WILLIAM BROOME
Ætat. XXXVII 1726.
Heins p. 1725.
G. Vertue Sculp.

THESIS SUBMITTED FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LETTERS
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

THE LIFE AND WORK OF WILLIAM BROOME, 1689-1745

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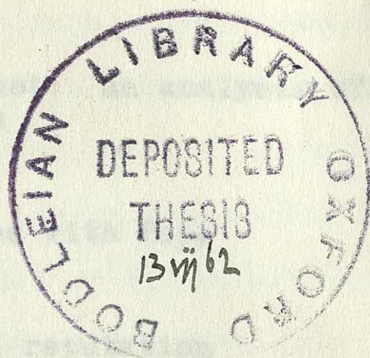

St. Anne's College
Oxford
Hilary Term
1962

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PREFACE

William Broome has attracted the attention of only a few biographers. For some time the main source remained Johnson's Life, which was freely plagiarised for the 'biographical memoirs' attached to later collections of English poetry. Further details were added by Nichols, and Cunningham's edition of Johnson's Lives; but the only attempt to write a new biography has been T. Worthington Barlowe's Memoir, printed in 1855. The article in the Dictionary of National Biography is an unfavourably biased repetition of the main facts.

In the present work a large amount of new material has been added to provide a fuller account of Broome's life. Extensive use has been made of Sherburn's edition of Pope's Correspondence and the excerpts from Broome's papers which appear in the edition of Elwin and Courthope. These papers have since been lost, and I have been unable to trace them; it has also proved impossible to make use of another source of MS. material, the papers mentioned by Cunningham as being in the possession of the Bunbury family. One previously unpublished letter from Pope to Broome has been discovered.

A comprehensive survey of Broome's poetry has also been attempted, and the first full catalogue made. I have not

been able to give the version of the Odyssey the attention of a classical scholar, but have tried to set it in its context among Broome's work.

ERRATA :

p.3. Johnson's Lives : The Lives of the English Poets , ed. G.Birkbeck Hill , 3 vols., Oxford , 1905 .
Pope's Works : The Works of Alexander Pope , ed.W.Elwin and W.J.Courthope , 10 vols., 1871-89 .

p.39. Insert in footnote :
Feb.1740,p.82 Odes 25, 54, 31, 52 .

Anecdotes:	Spence, J., Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters, of Books and Men, ed. S.W. Singer, 1820.
Correspondence:	The Correspondence of Alexander Pope, ed. G. Sherburn, 5 vols., Oxford, 1956.
Johnson's Lives:	The Lives of the English Poets, ed. W. Elwin and W.J. Courthope, 10 vols., 1871-89.
Spence's Essay:	An Essay on Pope's Odyssey: in which some particular Beauties and Blemishes of that Work are consider'd, 1726.

Chapter 1

EARLY LIFE

William Broome is now remembered only as one of the collaborators in Pope's translation of the Odyssey; he is looked on as a hack who was able to reproduce Pope's style so exactly that nobody could tell the difference, and references to him are usually patronising, if not disparaging. The entry in the Dictionary of National Biography by Edmund Gosse is scathing throughout, describing Broome as 'infatuated ... with admiration for Pope' and showing him as a petulant, childish and rather ridiculous figure. It concludes with this crashing denunciation:

> His early rudeness of manner gave way to a style of almost obsequious suavity, and his letters, though ingenious and graceful, do not give an impression of sincerity. Of his own poems not one has remained in the memory of the most industrious reader, and he owes the survival of his name entirely to his collaboration with Pope.[1]

I think that this is an unduly savage criticism. In the first place, it is a very insensitive appraisal of Broome's character as a writer and as a person, and I hope to show that he was not quite the tame lap-dog that Gosse describes. Secondly, the fact that Broome is only heard of because of

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1. 1908, ii. 1350.

the collaboration with Pope does not necessarily make him totally insignificant; to think this is to look at the matter entirely from Pope's point of view. Looked at from Broome's angle, the contact with the great man throws light on Pope in both his professional and personal aspects. The history of the personal relationship - an apparently genuine friendship shattered by mentions of Broome in the Bathos and Dunciad - shows up some of the complexities of Pope's character; the study of Broome's poems, which reproduce Pope's style so exactly but lack his vital spark, may lead to a clearer appreciation of Pope's genius.

The industrious reader can find one poem by Broome in the Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse, which may not remain in the memory but will almost certainly give pleasure.[1] Probably because of its charming lyrical qualities, his work was very popular towards the end of that century. He gives specimens of most of the Kinds of poetical writing - the Pindaric Ode, the Heroic Epistle, the Song, the Pastoral, the Compliment, the melancholy Night Thought, and in lieu of an Epic some lengthy translations of parts of the Iliad in the style of Milton. Broome can in fact be found interesting simply because of his very typicality - as a fairly intelligent person expressing his feelings in the conventional

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1. Page 187.

manner of the time - and this can lead to consideration of the effect of these poetic forms on personal expression and other questions of that nature.

Pope must inevitably loom very large in the following pages, but this should not obscure the fact that Broome's life up to 1727-8 shows a continuous rise from poverty to success - a success which was the result of hard work. He was born in the obscure Cheshire village of Haslington, near Sandbach, and baptised in its chapel on May 3 1689,[1] his father being named as Randle Broome. Johnson says that Broome had 'very mean parents';[2] the Admissions Register of St. John's College, Cambridge, describes Randle as 'agricola'.

It is difficult to find out much about the family. Broome is an exceedingly common name in Cheshire, but the branch to which William belonged lived in the south-east corner of the county, in the area containing the villages Haslington, Winterley, Sandbach, Barthomley and Betchton. From entries in the parish registers of these places it is possible to discover something about the poet's relatives. They formed a very large and old-established family; the

1. Probably by Joseph Cope, Rector of Sandbach c.1648-1662, who became an itinerant preacher and finally settled at Haslington, preaching in its Chapel. J.P. Earwaker, History of the Parish of Sandbach,1890, 48.

2. Johnson, Lives of the Poets, ed. G. Birkbeck Hill, Oxford, 1905, iii.75.

earliest common ancestor had married at Sandbach in 1582, and had held the small estate of 'The Brooke' at Betchton as a yeoman.[1] In the vestry books at Barthomley, the first date is 1663, the first Broome makes his appearance in 1664, and thereafter the name recurs frequently to the end of the eighteenth century.[2] Two members of the family were church-wardens at Sandbach in 1661.[3]

The Broomes were a conservative family, tending to name the sons after their fathers or grandfathers, and being particularly fond of the names Hugh, Thomas, and William; there is more than one Randle of the date suitable for fathering the William in whom we are interested. Thomas Helsby suggests that William was the son of a Randle, brother of a Hugh who died in 1675, and his opinion is shared by Earwaker.[4] Two other candidates belong to the next generation; Randle son of a Thomas who died in 1692, and Randle son of a William who died in 1704. These (Thomas and William) were brothers

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1. G. Ormerod, History of the County Palatinate and City of Chester, ed. T. Helsby, 1882, iii.298f.
2. E. Hincliffe, Barthomley, 1856, p. 107f.
3. As an inscription on a fallen roof-timber records. J.P. Earwaker, History of the Parish of Sandbach, 1890, 28n.
4. Ormerod's History, iii.299 note. J.P. Earwaker, History of the Parish of Sandbach, 1890, 278.

of the Hugh mentioned above. When they died, they did not mention a young nephew William in their wills, although between them they referred to more than twenty members of the family. It seems that the poet was just one of their numerous young grandsons, and not worth notice; and this points to the view that it was one of the later Randles who was the poet's father. Since Randle son of William received his father's estate at Winterley, just outside Haslington where Broome was baptised, and as one of the tendencies of the family was to name the child after his grandfather, it seems likely that the poet was descended from William.

From his own will, we know that he had a brother, Richard, and four sisters - Elizabeth, Margaret, Anne, and Sarah - living at the time of his death, and there had probably been others who had died in infancy. The family, judging by the amounts of money left as bequests, were reasonably successful as farmers: the patriarchal Thomas was exceptional in leaving an estate of £659, but his sons left on average £100-£150. This included livestock, a good deal of agricultural equipment and quite an amount of furniture. Ormerod says that the trade of the area consisted mainly of the selling of cheese; he adds, in his usual elevated prose, that

> In the districts of Barthomley ... the surface becomes varied with sufficient undulations and enriched with luxuriant timber; and the prospect is agreeably varied

> by numerous small streams, and in some instances ... by large natural sheets of water.[1]

It is not known where Broome received his first education, or how he managed to get into Eton in spite of his 'very mean parents'. The admissions register states that He 'stood for school in 1702, 1703', became a King's Scholar in 1704, and was admitted in 1705. He was then sixteen. Two years after arriving at Eton from the depths of rural Cheshire, he became Captain of the School. A clue to this achievement may be found in the words of Nichols, that while at Eton he was 'an excellent Greek scholar, and universally beloved.'[2] Undoubtedly he had gained his scholarship by the brilliance in classical studies which was the cause of his later fame.

The King's Scholars at Eton had the privilege of being the only persons eligible for election to scholarships at King's College, Cambridge. The election took place every year in July; the boys were then arranged in order of merit and the places at Cambridge filled as they became vacant. Thus a boy who had been elected might have to wait several months before being admitted to his scholarship; but he was

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1. _Op. cit._, iii.287.
2. J. Nichols, _A Select Collection of Poems, with Notes biographical and historical_, 1780, iv.283.

amply compensated by the privileges to which he became entitled. After a residence of three years, he was automatically elected into a fellowship, which he held for life unless he married or accepted a benefice. He could take his B.A. and M.A. without undergoing an examination of any kind.[1] Broome thus seemed assured of a secure career of scholarship at Cambridge - and there is no doubt that the life would have suited him very well. But by extraordinary bad luck, he waited a whole year without there being a vacancy for him, and was superannuated. Such a situation was exceedingly rare, having happened only twice before; it meant that Broome had to leave Eton, where he had been so successful, with his hopes of a settled career demolished. But at Eton he had not only been a scholar, but 'universally beloved', and it was no doubt his personal qualities, together with a natural sympathy for his bad luck, that led his friends to subscribe money to enable him to go to the university after all.

Broome applied to St. John's College - a natural one for a person in his position to choose, as it had a large number of scholarships, many of which were appropriated to special localities in the North of England. On July 3 1708 he was admitted as a subsizar, and he matriculated on the 10th.

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1. D.A. Winstanley, Unreformed Cambridge, Cambridge 1935, 189f.

Subsizars were the lowest rank of those admitted to the University. They paid very much smaller college and University fees, and received certain allowances. In return they had to act as servants in various ways, such as waiting at the Fellows' Table and acting as gyps to Fellows and fellow commoners. Until quite well into the eighteenth century, they dined off the leavings of the High Table; when this ceased, they ate after the rest of the College, and at a separate table. They were not allowed to forget that they were poorer than any other members of the College, and perhaps as a result of this hard struggle for existence, many of them achieved notable success in later life - Newton and Bentley are the most outstanding examples.[1]

Information about Broome's career at Cambridge is sparse, but some idea can be gained of the sort of life he lived during the years 1708-11. St. John's was the largest college throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, and thus the most powerful. Its only possible rival was Trinity, and the two were bitterly jealous. Other colleges tended to be somewhat lethargic and aimless, with the atmosphere of decaying preparatory schools. The misdeeds of eighteenth century Fellows have probably been exaggerated, but it is still true that drunkenness, gluttony and coarse

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1. Winstanley, _op. cit._, 201f.

manners were common to most senior members, who were convinced that their positions were absolute sinecures. The members of St. John's were distinguished by the name of 'Hogs', and this became a proverbial term: Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, 1796, gives 'members of St. John's College Cambridge' as one of the meanings of the word, and it even appeared in the 1830 edition of Flügel's English-German Dictionary.[1] Broome alludes to this, and other aspects of life in the college, in his first surviving poem, 'Epistola ad Amicum Rusticantem, scripta vere ineunte Cantab. 1709': he describes how the don, while drinking,

'revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.'[2]

And he ends:

Hic Johannensi latitans sulli
grunnio, scribens sitiente labro,
aut graves haustus, inimica Musis
pocula, duco.[3]

Another distinction given to the members of the college was that of making the best puns. This is the subject of a letter printed as Spectator 396 (June 4 1712) from a member of the college who signs himself Peter de Quir. He begins by declaring that 'The monopoly of puns in this university

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1. C. Wordsworth, Social life at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century, pp. 678, 680.

2. 23f.

3. 73f.

has been an immemorial privilege of the Johnians' and goes on to suggest the origins of this:

> It is notorious ... that it must be owing chiefly to the use of brown jugs, muddy belch, and the fumes of a certain memorable place of rendezvous with us at meals, known by the name of staincoat hole: for the atmosphere of the kitchen, like the tail of a comet, predominates least about the fire, but resides behind and fills the fragrant receptacle above mentioned. Besides, it is farther observable, that the delicate spirits among us, who declare against these nauseous proceedings, sip tea, and put up for critic and amour, profess likewise an equal abhorrence for punning, the ancient innocent diversion of this society.[1]

A particularly well-known maker of puns was Dr. Tudway, the Professor of Music, who set Broome's poem 'The Parting'. On July 20, 1706, he was deprived of his degrees and offices for making a bad pun about Queen Anne - but restored six months later. Fenton mentions him to Broome as still punning in 1726, just before he died.[2]

On March 25 1711 the Master of St. John's, Humphrey Gower, died. He died unmarried, having been Master for thirty-one years - the longest in the history of the college. He was a haughty and proud man: the diary of Abraham de la Pryme in 1690 records:

> It was him that first brought up the haveing of terms in the college, without the keep of every one of which we can have no degrees. He came from Jesus

1. The disease apparently spread to London: v. J. Baker, God's Revenge against Punning. Shewing the miserable fates of persons addicted to this crying sin, in court and town... 1716.
2. Correspondence, ii.380 and note.

> College to be Master here, and he was so sevear that he was commonly called the divel of Jesus; and when he was made Master here some unlucky scholars broke this jest upon him - that now the divel was entered into the herd of swine; for us Jonians are called abusively hoggs.[1]

In contrast are the remarks of the exemplary Ambrose Bonwicke, who describes Gower in a letter written the day after his death as 'the honour of this college and the University' and says that there was 'sorrow to be seen on all faces, except in those youths who thought he held the reins too tight.' He adds 'we are ordered to make verses upon the melancholy occasion.'[2] It is not known which view Broome took of the matter, and unfortunately his verses do not seem to have survived. Gower's successor was a Dr. Robert Jenkin who had resigned his preferment in 1690 for reasons of conscience, but had changed his opinions and taken the oaths to Queen Anne in 1711. His conduct caused much distress to his old friends, distress which became alarm when he began enforcing the taking of oaths, which Gower had allowed to lapse:[3] the culmination was 'the fatal January 21st' 1716-7 when twenty-two Fellows were ejected. Cambridge continued Anti-Hanoverian for many years, and while Broome was there

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1. The Diary of Abraham de la Pryme, published by the Surtees Society, 1870, 20.

