduous perusal of masterpieces ancient and modern, of Homer *par excellence*. We must keep in mind that Pope thus attaches preeminent importance to learning as a qualification of a good critic. All the great critics since olden times were learned men who really loved reading. Even if a man of rare wit gives an excellent intuitive criticism, it is likely to remain fragmentary and temporary. Unlike in the field of science, no man can become a right critic of art and literature without being versed with classics. Besides, as is seen in his words, "Read them by day, and meditate by night," the learning Pope urges is a deep erudition of classical masterpieces thoroughly absorbed and digested in one's own brains, and not a vast stock of knowledge owned by what he sarcastically calls "The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read/ With loads of learned lumber in his head."

Here are two couplets often cited in order to reproach Pope for a blind submission to Aristotle.

Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodised.

88-89.

Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

139-140.

Indeed nature in Pope's sense is not a boundless and ever active universe that romanticists worship. It is rather reason ruling over either human nature or the physical world, permanent and omnipresent beyond a particular time and place. After the age of Pope the rising sentimentalism gradually led to romanticism, and nature in the sense of the physical world became more and more predominant, but Pope seldom used the word in that sense as he needed not to solicit salvation for beauty or power of the universe. Even romanticists, as it were, project themselves into the external world, and when they admire nature, they do not praise its disorderliness but revere it as revelation of some reason, *νοῦς*. As a rule an excellent work of art is not a revolt against nature but a reproduction of nature through surrendering to it, and we express nature artistically through the process of "methodizing" it, however mutable, subtle, complex and hard to grasp nature may be. Accordingly intimate acquaintance with classics, far from being an obstacle, is a great help to the creation of new literature. Moreover, so far as the *Essay* is concerned, Pope's emphasis on establishing a right standard of criticism on poetry had an adequate reason in view of the contemporary state of literary circles. What he recommended, as Courthope remarked, was a direct, imitative action taken by Homer and other classic poets, as contrasted with a subjective and metaphysical method long cherished by poets since the day of Troubadours, through Dante and Petrarch, up till the end

of the seventeenth century. Though romanticists regret that Pope, buried in the heap of classics, rarely had occasions to get in touch with out-of-door nature, it was not in vain that he reminded people of the unified, harmonious and symmetrical phase of nature. Again, we should never overlook the fact that he did not advocate the rigid observance of ancient rules, but ardently urged that some licences must be allowed for poets.

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

152-153.

Now, what did Pope think the proper critical attitude is? His opinion upon it is by no means original either. But the greatness of the commonplace comes home anew to us when we recognize that what he wrote with his contemporary critics in view holds good to the critics in the present day just as well. Towards the end of the *Essay* Pope thus describes his ideal critic.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

631-642.

It behoves us never to get weary of teaching the unenlightened people, nor to become boastful of our own learning. We have to be equipped not only with learning but with courtesy and to be versed in men as well as in books. Pope prefers guiding readers into literature of fine quality to exhibiting his own wide knowledge before them. This point of view has something in common with what is contained in the famous phrase of Arnold, "to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Again, Pope exhorts critics never to be biassed by either favour or spite but to come to their object with innocence and impartiality without being overpowered by a foolish prejudice or selfish stubbornness. This assertion may be construed to be a complementary expression of Arnold's another phrase "to see the object as in itself it really is."

As has been already mentioned, the second section of the *Essay* enumerates various errors against which critics ought to be cautious, and the third section shows the way critics should take. Professor Austin Warren has commented in detail that the two later sections, different from the first, contain many views of Pope's own and that their material has been derived from his personal experiences and observations, not from books.¹⁰ In the beginning of the second section Pope warns us against arrogance. A man cannot

do without self-confidence to some extent, but those would be damnable who are unconscious of their own fallibility, convinced they are always in the right and others always in the wrong. In order to know our own foibles, we must avail ourselves not only of our friends but also of our enemies.

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend and ev'ry foe.

213-214.

The next harmful thing is shallow learning. As Pope sings with a metaphor of climbing the Alps, the more we learn, the more we should know our ignorance. Nothing is so ridiculous like boastfully parading one's sciolistic learning.

Then Pope proceeds on to the core of his argument in the *Essay*. The statement that

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ.

233-234.

assuredly comprehends the essence of important problems in criticism, if stopping short of the idea of imaginary criticism advocated by Pater. Pope also contends that we should survey the whole of a work and judge it as a whole, refraining from the search for minor defects in case "where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind." Like blind men giving a description of an elephant, critics are liable to concentrate their attention upon a few details influenced by their peculiar taste and prejudice and to pass their hand over the mere surface of the matter without penetrating into its heart. But since they launch upon the task to discuss a literary work, they should examine it as thoroughly as their ability permits and rightly interpret and re-create what the writer meant to say in it. To quote Pope's advice,

In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.

255-256.

Since the revaluation of Donne and other metaphysical poets came into vogue, the majority of people today express their admiration for conceits, but Pope was an early opponent against the fashion of praising conceits alone. His censure was intended to edify his contemporaries who were devoted to the imitation of metaphysical poems. A poet who can really "feel his thought as immediately as the odour of a rose" may succeed in such a kind of poetry, but when a poet loves a conceit for its own sake and lacks sensibility to support it, his verse remains only bombastic and barren.

Then Pope dissuades us from being engrossed in the appreciation of words and phrases. Though Pope was attacked by Wordsworth as the originator of poetic diction, he was by no means a member of the poetical group who loved decorative purple passages and trite, far-fetched or uncouth phraseology. On the contrary he strongly affirmed that expression must be as plain as possible and that both archaic and brand-new words

must be abdicated from verse. I suspect Pope rather agrees on this point with Wordsworth who maintained poets must use "a selection of language really used by men."

In the third place Pope objects to a criticism abandoning itself to a scrutiny of the cadence of a poem. It has often been said of Swinburne's poetry that it has a beautiful rhythm but not thought and feeling exhaling from the bottom of his soul. To assume that a smooth poem is good and a rough poem bad is as preposterous as going to church on Sundays solely to listen to music. When we compare Pope's view on prosody here expressed with what Boileau urged in *L'Art Poétique*, we shall find the latter proposes far more strict rules.

N'offrez rien au lecteur que ce qui peut lui plaire.
Ayez pour la cadence une oreille sévère:
Que toujours, dans vos vers, le sens, coupant les mots,
Suspende l'hémistiche, en marque le repos.
Gardez qu'une voyelle à courir trop hâtée
Ne soit d'une voyelle en son chemin heurtée.

103-106.

Enfin Malherbe vint, et le premier en France
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence,
D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir,
Et réduisit la Muse aux règles du devoir.
Par ce sage écrivain la langue réparée.
N'offrit plus rien de rude à l'oreille épurée;
Les stances avec grâce apprirent à tomber,
Et le vers sur le vers n'osa plus enjamber.
Tout reconnut ses lois; et ce guide fidèle
Aux auteurs de ce temps sert encore de modèle.
Marchez donc sur ses pas; aimez sa pureté,
Et de son tour heureux imitez la clarté.

131-142.

Again, a critic must be careful lest he should run to such extremes as to praise or blame every work he takes up, or become so narrow-minded as to love modern works only or to respect ancient works alone.

Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

406-407.

Pope also enumerates and impeaches other bad critics all together—those who attach themselves to a dominating opinion without offering their own view, those who change according to the direction in which wind blows, those who praise each other within a coterie, and those who commend only what is congenial to them. Then Pope advises modern critics to follow the example of the ancients who rewarded only those poets who brought forth excellent works with strenuous efforts. He must have been disgusted with the libertine manners of the Restoration, since he suggests to malignant critics that they ought to focus their vituperation upon obscenity. In the theatre of those days,

The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a mask went unimproved away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.

540-543.

Now, what is the proper attitude to be taken by a critic? Deep learning added to an innate fine talent is not enough to make a complete critic. In every word a critic utters there must shine a light of truth and candour. He cannot fulfil his duty only with sharp intelligent observation and sagacious judgment to the point. He must judge so that the public may not only admire his discernment but seek after his friendship and love him as well. Pope thus sets store by moral character of a critic. A critic should be modest, not high-handed. He should forebear to speak when he is not sure, and speak with reserve even on what he is confident to be true. Moreover he should be careful in speaking so as to lead people to agree with him willingly, not to impel them to follow him willy-nilly. On the other hand he should not grudge giving advice, nor be so modest as to plead for defects of a work. He should not fear to incur the anger of a sage, because "Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise." In fine what Pope describes as an ideal critic is he who has a clear head and a sincere spirit and sympathetically deals with a work, temperate in blaming its faults and assiduous in praising its merits.

