sion was fatal to the bond, as every man must be supposed, in the estimation of the law, to endeavour to get into par­liament with the sole view of serving his country. As to the livings, they were not actually held, and no man can be said to relinquish what he never possessed. But the abandonment of the pecuniary advantages enjoyed by Young in the Exeter family at thc time the grant was made by the duke, was pronounced to be a consideration as legal as if money had been paid down. Thc chancellor therefore directed the arrears of his annuities to be paid out of the funds remaining in the hands of the trustees.

In 1719, he published “ A Paraphrase on a part of the Book of Job.” Of his seven satires, entitled “ Love of Fame, the Universal Passion,” we have not seen the original edi­tions, but they probably appeared between the years 1725 and 1728. The satires were followed by “ Ocean, an Ode,” occasioned by the new king’s speech, which recommends the encouragement of seamen to enter the service volun­tarily. This production he wisely excluded from the col­lection of his works. In 1728, he entered into holy orders, and was soon afterwards appointed chaplain to George II. His ode was preceded by some stanzas addressed to the king ; and this preferment was probably the reward of his loyalty. If his lyrical poetry improved his fortune, it added nothing to his reputation, for Young’s dithyrambics are the worst of all his writings. He now thought it suitable to his new character to withdraw from the players a tragedy entitled “ The Brothers,” which was already in rehearsal. This play he suffered to be performed many years afterwards, for the benefit of the Society for Pro­pagating Christianity in Foreign Parts ; but it met with little success, and he made up the profit to a thousand pounds. Soon after he assumed the character of a clergy­man, he published a prose work entitled “ A true Esti­mate of Human Life,” and a sermon preached before the House of Commons on the anniversary of King Charles’s martyrdom. The title of this discourse is “ An Apology for Princes, or the Reverence due to Government.” In 1730, Young produced “ Imperium Pelagi, a naval Lyric, written in imitation of Pindar’s spirit.” He did not escape the fate of Icarus ; and this nautical Pindaric, one of the many productions which the author refused to acknowledge as his offspring, was justly ridiculed by Fielding in Tom Thumb. During this year he was presented by his college to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. In 1731, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the earl of Lich­field, and widow of Colonel Lee. If he received any for­tune with this lady, which is probable, he must have been rendered very easy in his circumstances ; for, in addition to the emoluments of his living, it is inferred from the following couplet in Swift’s Rhapsody on Poetry, which was written soon after this period, that he had an allowance from the court.

Where Young must torture his invention To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

Wycherley and Addison found little felicity in splendid alliance; but Young was more fortunate in that respect, if we are to estimate the value of his wife by the vehemence of bis lamentations for her loss. That mournful event, which happened after ten years’ cohabitation, and some other family afflictions that befell him, gave rise to the Night Thoughts, the occasion of which poem, he says in his preface, “ was real, not fictitious.” Of this work the different portions were published from 1742 to 1744. “ The Centaur not Fabulous, in six letters to a friend on the life in vogue,” appeared in 1754. This performance is very rhapsodical and declamatory, and there appears in it a prose Lorenzo, who is called Altamont; a proceeding which, to use an illustration of Jeremy Collier, seems like cutting a diamond in two in order to double its value. The Centaur was followed, in 1759, by “ Conjectures on Origi­

nal Composition,” in a letter addressed to Richardson, in which are displayed all the fire and fancy of youth. In 1761, he was appointed clerk of the closet to the princess dowager of Wales ; and in the year following he published a collection of what he considered the best of his Works, in four volumes duodecimo. In the same year, when he was past fourscore, appeared “ Resignation.” When the early part of this poem was going through the press, he received the intelligence of the death of Richardson, who was print­ing it, and with whom he lived on terms of affectionate inti­macy. Resignation was written to console Mrs Boscawen for the death of the admiral, but he has dedicated several stanzas to the memory of the novelist. It is touching to hear the veteran poet complain, in the postscript to this production, that some critics had upbraided him with the failure of his powers. This judgment is equally savage and unjust, for Resignation has many stanzas that exhibit all the vigour and originality of his earliest productions. But commendation and reproach were soon to be alike indiffe­rent to him ; for, as the dying bard reminds Voltaire, then an old man also,

One who writes *Finis to* our works

Was knocking at the gate

This dreadful summons Dr Young obeyed in April 1765, having reached the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was buried under the communion-table of the church at Welwyn.

It is unnecessary to consider Young in the character of a lyric poet, as, in his attempts to rise to the level of Pindar, he has sunk beneath his own. His fame as a tragedian rests on the Revenge. Thinking a fair complexion less suitable to the European than to the African notions of diabolical malignity, Young has reversed Shakspeare’s arrangement in Othello, by making the villain a blackamoor and the noble dupe a white man. Young however has taken no­thing from Shakspeare but the general idea of exemplify­ing the effects of jealousy, stimulated by the machinations of pretended friendship. There is much passion in this tragedy, but there is also much rant and hyperbole. The character of Zanga is a favourite with those performers who are better provided with lungs than brains, and with those spectators who have a keener relish for “ sound and fury” than for nice touches of art and masterly strokes of character. Ridicule itself can scarcely heighten some of the extrava­gancies of this play. Zanga demands an eclipse of the sun on every future anniversary of the day on which he has received corporal punishment from Alonzo; a request which we must own is somewhat more modest than that of Bombardinian in Carey’s Chrononhotonthologos, who roars for the immediate dissolution of nature, to testify the divine displeasure at a box on the ear lent him by the king. It is remarkable that Young’s three tragedies all end with the obvious expedient of suicide. In the Night Thoughts, faults and beauties are scattered with almost equal prodi­gality. He is perhaps more deficient in judgment than any poet who has attained to the same degree of eminence. This deficiency appears in the Night Thoughts, by the per­petual blending of sublimity and epigrammatic point ; an error into which few poets are in danger of falling, but which we could wish that Young had avoided. There is also a palpable straining after effect in this poem ; much labour without art, and much smoke without fire. But if he often offends us by turgid exaggeration and mean con­ceits, he as often makes us amends by passages of true beauty and grandeur. Next to the Night Thoughts, the Universal Passion is Young’s greatest performance. But thc effect of these satires is almost neutralized by the lavish applause bestowed upon those to whom they are dedicated. The coarse fondness of Churchill for his pot-companions, and his ruffian swagger to all the world besides, are more edifying, because more disinterested, than the mean par-