2. Quoted in T. Baker's History of St. John's College, ed. J. Mayor, Cambridge, 1869, ii.999.

3. He survived an indictment for this in 1693 'to the wonder of the court'. Mayor, op. cit., 998.

the High Tory faction must have been strong. The diary of Abraham de la Pryme for 1695 describes a group of Jacobite Fellows at St. John's who 'would talk openly against the Government' and pray for King James.[1]

Broome was given as Tutor the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D.D., who had himself been a sizar of the college. According to Cole, he enriched himself after becoming a Fellow by indulging in what is sinisterly called 'pupil-mongering'. He is described as an energetic man who formed a large library, so presumably Broome received a fairly good education under him - good enough for him to ghost-write two Latin poems in a congratulatory volume for Edmund Waller, a senior member of St. John's, and his tutor himself.[2] A description quoted by Johnson supports the picture of Broome continuing to devote himself to scholarship: the informant was Cornelius Ford, who for some time shared a room with the poet. From 'an excellent Greek scholar' he had become

> ... a contracted scholar and mere versifier, unacquainted with life, and unskilful in conversation.

However Johnson adds

> When he had opportunities of mingling with mankind, he cleared himself, as Ford likewise owned, from great part of his scholastic rust.[3]

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1. Op. cit., 70.
2. Gratulatio Academiae Cantabrigiensis de Pace, Cambridge, 1713.
3. Johnson, Lives, iii.75.

Ford also adds a new element in Broome's character to his description, saying that 'His addiction to metre was then such, that his companions familiarly called him POET.' In fact it was while he was at Cambridge that Broome began a period of great poetic activity which lasted until the publication of his collected works in 1727. Apart from the Latin 'Epistola', written in 1709, there are three poems dated 1710, and five more were printed in Pope's *Miscellany* of 1712: five more were produced for a different *Miscellany* of 1714, and a further six for another edition of Pope's *Miscellany* of 1717. Fifteen other poems appear for the first time in Broome's collected works, and before this date he had also written four poems which for some reason were not included. He contributed three Latin poems to the congratulatory volume already mentioned, and from this time on continued to devote himself to both scholarship and poetry, on many occasions combining the two.

Broome took his degree in January 1711-12, having completed the necessary ten terms of residence, performed the four exercises (syllogistic debates) and gone through the more informal examination. He continued paying his dues and received his M.A. in due course in July 1716. After four years as an M.A. one was required to choose between the Faculties of Divinity, Law and Medicine; if one chose Divinity, one was called on in order of seniority to take

one's turn in the public disputations as long as one's name was on the books; in the Faculty of Law, there were no such requirements. It was only necessary to wait patiently for seven years to pass. Despite his ordination, Broome preferred the easier way, and was created Doctor of Civil Laws at the time of the visitation of George II in 1728.

The ordination must have taken place some time during 1712 or 1713, for Broome received a living on March 3 1713-14.[1] It is not very clear where he spent the two years between taking his degree and moving into his parish; they were apparently financed to a certain extent by his writing, for not only did his poems appear in Pope's Miscellany of 1712,[2] but he also made a contribution to a new translation of the Iliad which came out in the same year. In addition, he had made acquaintance with Pope personally, and was later asked to assist with the preparation of the Notes to his far superior translation. The meeting took place at the house of Sir John Cotton at Madingley, three miles from Cambridge;[3]

1. Liber Institutorum, Norwich Cathedral Archives.
2. J. Nichols, Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, revised edn., London, 1814, viii.304: 'Mr. Christopher Pitt, Mr. Broome, Mr. Fenton, Mr. Walter Harte, and Mr. Somervile, condescended, (as Mr. Pope had done before them) to receive liberal payments for their several contributions to Lintot's "Miscellanies".'
3. Johnson, Lives, iii.76; Nichols, Select Collection of Poems, iv.283; The Dedication to The Mohocks, 1712, by Gay, is signed 'W.B.' but the style is not that of Broome.

but there are no surviving letters which can be placed before 1714. The friendship lasted - with various interruptions - until about 1736.

Broome's first parish was the village of Sturston in Suffolk.[1] It was a living in the patronage of Charles Cornwallis.[2] The formal letter of recommendation to the Bishop is also signed by Thomas Marriott, a member of the family who had taken over the Hall from 'the knightly Family of the Castletons'[3] and who were all friends of Pope from his Binfield days. A letter from Pope to Mrs. or Miss Marriott dated 28 February 1713-14[4] quotes the play Jane Shore to describe Sturston:

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1. The name of this place varied until recently between the forms 'Sturston' and 'Stuston'. To avoid confusion with Stuston in Norfolk, it seems best to use the name in general use at present.

2. Charles, 5th Baron, 1700-62, created Earl Cornwallis 1753.

3. J. Kirby, The Suffolk Traveller, 2nd edn., London, 1764, 180: 'STUSTON. The Hall is a good old seat, and did belong to the Knightly family of the Castletons; after that to the Mariots; then it was purchased by Samuel Traverse, Esq.'

4. Correspondence of Alexander Pope, ed. Sherburn, Oxford, 1956, i.211.

My friend, Mr. Rowe, in his new play has a description that puts me exceedingly in mind of Sturston:-

> Far from the crowd and the tumultuous city
> There stands a lonely but a healthful dwelling
> Built for convenience, and the use of Life.
> Around it, fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
> A little garden, and a limpid brook,
> By Nature's own contrivance, seem dispos'd;
> No neighbours, but a few poor simple clowns,
> Honest and true; with a well-meaning priest.

By this well-meaning priest, I mean Mr. Brome, who, Mr. Marriot tells me, is to minister unto you.

Broome too became on friendly terms with the Marriotts, as various letters in his correspondence with Pope show.[1] Rowe's idyllic picture of the rural scene is more or less realistic. Sturston is now - and doubtless was then - a very small straggling collection of houses and farms in the depths of North Suffolk, with a small church having a Saxon round tower. According to the Terriers of this date, the church lands amounted to a total of 25 acres 1½ roods, mostly in scattered fields of half an acre. It cannot have been a particularly rich parish.[2] However, Broome's prospects soon improved, and the sequence of events can be followed in the Parish Register.[3]

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1. Broome's poem 'On Death' is dedicated to Thomas Marriott, 'as a monument of the long, and sincere friendship I have born you.'
2. Kirby, op. cit., 1764, says that its value 'in the King's Books' was £6.16.8.
3. Ipswich and East Suffolk Record Office.

In January 1711-12 Broome had received his B.A. On August 12 1712 a Mrs. Ann Brame was buried in a specially made vault in the South porch of Sturston church. On November 6 her daughter, Elizabeth, was married to Henry Clarke, gent. The following June he made his will, and on January 6 1713-14 he was buried beside his 'late dear Mother-in-law'. In his will he left all his lands in Sturston to his widow. In March of that year Broome arrived in the parish, and on December 4 he witnessed the will of Henry's brother John Clarke, which left all his lands to Elizabeth. John died in May 1716, and two months later - on July 22 - Broome married Elizabeth Clarke. There has, naturally enough, been some criticism of Broome after this event, and Gosse (while getting the dates mixed) is characteristic:

> He married Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke, a wealthy widow, on 22 July 1726, and for the rest of his life, he enjoyed something like opulence.[1]

Nichols makes a strange charge:

> At Sturston he married a Lady who had a good fortune, which enabled him to take the Degree of LL.D. when the King went to Cambridge, April 25 1728.[2]

This is obviously nonsense - Broome took the degree at the normal time, and after the publication of the Odyssey he had plenty of money of his own. There is however no doubt that his wife's money was useful to him, as he would have found

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1. D.N.B., ii.1349.

2. Select Collection of Poems, iv.285.

it difficult to live on his tithes alone - and there is equally little doubt that she was a wealthy woman. The Clarkes were a well-to-do family: the Terriers drawn up by Broome mention several lands bounding those of the church as belonging to Henry Clarke - later to Elizabeth Clarke - later still to William Broome. The 1723 Terrier also mentions a house, once Henry Clarke's now William Broome's. Henry's will left a total of £127 in monetary bequests, together with lands in Sturston and various neighbouring areas, and a quarter share in the Pig alehouse at Bury St. Edmunds. Elizabeth through the wills of Henry and John received the greater part of all this. One of the Clarke sisters had married Philip Castleton, the brother of Sir John Castelton of the noble family mentioned above.

The sneer that Broome married Elizabeth Clarke purely for her money is put in doubt by the question of the ages of the various people involved. The available evidence points to the Clarke marriage as one between a young girl and a middle-aged man; Elizabeth lived until 1750. There were several Clarke brothers: Osmund was born in 1664, John in 1666, and Edward in 1670. John died in 1716 aged 50, Osmund not until 1739, Edward at some time before John. We can assume that Henry was born at some time between 1660 and 1670, and was therefore at least over forty at the time of his

marriage. On the other hand, Broome, married at twenty-seven, was probably much closer to his wife in age.

The Sturston Parish Register remains the main source of information on the events of Broome's domestic life. The marriage began as it was fated to continue - with the death of a child. The first son, William, was born and baptised on February 16 1716-17, and buried the following day. Broome made the entry in the Register in sprawling, disordered handwriting, and added the words: 'He was untimely born.' On October 1 1718 Ann Broome was born, and on December 5 1722 a second daughter, Elizabeth. But Ann died in October 1723, and Elizabeth in March 1725, while Broome was absent from home. On his return he wrote to Cornwallis: 'To speak the truth, the pain I feel proceeds from the opening of an old wound, and from making it bleed anew.'[1] It was this wound which prompted the characteristic preoccupation with physical death found in so many of his poems; and it may not be too fanciful to say that it also prompted Broome's curious personification of Death as female. One child, however, did survive. Charles John was born on March 19 1726, and had a formal christening on May 1, his three sponsors being Cornwallis and his sister Mary, and John Holt of Redgrave Hall. The child was named after his male god-parents. Cornwallis had by this time

1. Quoted by Elwin, Pope's Works, 1872, viii.69 note.

added another living to Broome's income - that of Oakley, a village just over a mile away, and made Broome his official Chaplain. This involved taking services at Brome Hall, the Cornwallis country seat, and again only a mile or so from Sturston; the private chapel is said to have contained a 'beautiful Gothic Screen', its seats were provided with silk cushions, 'and that for the minister was lined with purple.'[1] John Holt was the nephew and heir of Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice under King William: in 1723 he had married Lady Jane Wharton, sister to the Duke. To her, Broome dedicated his early poem 'The Rosebud'; to her husband, a long work on the war in Flanders.

These years - 1726 to 1728 - mark a significant point in the progress of Broome's life. They mark the summit of his achievement in many fields. In his Church career, he was raised to the wealthy livings of Eye, Suffolk and Pulham, Norfolk and was able to resign those he already held. In the field of scholarship, he had gained prestige from his Notes to the Odyssey; his poetic career had culminated in the publication of his collected works. Personally, he had achieved a healthy child - and one can see what this must have meant to him. This son's godparents show that Broome

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1. Anon., A short guide to the memorials in Brome Church, Suffolk, Diss, 1938, p. 48.

was on good terms with those eminent in local society - and he enjoyed the flattering friendship of Pope and his assistance with his poetry. Broome felt himself so much to be on the crest of a wave that he commissioned a portrait of himself by the very minor, but apparently adequate, artist Heins.[1] It shows him dressed in his ecclesiastic robes, wearing a short curly wig; the face is plump, the eyes soft and warm, the whole expression amiable. It is a pleasant face, but the mouth might be called a trifle too sweet. Certainly it is the face of one who 'never wrote a single line in my own cause'[2] after his abuse by Pope.

In the following chapters I shall examine various aspects of Broome's work in detail, before returning to mention the events of his life after 1727.

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1. Bromley's Catalogue of Portraits, 1793, Period VIII, Class IV.

2. Correspondence, iii.478.

Chapter 2

BROOME AS A SCHOLAR:
Translations other than the Odyssey

Throughout his life, Broome thought of himself as both a scholar and a poet. His early talent was clearly in the former field; at Eton and at Cambridge his time was spent in study of the classics and he made his first known attempts at poetry in Latin, in the 'Epistola' already mentioned. His work first appeared in public in 1712, the year in which he came down from St. John's, and the form in which it did so was an omen of the future. He was one of three collaborators in a translation of the Iliad.[1]

The main part of the work was done by Ozell (Books 1-9) and Oldisworth (Books 16-24). Broome's six Books are contained in Volume 3. The production is a translation of

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1. The title page reads: THE ILIAD OF HOMER, With NOTES. To which are prefix'd, A large PREFACE, AND THE LIFE OF HOMER, BY Madam Dacier. Done from the French by Mr. OZELL; and by him compar'd with the Greek ... LONDON: Printed by G. James, for BERNARD LINTOTT ... MDCCXII. It will be seen that no mention is made of any collaborators. They only make their appearance in the title pages of their own volumes.

Madame Dacier's Homer - notes, preface, life of Homer and all. The title page of each volume assures the reader that the text has been 'compar'd with the Greek' by the translator concerned. Ozell added a short Preface in which the work was dedicated to Steele and various previous translations were criticised, mainly on the basis of inaccuracy forced on the poet by the rigid requirements of rhyme:

> When a Man is ty'd down to Rhyme, he is often, without the greatest Care in the World, forc'd to wander from the Sense of the Author whom he translates. Thus Ogilby, in his Translation of Homer, calls the Crown of Thersites's Head, his Chin, for Rhyme's Sake, and compares Paris to a Steer, because it jingles to Deer ...[1]

But there are more serious objections to rhyme being used in a translation of Homer:

> I have long entertain'd a Notion, that in all Translations Regard ought to be had, not only to the Sense of the Original, but to the very Manner of the Composition, which ought to be resembled as near as possible, and not a new one introduc'd. Blank Verse, therefore, seems to be the only proper Measure for an English Translation of Homer. By this, the Translator may end his Line with long Words, of two, three, or sometimes four syllables, which is one of Homer's Beauties, and which can't be done so well in Rhyme. By this too, the Thought has more Room to turn itself in, as being capable of Extension beyond Rhyme ...[2]

Ozell continues this eloquent attack with a declaration that rhyme is 'too effeminate to express the Masculine Spirit of

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1. [A5V]
2. [A5]

Homer' and a forthright statement that 'The French versification, especially that of the Heroic Sort, is intolerably tedious.'[1] After this bold and original Preface in favour of blank verse, it is extremely disconcerting to find that the translation is in prose. But after reading a page one finds that the prose has a certain rhythm, and one notices the eccentric capitalization of prepositions with growing suspicion. A careful study reveals the fact that the version is in blank verse after all, but printed as prose. It is not possible at this distance to say why this happened - the compositor's copy must have been in blank verse lines, for the correct capitalization of each line has been preserved, as have metrically necessary abbreviations: as in this extract from Book 10, by Broome:

> As when the gloomy Thunderer prepares To drown the World with Deluges of Rain, Or sends his stormy Hail, or fleecy Snows, To cloath the Surface of the hoary Earth; Or when he's ready to excite to Arms Two Nations, and disclose the Jaws of War; Thro' all the Heav'ns the dreadful Lightnings play, Nor cease, nor pause, but Flash succeeds on Flash: So, when Atrides meditates the War, Sighs after Sighs burst from his manly Breast, O'ercast his Look, and shake his very Soul.[2]

The situation becomes even more extraordinary when it is explicitly stated on the title pages of the Second and

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[A4V]

1. The assertion that rhyme is too 'effeminate' is echoed by the Rev. S. Langley in the Preface to his blank verse version of the <u>Iliad</u>, 1767, page xv.