The charm of the *Essay on Criticism* comes from the admirable fusion of a lovely form and sound morals — the form with its harmony, elegance, tonal variety, felicitous expression, containing ever delicious and nutritious lessons that penetrate into the depths of our sentiment and appeal to our common sense. I should like, moreover, to specify some similarities between Pope and Arnold or Mr. Eliot, though Pope's ideas are yet immature and not fully expressed while later critics have developed those ideas in detailed dissertations.

Pope's advice that we should learn from classics on criticising a literary work seems to contain a thought deeper than Arnold's famous proposal to use classics as a touchstone, and also to correspond with Mr. Eliot's assertion that a critic cannot carry out his mission unless he has vast and profound knowledge of the literary tradition in Europe. The following quotation from *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* might gladden and encourage Pope very much, if he should revive in the present century.

The person whose experience is limited is always liable to be taken in by the sham or the adulterate article; and we see generation after generation of untrained readers being taken in by the sham and the adulterate in its own time — indeed preferring them, for they are more easily assimilable than the genuine article. Yet a very large number of people, I believe, have the native capacity for enjoying *some* good poetry: how much, or how many degrees of capacity may profitably be distinguished, is not part of my present purpose to enquire. It is only the exceptional reader, certainly, who in the course of time comes to classify and compare his experience, to see one in the light of others; and who, as his poetic experiences multiply, will be able to understand each more accurately. The element of enjoyment is enlarged into appreciation, which brings a more intellectual addition to the original intensity of feeling. It is a second stage in our under-

standing of poetry, when we no longer merely select and reject, but organise. We may even speak of a third stage, one of reorganisation; a stage at which a person already educated in poetry meets with something new in his own time, and finds a new pattern of poetry arranging itself in consequence.¹¹⁾

Pope thinks those who have an excellent creative power can offer excellent criticism and that creative activity is also helped very much by a critical power. In this respect, Pope passes over Arnold who rates a creative power higher than a critical power in spite of his emphasis on critical activity, and falls in with Mr. Eliot who considers creation and criticism as two aspects of literary activity.

Again, Pope depreciates those critics who always praise their very selves mirrored in the works of other people.

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.

454-455.

This view comes from the same origin with that of Mr. Eliot who denounces all "etiolated criticism."

Such resemblance between Pope and the later critics is by no means a coincidence or a product of distortion, but evinces that the ideas of Pope the traditionalist contain universal principles applicable to the fundamental problems of literary criticism, although they were still crude and expressed only in fragments. We should clear ourselves as early as possible of the prejudice which takes Pope for a chief of villains who corrupted English poetry by indulging solely in moulding and remoulding smart words and phrases or in slandering other poets in scurrilous language.

An Essay on Man belongs to the same category of argumentative poetry with *An Essay on Criticism*, but was written in Pope's mature age on a far larger subject with far mightier and freer wielding of a pen. Professor Brower attaches greater importance to the poem than to any other works by Pope.

For the student of Pope's development, the *Essay on Man* marks his arrival at maturity as a poet who combined moral seriousness with satiric wit. In the *Essay on Man*, as in occasional passages of the *Dunciad* of 1728 and 1729, we see how brilliantly Pope can exploit various literary traditions and earlier 'imitations' in the pursuit of his critical and satirical aims.¹²⁾

A.N. Whitehead, citing the first several lines of the *Essay on Man*, says that "Milton addresses his poem to God, Pope's poem is addressed to Lord Bolingbroke," and a little later, pointing to the fact that Wordsworth's *Excursion* begins with the line, "'Twas summer, and the sun had mounted high," declares: "In this aspect of it, the romantic movement may be conceived as a revival of Berkeley's protest which had been launched a hundred years earlier. The romantic reaction was a protest on behalf of value."¹³⁾ Of course the proposition that Pope the classicist and Wordsworth the romantic stand in completely antagonistic relations against each other may hold good as a general theory, but a comparison between the two poets from this point of view has been repeated too

often, so that I would rather direct my attention to the points they have in common and to a basic standpoint on which they expressed their respective opinions in a long poem. For this purpose *An Essay on Man* and *The Excursion* offer us the most helpful material.

Both Pope and Wordsworth meant since their early youth to have written a monumental epic. *An Essay on Man* was written as an introduction to a far longer philosophical poem which should survey theory of knowledge, politics and ethics in the age of Pope, and is only one of the fragments of his unfinished *magnus opus*, other fragments being *Moral Essays* and passages scattered over *Satires* and *The Dunciad*, while *The Excursion* is merely the second part of a philosophical poem Wordsworth began at Coleridge's suggestion and which would have consisted of three parts if completed. At first sight the two poems widely differ from each other in their form and way of reasoning, and it seems that Pope lays stress on reason while Wordsworth does on feeling. But the outlooks on the world they expatiate on have many elements in common with each other. Pope who plumed himself on that "not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,/ But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song," and attempted to "vindicate the ways of God to Man," cannot be an irreconcilable enemy to Wordsworth who sang of "the Mind of Man/ My haunt, and the main region of my song," and set his hand to an ambitious work with "a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society."

Let us first trace a general outline of what Pope says in the *Essay on Man*. He divides the whole into four epistles and elucidates "the Nature and State of Man" with reference to four items — (1) the Universe, (2) Himself, (3) Society and (4) Happiness. To sum up the contents of each epistle:

The First Epistle:—In the universe there is an everlasting order, in which to man is allotted a special status, intermediate between angels and animals. In this position we human beings understand only a small part of the movement of the universe, and our happiness lies after all in our incompetence to foresee future and our trust in future. As the "vast chain of Being" is kept linked together by the obedient settlement of each creature where he has been located, we ought to be satisfied with our present status of man assigned by God and, relying for our support on reason, the highest faculty granted to man, to obey God's providence without a little bit of complaint.

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at every pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,

And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
 The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

I, 189-206.

The Second Epistle: —We must always bear in mind that science and philosophy cannot explain everything and be careful lest we should be too proud of our intelligence.

Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

II, 19-34.

When Pope says the world elucidated by science has no validity, he used the same argument that Cudworth and Cambridge Platonists had adopted on attacking Hobbes, namely, the argument that the world is not a machine but an organic body. What man should do is to comprehend his own nature and capacity rightly rather than to make various conjectures respecting a divine will. Now, "Two Principles in human nature reign; Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain." Self-love is sometimes named "Passion." Reason is not by nature good and passion is not in itself bad, but the two equally perform their duty, the one exciting, the other checking, the whole activity of man. Pope rejects *nil admirari* of the stoics, affirming "strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest," and acknowledges the role of feeling in life, saying "Reason the card, but Passion is the gale."

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe:

II, 161-164.

What he praises is not cold virtues derived from the head but lively moral conducts due to the sally of passion.

The Third Epistle: —This is an advocacy of the theory of mutual assistance and a

brief history of social evolution. First Pope edifies a man "Who thinks all made for one, not one for all," and teaches him that "On mutual Wants [God] built mutual Happiness." Here we are surprised to know Pope delivers an opinion held by Rousseau and his school that the primitive age was the happiest period in human history. Few people will expect of him the declaration that "the state of Nature was the reign of God."

Nor think, in Nature's State they blindly trod;
 The state of Nature was the reign of God:
 Self-love and Social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
 The same his table, and the same his bed;
 No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God.

III, 147-156.

The Fourth Epistle: —This is a treatise on happiness, whose crucial point is expressed in the lines, "Virtue alone is Happiness below" (l. 310) and "Virtue only makes our Bliss below." (l. 397). As external good cannot but be unevenly distributed among individuals for the benefit of social safety and order, it is a preposterous error to set the standard of happiness in material life. One who quarrels with Providence because a virtuous man suffers from a natural calamity, confuses two worlds, physical and ethical, of different dimension. We must commit a final decision upon everything to the will of God. "What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?" "An honest Man's the noblest work of God." Nothing is more fleeting than the earthly glory won with bloodshed or filthy lucre.

In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife.

IV, 289-302.

The long and short of what Pope preaches in the *Essay on Man* is that man should have true self-knowledge, think and act as a human being, cultivate virtue by means of passion and reason, and, accepting the present world as the best possible of all, thank

God for his daily happiness with absolute confidence in his providence.

Now let us turn to *The Excursion*. Though the poem consists of eight books, Wordsworth does not give a logical exposition of his views by dividing the poem according to the reasoning process, but, introducing several persons on the stage with a lovely mountain village as its background, explains his own thought "excursively" through their conversations.

He calls God by various names, "all-pervading Spirit," "eternal Spirit, universal God," or "active principle," and affirms that all creatures occupy each his own unchangeable position under the providence of God.

Happy is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures, —to the end that he may find
The law that governs each; and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
Which they inherit, —cannot step beyond,—
And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things;
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.

IV, 332-343.

By what is a man qualified to be a human being in its truest sense? He is qualified to be so by his being endowed with reason, that is, by his being a "rational creature." Therefore, although man is originally a dupe labouring under a delusion, he must listen to the voice of reason, and that reason supported by faith, in order to sweep away the dark clouds of illusion. Wordsworth says,

We may not doubt that who can best subject
The will to reason's law, can strictliest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths,
Which unassisted reason's utmost power
Is too infirm to reach.

V, 517-522.

In the *Excursion* reason is identified with conscience, which is the "most perfect image [of God] in the world." To be faithful to conscience, to live a virtuous life is within reach of all men, rich and poor, high and low, and virtue "sets forth and magnifies herself," and "feeds / A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire, / From the encumbrances of mortal life, / From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt." Virtue is, moreover, a pillar of society, as Wordsworth sings, "how weak / Those arts, and high inventions, if unpropped / By virtue."

In brief, the gist of what Wordsworth insists in the *Excursion* is little different from that of Pope's view in the *Essay on Man*. Wordsworth also expatiates on that there

exists a definite order in the universe, man must recognize his own proper status and trust in the providence of God, man deserves his name by exercising reason and must behave himself according to the teaching of reason, and that happiness lies in the practice of virtue. Especially it is noteworthy that while Pope acknowledges the role of passion side by side with that of reason, Wordsworth rejects mere emotionalism and preaches on the dignity of reason, though he means by reason a somewhat subtler and more complex faculty than that which Pope means.

It is generally agreed that Pope pleads for deism in the *Essay on Man* and Wordsworth inculcates pantheism in our mind through the *Excursion*. The *Essay on Man* is usually thought not to be the outcome of Pope's own contemplation and experience, Pope having only modified into verse a treatise on deism delivered to him by his friend Viscount Bolingbroke. Pope at Twickenham was delighted to exchange a visit and have a conversation with Lord Bolingbroke who lived in Dawley after his repatriation from France in the winter of 1724-1725. How highly Pope respected this Tory statesman can be seen in many of his letters and in Joseph Warton's testimony.

Pope indeed idolized him: when in company with him, he appeared with all the deference and submission of an affectionate scholar. He used to speak of him as a being of a superior order, that had condescended to visit this lower world; in particular, when the last comet appeared and approached near the earth, he told some of his acquaintance, it was sent only to convey Lord Bolingbroke, HOME AGAIN; just as a stagecoach stops at your door to take up a passenger.¹⁴⁾

But Warburton is of opinion that Lord Bolingbroke, after having read the *Essay on Man*, rewrote its argument in prose. Indeed we have no reliable evidence as to the question which of Pope and Lord Bolingbroke was the first to finish his deistic writing. The eclectic view of Professor MacDonald on the question seems not wide of the mark.

A reasonable view to take of the controversy is that the ideas of the *Essay on Man* were canvassed by the two men in the long conversation they had at Twickenham and Dawley during the period following Bolingbroke's return from France, and that both recorded in more or less elaborate form the sense of these conversations, Bolingbroke in prose, and Pope in the *Essay*.¹⁵⁾

It may be true Pope who was never a philosopher could not have created an original thought and that he merely told another man's doctrine at second hand, but he must have sincerely sympathized with optimism which understood the limit of reason and recognized the harmony of the universe, now that he had reached maturity with full experience of sweets and bitters of life. The way he had hitherto travelled was comparatively smooth, and the English society then steadily progressing towards the supremacy over the world must have been alive with vigour and self-confidence. And yet the *Essay*, though mainly following a line of deistic view, does not always stick to optimism, interspersed with Pope's personal opinions due to his character and belief, and it is for this reason that Pope was accused of self-contradictions by some critics, for example, Jean Pierre de Crousaz, a contemporary Swiss scholar, and De Quincy. As Pope mentions in the Preface "steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite," he meant

to expound in the *Essay* a neutral view of the world conforming to common sense. Although we cannot take him at his word when he affirms that he has established "a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics," we can recognize a predominant tone of the poem in his support of organistic, as against mechanistic, theory of universe and his insistence on the ethical and aesthetical values neglected by science. Leslie Stephen, Professors Wilson Knight and R.L. Brett unanimously maintain that we should notice the poetical unity of the *Essay* beyond its logical inconsistency.¹⁶⁾

We are apt to imagine an author of satiric or didactic poems must be a man of cold heart. But we know from Pope's correspondence that he was filial, friendly and very affectionate, and in the *Essay* he emphasizes the valuableness of passion over and over again in the course of his exposition of deism. Though Pope deprecated a man's licentious behaviour driven by emotion, he could not help laying stress on passion because he knew the evils of a cold-blooded life relying solely upon observation and experiment. A life-long Catholic, Pope cherished the orthodox Christianity deep in his bosom, so that he did not rebel against ecclesiastical creeds to irritate clerics, nor did he abandon his belief in the immortality of the soul for all his intimate acquaintance and hearty sympathy with deism then in the air. Far from urging "rank atheism," as Warburton named it, the *Essay* is an attack on atheism from the side of a believer in revelation. Thomas Aquinas says that "the universe created by God is a participation of definite forms in the essence of God, with a order based on various degrees of resemblance to the arch-type God," and Scholastics also assert all that exist are good in their essence. When we accept the established order in the universe, we are liable to fall into determinism, and when we take the present state for the best and inevitable, we often think man's introspection or endeavour futile. Pope, however, does not exhort us to live on the precept "Après nous le déluge" like a silly slave to crude determinism or shallow optimism, but inculcates on us importance of incessant strenuous efforts, such as Goethe recommends in *Faust*, and preaches us that we should trust in God like Job however frequently we may undergo hard ordeals. Any one who peruses the *Essay on Man* through with deliberate attention may be impressed even with melancholy of a philosopher who has penetrated into the distress and sorrow of life, and not with cheerfulness of a carefree optimist. With reference to this aspect Professor Tillotson rightly remarks as follows.

The optimism of his conclusion is shaded for any reader who attends to the poetry—to the melancholy sounding in it. It sounds over all the poems as if Pope, like Wordsworth, was hearing 'oftentimes the still sad music of humanity'. In view of this pervasive sadness the dubbing of him as a flashy optimist seems an incomplete judgment.¹⁷⁾

Now, the *Excursion* filled with a view of the world, or rather with the very spiritual experience, of a nature poet who lived up to his motto, "plain living and high thinking," is written on the standpoint of a pantheism that curiously commingles with the orthodoxy of the Anglican Church but partly identifies itself with deism in its explanation of the order in the universe. Though Wordsworth sings in the *Immortality Ode*, "To me the meanest flower that blows can give / Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," he comes close to Pope when he gives a sermon on the providence of God and the destiny of man.

While we are reading the *Excursion*, we often come across passages very similar to those found in the *Essay on Man* in spite of an immense discrepancy of the keynote between the two poems. The following examples may show how much Wordsworth resembles Pope at once in his thought and language.

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

IV, 10-17.

Thou, dread source,
Prime, self-existing cause and end of all
That in the scale of being fill their place;
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained.

IV, 79-83.

Naturally Wordsworth does not readily utter such a phrase as "Whatever is, is right" and keenly realizes that life is filled with griefs and troubles. The *Excursion* contains many episodes telling of sad stories, such as of Margaret who, her fortune having declined and her husband missing, is long waiting for his return home in a ruined cottage, or of Ellen who serves as a wet nurse after having been deserted by her lover and given birth to an illegitimate child. The recluse Solitary, one of the chief characters in the poem, is a man who has been bereft of his young children and wife one after another and greatly disappointed by the French Revolution. Wordsworth sings of the transient happiness on the earth.

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim and dies,"
The grey-haired Wanderer pensively exclaimed,
"All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own."

VII, 976-984.