2. iii.4f.

Third Editions (as it had not been on that of the First) that the work was 'Translated from the Greek into Blank Verse', and we find that the text is still printed as prose, with apparently no protests from any of the authors, or from Bernard Lintot, the publisher - though not the actual printer. But the whole production of the later editions seems to have been muddled: title pages are wrongly set, and there are some odd dates on many of them. Volume 1 of the Second Edition is dated 1714, and Volume 2, 1719; Volumes 3, 4 and 5 are dated 1722, but proclaim themselves as 'The THIRD EDITION'. In fact, the true Third Edition appeared in 1734.[1] Presumably the later volumes of the Second Edition appeared so long after the others that Lintot felt it advisable to pretend that they were new.

The translation itself is adequate but unexciting - the diction is refined and unimaginative. Broome's portion is neither better nor worse than the rest - in fact as in Pope's Odyssey his part is indistinguishable from that of the other two collaborators. Neither Ozell nor Oldisworth make any use of the advantages of the blank verse line as set out in the Preface, and it seems impossible to believe that Pope's

1. The type was set up from the 2nd Edition text, but differences in the type ornaments prove that it did not use up old sheets. Yet another odd feature of the later editions is that they both retain the pages advertising books offered for sale by Lintot in 1712 - though admittedly there are a couple of alterations in the edition of 1734.

version could ever be thought inferior to this production: but an advertisement in the Weekly Medley, 20 September 1729, affirms that 'Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.' Since both Toland and Gildon had appeared in the Dunciad, their statement can be seen as one more incident in Pope's battle with Grub Street; characteristically, he printed the advertisement as a footnote in the 1736 edition of the poem.[1]

Parts of Broome's version are interesting in that they can be compared with his later work: he translated large parts of Books 10 and 11 'in the style of Milton' at some time before 1727, obviously revising the earlier version. There is a definite improvement: the passage quoted above, for example, has a breathless, diffuse quality which reads like a literal translation, but the same lines are rendered in 1727:

> As when with rising Vengeance gloomy Jove
> Pours down a watry Deluge, or in Storm
> Of Hail or Snow commands the goary Jaws
> Of War to roar; thro' all the kindling Skies,
> With flaming Wings on Lightnings Lightnings play.[2]

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1. Pope at one time 'framed a design of writing an epic poem', and 'it has appeared that [he] intended to have written this poem in blank verse'. Warton, Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, 4th edn., 1782, i.289, 292 note.

2. 4ff.

Eight lines have been tightened to five, and the placing of the caesura and general rhythm of the verse is far better handled. Both translations are trying to be Miltonic, but the second, by even a slight reworking, is more successful:

1712: The Darkness which involv'd the Earth and Air,
Conceal'd him froom their Sight; but yet on high,
They heard the Clangor of his sounding Wings ...

1727: ... the ambient Gloom
Conceals him from the View, but loud in Air
They hear the Clangor of his sounding Wings ...[1]

Broome must have been flattered by his impressive appearance in print - 'Illustrated with 26 CUTS, copy'd by the best Gravers, from the Paris Plates design'd by COYPEL.'[2] Both Ozell and Oldisworth were fairly well-established translators of a minor kind.[3] Lintot said of the latter: 'I'll say that for Oldisworth, (though I lost by his Timothy's), he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England.'[4] Broome's career continued with the Gratulatio Academiae Cantabrigiensis of 1713, mentioned in the previous chapter; he was one of 113 contributors. Only one poem - 39 lines of hexameters - is named as his.[5] It is character-

1. 1712, iii.20.
2. The price was 12s.6d. For translating 3 Books, Lintot paid Ozell £10.8s.6d. J. Nichols, Literary Anecdotes, 1812-15, viii.299.
3. G. Jacob, Poetical Register, 1720, i.198: 'Mr. Ozell has obliged the world with a great many valuable translations.'
4. Correspondence, i.373 ([November 1716]).
5. [T2V]

istic that even in a Latin work on the Treaty of Utrecht Broome produces a long stanza of natural description:

> Sic ubi Tempestas spumosum verberat aequor,
> Austerque, Zephyrisque tonat, creberque procellis
> Africus, ad caelos montes volvuntur aquarum,
> Littora tunsa procul resonant, furit aestus arenis.
> At Venus arquoreis subridens emicat antris
> Fragrantique sinu ambrosios diffundit odores,
> Protinus aspectu Divae Maria alta residunt,
> Blandaque tranquillo decumbunt aequora somno.[1]

And here too he shows a delight in the onomatopeic values of words which is typical of his other poems - a delight which in all probability came from his early preoccupation with classical verse, which is characterised by care in the economical selection and placing of words.

Evidence that Broome acted as a 'ghost' for two other poems in this volume is provided in a letter from Pope dated October 5 [1727]:

> I thank you for informing me what share you have in those verses which pass under other names, it seems, among those of Cambridge - not only the whole poem of Waller, but those twelve stanzas of alcaics that end another. I like these last particularly.[2]

The poem by Waller consists of 8 Sapphic stanzas,[3] signed by Edmund Waller M.D., of the college of St. John's - a senior member who apparently could not be bothered to turn out the

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1. 14ff.
2. Correspondence, ii.449.
3. [Flr]

required verses. The alcaics, by a process of elimination, must be those in a poem signed by Christopher Anstey, Broome's tutor.[1] The work is addressed to Matthew Prior, who is mentioned in Broome's two other poems on the Treaty - not only because he had played a vital part in the secret negotiations, but because he was a former member and later a Fellow of St. John's:

> Huic Musa sacro Te insereret Choro,
> Priore, Nostri gloria ...

The work ends up as a list of all those who deserve praise - Harley, Bolingbroke, Marlborough, Ormond and others. It is hard to see why Pope liked these stanzas 'particularly'.

Broome's work next appeared in a very minor volume of poems and translations published in 1714.[2] The book contains three poems by Eusden, five by Broome (of which two are translations) and a few miscellaneous works. The two translations are from Boethius, and the passages are those which would have appealed to a young poet.[3] The first is mainly a piece of natural description, of a kind which becomes familiar as one reads Broome's works:

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1. [Kkr]
2. ORIGINAL POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS. By Mr. HILL, Mr. EUSDEN, Mr. BROOME, Dr. KING, &c. Never before Printed ... LONDON, Printed for E.CURLL ...
3. 'It may be observed in general, that description of the external beauties of nature, is usually the first effort of a young genius'. Warton, Essay on Pope, 1756, p.37. Pope also translated part of 'De Consolatione Philosophiae': v. Minor Poems, Twickenham edition, vol. 6.

He saw whence *Phoebus* his bright Beams displays,
And whence the waning Moon her trembling Rays,
How they succeed to give alternate Light
In the sweet Order of the Day and Night;
Why the vast Desarts of the Sky unfold
Their glittering Spangles of sidereal Gold:
Why shining Orbs melodiously advance
In tuneful Measures of their mystick Dance ...[1]

There is a real feeling for words here, and each syllable has been carefully placed to yield the maximum musical effect. The second piece describes Orpheus and his lovelorn sufferings:

Who was not mov'd, if Grief has Pow'r to move?
Who pity'd not, if Pity's due to Love?[2]

Broome's opinion of these verses evidently declined in the following years, for they were never republished in any edition of his poems - nor does any later editor seem to have known of them. The first passage, however, was reworked and in various forms makes an appearance in several later poems. The three other poems in this volume (not translations) were reprinted by Broome.

As mentioned in the previous chapter, Broome had been introduced to Pope in 1712, and his verses had appeared in Lintot's *Miscellany* of that year. The first surviving letter of their correspondence, however, cannot be placed earlier than 1714. It urges Broome to obtain more subscribers to

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1. 11 ff.

2. 36-7.

the Iliad, particularly from Cambridge, and then goes on:

> If you have leisure, and can engage, without failing me, to read over in order the commentaries of Eustathius, on the first four Iliads, and to place a mark upon all the notes which are purely critical, omitting the grammatical and geographical and allegorical ones, you will oblige me particularly by informing me. I should be glad you had time to translate them afterwards, and should think myself under an obligation to pay you a lawful tribute for the time you spent in it.[1]

This is the first mention of work which was to occupy Broome for much of the time until the publication of the final volume of the Iliad in 1720. Apparently he shared the labour with Parnell at the start, and then these two dropped out for a time,[2] while a Cambridge undergraduate called Jortin took over. This we know from his own account, which appears in Nichols' Literary Anecdotes,[3] and from a letter to Pope from Fenton which is among the Homer MSS. in the British Museum. Fenton tells Pope that he has 'sent word for him to finish the seventeenth Book and to send it to you with his Demands for his trouble. He engageth to complete a Book every Month 'till Christmass; and the remaining Books in a Month more, if you require them.'[4] But the efficient

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1. Correspondence, i.266 ([November 1714]).
2. Elwin suggests that it was Broome's marriage which 'probably interfered ... with the laborious task.' Pope's Works, viii.40 note.
3. 1812, ii.556.
4. Correspondence, i.497 ([September 1718]).

Jortin did not have the opportunity of completing his translation of Eustathius: as he says 'When I had gone through some books (I forget how many) Mr. Jefferies let us know that Mr. Pope had a friend to do the rest, and that we might give over.'[1] The friend was Broome, as is suggested by Fenton in the letter mentioned above: 'The last time I saw Mr. Lintot he told me that Mr. Broome had offer'd his Service again to You; if you accept it, it wou'd be proper for him to let you know what Books he will undertake that the Cambridge Gentleman may proceed to the rest.' In fact it seems that Jortin can only have dealt with two or three Books before Broome returned to the work.

Jortin was paid 'three or four guineas' a Book - Broome, however, was quite a wealthy man by 1720, with an income from the Church, his poems and his wife, and refused payment.[2] He received the most profuse thanks from Pope - understandably, for he had saved him all the tedious business of translating commentaries, writing Notes, and even constructing an Index - and must have been flattered by the letters, filled with glowing praise, which Pope sent as the work was completed:

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1. Op. cit., ii.557.
2. 'I have not possessed so little as £500 annually near 20 years. I was so easy in my fortunes when you published the Iliad, that I was grown above taking any reward for my part of the annotations, and refused all lucrative acknowledgements'. Broome to Pope, Correspondence, iii.507 (October 29, 1735).

> I cannot express to you how very much you oblige me in what you have done for my sake. You will, in the most literal sense, be such a friend to me as perseveres to the end.[1]
>
> I shall never forget the long and laborious things you undertook and discharged for my sake. It is really as reasonable that you should be congratulated on the finishing of my Homer, as I myself. I have had the flowery walks of imagination to expatiate in. It is a spirited and lively task, to be striving to raise oneself to the pitch of the most delightful of authors, while you have drudged in only removing the loads, and clearing the rubbish, heaped together by the negligence no less than by the industry of past pedants, whose very taste was generally so wrong, that they toiled most on what was least worth; and to undo what they raised, was the first thing to be done, in order to do anything to the purpose.[2]

The friendship between the two men was in a flourishing state at this point, with Pope issuing repeated invitations to come and stay at Twickenham, and almost as soon as work on the *Iliad* was finished Broome began on the *Odyssey*. But this must be left to another chapter to be dealt with fully, since it not only took up many years of Broome's life but was of considerable importance in his poetic career and his friendship with Pope. There are other, shorter translations to be noted first.

While working on Eustathius at Sturston, with books sent from London by Pope, Broome had also been writing English poetry and polishing some translations from the Greek.

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1. ii.3 (February 16, 1718-9).
2. ii.40 (March 24, 1720).

Pieces of both kinds appeared in 1727 in his collected Poems. There is one passage from Hesiod - the battle of the Gods and Titans - and two from Apollonius Rhodius - the stories of Talus and of Jason and Medea.[1] All three were revised and republished by Broome in 1739. 'The Battle of the Gods' is a lengthy and violent poem on a subject which seems ideally suited to treatment as a Pindaric Ode. Broome has chosen to write in language of a Miltonic style, formed into heroic couplets; because, as he notes,[2] 'Milton has .. made great use of Hesiod's Battle of the Gods, in his war between the good and bad Angels in his Paradise Lost.' These lines, for example, are very reminiscent:

> Noise, horrid noise, th'aerial region fills,
> Rocks dash on rocks, and hills encounter hills ...[3]
>
> Nine days an anvil of enormous weight,
> Down rushing headlong from th'aerial height,
> Scarce reaches earth ...[4]

But there is so much thunder that the reader becomes inured to it - in the last section the actual word occurs seven times in 72 lines.[5] A point of style is that Broome here

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1. The story of Talus is taken from Book 4, beginning at line 1629; that of Jason and Medea, from Book 3, beginning at line 143.
2. In his 'Explication' prefaced to the poem.
3. 17f. 4. 55f.
5. As Broome notes in the 'Explication': 'What seems chiefly blameable in Hesiod, is, his want of variety: Almost all his Images are drawn from Thunder, Earthquakes, and Conflagrations; which however noble, offend the Reader, by a too frequent Repetition.'

personifies death as female - an unusual metaphor which is characteristic throughout his work.

The story of Talus is a brief episode in the tale of the Argonauts. He is a giant, the guardian of Crete, who resists their arrival by 'tearing up whole hills' again in a Miltonic way, but is suddenly destroyed by the magic of Medea. She is also the heroine of the third and longest of this group of translations, which describes her vacillations before deciding to give help to Jason rather than her father. She has a long speech at the start in which love strives with duty; the description of her emotions on meeting Jason shows more conflicts, and her final capitulation. Although the emotions are all in Apollonius Rhodius, Broome has worked up the piece into a fine specimen of the heroic epistle, a form for which he had a definite liking. At the time that he was working on this translation, he was polishing such poems as the 'Complaint', a true heroic epistle, and others in which emotion is given a free rein.

Broome continued translating later in his life. When the Odyssey was finished, he contemplated and actually began a version of the Aeneid, in which he was going to collaborate with Fenton - but the project fell through. But in November 1739 the Gentleman's Magazine published three Odes of Anacreon, translated by 'Charles Chester, M.D.' and added

'We are in hopes to oblige the Public with more of them.' In fact, eight more Odes appeared, on various dates up to June 1740.[1] The Editor apparently did not know the identity of his contributor, judging by this note after Ode 24, printed in January 1740:

> N.B. The Gentleman who favour'd us with Dr. Chester's beautiful Translations from Anacreon, we hope will oblige the public by sending another Cargo, we now having but one ODE left unpublish'd.

The attribution to Broome was first made by a Francis Fawkes in 1760, when he published a volume of translations from Sappho, Anacreon and other Greek authors which made use of Broome's versions of the Odes.[2] The Introduction mentions that these have been 'elegantly translated by the late Dr. Broome', and a footnote adds that 'Dr. Broome's Odes were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the Name of Charles Chester, M.D.'[3] 'Chester' is of course a likely pseudonym for one who was born in Cheshire, and in style and subject the poems are similar to other works by Broome.

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1. Vol. IX, Nov. 1739, p.599 Odes 20, 36, p. 658 Ode 64
   Vol. X, Jan. 1740, p. 33 Ode 24
   Mar. " p.138 Odes 53, 16, 55
   Apr. " p.195 Ode 48
   May " p.256 Ode 37
   June " p.308 Odes 50, 56

2. The Works of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus and Musaeus, translated into English. By a Gentleman of Cambridge ... London ... MDCCLX.