Thus Wordsworth sheds tears in sympathy with unfortunate common people and knows *vanitas vanitatum* only too well. But he soon braces himself up from dejection and adopts a basically optimistic view of life, teaching us to regard every disaster as caused by Providence and to endeavour to obey the will of God with hopeful faith. Now at

the age of over forty, various sufferings he had undergone in his youth may have turned into a mere recollection and his worry about moral questions may have been cleared away as well. He found the safe shelter of his soul in pantheism which worships a mysterious divine power acting both in the human mind and in the universe. It is no wonder, though perhaps seemingly strange, that the state of mind of the poet who was now blessed with a peaceful life that allowed him to enjoy "the bliss of solitude" and "a wise passiveness" should have become akin to that of Pope who advocated optimism chiefly based on deism. Examining the views of life of Pope and Wordsworth in their deepest foundation, we may conclude that the two poets stand on the same ground above the level of the opposition between classicism and romanticism. Indeed the Renaissance was an epoch when man first discovered himself and took a first step towards man's domination over the universe. As Pope says in the *Dunciad* that natural philosophers "make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause," in the modern age man has usurped the seat of the creator. It is evident that both Pope and Wordsworth adhere to rationalism, humanism and individualism. They both accept life as it is, look upon reason as a light sent from God to man, and believe the greatest and only happiness of man lies in a practice of morality on the part of each individual. Both the *Essay on Man* and the *Excursion* play the same role of representing the spirit of the modern age. In other words, while science was rapidly becoming prosperous—and in case of Wordsworth even the Industrial Revolution was steadily advancing,—they rode in the same vehicle of progressivism, hoping that science does not contradict, still less overhaul, orthodox Christianity, that the discovery and application of scientific laws argue the prevalence of God's will, and that increase of knowledge elevates moral consciousness to such a height that poverty, war and other evils of life will be at last eliminated. It is very suggestive that both the poets had planned an epic and left such works in the age when mythology had been almost dead and novels were becoming favorite with the public. Yet if we pick up different points between them, we may safely say that Pope is a child of the period of Enlightenment because he places stress upon man's natural excellent faculties and mechanically connects God and the universe together, while Wordsworth is a friend of emotionalism because he emphasizes moralizing power of nature and combines God and the universe into personal relationships. By the way, both poems well represent the English character fond of sermons compatible with common sense. What Ruskin said of Pope, "the most perfect representative we have, since Chaucer, of the true English mind," holds good to Wordsworth as well.

I am afraid I have dwelt too long on the content of the *Essay on Man* and the *Excursion*. Now I should like to compare the two poems with respect to their form. Contrary to the similarity of ideas contained, a brief prosodial test shows a wide difference between the two.

The *Essay on Man*, in spite of its being a series of homilies, is very delightful to read. That delight comes from the moral talk on a permanent because common truth intelligible to all men on the one hand, and from skillful and uncommon versification in which Pope displayed his unique talent on the other hand. Pope tells us the reason why he chose verse, to be more exact, heroic couplet, instead of prose for the elucidation

of his thought in the *Design* prefixed to the *Essay*. It was because "principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards," and also because he found he could "express them more shortly this way than in prose itself." Accordingly his genius early shown in the *Essay on Criticism* is here brought into full play, and the explanation which should be monotonous by nature shines out brilliantly with mysterious charm thanks to its compact style and terse expressions. In short a poetic life pulsates all through the poem. Heroic couplet is a tool he had been long accustomed to handle, and aphorisms which spring up one by one leave upon our mind an indelible impression. To quote well-known specimens,

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be bless'd.

I, 95-96.

One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

I, 294.

The proper study of Mankind is Man.

II, 2.

An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

IV, 248.

By heaping up such clear and direct phrases one above another the whole work feels condensed and the exposition is carried on speedily. Pope's is a transparent style without a scruple of shade.

The *Excursion*, on the contrary, is written in blank verse, consisting of 8850 lines. It does not keep to argumentative narration. Three main characters, Wanderer, Solitary, and Parson with Poet as their middleman enter on the stage, where they hold a series of conversations in the course of which Wanderer and Parson confute and persuade the egotistic and skeptic Solitary. There are some passages descriptive of natural scenery and others telling stories of various persons, men and women, young and old, beside the expression of different opinions by the main characters. But these characters are after all the other selves of Wordsworth, "the merest shadows of himself upon mist" in Lowell's phrase, so that the conversations are not animatedly sustained and we find it rather hard to link one man's speech with another man's in a logical sequence. The blank verse here used is often relaxed, sometimes one sentence extends over a dozen of lines and abruptly ends at the first syllable of the final line, and sometimes redundant words are inserted merely for completing a line of pentameter. As Leslie Stephen says, Wordsworth often falls into prose just as Pope often falls into epigrams. Consequently we feel the *Excursion* much longer than it really is as we might feel while looking at a slow-motion picture. Indeed it contains profundity and nuances and moves us by the beauty of exquisite passages here and there, and yet its diffuseness repels many readers and the poem as a whole is liable to give them an impression that it is desultory and tedious.

Now, which is more powerful in moving and inspiring readers with the poet's thought,

the *Essay on Man* or the *Excursion*? The *Essay*, though delightful to read because Pope reasons very smoothly on his standpoint of intellectualism, is deficient in the all-important force of persuasion. The *Excursion*, on the other hand, tries to permeate our mind with Wordsworth's thought by means of emotion, so that it leaves there something intense though vague while we are unaware of it. In order to succeed in writing a good moral poem, the method of Pope is surely very effective in itself, but it may be undeniable that the method of Wordsworth is more artistic after all. If a poet follows Wordsworth's example and endeavours to compress the narration and to bring out in full relief the individuality of each interlocuter, he will most probably succeed in creating a great argumentative or meditative poem.

Moral Essays in Four Epistles to Several Persons was mostly composed in the same period with the *Essay on Man*, and Pope wrote to Swift about the relation between the two, saying, "You will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were published in." The *Moral Essays* is not confined in a rigid frame and has more variety of expression than the *Essay on Man*. Apart from the very short *Epistle the Fifth, To Mr. Addison* (1715), added later by Warburton, the poem also consists of four epistles, and each epistle was published in the following order: *Ep. IV, To the Earl of Burlington, Of the Use of Riches* (1731), *Ep. III, To Bathurst, Of the Use of Riches* (1732), *Ep. I, To Cobham, Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men* (1733); and *Ep. II, To a Lady, Of the Characters of Women* (1735). *Epistle the Fourth* begins with disparagement of the rich people wasting their money, points out that the base of taste lies in good sense, and preaches that the beauty in architecture and gardening comes from proportion, harmony, and a proper combination of details. Here it is noteworthy that Pope connects good sense with nature and censures vulgar taste loving gaudy decoration. Good sense is an inborn quality that cannot be bought by any amount of money, and it loves the beauty that reveals itself in works which give free play to nature, rather than the beauty that is produced by man's excessive art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
 Something there is more needful than Expense,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
 Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
 And tho' no Science, fairly worth the seven:
 A Light, which in yourself you must perceive;
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
 To swell the Terrace, or to sink the Grot;
 In all, let Nature never be forgot.
 But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty ev'rywhere be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.

IV, 39-54.

Epistle the Third treating the same subject recommends us a golden mean, or "Reconcil'd Extremes." It contains a passage in which Pope rails at Robert Walpole's policy by means of a story telling an awful power of paper-credit. The story of Sir Balaam in the concluding part is also a satirical report on one of upstart millionaires whose number was then on increase. Here again Pope emphasizes nature. In the capitalist society men are often estimated according to the amount of his wealth, but money is an artificial thing deviated from nature, and we must rate a man's true worth by the degree of his virtues closely related with nature.

Epistle the First contains the famous theory of "Ruling Passion." It is very difficult to grasp a man's character, because different men act in the same way on the contrary motives, or act in the contrary way on the same motives. The only way to understand a man's character is to find out his Ruling Passion, which rules over all his qualities and solves all contradictions in his conduct. To illustrate this hypothesis Pope introduces the notorious nobleman Philip, Duke of Wharton, and in his description we see Pope is inclined towards displaying his vehement sarcasm which forebodes the advent of the *Dunciad*.

Search then the RULING PASSION: there, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
Women and Fools must like him or he dies;
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.

I, 174-191.

In the beginning of *Epistle the Second* Pope says that "Most Women have no Characters at all./ Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,/ And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair." But after he has shown ironical portraits of several women, he concludes this epistle with a praise of Martha Blount. Unlike the fourth and third epistles and even eclipsing the first epistle, the second wears a clear character of a satiric poem. Not only he ridicules women in general, saying "every Woman is at heart a Rake ... ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life," he takes liberty to libel mercilessly several women then living. The passage delineating the duplicate character of Duchess of Hamilton can match the most abusive one in the *Dunciad*.

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
 Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
 See Sin in State, majestically drunk;
 Proud as a Peeress, prouder as a Punk;
 Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
 What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
 Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
 Such this day's doctrine — in another fit
 She sins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.

II, 61-76.

In the *Moral Essays* Pope followed the example of Horace's *Epistolae*. Indeed it has something similar to the Roman poem in the poet's attitude toward life, cherishing easy friendship above riches and fame and disdaining people struggling hard to rise in the world, and also in the technique of contrasting opposite opinions with each other and of moving from one view to another. But, while Horace's poem, excepting the epistle on the "Art of Poetry," consists of brief twenty-two letters and deals with miscellaneous subjects, Pope's *Essays* is composed of longish four pieces on a few subjects within a limited scope. Horace shows a peaceful pose of a philosopher, whereas Pope looks as if he is getting more and more irritated, overwhelmed by a strong desire to amuse himself with attacking weaknesses of people, especially of women, because he can no longer be contented with calmly reasoning on morals, as he was while writing the *Essay on Man*. In this earlier poem Pope gives a moderate sermon upon how we should live as a human being, but in the *Moral Essays* he confesses man's nature is hard to comprehend and that characterization of other people is coloured by the subjective view of each observer, and he seems to be vexed with many contradictions due to man's imperfectness, now that he comes to treat concrete problems in real life. That people who can amass or possess wealth do not know the right use of it is a fact contingent to any society in any age, but Pope who was proud of his learning and culture must have been provoked by vulgar taste and absurd luxury of stupid aristocrats and newly-risen tradesmen. A cynic may assert that Pope discussed on riches in two epistles because he was himself very much obsessed by the lust for lucre. But the poem as a whole is yet a song of light raillery, delightful to listen to, filled with good intention and invigorated with poignant flavour between whiles.

As we have just seen, Pope gradually abandoned his serenely hortative attitude and came to indulge himself in satire during the progress of the *Moral Essays*, owing to his fierce indignation at the stupidity of men who were threatening to restore the reign of the darkness against God's precept *fiat lux*. Such a tendency is remarkable in his next series

of poems, *Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated* which begins with *To Mr. Fortescue*, an apology of a poet's status, until at last it reached its climax in the *Dunciad* which proved to be his swan song.

The original *Dunciad* in three volumes, however, was published in 1728, exciting many people to implacable hostility against Pope. By way of a counter-attack on them Pope published, in 1735, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue to the Satires*. As we have mentioned earlier, the poem contains autobiographical narratives and may be said to be a sort of *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, but it was mainly meant by Pope for silencing for ever Addison, the leader of his opponents in the contemporary literary circles. In the introductory passages Pope manifests his pride on his sovereignty over numerous minor poets and his firm self-confidence about his talent, though written in a rather light and smooth tone. Some of his rebukes against foolish critics are mild as in the *Essay on Criticism* and others are rough and personal as in the *Dunciad*. The outstanding passages in the poem are the lines cursing John Lord Hervey *alias* Sporus and those portraying Addison under the name of Atticus. The latter passage is devoid of vituperation but filled with stinging words which prick like a needle enwrapped in cotton wool, and makes a very successful picture of the moralist who was at once pusillanimous and tactful.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd,
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

193-214.

The satirical effect of the poem is consummated by the addition of the subjunctive clause, "if Atticus were he," after the writer has rounded off the whole portrait.

After the *Prologue* the main body consists of *Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated* and *Satires of Dr. Donne Versified*. The former consisting of six poems is pervaded with

the tone of indignation rather akin to Juvenal than to Horace, sometimes running to the extremes of personal abuses. As Warburton pointed out that these poems were not so much imitations as parodies, Pope utilized the old form for them as best as it fits the modern spirit, and for some poems adopted the outline of the original scrupulously and for others discarded it completely.

Satire I has a form of a dialogue between Pope and his assistant Fortescue. Here Pope declares his resolution to keep writing for life as "To Virtue only and Her Friends a Friend" though he is misunderstood and ignored by the public because of his frank objection to George the Second's court and Walpole's government. As his thought and emotion is well condensed in a short piece of one hundred and fifty-six lines, and the verse runs smoothly in forcible and speedy rhythm, this surpasses any other pieces in the series.

Satire II, To Mr. Bethel tells us about the incompatibility between health and luxurious food, and about an easy life of man living in a rented house; *Epistle I, To Lord Bolingbroke* is a mockery on people's struggle for riches and glory; *Epistle IV, To Mr. Murray*, on the same subject of vanity of the worldly competitions, teaches us *nil admirari*, saying "Not to admire, is all the Art I know, / To make men happy, and to keep them so."

The fifth poem, *Epistle I, To Augustus* is the longest but rather well arranged one and seems to have been written by Pope with particular zeal. Horace in his *Epistle to Augustus* extolled the Emperor for his generous patronage to poets, declaimed against citizens partial to Greek poets as well as against the aristocracy absorbed in play-going, and then pointed out that the moderns had merits superior to those of the ancients and were conducing very much to the moral improvement of society. Pope also addresses to George II, calling him Augustus, but, as the English king had no taste for literature at all, the whole poem sounds very ironical, to say nothing of sarcasm in the initial several lines directly speaking to the king. In its purport Pope also follows after Horace, reminding the public that their despise of the contemporary poets is grave offence. Here we can recognize Pope's serious attitude towards and lofty aspiration for poetry, similar to those exhibited in his earlier poem, *An Essay on Criticism*, taunting mediocre poets who cling to the skeleton of predecessors, however great they may be, and affirming that genuine poets must move men's heart.

But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree,
Spenser himself affects the Obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whatev'er he read at school.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,
 To know the Poet from the Man of rhymes:
 'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
 Enrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

338-347.

Though not so vehement as in the *Dunciad*, very impressive is the self-mocking cry towards the end with which Pope laments over the state of his contemporary society, where a depraved taste for play, both among the rich and the poor, loves only splendour and strangeness, those poets alone flourish who flatter the persons of rank and meet the vulgar predilection of the populace, and thus no one but a sprinkle of his friends understands the serious good intentions of Pope.

The last piece *Epistle II* goes back to the same theme discussed in the second and third poems and is written in an unusually mild tone. Based upon the argument that celebrity and obscurity or wealth and poverty in the earthly life are quite equivalent in the eyes of Death, he preaches the futility of strenuous endeavour towards material happiness, expresses thanks for his own situation just in the middle between the two extremes, and tells his delight in peaceful reading and meditation far from the madding crowd. By the way Pope here refers to the necessity of fastidious correction of words and phrases in writing verse in the light of his poetical experience for many years.

The two satires imitative of John Donne criticize a parvenue and a courtier respectively, and especially the second one contains bitterest words, but either is not a successful work. The *Epilogue to the Satires in Two Dialogues* (1738), however, is really a *tour de force* most suitable to crown the whole volume, in which Pope displayed his genius to the full. Roughly speaking it is an apology for satire, and Pope intended to attack not individuals but vice inherent in human nature, on the principle that a satirist should "Spare ... the Person, and expose the Vice." With firm self-reliance and self-assumption concerning a poet's responsibility, Pope declares as follows.

So proud, I am no Slave:
 So impudent, I own myself no Knave:
 So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
 Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.
 O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
 Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
 To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
 To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal;
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.

II, 205-219.

The poem is very similar to the *Dunciad* in that it tells about the English society where both courtiers and citizens are incessantly worshipping folly, reversing the standard of moral value. In the first dialogue a playful and graceful touch in the beginning is soon displaced by that of merciless raillery which continues up to the end. The famous passage describing the victory of vice, with allusions to the Book of Revelation and Hector and with a happy arrangement of epithets of colours, golden, scarlet, pale, and black, is teeming with ghastly magnificence, "a Dantesque quality of dreadful splendour and infernal exultation," as Professor Brower calls it.

Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
 And stoops from Angles to the Dregs of Earth:
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore:
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more;
 Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess;
 Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;
 In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
 Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
 Dragged in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold,
 Before her dance: behind her crawl the Old!
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore;
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
 At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law;
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
 "Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."

I, 141-170.

Those satires and epistles treat different subjects and are uneven in their merits, but to put it altogether, we may take them for Pope's protest against the actual state of society where vulgar literature was prevailing. They appeal to our emotion more strongly than the *Essay on Criticism* or the *Essay on Man* written more or less with a logical method of persuasion. Even if they contain some personalities, the reader of the present day having no concern with those persons reviled can admire and exult in Pope's dexterous skill of exposing their foibles, accepting them as types of human beings. We cannot readily agree with Mr. MacDonald who says Pope was "constitutionally unfit" for "a role of a moral reformer." Besides, these satires and epilogues of Pope are very important as preliminary steps to the *Dunciad*, one of the greatest English satirical poems.