3. [A2]

The Odes themselves are inoffensive enough, but in general have such a trifling content that they need the delicate touch of an experienced lyricist to make anything of them. This Broome did not provide - in his later years he lost the light hand which could produce such poems as the 'Rosebud'. There are some instances of devastating failure - as in his treatment of the classic wish to be the girdle of his mistress:

> O! were I made thy folding vest,
> That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast![1]

Two other Odes become little more than catalogues of the virtues of the rose (Ode 53) and of wine (Ode 50) respectively:

> Wine keeps its happy patients free,
> From ev'ry painful malady ...[2]

But that on one of Broome's favourite subjects - the beauty of Nature - is better handled, as are the very short Ode 55 on the mark of love, and the last to be printed, Ode 56. This deals with another of his dominant themes, death. Written when he was 51, it is one of the last works he composed and I think sincere in its emotion:

> For this the mournful groan I shed,
> I dread - alas! the hour I dread!
> What eye can steadfastly survey
> Death, and its dark tremendous way?
> For soon as fate has closed our eyes,
> Man dies - for ever, ever dies!
> All pale, all senseless in the urn!
> Never, ah! never to return.[3]

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1. Ode 20, 13f. 2. 13f.
3. 11f.

Chapter 3

THE ODYSSEY:

the collaboration between Pope, Broome and Fenton.

The Odyssey collaboration took up over four years of Broome's life. One of its most striking features is the great burden it imposed on the translators. The huge amount of work to be got through was a constant source of strain, which affected the health of both Pope and Broome. A series of unhappy accidents also marred the progress of the work: the deaths of two of Broome's children and of Pope's nurse, the severe illness of his mother and the frequent illness of Broome preceded the infuriating difficulties put in the way of publication by Lintot, the venomous clamour of the critics, and the deepening resentment of Broome at having been persuaded to lie about the extent of the collaboration. Despite being relieved of half of the drudgery, Pope found that the project gave him as much trouble as the Iliad, and it is hardly surprising that he wrote to Caryll:

> When I translate again, I will be hanged; nay I will do something to deserve to be hanged, which is worse, rather than drudge for such a world as is no judge of your labour.[1]

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1. Correspondence, ii.341 (November 23, [1725]).

There is no manuscript evidence to give details of the inception of the scheme to translate the Odyssey. It is obvious that the phenomenal success of the Iliad must have suggested the production of the sequel, but it is uncertain at what point Pope invited Fenton and Broome to join him in the enterprise. According to Ruffhead:

> These two gentlemen had formed a design of translating the Odyssey, while Mr. Pope was employed upon the Iliad; and by the time he had finished it, they had gone through several books of the Odyssey, which they desired him to peruse. Mr. Pope complied with their request; but at the same time acquainted them that he had entertained the like intentions, and that having made a considerable progress in the execution of them, he would, with their consent, make use of what they had entrusted him with, for the more speedy advancement of the work: and they very readily acceded to a proposition of this nature, from a friend of such superior poetical talents.[1]

We are here given a picture of an intriguing situation, in which a Tickell-like threat to Pope's translation is removed by his appropriation of what had been done, and the authors willingly abandon all part in the work. Ruffhead almost asks us to admire Pope's generosity! His biography is throughout biased in the poet's favour, and in this instance quite wrong. Letters between Pope and Broome in 1721 do not mention any such scheme, nor does Pope even suggest tackling the Odyssey. There is however an unfortunate gap in the letters at the end of the year - the latest one to

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1. O. Ruffhead, The Life of Alexander Pope, London, 1769, 205f.

survive is dated 16 July and does not allude to any projected work; the next, of 10 February, plunges us into the middle of the first burst of activity. Broome has finished Book 12, and must choose between Books 2 and 3 for his next stint; Pope is working on Book 5, and will discuss with Fenton whether to take Book 1 or 4. Thereafter the three work - as is shown in the letters - steadily through all the Books, and it is clear that all had begun work at the same time.

The start of the long collaboration seems an appropriate moment to trace the development of the relationship between Broome and Pope. The two were apparently brought together at Sir John Cotton's house near Cambridge. Broome must have kept up some sort of an acquaintance with the family, as he is shown in Pope's letters to have been entrusted with the job of persuading Sir Robert Cotton to subscribe to both the Iliad and the Odyssey. At the time of the introduction - supposing it to have taken place in 1711 - Broome was 22, Pope a year older. Broome was in his last months at Uni-versity, with a mild reputation as a scholar and an obses-sion with poetry; Pope was already a successful poet, hav-ing published his Pastorals and the Essay on Criticism.

Pope interested himself in Broome's poetry, and ar-ranged for seven of his poems to be published in Lintot's Miscellany of 1712. Two of these are printed anonymously, including one addressed 'To a Gentleman who Corrected some

verses for me', which in 1726 appeared in the fifth edition of the Miscellany newly entitled 'To Mr. Pope, On his Correcting my Verses, By Mr. Broome.' Broome's poetry is first mentioned in the letters of 1715 - Pope is complimentary and arranges for new poems to be printed in further editions of Lintot's Miscellany:

> I do not hear of anything in Philips's Miscellany that deserves to be ranked with your verses, and I believe you may find a more creditable occasion of putting them in better company hereafter.
>
> I do not find those faults in your verses which you seem to do yourself.
>
> Your own verses, and those of your friends, I shall commit to Mr. Lintot, and take what liberties you allow me with yours.[1]

There was also a business element in the relationship; although Broome was not paid for his work on Eustathius, and obviously enjoyed being asked to help, Pope is remarkably formal in his letters of direction on the work. He is equally formal in his mentions of his gratitude to Broome. Now and then Pope sends his regards to the Marriots, mother and daughter, who had moved to Sturston just previous to Broome: and occasionally he indulges in a little facetious teasing, which is what one would expect in a correspondence between two young contemporaries:

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1. Correspondence, i.276 (February 10, 1714-5); unpublished letter of November 5 [1715] in the Brotherton Collection, Leeds; Correspondence, i.321 (December 6 [1715]).

> I wonder I have not heard from you. I hope you have not behaved yourself so violently in your parish, I mean violently in respect to the young damsels, as to be deprived of your benefice already. I shall be apt to spread this scandal, unless I hear from you.[1]

Pope sent Broome free copies of the Iliad as the various volumes came out as a recompense for his work, and the relationship grew more intimate as the translation neared completion. Pope suggested alterations of phrase in Broome's poems, and asked - though no doubt not absolutely sincerely - for Broome's suggestions on the improvement of his own works in return. By 1718 Pope's repeated expressions of thanks are becoming profuse, and towards the end of 1719 Broome was paid the compliment of an invitation to stay at Twickenham, to which Pope and his mother had just moved:

> I deferred writing to you till I could inform you of the safe arrival of Eustathius. I cannot tell how many thanks I am to pay you, and therefore desire you will come up to tell me. The sooner I see you, the better for me, in January ... Consider also the ease, the quiet, the contentment of soul, and repose of body, which you will feel, when stretched in an elbow chair, mum for your breakfast, chine and potatoes for dinner, and a dose of burnt wine to give you up to slumbers in the evening, without one sermon to preach and no family duty to pay.[2]

In his reply to Broome's letter of thanks for the visit, Pope makes the fullest of his many expressions of gratitude for the help in the notes to the Iliad. Part has already been quoted; the rest is equally warm:

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1. i.227 (May 30 [1714]).

2. ii.19 (December 31 [1719]).

> As you had no share in the pleasant, and so large an one in the disagreeable part of the work, I think this to be acknowledged in the strongest terms, as it highly exalts the merit of your friendship to me, that your task was a task of so much more pains than even credit. It was Hercules in the stable of Augeas, when the same Hercules was capable of so many better and more glorious labours. I can say nothing that equals my sense of it, in short, and therefore shall say very little; but if you would tell me in what manner you have a mind I should mention it, I will gladly do it.
>
> I beg you will not interpret my silence at any time as any forgetfulness or neglect of you ... I hope ... to have some leisure soon .. Then I may hope to seem, what I really am, a more diligent friend, and more thoughtful of those I value and am obliged to, among which number, pray be always so just as to reckon yourself.[1]

The friendship continued along the same lines, as far as one can judge from the one dated letter (of 1721) which is all that survives of the correspondence between March 1720 and the first letter to mention the Odyssey. This letter begins:

> Your letter made me melancholy, to find that silence of yours, which I hoped the effect of diversion, or better amusements, to have proceeded from indisposition and sickness. Indeed, I sincerely take part in all that affects you, and shall ever preserve all the sensations of that friendship for you, which not only your kind inclinations, but your actual services have merited from me. I heartily rejoice at the thoughts you express of coming into this part of the world, in which I am very sure there is no man more yours than myself. I beg it in particular that you will make this place your home, which is now more worthy of being so than ever, as being quite finished, and greatly improved and enlarged since you saw it.[2]

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1. ii.40 (March 24, 1720).

2. Id., ii.76f. (July 16, 1721).

If this letter were not dated one would be prompted to place it in the preceding year, for here is Pope still thanking Broome for help with the Iliad: a significant fact which indicates the basis of the relationship on his side. However friendly the two men became, Pope never treated Broome with the same careless intimacy that characterised his relations with someone like Swift: he knew that Broome was his intellectual and poetic inferior, and his effusive expressions of thanks may perhaps spring from a slight embarrassment.

It is not known when Broome was introduced to Fenton, the third collaborator: Fenton, writing to Pope in 1718 about the business of the notes to the Iliad, mentions that he has heard that Mr. Broome has offered to resume work - a reference which seems to indicate that the two had heard of each other but not yet met.[1] By March 1722 they were on fairly intimate terms, for Fenton writes thanking Broome for an invitation to spend part of the summer at Sturston. Both Pope and Broome valued Fenton highly - Pope refers to his 'honesty', which is a good summing-up of his placid individuality. As a fellow worker he was something of a trial, owing to his disinclination for work - the characteristic epithet applied to him is indolent, justified by the fact

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1. Both are mentioned as being present at 'Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece' written by Gay in 1720 (line 159).

that in just over two years he managed to translate only two books, and gave up the struggle completely, having translated four, exhausted by his efforts.

In the first six months of the collaboration Broome had the advantage, for he had translated Books 11 and 12 'some years ago for ... my diversion'[1] and by the end of May 1722 had finished these two and Book 2, while Pope was still working on Book 3, and Fenton on Book 1. He had the additional advantage of being able to work fairly steadily through his books, while both Pope and Fenton had other commitments. Pope was held up by his editions of Buckingham and Shakespeare; Fenton was concerned with the presentation of his play Mariamne, which was produced on February 22 1723. He was also occupied as the tutor of Henry Pope Blount, the son of Sir Thomas, one of Pope's neighbours at Twickenham. He brought this young man with him when he went to spend the first summer of the collaboration at Sturston. Pope jokingly suggests suitable Homeric behaviour on Fenton's arrival:

> Mrs. Broome will meet him, if you have any respect for Homeric rites, with a bason and ewer, to wash his head and feet; and if you slew a tithe pig by the force of your own arm, and broiled it with your own hands, you will do no more than becomes you ... I do not absolutely require, that if you give him a calve's head, you should tip the horns with gold, in the manner of Laerceus, but you must be void of all humanity if you do not produce one of your maids for his bedfellow.[2]

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1. Correspondence, ii.121 (May 29, 1722).
2. ii.111 (April [1722]).

Broome replied to Fenton in the same vein:

> Your gravity shall be Jupiter, and your young companion the gay Mercury. Upon your arrival at my cottage, I will, like the hospitable Philemon, take down the bacon from my chimney, and my good house-wife, Baucis, shall fry it for your entertainment.[1]

The stay was much to Pope's liking, for he was already becoming slightly worried about Fenton's increasingly evident distaste for speedy or concentrated work. In February he had written to Broome:

> Pray animate him all you can. I could wish you prevailed on him to do as you desired, to be with you some time in Suffolk, for your example would urge on his slowness.[2]

But after Fenton had been with Broome a month, Pope's confidence in Broome's conscientious application wavered:

> There seems some touch of the same Fentonism to be communicated to you by infection ... I hope I shall not hear that when Fenton has had his nap, you succeed to his elbow chair, and that the same way not befall you in conjunction with him, which is usual in two horses, where the higher-mettled is apter to be brought to the pace of the slower, than the slower to keep up with the other.[3]

Pope begins to take the tone of a headmaster urging on his pupils.

He himself was finding it difficult to get anything done. He was busy with the publication of his edition of

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1. ii.121 (May 29, 1722).
2. ii.103 (Feb. 10 [1722]).
3. ii.125 (July 9 [1722]).

Buckingham, and was considerably agitated by the arrest of his friend Atterbury on suspicion of treason - he appeared as a character witness at the trial. In 1723 his Buckingham was suppressed, giving him further worries. It is hardly surprising that in November 1722 he wrote to Broome: 'I will watch the critical season to publish the project, which is not yet ripe, and depends on many contingencies.'[1] There was also much criticism of Pope from Grub Street: Broome wrote to Fenton in May:

> I am pretty much unconcerned about the issue of the war. We are but auxiliars, yet I hope we shall behave so valiantly as to secure Mr. Pope on his throne on Parnassus. The weapons of most critics are weak; they may scratch, but seldom wound.[2]

Broome felt rather flattered by the attentions of the critics.

On December 5 his third child, Elizabeth, was born. Fenton and Henry Blount may still have been at Sturston, for Fenton on December 13 conveys his best wishes to 'pretty Miss' and the thanks of Lady Blount for Broome's hospitality to her son: 'I believe she will use her utmost endeavours that he may make another with us the next year.'[3] Broome was evidently of a similar mind:

> Lady Blount cannot be better pleased with the last campaign than I am, and you and Mr. Blount shall always have a room in the house and heart of him who is affectionately yours.[4]

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1. ii.145 (November 22 [1722]).
2. ii.121 (May 29, 1722).
3. ii.148.
4. ii.150 (December 23, 1722).

Elwin adds in a footnote (quoted from the lost Broome papers) that

> When Fenton returned to London, after his visit to his friend, he sent him a silver-plated knife with the following note, which Broome says "was wrong-spelt to conceal his benefaction": "The giver of thes peese of platte to Stuston Church dos desier that it may be keeped to gether the sacrement monny, and the knyfe to devyde the bred."[1]

Neither the plate nor the knife appears in any of the Sturston Terriers, but in the Eye Terriers during Broome's tenure there is mention of a 'silver-hafted knife', which can perhaps be assumed to be this one, transferred when Broome changed his livings in 1728.

Fenton's letter also asks Broome to 'remember my prologue'. This was to be spoken before his tragedy of Mariamne, and was subject to considerable delays of one kind and another. In August Pope had replied to Broome that he would do all he could to a prologue - but expresses some alarm in his next at being misunderstood:

> I only promised to look over yours, and do the very best I could to it. As to my writing one, were it to be engaged for as the greatest of secrets, I have learnt by experience nothing of that kind is ever kept secret; and therefore I must not delude Fenton, though at the same time I faithfully assure him I would most gladly make the prologue, tomorrow, could it be done without any man's knowing it.[2]

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1. Pope's Works, viii.61 note.