Epilogue to the Satires ends with a line where Pope's friend asks him to "write next winter more *Essay on Man*," but it is an irony. On Pope's part, he found his duty in railing at the depravity of Court and political circles and the stupidity of the base writers who fawn upon men in power, no matter how cruel and undeserved misunderstandings and ill-treatments he might incur upon himself. At last there appeared *The New Dunciad* in 1742, and in the following year *The Dunciad* in four books formed the third volume of the *Works of Pope*, in which the hero was altered from Theobald to Cibber. As has already been mentioned, it is not only the last work of Pope but also the product of the very essence of his singular talent.

As W.P. Ker pointed out, the *Dunciad* has been made much of while the *Essay on Man* has been too apt to be depreciated. The immediate example to the poem was Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe* celebrating the coronation of a new king in the kingdom of folly. The comparison between the two poems is adequately summarized in Leslie Stephen's words,

Pope imitates many passages, and adopts the general design. Though he does not equal the vigour of some of Dryden's lines, and wages war in a more ungenerous spirit, the *Dunciad* has a wider scope than its original, and shows Pope's command of his weapons in occasional felicitous phrases, in the vigour of the versification, and in the general sense of form and clear presentation of the scene imagined.¹⁸⁾

To the eyes of Pope Folly was a monster with one hundred heads, so he thought the excision of its one or two heads alone of no use and undertook to combat and conquer the very monster raging in the then literary circles. Accordingly he made a butt for his shafts each of his rivals against whom he bore a grudge one and all, and poured venom upon them to his full content. But the poem is not so abusive all through as Humbert Wolfe interprets. Again, the abundance of vile words in the *Dunciad* was reprimanded by Joseph Warton, W.P. Ker and John Dennis, but it may be inevitable in satirical literature as another example can be found in *Gulliver's Travels*, and Strachey's defence comparing Pope with the French naturalist school is quite reasonable. The *Dunciad* is, as it were, an epic turned upside down, whose main purport lies in describing the world of void and chaos previous to God's creation, the world of darkness deprived of true wisdom. Here Pope does his utmost to awaken people to the right way of living, indicating to

them their hideous errors in a condescending and leisurely attitude. In this sense the *Dunciad* has something in common with the *Rape of the Lock*, and belongs to the category of mock-heroic poetry or burlesque epic. As Dame Sitwell points out, we should appreciate a sort of strange beauty in it just like that in the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* rather than devote ourselves to the admiration for a fierce indignation running through it.

Homer is said to have written a satiric verse with a dunce, Margites, for its hero before *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Pope was evidently conscious of Homer while he was engaged in writing the *Dunciad*. The title itself was imitative of *Iliad*. The adoration of Goddess Dullness, "Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night," the performance of several games before the Goddess, the prophecy in Elysium as to the future English nation, and other devices of old epic are often utilized by Pope. By the way Pope tells us that he borrowed or parodied sixty-five phrases from Virgil, twelve from Milton, seven from Homer and Ovid respectively, three from Dryden and so on, and according to Gilbert Wakefield's inquiry, Pope borrowed twenty more from Dryden, eleven more from Milton, five more from Homer and four more from Ovid and so on. While an orthodox epic glorifies virtues of valour, patience and wisdom and has a noble and grand style, the *Dunciad* extols stupidity, singing of the world of darkness and chaos, so that the reversion of the standard of value engenders a comic fascination of mock-heroic poetry. However, contrary to the *Rape of the Lock* filled with a warm atmosphere as of a flower garden in spring, the *Dunciad* makes us feel as if wandering in the wilderness late in autumn where dark clouds brood low and chilly winds creep from behind our neck.

I do not think it makes any difference to us present-day readers in appreciating the *Dunciad* whether the prototype of Bays favoured by Dullness and nominated her successor was Lewis Theobald or Colley Cibber. Be that as it may, Bays depicted by Pope is a representative of Grub Street writers scribbling away without any literary talent.

Swearing and supperless the Hero sate,
 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate;
 Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
 Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
 Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.
 Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
 Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
 Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
 That slipp'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
 All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit,
 Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
 In pleasing memory of all he stole,
 How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
 And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.

I, 115-130.

But what attracts our deeper and wider interest is less such portraits of one individual than descriptions of general affairs, for example, the disclosure of the innermost reality of literary circles in Book II and the exhibition of the current tendency of school education in Book IV. The former is narrated under the disguise of an athletic meeting sponsored by Dullness. In the foot race in which publishers join, the goal which they are expected to reach is "the phantom Moore," a statue of a huge bulk with a vacant head. It seems that in any age a really great writer is not readily recognized by publishers, and that a worthless doggerel merely decorated with melodious words is eagerly sought after in their keen competition. Another games in which writers vie with each other are those of making a noise and of diving into muddy water. The former game is an ironical reproof against poetasters who do not even know how to adjust their numbers rightly, filling heaven and earth with their simultaneous utterance of queer and harsh voices, each boasting of "the wond'rous pow'r of noise," without having either "Shakespeare's nature" or "Jonson's art." In terms of the second game Pope attacks those poets who are always abusing others out of jealousy against rivals and taking up ignoble events and scenes for their subject-matters, but I suspect Pope is in the same boat with them. A poet wins the first prize by staying longest beneath water while others soon rise up again or return no more from the abyss after their energetic plunge. The story of the realm of mud which a poet has seen at the bottom of the river is related as a parody of the story of Hades in *Odyssey* and *Aeneid*.

When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood;
 Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;
 Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
 And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
 Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
 Smit with his mien the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
 How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
 Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
 Vied for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
 As Hylas fair was ravished long ago.
 Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
 A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,
 That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
 And wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams,
 (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
 Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse)
 Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
 Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
 Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep,
 There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

II, 325-346.

Book III is a survey of the process of Dullness' enterprise to regain her former sovereignty in the primaeval age and her success in the oppression of all intelligence. Here Pope begins to turn his attack against petty scholars, and his raillery against those who prowl about for old documents in gothic letters without reading classics, or those who are engrossed in commentaries and collocations without being edified by the spirit of the ancient writers.

That Pope was not skeptical over the compatibility of Christianity and the then rising natural science but was satisfied with the sort of theology which seemed to reconcile the scientific laws with the way of God, we have already seen in the *Essay on Man*. Yet he could not connive at a natural historian's absolute unswerving devotion to the research of infinitesimal details in nature. Several lines depicting such monomaniacs in Book IV owe somewhat to the description of Laputan scholars in *Gulliver's Travels*, and Pope discharges a volley of invectives against some learned men who have lost humanity by spoiling their precious sight and reason during their hunt for plants, shells, birds' nests, toads, mushrooms, flowers, insects or others. Just as Wordsworth reproved a man who "botanizes upon his mother's grave," those who cannot comprehend nature as a whole and awake to a mysterious power pulpitating through nature were damned dunces in the eyes of Pope the poet.

Humanists who seconded the ancients in the controversy between the ancients and the moderns preferred "a proud scientism" to "humane wisdom," and Scholastics and virtuosi devoted themselves to the collection of facts unrelated with real benefit of man and society. Pope who denied their line of activity agreed with Shaftesbury who declared that knowledge of human nature and self is "Philosophy, which by Nature, has the Pre-eminence above all other Science, or Knowledge."¹⁹

Pope appears to have been proud of his learning he acquired through self-instruction, and we find it very interesting that he picked up the memorization in school education and the Continental tour of young noble or rich men as two objects of his castigation. It may be a truism today that teaching words apart from things to the young is a great error, howsoever words may be man's unique valuable possession given by God, but it argues Pope's deep insight that he pointed out this defect of school education in the early eighteenth century. He also objected to the opera on the ground that it was only full of sound and fury signifying nothing and appealed solely to the eye, not to the heart, of men by its emphasis on show. The Continental tour may be looked upon as a historical phenomenon that necessarily arose in England where the tide of the Renaissance reached later than Italy and France, but when it became stereotyped as a convention, it engendered more evil than good. As early as in the Elizabethan age, there was on everybody's lips a proverb "An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate." English tourists in Europe were not men of parts engaged in the study of arts and sciences, but wealthy young men accompanied by a tutor who did sight-seeing from place to place, learned only a dissolute way of life, and returned home "All Classic learning lost in Classic ground." This fashion, however, continued till the end of the century, as can be seen in Cowper's ironical passage in *The Progress of Error*. Pope's sketch of such a young traveller is very poignant.

Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display,
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
 Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
 Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
 To Isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;
 Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal Sense of Op'ras or the Fair;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all *hors-d'oeuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground:
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head.