2. Correspondence, ii.134 (September 18, 1722).

Disappointed, Fenton had to ask his host to provide the necessary verses - which led to various delays. Broome found it difficult to write:

> I can deny you nothing, but I fear this prologue will prove a greater instance of my friendship than poetry. I have frequently had it in my thoughts, but have produced nothing that pleases me. What is the meaning that it is hardest to begin a poem, and why is the beginning often the worst part of it? I have really begun at the end, as in reading Hebrew, and next week I hope I shall end at the beginning, as in climbing we begin at the root of the tree in order to reach the top of it.[1]

And even when something has been written he is not very confident: 'Pray carry the prologue with you, as you promise, to Mr. Pope. He turns everything he touches into gold.' Despite illness, Broome completed the lines and sent them to Fenton, who after a vetting by Pope sent them back to be altered: 'Mr. Pope likes it much, but would have the last eight lines left out, and advises you to turn all the rest on Mariamne, and beauty and virtue in distress.'[3]

The final version, as printed in the Poems of 1727, has 38 lines and is divided into three sections. The first states that literature gives posthumous fame; the second describes how King Herod

> Whose bold Ambition trembling Jewry view'd
> In Blood of half her Royal Race imbu'd

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1. ii.150 (December 23, 1722).

2. Ibid.

3. ii.152 (January 1 [1722-3]).

will appear,

> His Features soften'd with the deep Distress
> Of Love ...

After this unlikely picture of a lovelorn mass murderer comes the third and longest section, dealing with the subjects suggested by Pope. There are some fine lines on beauty:

> Small is the Praise of Beauty, when it flies
> Fair Honour's Laws, at best but lovely Vice;
> Charms it like Venus with celestial Air?
> Ev'n Venus is but scandalously fair ...

and the verses end neatly:

> Beauty and Virtue your Protection claim,
> Give Tears to Beauty, give to Virtue Fame.

Broome modestly comments that he is glad the prologue 'did not discredit you' but then goes on to be typically over-elaborate:

> I was contented to hang out my miserable sign-post daubings before your play, as vintners do theirs before their houses, only to let people know there was good entertainment within. I was a kind of dwarf in romance, and served as a precursor to inform the audience that the giant approached.[1]

It is not known what the public thought of the prologue, but the play itself was a great success; it was acted 17 times before the end of the season, and Fenton had four benefit nights, acquiring a sum not far short of £1,500. It is not surprising that with all this work and excitement he

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1. ii.163 (March 6, 1722-3).

only managed to translate one book of the Odyssey during the first year of the collaboration.[1]

Just over a month after the first performance of Mariamne, Pope wrote to Broome in a letter which reveals a strange state of affairs:

> I should see nothing in this world with more concern and uneasy sensation, than the sacrifice you talk of, - that of burning and suppressing your part, to give up the whole to me. Abraham sacrificing his own offspring, could not have felt more trouble. No, let us sacrifice only that animal, who coming, unfortunately for himself, too near our altars, stuck in the brambles, and still sticks there.[2]

It is hard to find a reason for Broome's wish to abandon his part in the Odyssey. He may have felt daunted by the size of the task, as it was revealed more clearly after his quick revision of the two books he had translated earlier, and Fenton's excessively slow progress at Sturston. Or he may have felt that he preferred to gain a reputation by publication of his own poems, rather than by means of an uncertain collaboration with Pope, who had so many vocal enemies. 'That animal' cannot be identified with any certainty, unless we accept Elwin's suggestion that it was Tickell, who had

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1. 'Pope thought highly of the style of Mariamne; and used to say it was one of the best written tragedies we had; and that the dialogue was particularly good'. J. Warton, An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, London, 1772, i.305 note.

2. Correspondence, ii.163 (April 6 [1723]).

projected a version of the Odyssey in 1715.[1] It seems from letters written by Pope in February that various members of the Ministry clique were encouraging him in this project in opposition to Pope, who was politically suspect because of his friendship with Atterbury.

But Pope's letter also mentions that he is employing modern techniques for the success of the appeal for subscribers:

> I am very certain it is judging right to think that the public will enter much more heartily and readily into every project after the most considerable men in the nation have exalted it into a fashion and reputation to be of the list.

Undoubtedly these methods were successful. At the same time Pope repeats his stern demand for absolute secrecy on Broome's part, and urges 'the closest application.. Nulla dies sine linea.'

There is now a gap in the letters until July, when we find Fenton and Blount once again spending the summer with Broome; Pope comments: 'I am glad yourself and Mr. Fenton proceed like two fat men, leisurely and safely.'[2] In April of the following year he would still be appealing to Fenton for Book 4, for which he makes his first request in this letter.

Pope's next letter, written in October,[3] adopts a dramatic and conspiratorial tone: first he proposes that

1. Pope's Works, viii. 65 note.
2. Correspondence, ii.182 (July 14 [1723]).
3. ii.204 (October 3 [1723]).

Broome come down to Twickenham:

> It will be necessary we should all meet before winter: absolutely necessary that you and I should be a month at least together (let that be what month you can best spare), for a thousand reasons not to be given, or but very imperfectly, by writing, for all our mutual advantage and satisfaction; and, I hope, for our honour and credit.

Then comes a strict warning to secrecy:

> The reasons I gave you long since as to our conduct in the whole matter, and the injunctions I then laid, I daily find more and more necessary. All men have enemies, though they so little deserve them sometimes that they know them not. I can tell you, you are not without them, and sometimes under the appearance of friends. Most men, if not dishonest, or even if not ill-natured, are yet careless enough of the fame and quiet of others, though others never envied their fame nor disturbed their quiet. I cannot but smile, to think how envy and prejudice will be disappointed, if they find things which they have been willing, or forced, to applaud as belonging to one man, to be the just praise of another whom they have a malignity to. I would, I protest to God, at any time gladly part with anything that was my own due, to see this confusion in those fellows.

Here Pope exults in an extraordinary way on the prospect of fooling all Broome's enemies - whoever they might be, for he never explained - by giving his own name to Broome's work, and then shattering them with the revelation that it was really by another. Something akin to this situation arose when Spence found himself in the embarrassing position of not knowing exactly which Books had been translated by Pope personally, and thus not knowing whether he was lavishing his highest praises on one translated by a collaborator.

Not unnaturally, Broome was exceedingly curious as to the identity of these enemies of his, and Pope has to try to pass the matter off:

> You seem too much touched with the little hint I gave you of some trifling ill-natured turns with relation to you. They were really of no consequence, therefore let nothing of the kind add to the trouble you are under. I shall myself have the pleasure to be instrumental in setting your character far above such small enemies.[1]

However, two months later the mysterious calumniators are mentioned again; 'reports' which were unfavourable to Broome had reached Pope in some way, and he assures him that 'I know them to be impossible to be true.'[2] He adds:

> I have since I write to you told Sir Thomas Hanmer everything, and fully vindicated you. I will do the same to Ford, and to all the world, and declare myself your friend, Deo, Angelis, et Hominibus.

Sir Thomas lived at Mildenhall, in the same county as Broome, and was a well-known patron of literature - even Swift had applied to him in 1713. Evidence exists that he became one of Broome's patrons.[3] One might guess that he had heard some rumours of Broome's collaboration in the Odyssey, and that it finally became necessary for Pope to smoothe the

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1. ii.208 (October 24 [1723]).

2. ii.211 (December 28 [1723]).

3. See a letter to him from Broome, Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer, ed. Sir.H. Bunbury, 1838; and a reply, quoted by Elwin, Pope's Works, viii.72 note.

matter over. Sneers about the employment of helpers were already beginning to appear. Ford will be remembered as Broome's room-mate at Cambridge; he had become 'a clergyman, at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and wise':[1] a story is told of a visit to the theatre by Broome, Fenton and Ford, at some time after the production of <u>Mariamne</u>:

> They determined all to see the Merry Wives of Windsor, which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet, took them to the stage-door; where the door-keeper enquiring who they were, was told that they were three very necessary men, Ford, Broome, and Fenton. The name in the play, which Pope restored to Brook, was then Broome.[2]

Pope modestly accepts thanks for clearing up the obscure contretemps in a letter to Broome in January:

> You say infinitely too much of the little justice I did you on a late occasion. I would have done the same for any man; I only felt more joy in doing it to you. You may set your heart fully at ease as to that piece of ill-nature, which I can confidently assure you has not hurt, but served you, and enhanced your character with many, who otherwise had not known or heard so many good things of it. I wish, dear sir, nothing may ever touch or affect your heart more than this has touched or affected your character.[3]

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1. Johnson, <u>Lives</u>, ii.261.
2. <u>Ibid</u>.
3. <u>Correspondence</u>, ii.215f (January 30 [1723-4]).

Pope is so tantalizingly vague; in October Broome had many mysterious enemies - in January he has many equally mysterious friends. Elwin was able to quote a letter of February 23 to Broome from Sir Clement Cotterell which also mentions the matter:

> The affair you hint of was crudely told me, and though neither Pope nor I could give it credit, we judged it not amiss to be prepared at all adventures. It is much better that there was no ground for any such precautions; but had the affair really happened as told to us, I am very sure all the candid would entirely have excused you.[1]

This implies a threat of some kind, presumably to the *Odyssey* project, which had apparently been caused by some indiscretion on Broome's part. But the matter is complicated by Pope's assurances that the affair has 'enhanced' Broome's character - that through the muddle he had taken an honourable course. One wishes Broome's side of the correspondence was available to explain the situation.

In his letter of October Pope had mentioned 'the trouble you are under'. This is a sad reminder that the summer of 1723 was not as happy as that of the year before. Whereas then a child had been born, now one died. It was the second child, Anne, who was just five years old. Broome and his wife were shattered by the blow; after the death of William in 1717 they must have been encouraged by the continued

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1. *Pope's Works*, viii. 74 note.

growth of Anne and the arrival of Elizabeth, and the shock plunged Broome into the deepest melancholy. Pope writes in December of Mrs. Broome that 'Fenton tells me she bears it much more like the man of the two, and that you may learn resignation from her.'[1] Broome was supported by the presence of Fenton, and Pope's letters were sympathetic - in October he wrote:

> Whatever real concern a friend can feel, or whatever heavy wound one bears either for oneself or for another, it is certain no reason, no religion can go so far towards quieting the mind and reducing it to its own state, as time alone ... I am sensible it is very unreasonable for me to press to see you at this time. I rather wish I could visit you. I am sure I gladly would.[2]

It is possibly not a coincidence that this good advice was offered a day after the anniversary of the death of Pope's father. The event undoubtedly helped to foster Broome's gloomy preoccupation with death, which was expressed at the time in a poem entitled 'Melancholy: An Ode, Occasion'd by the Death of a beloved Daughter'. The work is typical in that it reveals his essential shortcomings; it was prompted by an obviously deep and sincere emotion, but cannot rise above conventional and elegant phraseology. Nevertheless it at times convinces by its intensity, and contains some bitter lines of a satirical flavour. Remembering the circumstances under which it was written, one can be moved by

1. Correspondence, ii.210 (December 24, 1723).
2. ii.208 (October 24 [1723]).

the following stanza:

> O Life, frail Offspring of a Day!
> 'Tis puff'd with one short Gasp away!
> Swift as the short-liv'd Flow'r it flies,
> It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

Later, the poem grows more bitter:

> When to the Noon of Life we rise,
> The Man grows elegant in Vice;
> To glorious Guilt in Courts he climbs,
> Vilely judicious in his Crimes.
>
> When Youth and Strength in Age are lost,
> Man seems already half a Ghost;
> Wither'd, and wan, to Earth he bows,
> A walking Hospital of Woes.

In the edition of 1739 the following stanza is added, showing even further disillusionment:

> Look round on all that Man below
> Idly calls great, and all is Show!
> All, to the Coffin from our Birth,
> In this vast Toy-shop of the Earth.

It will be remembered that Fenton had been staying with Broome when his daughter died. Unfortunately, he was at that time due to take up his new appointment as tutor to the son of Lady Trumbull, widow of Sir William who had been a friend of Pope's in his early days. He had in fact been engaged to the Trumbulls in 1722, and for that reason had refused an offer from the Blount family to travel in Italy with the young Henry in 1723. In October it was time for Fenton to take on his new pupil, and Pope was very helpful in putting the Trumbulls off so that he could stay as long as possible with Broome:

> I fear Fenton will be sent for hither ... Sir Clement the last time I saw him, spoke of writing for him if he did not come forthwith. I have delayed showing him yours in a view that it might prolong time, in your regard; for when he does write, then a letter of request from you to detain him awhile on this occasion, may spin out a few days more.[1]

Fenton eventually had to leave Sturston, but was then 'a long time confined to his chamber', 'very ill of a fever', and was thus delayed further from taking up his post. But by January he had begun his duties, such as they were, and was writing to dissuade Broome from coming to London during the difficult negotiations with publishers for the Odyssey. Things were not going very well: Broome's visit

> ... will be very unseasonable, and will in all probability renew the suspicions that are already in town about the triple alliance; and the affairs of Greece are already so perplexed and uncertain, that they will not need any additional circumstance to sink their proceeding. Tonson does not care to contract for the copy, and application has been made to Lintot, upon which he exerts the true spirit of a scoundrel, believing that he has Pope entirely at his mercy.[2]

Lintot's conduct during the process of publication was certainly highly disreputable, and one can understand Pope's invariable description of him as a scoundrel. The agreement between the two as to the details of copies to be printed, amounts to be paid, and so on, was signed on February 18, 1723-4, and soon after this the printing began. Elwin was

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1. Correspondence, ii.208 (October 24 [1723]),
2. ii.214 (January 9 [1723-4]).

able to quote from a letter to Broome from Sir Clement Cotterell dated February 25:

> Pope has, I hear, begun to print. With much ado I brought him and Bernard together, and reckon I shall still be consulted frequently as occasions may arise, which I doubt not will be many from such a suspicious, wrong-headed fellow as my friend Lintot.[1]

The prophecy was only too accurate - there were disagreements about such matters as free copies for Broome's subscribers, the quality of the presentation of the work (Lintot tried to palm off inferior paper with narrow margins), and greatest of all, the public announcement of the Proposals. Pope published his Proposals in various newspapers on January 25, 1724-5, offering the work in quartos at 5 gns. a set: the very next day appeared Lintot's Proposals 'for his own Benefit' for folios at 4 gns. This threw Pope into a rage - he wrote to Broome: 'You cannot imagine what a scoundrel Lintot is in all respects: pray send not to him for anything, or on any account correspond with or answer him.'[2] A letter of 1727 mentions a further instance of Lintot's rascality:

> The fellow had the impudence to affirm that I never told him you had any hand in the work till after his agreement was signed, than which you know nothing can be a more flagrant lie. I think you had a letter from him before expressly about your share in the work; I

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1. Pope's Works, viii. 73 note.

2. Correspondence, ii.287 (February 13 [1724-5]).

> wish you had it by you; and I desire you to write me whatever you remember to the contrary of this falsehood, that it may help to undeceive any-body to whom he tells it.[1]

But in the Spring of 1724 these storms were yet to come. The printing had only just begun, and was soon held up by Fenton's lazy inability to finish Book 4. On the other hand, Broome had plunged into the work after his bereavement, and in April Pope tells him: 'I am infinitely obliged to you for the dispatch you make, and long for the time to tell you at large what I think myself in your debt.'[2] Three weeks later he repeats that 'Your punctuality is commendable beyond all the power of my expression' and renews his invitation to stay at Twickenham:

> We may pass the morning together in study, the rest of the day in amusements, sailing on the waters, and, as you Cantabrigians call it, lounging in the shades.[3]

Broome accepted, and arrived in London at some time during the first week in May, bringing with him young Henry Blount, who had been at Sturston ever since the previous summer. Fenton, having a rather stern estimate of his character -

> His greatest crimes, <u>entre nous</u>, are sins of omission, which I think we at Cambridge call lounging, and his friends judge rightly that they may very soon grow into habits, where plays, assemblies, and tea-tables are continually tempting him.[4]

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1. ii.431 (Aug. 25, 1727).
2. ii.225 (April 3, 1724).
3. ii.231 (April 24, 1724).
4. ii.119 (May 23, 1722).

remembered to warn Broome to be careful: 'Order matters so that our friend may go to Twickenham that day, for a masquerade is on the night following.'[1] One hopes that Broome's chaperonage shielded Blount from the awful dangers of the metropolis.

Broome stayed in London for a few weeks, and was back in Suffolk by the end of May. Fenton was disappointed not to have seen him, and to hear that he was giving himself up again to retirement. During the summer Fenton was very much occupied; he was working on Books 19 and 20 of the Odyssey, and at the same time completing the Index of Pope's Shakespeare, which was a laborious task. By July he was also considering an edition of Waller. Pope constantly complains that Fenton is so immersed in his work that he has not heard a word from him all the summer.[2]

There was some excitement for Broome at this time, for he had asked Pope to buy him three lottery tickets, and the draw was in September. He had laid out over £34 on this venture - a large sum for him to be prepared to lose. Pope had bought tickets too, and writes hopefully to Broome about the draw:

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1. ii.232 (April 30, 1724).
2. 'Fenton received £30.14s. for his share in Pope's meagre edition of Shakespeare. Very little labour was bestowed upon the work, and much of that little was done by Fenton and Gay.' Elwin and Courthope, Pope's Works, viii.82.

> I had given orders to a broker in the city to send me information as fast as any of yours or mine came up: and out of six, two are drawn blanks; but, as I told you, none yet of yours.[1]

In the end Broome heard from another source that he had won no less than £50. Pope was disappointed not to win anything, but this was soon overshadowed by a far more serious matter - his mother became very ill, and seemed on the point of death.

He writes to Broome in November:

> I think it a miracle that she is yet among the living, though weak to the last degree, and doubtless confined to her bed and chamber for many months to come. If it had been my melancholy fortune to have lost her, I had given you a particular, though perhaps unseasonable, evidence of my friendship, and of the opinion I have of yours, in going directly from hence to your house, there to have passed the first weeks of my affliction, and depended on the consolations of a friend who has too well been acquainted with sufferings of that tender kind.[2]

If Pope really means this, it shows that he did value Broome's friendship at this period; as a further evidence of his esteem, he repeats his generous terms with regard to the subscription to the Odyssey. Broome and Fenton can 'fairly divide what profit shall arise from the future subscribers', and 'any that your own interest can make, or already has made, you are to look on them as wholly your own'.

However, the letter was also the cause of a great deal of trouble and led to an unsavoury exchange between the two

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1. Correspondence, ii.256 (September 12, 1724).
2. Id. ii.271 ([November 1724]).

men. Publication of the Odyssey was now only five months away, and it was necessary to keep the collaborators well out of sight. As Pope writes to Broome: 'I think I need not recommend to you further the necessity of keeping this whole matter to yourself, as I am very sure Fenton has done, least the least air of it prejudice it with the town.' But then, trusting Broome's good sense, he foolishly adds; 'But if you judge otherwise, I do not prohibit you taking to yourself your due share of fame.'[1]

Broome obviously took this as permission to spread the news about the collaboration and receive the congratulations of his Suffolk friends. But Pope had clearly meant him to wait until publication day before revealing anything, and his next letter is an angry rebuke and a refusal to carry on as had originally been planned - that is, 'to let the public first mistake your work for mine.'[2] Pope's letter then develops into a sustained piece of equivocation, on the theme that 'it would have been alright as long as nobody knew about it.'

> ... had, I say, our design been made a secret ... as much by you, as it really was by Fenton and me, there had been no harm in it, nor any ill consequence from it, which I could have reclaimed against or scrupled.

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1. Ibid.
2. Id.ii.274 (December 4, 1724).

But now that Broome has 'altered the case', 'it would be dishonest to do it as purely my own.'

> All I can do in honour is not to let them into the particulars, what parts of it are, or are not mine. That I leave to you, at your own time, to do; but, to deal plainly with you, I think, for your own interest, you have chosen a wrong one, in being so early in it.

The letter then shows Pope enlarging on his own essential goodness:

> To open my mind to you freely as a christian, and talk as to a divine I protest, in the sight of Him to whom I owe any talents I have, I am as far above the folly of being vain of those I have, as I should be above the baseness of arrogating to myself those I have not. These are arts that I ever looked upon but as embellishments, not as essentials, to any estimable character. One goodnatured action or one charitable intention is of more merit than all the rhyming, jingling faculties in the world. Nay, I should think it more valuable to gratify a private friend in his desire of a character this way, than to advance my own, which I can never be proud of, when I reflect to the suffrage of what sort of creatures it is owed, and how vast a share of popular admiration proceeds from ignorance. I am, dear sir, with great sincerity and true good wishes, your faithful affectionate friend and servant ... I am now in very great haste, and express myself ill; but take it as it is meant, honestly. If you do, you will have a merit I know few capable of, but I believe you one of those few.

One can see here a hint of the arrogance towards his audience which was to produce the <u>Dunciad</u> - an arrogance natural enough in one whose genius was perpetually belittled and bespattered by Grub Street. One can sympathise deeply with Pope, yet sense the evasions in this letter. He had

in fact intended to publish the work of others as his own - 'the baseness of arrogating to myself [talents] I have not.' This would not only save him labour while increasing his reputation, but raise the reputations of the others at some later date, for association with <u>him</u> must mean merit - 'the folly of being vain of those I have.' And finally he trusts that Broome will understand, in words which can be taken as ambiguous; it was because of this merit of Broome's that Pope knew that no retaliation would be forthcoming for the later satirical mentions of him.

But Broome must have accepted Pope's words on their face value, for work went on as before. By the Spring Pope was again asking Broome to pay him a visit. Fenton, exhausted by the effort required of him, at this point withdrew from the enterprise. In December he wrote to Broome: 'How the great affair goes on I know not, nor am inquisitive.'[1] He had 'seen Pope but twice, in passing' since he came to London. This was only a fortnight after Pope's equivocating letter to Broome and Fenton makes no mention of it - unless this is a placid reference: 'I am very sorry to hear that you have anything to damp your health and good-humour.' From this time Fenton disappears into the background, labouring at his edition of Waller in the depths of the country and never writing to anybody.

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1. Id. ii.278 (December 19, 1724).

Pope and Broome were contending with the storms of publication. The first step was the formal Proposal. There has been some confusion over this, based on the important point of the mention of Pope's assistants. Both Ruffhead and Ayre quote from Proposals dated January 10, 1724-5,[1] which include the words:

> I take this Occasion to declare, that the Subscription for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson; and that the future Benefit of this PROPOSAL is not solely for my own Use, but for that of two of my Friends, who have assisted me in this Work.

Elwin adds that this Proposal continued:

> One of them enjoins me to conceal his name; the other is the Rev. Mr. Broome, whose assistance I have formerly acknowledged in many of the notes and extracts annexed to my translation of the Iliad.[2]

But, as Sherburn says, 'no copy of these Proposals is now known', and it is not certain, therefore, that Pope was strongminded enough to announce that he had used two helpers - for in the Proposals that we have, first published in the Daily Courant on January 25, there is no mention of collaborators. There is certainly no mention of anyone but 'the said Alexander Pope' in the Indenture for the Odyssey, signed

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1. 'Printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724': Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alexander Pope, Esq. ... By William Ayre, Esq. London ... MDCCXLV, p. 90; and Ruffhead, op. cit., 207.

2. Pope's Works, viii.92 note.

on February 18 1723 - the exact words are: 'Whereas the Said Alexander Pope hath undertaken a Translation of Homer's Odysses by Subscription in five Volumes with Notes ...'

Ruffhead suggests that

> Mr. Lintot made no objection to this [wording] ..., but when the sale of the work fell short of the expectations he had formed from the success of the Iliad, then he took notice ... and complained.[1]

This seems to be confirmed by Pope's letter to Broome of April 26 1727: 'The fellow had the impudence to affirm that I never told him you had any hand in the work till after his agreement was signed.'[2] Lintot continued to be troublesome throughout February and March - Pope twice tells Broome not to answer any communication, and on the second occasion is most emphatic:

> I once more desire you, for very good reasons, that whatever he may write to you, you will return him no sort of word in answer. I am sorry you ever writ to him, for I know he has ill designs. I hope you said nothing as to your part in the work. Upon no account write a syllable to him.[3]

Later in the month he writes: 'I would not have you come to town, for a very good reason relating to the fool you write about, till the books are safely delivered to your people.'[4]

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1. *Op. cit.*, 206f.
2. *Correspondence*, ii.432.
3. ii.288 (March 5, 1725).
4. ii.291 (March 30 [1725]).

It was apparently at this point that Lintot made difficulties about free copies for Broome's own subscribers, claiming that he had only just heard of the collaboration and had not bargained for such a situation. There can be no doubt that Pope had been secretive and evasive during the whole transaction: there is no mention of helpers in the Indenture, he was continually warning Broome of the need for the most complete secrecy, and very few people seem to have seen the Proposals of January 10 mentioning collaborators - even Spence, in the introduction to the first part of his Essay, is unsure as to the identities of the two, and Broome's name is said to have been explicitly mentioned.[1] That the whole scheme was basically not straightforward is proved by the lies printed in Broome's final Observation; this will be discussed more fully later in this chapter.

Not only did Broome now find himself at the centre of what promised to be a public scandal of some magnitude; he was once again distressed by the death of a daughter. The surviving child Elizabeth died at the beginning of March, while he was absent from home. It was a great blow - as he wrote to Cornwallis: 'The pain I feel proceeds from the opening of an old wound, and from making it bleed anew.'[2] It

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1. Ruffhead still believed Broome's final Note in 1769: v. Life of Pope, 206.

2. Quoted by Elwin, Pope's Works, viii.69 note.

was not a very old wound - Anne had died only eighteen months before. It must have been especially bitter to lose the child born in the first summer of the collaboration that was now beginning to lose its glory and excitement.

Despite Lintot's resistance, Broome's subscribers did receive their copies - Pope sent off 14 sets, which meant a total of 70 guineas for Broome. As the note to his name in the Dunciad says that he obtained £100 in this way, he must have persuaded another six to subscribe before the publication of the final volumes. Many of the subscribers came from among his friends in Cambridge, others were of the local gentry. By now, Broome had translated five Books of the Odyssey, and felt justified in making a break before embarking on those needed for later publication. So he obeyed Pope's pressing invitation:

> I shall rejoice to see you the moment the delivery is over here, which will be about the twentieth of this month. Before, I shall not have leisure to enjoy any pleasure, and would not lose one that will be unfeignedly so great as the seeing and living with you.[1]

Broome evidently spent about a month at Twickenham, if he arrived at the end of April, as Pope's reply to his letter of thanks is dated May 25. At this point both men were concerned with their own poetry rather than that of Homer.

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1. Correspondence, ii.293 (April 8, 1725).

Broome was considering the publication of a collected edition, encouraged by Pope, who was preparing 'a new edition of my things', and wished to include in it Broome's complimentary verses to him.[1] It is at this point that charges of sycophancy on Broome's part are justified; despite rebukes and evasions, he produced a poem of extravagant compliment, so extravagant indeed that Pope himself was embarrassed by it. He asks for one part in particular to be changed: 'I wish you altered the strength of that extravagant compliment, "what Heav'n created, and what you have wrote."'[2] This became 'What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inspires.' But judging by a further remark by Pope, it seems likely that he altered it himself:

> I have put your verses to me into a Miscellany, which will come out in two or three months; and, since you did not think fit to alter one or two extravagant things in my praise, I have done it myself, and given you a little modesty, as well as shown you I have some myself.[3]

Pope by now shows some signs of becoming a little tired of Broome.

Throughout the summer the work continued, and in September Pope was again thanking him for his 'dispatch'. He had hopes of sending the final volumes to be printed in the

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1. First printed at the end of the Odyssey.
2. Correspondence, ii.340 (November 22 [1725]).
3. ii.355 (December 30, 1725).

near future, and Broome was already making plans for relaxation after it was all over. Another invitation to visit Twickenham was issued, but this had to be put off when Pope's mother became very ill, and his aged nurse was on the verge of death. The nurse died on November 5, and on the 10th his mother was still dangerously ill; Broome was distressed to hear of Pope's situation:

> You may conclude I am in no small agitation and trouble, when I cannot be calm enough to write above three lines to you. My family is in the utmost confusion, and melancholy of circumstances; my mother in a dangerous jaundice, at her great age, dispirited and plied with hourly medicines; my old nurse on her death-bed, in all the last pains of a dropsy. In a word, no hour of day or night but presents to me some image of death and suffering ... If the worst misfortune happens to me, when it is over your sight will be a comfort to me.[1]

As he had done a year before, when his mother was seriously ill, Pope declares that he would go to Broome for solace in bereavement. It is extremely difficult to determine whether he is being sincere in this. Broome had some experience of grief, and certainly had the emotional, sympathetic temperament that could be attractive on such occasions - but one doubts whether Pope, in happier moments, could value him as a true friend.

Troubles mounted to a climax at this time. While coping with personal agitation, Pope had to superintend the

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1. ii.336 (November 2 [1725]).

printing, send instructions to Broome, and worst of all write himself. On top of prolonged wrangling with Lintot and the collapse of the original plan for publication came all the jeers and sneers of the public. Pope expresses his dissatisfaction:

> I have been as sick of the translation as you can be of the notes, and indeed, as you know, have had many things to make me quite sour about it. I know myself to be an honest man, and, I will add, a friendly one; nor do I in my conscience think I have acted an unfair or disreputable part with the public, if my friends will do me justice. This indeed is my sore place; for I care not what they say of my poetry, but a man's morals are of a tenderer nature, and higher consequence.[1]

It is a commonplace that contemporary criticism of Pope's poetry was concerned more with his character than his actual lines, and that most of the writers were activated by malice and prejudice rather than by a spirit of disinterested appraisal. In the case of the Odyssey, however, it was inevitable that much attention should be given to the transaction and hardly any to the translation, for the main point of interest was whether or not the work had been done by Pope alone, and until that was settled criticism had to wait. That this was so was due to the conduct of Pope himself, and one cannot feel one's usual sympathy for him on this occasion. Fenton wrote to Broome to tell him 'We have been but coarsely

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1. ii.339 (November 10, 1725).

used this last summer, both in print and conversation'.[1] There was a constant stream of attacks on the theme of deception of the subscribers by Pope; it was alleged that the work was really being done by hacks, and would then by published under his name.