IV, 293-324.

In the concluding lines Pope describes how Chaos won back her sovereignty and the world has been reduced to its ante-mundane state of darkness. These lines, regarding which Joseph Spence tells us that Pope himself loved to recite them, choking sometimes with a violent emotion, are filled with Miltonic grandeur, though written in heroic couplet, and form a flawless passage that glaringly glows radiating, as it were, black-coloured lights.

In vain, in vain — the all-composing Hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
 Of *Night* primaeval and of *Chaos* old!
 Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,

The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest:
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of *Methaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*!
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires.
 Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
 Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine*!
 Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word;
 Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
 And universal Darkness buries All.

IV, 627-656.

Referring to Spence's report on these lines, Johnson said "And well it might, for they are noble lines." In the present century J. W. Mackail, after quoting Thackeray's liberal encomium, added, "the admiration can hardly be called excessive, or the praise extravagant." John Dennis and Dr. Leavis are also as loud in their praise of the passage. We may humbly join to them, as they are by no means blind idolators who lavish nonsensical overpraise.

It is true the *Dunciad* contains what Leslie Stephen called "excessive vehemence" and "coarse abuse", its motive being to revenge himself upon Theobald and Cibber, but the work in its final form is not a collection of personalities but a satire upon the whole literary circles at that time, a reproach on the bourgeois society then rising into power, and moreover a ridicule upon various defects in human nature itself. Mr. Aubrey L. Williams defends the point as follows.

As Pope's personal enemies enter into his poem they are transformed, but the transformation is possible only by a falsification of their real personalities. The dunces are *not* altogether the same as they were in real life; they have been given a symbolic importance which they lacked in reality. A falsification of personality which, from a strictly moralistic point of view, may be considered reprehensible, can be seen, from a different point of view, as the very source of much of the poem's imaginative power.²⁰⁾

Though Pope meant to have written an epic in blank verse celebrating the great exploits of Brutus who is rumoured to have established a Troyan colony in the island of Britain,

we need not complain of its failure. The *Dunciad* is a work truly symbolizing the spirit of the age, the genius of the poet and that of his surroundings being melted together and crystalized into a big superb jewel.

I have said the *Dunciad* is akin to the *Rape of the Lock* in that it contains an element of mock-heroic poetry, but that it is opposite to the latter in respect of the spirit running through it. The invective mood enwrapped in the mock-heroic form endows the poem with a complex character and offers the cause of its being accused of inconsistency. But the greater cause of its inconsistency lies in the process of its composition, as Pope's intention underwent a vast change from the first edition of 1728 to the revised *Dunciad* of 1743. The plan was rather simple in the first edition where the hero was modelled on Theobald and Goddess Dullness was introduced as a machinery, but in the later edition Pope, following the example of Aeneas who founded a new country under Venus' protection, made it the main purpose of the poem to narrate how the Empire of Dullness was created in England through the infiltration of a vulgar spirit of townspeople into the Court and the aristocracy by the grace of the Goddess. Accordingly the correction of some words and phrases was not effective enough to eliminate the discrepancy between the old and new editions and bring out a new unity in the revised version of the *Dunciad*. Moreover, as Mr. Ian Jack points out, colloquial or vulgar idioms Pope had used in his *Satires and Epistles* and a grand style proper to a genuine epic were added to mock-heroic touches, thus producing what Warton called "one of the most motley compositions—in the works of so exact a writer." For these reasons the *Dunciad* lacks the simple unity we recognize in *Mac Flecknoe* of Dryden or in Pope's own *Rape of the Lock*. But it is beyond doubt that the *Dunciad* shows Pope's unique poetical talent as a vivid picture of the objective state of the society where the level of literary taste was degraded so low as to elect a poetaster to laureateship. Indeed the poem is by no means a mere selfish writing where Pope has ventilated complaints of his own misfortunes.

Until recent years people were apt to look over Pope's real intention concealed deep within the *Dunciad*, overwhelmed by numerous phrases of irony and sarcasm there contained. In Pope's opinion what is most important for a man was, as Socrates had averred over two thousand years ago, to know his own self, in other words, to rest contented in his belief in the Absolute above human beings. If man forgets this cardinal principle, he cannot be said to have improved at all, however much learning may have advanced and mountainous results in thousands of special fields have been heaped up since the dawn of civilization. Again, Pope as a poet vindicated the proper use of language and denounced the confusion and vulgarization of language as well as trifling with words apart from things. As can be understood from the derivation of the word "dunce" from Duns Scotus, a great theologian in the Middle Age, Pope's main purpose did not lie in gibing at foolish people, but in frustrating the modern spirit itself that ignores the essence of humanity and is threatening to bring back society to the primaeval darkness. Dunces in the poem play the same role as devils do in *Paradise Lost* and frame and carry out a plan of destroying the human race.

Looked at from this point of view, the *Dunciad* is not a random talk on topical literary problems, but a treatise on civilization relevant to whatever times and places so long as

human beings exist. Above all, we who live in the age which is even intimidated by the marvellously rapid progress of natural science, find in the poem many points that call for our grave reflection in order that we may build a new world civilized in the truest sense of the word. Though the *Dunciad* is by no means an accomplished work, it represents the climate of opinion in the first half of the eighteenth century as faithfully as Pope's another masterpiece, the *Essay on Man*.

To add a few words on the technique of the *Dunciad*, witty expressions and aphorisms peculiar to Pope conduce greatly to the general effect of the whole poem. To quote few examples,

Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave.

I, 14.

Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand.

I, 32.

While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.

I, 93-94.

And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

IV, 16.

The passage quoted earlier describing an image of a bulky poet is remarkable for its clever use of alliterative consonants, *m, d, b*. The following lines depicting an emulation in loudness of a voice combine consonants and vowels most fittingly and connect each proper noun with a common noun with the same initial consonant.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart,
And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.

II, 235-242.

The parody of famous four lines in Denham's *Cooper's Hill* (III, 169-172), and the passage modelling after old English verse to jeer at antiquarian Hearne (III, 185-188) also exhibit the masterful art beyond the reach of any other poets. By the way, Pope has been often charged with the offence of shutting up English language within a frame of an ornate and inane style, but it was poets in the latter half of the eighteenth century that abused poetic diction. Pope, succeeding to Dryden, contributed to making English plain and correct, and laid the foundation of the present-day standard English.

IV

Now that we have traced the poetical careers of Dryden and Pope, considering their

chief works one by one, we know that both of them were not continually engaged in composing satiric verse. But it is undeniable that as satiric poets they have attained fame and exerted influence upon their contemporary and succeeding poets.

Now, *satura* in Latin literature meant a genre of poetry which included various works "in which prevalent follies or vices are assailed with ridicule or with serious denunciation," according to a definition in *Oxford English Dictionary*. Well aware of this original meaning, Dryden wrote as follows.

...the word satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the Romans it was not only used for those discourses which decried vice, or exposed folly, but for others also, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to invective poems, where the very name of Satire is formidable to those persons who would appear to the world what they are not in themselves; for in English, to say satire, is to mean reflection, as we use that word in the worst sense; or as the French call it, more properly, *médiance*.¹⁾

We are prone to associate satire with personalities, but the two are actually different from each other. Satire has it in view to call readers' attention to the defects and abuses in society and induce them to undertake redress of social evils, even though some representative figures are picked up as objects of its denunciation. It is a warning by a poet to society, rooted in his moral sense which inspires him with abhorrence against wickedness and drives him to a task of rectifying injustice inherent in human nature — a moral sense which Pope explained as an impetus to writing satires.

Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of Good to Bad.

Epilogue to the Satires, II, 197-198.

Dryden is generally said to be closer to Latin poets than Pope, but it simply means that Dryden is broad and bold while Pope is fine and elaborate. It has little weight in deciding on the relative superiority of the two poets. Pope clarifies his purpose in writing satiric verse in his letter to Swift: "I have not the courage... to be such a satirist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires, libels: I would rather call my satires, epistles. They will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty, if they can, and content myself to be useful, and in the right." *Moral Essays, Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated* and the *Dunciad* are indeed not free from vehement personalities, but they are as a whole a criticism on society or life. Humbert Wolfe judged Pope is inferior to Milton because his genius of satire was genius of analysis and not of synthesis. It is true satire functions more on negative and destructive lines than on the positive and constructive lines, and it is incompetent to furnish us with wisdom in its deepest sense. But a poet living in the age of a social upheaval with collisions everywhere between new and old ideas and institutions, and who looks forward to the stable and prosperous coming age which is expected to rise from the present confusion, cannot but find satire the best poetical form to express his sentiments and reflections

in. Without neglecting Dryden and Pope miscalled poets of mere wit, we might as well appreciate their achievements by which they resuscitated the tradition of Latin satire in the climate of English literature, and congratulate them on their good fortune that they were endowed with genius most suitable to verse satire.