Pope and Broome worked grimly on, and in November Broome had finished the dreary business of the Notes, and was able to take over the last part of Book 17 from Pope, who declared he was 'employed in so melancholy a way that it's impossible to turn my head to anything.'[2] The collaboration was now in its final stages, and the delicate question of payment had to be raised; Fenton was anxious for Broome to join him in arranging a settlement: 'I think it is now high time for you to come to town.'[3] Pope had tried to find out how much he wanted:

> The last time I saw him at Sir Clement's he would have had me declare what I expected to receive, which I absolutely refused without your participation, and, therefore the sooner we concert our demands the better.

But despite a short visit to Sturston, during which the matter must have been discussed, Fenton had to bring the subject up again:

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1. ii.339 (November 20 [1725]).

2. ii.340 (November 22 [1725]).

3. ii.339 (November 10, 1725).

> I am sorry to hear that you have taken a resolution not to come to town before spring ... Neither can I understand what you mean by leaving that part to me, when I have so small a proportion in the performance. Since I came hither I have refused his offer of drawing for money, as I told you ... till we all met to clear accounts, and, as my stay in London may be as uncertain as your coming, the affair may be adjourned to be considered by our executors ... Besides, in my opinion, your presence would have been absolutely necessary to see what is to be said at the end of the last volume with relation to the coadjutors in the work.[1]

Now that the time for final decisions had come, Broome obviously felt apprehensive. The whole affair had turned out to be far more complicated than he had expected, and he shrank from bargaining for payment and - worst of all - deciding how much to say about the collaboration at the end of the work. He was disillusioned by the sordid circumstances which attended publication, and even becoming suspicious of Pope:

> I fear we have hunted with the lion, who, like his predecessor in Phaedrus, will take the first share merely because he is a lion, the second because he is more brave; the third because he is of most importance; and if either of us shall presume to touch the fourth, woe be to us. This perhaps may not be the case with respect to the lucrative part, but I have strong apprehensions it will happen with regard to our reputations. Be assured Mr. Pope will not let us divide - I fear not give us our due share of honour.[2] He is a Caesar in poetry, and will bear no equal.

His remarks here are in direct contrast with his cheerful optimism at the start of the collaboration: 'We are but

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1. ii.351 (December 21, 1725).

2. ii.344 (December 1, 1725). Cf.
   Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
   Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
   <u>Epistle to Arbuthnot</u>, 197ff.

auxiliars, yet I hope we shall behave so valiantly as to secure Mr. Pope his throne on Parnassus.'[1] And yet a month after expressing his doubts he can write to Pope:

> Dear sir, I sincerely assure you that the chief satisfaction I have in the conclusion of the Odyssey arises from the certainty that my name will be read with yours by posterity. This will be a lamp that will cast a glory over my [name] and adorn it when I am no longer [living].[2]

Confidence was restored, no doubt by the tremendous relief of having at last finished with Eustathius and the Notes, and Broome felt equal to coming to meet Pope. During this visit the financial agreement was worked out.

There are many variant reports of the actual amount given to Broome - the matter is complicated by the additional sums paid him for his work on the notes, and the value of his subscription copies. Spence and Ruffhead suggest a total of £600, as does Johnson: Broome himself and Pope mention £500. Broome is very clear on the subject: 'You paid me 500£: that is, 100£ for the notes, and 400£ for 8 books of the verse translation, and Mr. Fenton in proportion for his four books.'[3] I think, however, that he has not included the further £100 in the form of free copies for his subscribers - and this would reconcile all the versions of the story. This is supported by the note to Broome's name in the <u>Dunciad</u>:

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1. ii.121 (May 29, 1722).
2. ii.358 (Jan. 2, 1725-6).
3. iii.507 (October 29, 1735).

> ... he gratified him with the full sum of Five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of One hundred more.[1]

There are similar disagreements over the amount paid to Fenton: Ruffhead and Johnson say £300, Spence £240, and by 'in proportion' Broome must mean £200. Since the other reports are guesses, and Broome should presumably be correct, it seems best to accept his version. We do not know how many subscribers Fenton managed to collect, but knowing his low reserves of energy one doubts whether it was a large number.

On March 15 Broome's son was born. Pope congratulates him:

> I am heartily glad of your boy... I had writ to you sooner, but that I had expected to hear from you, and something, I thought, was to be allowed to the time of your christening, entertaining, gossiping, visiting your neighbours, &c.[2]

Naturally Broome was anxious for Fenton to visit Sturston as soon as possible. But unfortunately his pupil Trumbull at this moment went into residence at Trinity Hall and Fenton was occupied as his tutor-governor. He therefore urged Broome to come to him: 'Do you resolve on seeing Cambridge as soon, and contrive to stay as long, as you possibly can.'[3]

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1. 1728, iii.328.
2. ii.375 (April 16, 1726).
3. ii.379 (June 10, 1726).

He was greatly enjoying himself renewing friendships with the dons, but with regard to Pope, 'I find the clamour here is as great both against him and the work as it was last winter in London.'[1] However, by June he was very pleased by the appearance of Spence's Essay:

> I have sent the Essay you wrote for, but have not read it over; but, upon a transient view, it appears to be writ with so much candour that I fancy the world will say that we have employed a friend to fight booty against us, or perhaps that it is one of our own productions. If, after so strict and deliberate an examination of the work, they can find no more nor greater faults than they have yet discovered, they will criticise me into a much better opinion of the translation than I should otherwise have entertained.[2]

But the Odyssey still held a final bombshell - the second pair of volumes was published, and in them was Broome's Postscript to the Notes, in which he declared that he had translated only three books, and Fenton two. Fenton had apparently expected the lie but not the mention of his name; for a time even his anger was roused:

> I had always so ill an opinion of your post-scribing to the Odyssey that I was not surprised with anything in it but the mention of my own name, which heartily vexes me, and is, I think, a license that deserves a worse epithet than I have it in my nature to give it. I was in a pretty confusion at Cambridge when Dr. Newcome told me of it after I had retired to the extremest brink of veracity to decline the suspicion of being concerned in the undertaking. But let it go.[3]

1. ii.377 (May 20, 1726).
2. ii.379.
3. ii.385 (August 7, 1726).

The next few months saw a distinct worsening in the relations between Pope and Broome. Pope was heartily tired of both the translation and his assistant, while Broome began to wish that the Postscript could be called back, and full credit be given to him for all the eight books he had translated. Matters were made worse by Broome's inept handling of the physical details of payment: Pope writes to him in August concerning a note for £100:

> I wish you had rather acquainted me you wanted it, than put it into another person's hands ... But you may recollect the only reason of my giving you my note, instead of money, at all, was that a great part of my subscriptions would not immediately be paid in, as in fact some hundred pounds are yet unpaid; and as soon as I received more, I should have evened with you, without a demand. However, I have credit with Mr. Mead, the goldsmith, in Fleet St, upon whom I will draw the hundred pounts whenever your agent brings my own note hither to Twitnam, or leaves it with Mr. Mead for that end, - and so all accounts between us will be at an end as you please.[1]

This was, unfortunately, too optimistic - a fortnight later Pope was writing a very annoyed letter to Broome, for the arrangements had been thoroughly confused by his 'agent'.

> I had some reason to be displeased at your publishing my note to you, as I may call it, in so many hands, and having actually first given it to a lord I am a stranger to, and he to another, an agent - whether belonging to him or not I know not - before you so much as acquainted me with your design to demand the immediate payment. The person, whoever he was, was in so much haste that he went to Mr. Mead's a day before I could write him any order to pay it, he happening to be one day out of town, after which he came to my house, without any warning - which a post letter might have given me - to

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1. ii.389 (August 23, 1726).

> confine myself to wait on him.. he has neither called here since, nor at Mr. Mead's, nor left any direction at either place where he may be sent to. ... I own I am vexed at its being managed by you in so precipitate a manner that I may seem deficient to two persons at least, if not to ten, supposing the man into whose hands you have committed my note make it a complaint to others that he has been twice to receive it to no purpose.[1]

Pope was so angry that he held Fenton up to Broome as a better example:

> As I have already taken in the money at some loss to accommodate you so instantly, and it lies ready, I think I cannot do better with part of it than pay what I yet owe to Mr. Fenton, whose occasions I fear may be as pressing, though he has never named it to me, nor possibly ever would till I sent it him, which without instigation I should soon have done to both of you.

But after saying all this he felt something a little more conciliatory was necessary:

> In earnest, dear Broome, you were a little inconsiderate, but be assured I shall not quarrel with you for anything you cannot help. Something is due from each of us to the other as friends, - I hope a great deal, - for on my side I have done my best to prove myself so, and I assure you I am above imagining the contrary of you. Suspicion is not of my nature, wherever a trust of any kind is deserved as well as bestowed. So you may depend upon me as, very sincerely ever, your affectionate faithful friend and servant.

These ominous words show that the relationship was breaking up; perhaps too Pope was aware of the remarks being passed

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1. ii.396 (September 5, 1726).

behind his back by the other two collaborators.[1] When Fenton heard that Broome's collected poems were to be published by Lintot, he wrote to expostulate, and emphasises his warnings with a charge against Pope:

> I heartily wish you do not find cause to repent it in vain ... I bear no malice to the fellow, and had not mentioned him on this occasion but to convince you that for your own sake it will not be at all proper for me to revise your poems for such a ---, to put what construction he pleases upon it. And have you not too much reason to be sensible that a reviser may purloin more merit from an author than he should honestly claim?[2]

This can only be taken as a reference to Pope's behaviour in revising the Odyssey, and Broome takes up the point in his reply:

> As you hint I can fully affirm that Pope has revised away some reputation due to you and me in regard to Homer. Pray in the name of goodness what does he mean in the Postscript to the Odyssey by affirming some parts of the 10th and 15th books are not by his hand? I

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1. For example: Fenton to Broome, September 7, 1726: 'I have read the collection of letters you mentioned, and was delighted with nothing more than that art of sincerity, those professions of esteem and respect, and that deference paid to his friend's judgement in poetry which I have sometimes seen expressed to others and I doubt not with the same cordial affection'. Correspondence, ii.398 (September 7, 1726). The publication of Pope's letters to Cromwell prompted these sarcastic remarks.

2. Id. iii.385 (August 7, 1726).

> declare I saw them daily as he translated daily when I was at Twickenham. The secret is, some parts of those books are a little heavy, and he is resolved as he robbed us of seven of our books to do us a greater injury by repaying us in base coin.[1]

On this point Broome was wrong - parts of these two Books had been translated by a young Oxford graduate called Henry Layng. Sherburn notes that in the British Museum MSS. there are missing lines 1-156 of Book 10, and lines 1-320 of Book 15, and it thus seems as though these were the parts done by Layng. Nobody heard of this until he made a reference in his collected works in 1748, in a poetical epistle addressed to Lady Charlotte Fermor; speaking of Pope, he says:

> Enthron'd he sate; the Bards stood list'ning round;
> When (meanest of the train) entranc'd I hung
> To catch the nectar'd accents from his tongue;
> Smiling he call'd me thro' the envying choir,
> And bade <u>me</u> strike the loud Maeonian lyre;
> Trembling <u>I</u> touch'd the strings; <u>he</u> own'd the lays;[2]
> Firm I declin'd the envy and the praise.

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1. Id. ii.390 (August 26, 1726).
2. The lines seem to be based on those in Broome's 'To Mr. Pope, on his Works':

> Proceed, great Bard! awake th'harmonious String,
> Be ours all <u>Homer</u>! still <u>Ulysses</u> sing!
> Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses Train,
> Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler Strain;
> Advent'rous waken the <u>Maeonian</u> Lyre,
> Tun'd by your Hand, and sing as you inspire.

Broome, in complete contrast, was only too anxious to accept the 'envy and the praise', and wanted the full extent of the collaboration to be made known. Once again he turned to Fenton for help; he of course could only point out that Broome's conduct had made it impossible for anything to be done - he himself had stated how many Books he and Fenton had translated.

> In answer to your query, whether or no we are at liberty to own the books of the Odyssey, &c, upon looking at what your name is set to at the end of the notes, and Mr. Pope's postscript, I think you have absolutely transferred your right at least, if not mine, which he by punctually just seems as positively to have accepted; so that, unless you resolve to break all measures with him, I think the best way for you is to let it rest as it does. And besides you have sung Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, so loudly, that I do not think my own worth owning, which, in truth, was one reason why I was so vexed to have my name mentioned.[1]

Broome fully realised the false position in which he had put himself by acting according to Pope's wishes in the matter of the final Note. As soon as it was done he wished that it could be taken back, and having been forced to the realisation that it could not, childishly vented his rage and disappointment on Pope. As one surveys the whole business one feels it can be summed up in the verse:

> O what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practise to deceive.

It produced as its climax a hysterical outburst from Broome

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1. ii.422f (December 17, 1726).

against the cause of all the trouble - Pope:

> He is king of Parnassus, and claims what is good in our translation by prerogative royal. The mines of gold and silver belong to the monarch, as privileges of his supremacy, but coarser metals are left for the use of the owner of the soil. But in the meantime where is his veracity? One time or other the truth shall be publicly known. Till then I give him leave to shine like a candle in the dark, which is lighted up to its own diminution, and shines only to go out in a stink.[1]

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1. ii.390 (August 26, 1726).

Chapter 4

THE ODYSSEY:

a discussion of the translation and the notes.

For the sake of completeness it should be noted first exactly which parts of the Odyssey were translated by which hand: Fenton was responsible for Books 1, 4, 19 and 20; Broome dealt with Books 2, 6, 8, 11, 12, 16, 18 and 23; Pope with the remainder, that is, Books 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 17, 21, 22 and 24. In other words, Pope translated half, and Broome most of the other half of the work. Swift was no doubt exaggerating when he said that he would 'like it three fourths the less from the mixture you mention of another hand'[1] - but it may be that even he was not told of the true extent of the assistance Pope received.

As in the case of the Iliad, it was frequently said that Pope had only produced the poetry, being incapable of rendering the Greek;[2] 'it was insinuated that Mr. Broome was, in Reality, the Translator of Homer, and only the Versification Mr. Pope's.'[3] The charge is made, for example, in

1. Correspondence, ii.325 (September 29, 1725).
2. See 'A parallel of the characters of Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden', an Appendix to the Dunciad, section 4: 'Mr. Pope understood no Greek', which lists some of the contemporary expressions of this allegation.
3. W. Ayre, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alexander Pope, 1745, p. 90.