What does entitle a man to deserve the name of a man in the truest sense of the term? It is his virtuousness. What does qualify a society to be called civilized in the best sense of the word? It is morality pervading the whole society. Some philosophers, either in the East or the West, assumed that in the primitive age man and society stood on the apex of morality and the growth of artificial institutions has degenerated both. During the past few hundred years most thinkers advocated the idea of progress which takes it for granted that the world of man has been marching on a straight road from barbarism to higher civilizations age after age. Dryden and Pope belong to neither of those groups. They believed their contemporary English society, and, for that matter, literary circles too, were corrupt. It was their grave responsibility as a poet to awaken the public to the danger and to do their utmost to prevent further deterioration of man and society. Religion was either peacefully asleep or confounded by the invasion of science. Indeed science was introducing before people's eye various discoveries and inventions one after another. But Dryden and Pope were not so optimistic as to put their implicit confidence in the progress of science for the real happiness of mankind. Though man is ranked in a higher position than animals, he sits below angels. Man's intellect is a limited quality that cannot thoroughly understand God's providence. The first requisite of being a man is belief in God, as morality not propped by religion is unsteady and fragile. Our poets, though Dryden not before his later years, rested on their faith in Roman Catholicism which had lasted over sixteen hundred years working the salvation of millions of people in the West. As for a civilized age based upon lofty morality, they found its best example in Roman Empire in the reign of Augustus, though she was yet pagan. Led by the great emperor the Roman people enjoyed a gentle and polite life with abundant supply of good literature and art. It was this Augustan age, our poets believed, that the English people should exert their utmost efforts to follow the example of.

We moderns are all guilty of "Pride." As long as man is forgetful of his imperfect capacity, he can never turn the world into an earthly Paradise. Exploitations of all the treasures buried underground or travels through the universe to the moon and stars may bring new benefits and comforts to mankind, but while man remains arrogant and egotistic, bloody strifes will never come to an end upon the earth. Nothing is more detestable and despicable to most people than didacticism, yet the *raison d'être* of a few preachers is indisputable when a huge number of people are ignorant of the true meaning of what it is to be a man. Dryden and Pope had no intention to describe the beauties or mysteries of nature or to express joy and sorrow of their own in poetry, but were eager to make their poems serviceable to the improvement of society. As a matter of fact they are both in the same camp with Arnold who gave adverse criticism of their poetry, since they had ardently insisted that provincialism should be discarded, that classical literature should be admired, and that urbanity is essential to cultural society emancipated from anarchy. We must clear our mind as early as possible of the prejudice that their poetry

is bad because it was "conceived in their wit." God knows when the earth may crumble into pieces while people are enjoying their convenient and comfortable life with a self-satisfying conviction that "this is the best of all possible worlds" in a different interpretation of the phrase from that of Pope. When each man becomes virtuous and society becomes cultured, the earth itself turns into the Kingdom of Heaven. Because it may be a Utopian reverie, the more we are demanded to endeavour towards the realization of our ideal. Man has first to know himself, and then to recognize his proper role in society. After all has been said, it was this truth, at once commonplace and important, that poetry of Dryden and Pope reminds us of. It is no wonder that the reconsideration or reevaluation of them and neo-classicism has been coming into vogue since the early thirties of the present century. I am convinced their poetry has many lessons to teach us Japanese whose long literary tradition is barren of satiric and controversial verse, especially in the present day when not a small part of our nation are in slavery to egoism and forgetful of their responsibility as members of society.

Notes

I

- 1) Louis Cazamian: *L'Évolution Psychologique et la Littérature en Angleterre*, p. 16.
- 2) Matthew Arnold: *Essays in Criticism*, II, p. 92 & p. 96.
- 3) T. S. Eliot: *Selected Essays*, p. 291.
- 4) Donald Davie: *Purity of Diction in English Verse*, p. 1.
- 5) W. J. Bate: *From Classic to Romantic*, pp. 38-39.

II

- 1) quoted from Francis Watson's *Daniel Defoe*, p. 33; S. Johnson: *Lives of the English Poets*, I, p. 245 (World's Classics)
- 2) Louis I. Bredvold: *The Intellectual Milieu of John Dryden*, p. 10.
- 3) J. R. Lowell: *My Study Windows*, p. 266.
- 4) quoted from Kenneth Young's *John Dryden—A Critical Biography*, p. 218.
- 5) T. S. Eliot: *John Dryden: Three Essays*, p. 10.
- 6) W. P. Ker (ed.): *Essays of John Dryden*, II, p. 109.
- 7) D. N. Smith: *John Dryden* p. 56. Cf. "In the allegory which he took over and remodelled he found a powerful ally in the task of raising political satire to the level of high art." Ian Jack: *Augustan Satires*, p. 60.
- 8) W. P. Ker (ed.): *op. cit.*, II, p. 108.
- 9) Boris Ford (ed.): *From Dryden to Johnson*, p. 104.
- 10) Ian Jack: *op. cit.*, p. 73.
- 11) Kenneth Young: *op. cit.*, p. 120.
- 12) Sir Walter Raleigh: *Some Authors*, p. 162.
- 13) Thomas H. Fujimura: "Dryden's *Religio Laici*: An Anglican Poem," *PMLA*, June 1961.
- 14) Samuel Johnson: *op. cit.*, I, p. 328 (World's Classics)
- 15) *The Poetical Works of John Dryden*, p. xv (Globe Edition)
- 16) D. N. Smith: *op. cit.*, p. 86.

- 17) *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, VIII, p. 235.
- 18) I should like to refer those who are interested in Dryden's hymns to Frieda Brunner's dissertation, *John Drydens Hymnen*, Freiburg im Breisgau, 1931.
- 19) Cf. Mark van Doren: *The Poetry of John Dryden*, p. 192.
- 20) W. P. Ker (ed.): *op. cit.*, I, p. 240.
- 21) *ibid.*, I, p. 267.
- 22) *ibid.*, I, p. 268.
- 23) Edward Young: "An Essay on Lyric Poetry," *Poetical works*, II, pp. 21-22.
- 24) Louis Cazamian: *A History of English Literature*, p. 637.

III

- 1) quoted from Norman Ault's *New Light on Pope*, pp. 3-4.
- 2) Samuel Johnson: *op. cit.*, II, p. 323.
- 3) Cf. G. K. Hunter: "The 'Romanticism' of Pope's Horace," *Essays in Criticism*, Vol. X, No. 4, p. 404.
- 4) Cf. "Who doubts that the *Rape of the Lock* is Pope's most perfect work? It is one of the few things wholly without a flaw." W. P. Ker: *The Art of Poetry*, p. 95.
- 5) Edith Sitwell: *Poetry and Criticism*, pp. 15-16.
- 6) Aubrey de Sélincourt: *Six Great Poets*, pp. 66.
- 7) George Sherburn: *The Early Career of Alexander Pope*, p. 86.
- 8) "The truth is that the English classical couplet—unlike the French—had nothing conventional about it. On the contrary, it was the inevitable, the logical, the natural outcome of the development of English verse." Lytton Strachey: *Characters and Commentaries*, p. 287.
- 9) W. J. Courthope: "Life of Pope," *Pope's Works*, V, p. 48.
- 10) Cf. Austin Warren: *Pope as Critic and Humanist*, pp. 37 & ff.
- 11) T. S. Eliot: *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, pp. 18-19.
- 12) R. A. Brower: *Alexander Pope*, p. 208.
- 13) A. N. Whitehead: *Science and the Modern World*, p. 118.
- 14) Joseph Warton: *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*, 1728, Vol. II, p. 178.
- 15) W. L. MacDonald: *Pope and His Critics*, p. 134.
- 16) Cf. Leslie Stephen: *Pope*, p. 170; Wilson Knight: *Laureate of Peace*, p. 170; R. L. Brett: *Reason and Imagination*, p. 77.
- 17) Geoffrey Tillotson: *Pope and Human Nature*, p. 53.
- 18) Leslie Stephen: *op. cit.*, p. 121.
- 19) Earl of Shaftesbury: *Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times*, Vol. I, p. 292.
- 20) Aubrey L. Williams: *Pope's Dunciad, A Study of Its Meaning*, p. 5.

IV

- 1) W. P. Ker (ed.): *op. cit.*, II, p. 67.