'One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope':

> By Tricks sustain'd, in Poet-craft compleat,
> Retire triumphant to thy Twicknam Seat;
> That Seat! the Work of half-paid drudging Br---me,
> And call'd by joking Tritons, Homer's Tomb.[1]

The footnote to these lines reads: 'The Reverend Mr. Br-me, who translated a great Part of Homer, and construed the Rest'. There is another reference earlier in the poem to Pope, who

> By F----n left, by Reverend Linguists hated,
> Now learns to read the Greek he once translated.[2]

Johnson quotes the 'ludicrous distich' by Henley:

> Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say
> Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.[3]

That there is an element of truth in all this is shown by remarks made by Broome himself when protesting to Fenton about the mention of his name in the Bathos: 'All the crime I have committed is saying he is no master of Greek; and I am so confident of this, that if he can translate ten lines of Eustathius I will own myself unjust and unworthy.'[4] But

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1. By Welsted and Moore-Smythe, 1730, 152f.
2. 31-2. 'By the way I just now found, in the libel called an Epistle, that [Fenton] and I were no friends'. Pope to Broome, May 2 1730, Correspondence, iii.105.
3. A couplet like this had been applied before to Richard Brome, the dramatic poet and servant of Ben Jonson:
   Sent by Ben Jonson; as some authors say
   Broom went before, and kindly swept the way.
   Choyce Drollery: Songs and Sonnets, London, 1656.
4. Correspondence, ii.500 (June 15 [1728]).

it is clear that Pope could read Greek, and it would be no crime to ask for the assistance of a scholar like Broome when a difficulty was encountered. Gilbert Wakefield took a very poor view of Pope's learning, declaring:

> I can decisively pronounce, after an experimental examination of his whole performance, that he appears uniformly to have collected the general purport of every passage from some of his predecessors, Dryden, Dacier, Chapman, or Ogilby.[1]

Wakefield says that he can prove this allegation by showing how Pope has slavishly followed a mistake of an earlier translator rather than go back to the original: but in general his cavils appear unnecessary, and his expressions of horror excessive. One is not disposed to accept such criticisms either from one who so frequently errs in his own points of detail - he quotes inaccurate line numbers (<u>Iliad</u> x.15 is in fact x.17; x.85 is 93). He is really on firm ground when he notes Pope's glaring mistake in <u>Iliad</u> iii.476, where Pope followed Chapman in thinking that the Greek substantive for an old woman was a proper name (Graea). And he works up to an eloquent climax with Lord Bathurst's anecdote:

> But now breaks in upon the glimmering twilight of our enquiries the flaming testimony of Dr. Blair! a testimony, as Longinus remarks of the eloquence of Demosthenes, calculated to confound, and shiver into atoms by a single blast, all our meagre and insipid probabilities, in an instant.

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1. <u>The Odyssey of Homer</u>, translated by Alexander Pope Esq. ... 1796, i.lxi.

> "I remember also distinctly, (though I have not for this the authority of my journal) that the conversation going on concerning Mr. Pope, I took notice of a report which had been sometimes propogated, that he did not understand Greek. Lord Bathurst said to me, that he knew that to be false; for that part of the Iliad was translated by Mr. Pope in his house in the country; and that in the morning when they assembled at breakfast, Mr. Pope used frequently to repeat, with great rapture, the Greek lines which he had been translating, and then to give them his version of them, and to compare them together."[1]

Wakefield rudely says that he does not believe a word of all this: Lord Bathurst's eyes were bad, he could not see from what book Pope was translating, Pope knew his audience was not knowledgeable and was showing off for their benefit. With a triumphant flourish he concludes:

> The remaining particulars of Dr. Blair's report, which relates to the sonorous spoutings of Mr. Pope, reminds me of a child, who was taught, like the parrot from his cage, by an absurd preceptress, to mouth an ode of Anacreon in astonishment of the gaping ladies, before he could articulate even his mother tongue.[2]

These rapturous recitations at the breakfast table are slightly ridiculous, and no doubt there was an element of posturing in them; but Wakefield never really proves his case. He is valuable, however, in showing to what a large extent Pope based his rhymes on those of Chapman or Ogilby; and he admits that the phrases which he takes from them are turned to gold. This use of the previous translators was of course

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1. i.lxix. 2. i.lxx.

deliberate on Pope's part: he wanted his Homer to be a quintessential translation.

Contemporary criticism of the Odyssey is best considered first in the shape of Spence's Essay[1] - a more balanced and thoughtful opinion than most, even though the second part (published after the author had met Pope) is so favourable. Spence very sensibly begins by deciding to criticise the work as a whole:

> For most, I think, are very ready to agree, that Mr. Pope is only the Master-hand in this Translation; and that he has been obliged with the assistance of some other Gentlemen in several parts of it ... Mr. Pope has recommended the whole with his Name; He gives the finishing stroke to every thing: and the Dialogues speak of him, as if he were really the Author of the whole. It wou'd have been a confused thing, and often not practicable, to have spoken at every turn to the right Person.[2]

There was still a difficulty: Spence might find that he had been lavishing the highest praise on a part which had been translated by one of the assistants. But he decides to hope for the best:

> I have ... reason to think, that the other Gentlemen engaged are persons of establish'd Characters in the Poetick World. - After this, perhaps, those Compliments may still be allow'd to stand, as they are: I hope they are never wrought too high for Mr. Pope himself; and I believe they may generally be spoken very justly of his Seconds in the Work.[3]

1. An Essay on Pope's Odyssey, 1726.
2. [A4v]
3. [A5]

Unfortunately for Spence, he was mistaken when he later congratulated himself on managing to avoid criticism of the Books which Pope had translated. Book 4, translated by Fenton, received most censure, but Book 5 by Pope was not far behind, and nearly half the criticisms in the first part of the Essay are of passages translated by him. The Books by Broome received, on the whole, a favourable opinion; the characters in the Dialogues praised 60 passages from his part, and criticised only 45. The judgements are those of a typical eighteenth century critic: most of the praises are for 'borrowed beauties', that is definite echoes of the great poets of the past, and most of the censure is for meanness, fustian, overelaboration or other instances of departure from dignity and decorum. Rather startling to us is his condemnation of the use of the word 'Spindle' in Book 6, line 370 as too mean; but one can approve of his criticism of the fustian of 'Princes on Princes roll'd', or 'the dead Suitors almost swam in blood'. On two occasions Broome is warmly commended for improving on Homer: in Book 11.540ff and Book 12. 216ff.: and at several points for expanding the original imaginatively and well.

Spence is not so typical of his century in the main general criticism of the Odyssey; most of the first Dialogue is devoted to a discussion of it:

> Lines very good in themselves, may be bad when consider'd as a Translation. The aim of a Translation is to give us the Spirit of the Original ... The Poet, in several parts of that Work, seems to me to have let fall some Lines that are forc'd; some of too much flourish, and ornament; and a few, even swelling, and unnatural; where the Original is, with good reason plain, and natural, and unadorn'd.[1]

This view - that the version did not reproduce in English Homer's style, manner or atmosphere, but was polished and elaborate - has been echoed by many critics, both contemporary and modern. Warton declared that the translation was 'very inferior and unlike ... the original', and 'overloaded with improper, unnecessary, and Ovidian ornaments.' Tillotson has noted that 'Pope even goes so far as to 'improve' Homer by the addition of Ovidian material', and shows by analysis of a passage in Book 21 how memories of an Ovidian description of a similar incident coloured Pope's version.[2] The Books translated by Broome are shown by Spence to contain a proportion of wrongly elaborate lines similar to those dealt with by Pope and Fenton. This impropriety is the one fault one would not have expected to find in a work by Pope, whose guiding aim was correctness; he declared:

> After writing a poem, one should correct it all over, with one single view at a time. Thus for language; if an elegy; 'these lines are very good, but are they not of too heroical a strain?' and so vice versa.[3]

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1. Page 5.
2. G. Tillotson, On the Poetry of Pope, 2nd edition, Oxford, 1956, 172ff.
3. J. Spence, Anecdotes, ed. S.W. Singer, 1820, 312.

We must accept Spence's verdict, that 'we are got into an idle manner of Versifying; and if Mr. Pope sometimes falls into it, we are not so much to blame him for those Particulars, as to wonder, that he does not do it more frequently, in so general a debauch of Taste among us.'[1]

Pope certainly tried to be correct - he writes to Broome:

> What I have done in my present task of Homer, I think is not quite so spirited as I could wish. It is close and fluent enough, and I hope in the narrative style much resembling my author; but far from any thought of improving either his thoughts, or expression, I try to be as exactly like him as I can.[2]

And he wrote to Oxford:

> I verily think by not having loaded myself so heavily with the whole weight, I have made this translation more exact than that of the Iliad. And indeed I was sensible it would be a much more difficult task to make the Odyssey appear in any splendor.[3]

On another occasion he rebukes Broome for using too elaborate a style:

> You are sometimes too figurative and constrained, not quite easy or clear enough. But as I am to act, not only to my best judgement, but to one of my best friends, not only for my own, but for your reputation, I will never spare you, but alter so freely whatever I do not quite approve that possibly you may like it the worse, if your sentiments of Homer's style differs from my idea of it. But I believe it does not, and if ever you appear with any different air from the author, it proceeded from a well-meant endeavour to raise him. Indeed, these five or six books, after the 13th, are more languid, less active, more conversation-like, than

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1. Essay, p. 10.
2. Correspondence, ii.205 (October 3 [1725]).
3. ii.279 (December 22, 1724).

> all the remainder, and than all that went before; and the reader will inevitably find them tiresome, as well as the translator ... perhaps it is better you should not be too laborious in correcting, and, to say truth, another man always corrects more easily than one's self - an advantage, by the way, which I have all along wanted to my own.[1]

The second extract also shows clearly that Pope thoroughly revised the work done by Fenton and Broome - he can barely disguise his impatience to get possession of Broome's verses for reworking.[2] It is therefore hardly surprising that so many critics have been unable to distinguish any great difference in style between Books translated by Pope and those dealt with by Broome. Leslie Stephen, for example, says:

> On trying the experiment by a cursory reading I confess ... that I took some of Broome's work for Pope's, and, though closer study or an acuter perception might discriminate more accurately, I do not think that the distinction would be easy.[3]

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1. ii.320 (September 14 [1725]).

2. 'Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.' Johnson, Lives, iii.142. The one case in which this is proved is Book 23: Pope writes to Broome: 'You must not take it ill if I use it freely ... I have much altered, and, I hope, not a little amended it.' Correspondence, ii.355 (December 30, 1725).

3. Alexander Pope, London, 1902, p. 80. Also, 'Pope showed a remarkable confidence in the ability of his assistants by assigning to them the first two books. If there had been any conspicuous inequality in these ... the reader would start with a prejudice.' Pope's Odyssey, ed. A.J. Church, 1907, Introduction.

Broome himself, of course, declares Pope responsible for the whole in the final Observation: 'If my performance has merit ... it is but just to attribute it to the care and judgement of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected.'[1] Nevertheless, one critic has found stylistic evidence for Broome's authorship of one Book - evidence which was not revised away by Pope:

> In the eleventh book (the descent into hell), where Homer frequently rises into the greatest sublimity, Broome, the acknowledged translator of that book, has displayed as much elegance of style, and harmony of numbers, as we find in any other part of the poem. And there is, I think, a general equality in the poetical diction, which could not be derived from the occasional alterations of the master-poet.
>
> Dr. Johnson observes, '... that the readers of poetry have never been able to distinguish the books of Broome and Fenton from those of Pope.' We do not indeed find in this excellent work that manifest disparity of style which generally characterises different poets; yet in some passages, perhaps, the writer may be discovered by certain peculiarities, or unusual expressions. I shall mention one of them ...
>
> The English poets almost unanimously represent Death as a tremendous spectre of the masculine gender.

He then quotes from Shakespeare, Milton and Pope in support of this; then from Broome's poem 'On Death':

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1. 'If [our books] have the good fortune not to be distinguished from his, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revisal and correction'. Para. 4.

> High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
> Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
> In horrid state she reigns; attendant ills
> Beseige her throne, and, when she frowns, she kills.[1]

This perceptive critic is a J. Robertson, of 39 Great Marlborough Street, writing in the Gentleman's Magazine;[2] and he continues: 'Here Death is personified in the feminine gender, contrary to the usual custom ... we may therefore presume, without any external evidence, that the following animated description is written by the same hand:

> When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
> Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms.
> In duel met her on the listed ground,
> When hand to hand they wound return for wound ...[3]

If this was left unrevised by Pope, there is room for debate on how much else he passed over; and Broome's portion of the translation can legitimately be discussed as part of his poetic achievement.

The translation was held by Coleridge and Southey to be 'the main source of our pseudo-poetic diction',[4] and to have been responsible for 'the corruption of our poetry'.[5] Fenton's

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1. 'A Poem on Death', 3ff. First printed in 1739.
2. July 1792 (Vol. 62, p. 608f.).
3. Odyssey xi.515f.
4. Biographia Literaria, ed. Shawcross, 1907, i.26n.
5. Correspondence, ed. Dowden, 1881, p. 224.

difficulties with the bitch and the cow-heel are well known, and a reading of the critics prepares one to find a work intolerably artificial. But it is the fluency of the lines which is most noticeable; an easy, elegant style is maintained, which carries the reader from episode to episode. One might, on the other hand, say that this elegant uniformity is tedious and artificial.

Broome's Books contain several of the notable episodes of the Odyssey: Nausicaa, Scylla and Charybdis, the visit to Hades, the revelation of Ulysses' identity to Telemachus, and his reunion with Penelope. The last passage shows Penelope's indecision well:

> O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
> Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.[1]

and is reasonably successful later:

> While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
> She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
> At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
> And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
> The tears pour'd down amain: And oh, she cries,
> Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
> O vers'd in every turn of human art,
> Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart ...
> I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
> Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey.[2]

But the simile of the shipwreck which follows is a missed opportunity.

1. xxiii.97f.
2. 211f.

In Book 11 Broome has the task of describing the crowd of ghosts which swarm up after the sacrifice:

> When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
> Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;
> Fair, pensive youths, and soft-enamour'd maids,
> And wither'd Elders, pale and wrinkled shades:
> Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
> Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:
> These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
> And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.
> Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,
> And a cold fear ran shivering thro' my blood.[1]

More successful than these conventional ghosts is the simple pathos of the couplet:

> His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
> Now all Atrides is an empty shade.[2]

Broome captures the ominous majesty of Scylla's rock:

> High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
> In brooding tempests, and in rouling clouds;
> Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
> Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies ...
> The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
> The sky forever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.[3]

One of Spence's main charges is that, in order to heighten the descriptive passages, unhomeric colours are introduced. For example, in Book 6, Broome embellishes a simple statement that the queen was spinning the purple yarn with her attendants:

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1. xi.47f.
2. xi.489f.
3. xii.87f.

> ... the whirling spindle glow'd
> With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull
> The snowy fleece, or twist the purple wool.[1]

The lines are given a sensuous impact by the sequence of 'glow'd' - 'crimson' - 'snowy fleece' - 'purple wool', the last two phrases stimulating the sense of touch as well as evoking colour. Another use of colour is in the fruits which tempt Tantalus:

> Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
> There figs sky-dy'd, a purple hue disclose,
> Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
> There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
> And yellow apples ripen into gold.[2]

One feels dubious about 'sky-dy'd', but apart from this the passage is designed to appeal to taste, sight and smell, and an additional torment lies in watching the slow progress of the fruit ripening.

On more than one occasion, Broome notes that Homer has excelled in onomatopeia, and that he himself has tried to imitate this beauty. In Book 12 comes the description of Charybdis:

> Dire <u>Scylla</u> there a scene of horror forms,
> And here <u>Charybdis</u> fills the deep with storms.
> When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
> The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
> They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
> Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze.[3]

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1. vi.60f. Not, as Sutherland states, by Fenton. (<u>A Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry</u>, 1948, p. 90).
2. xi.726f.
3. 280f.

Broome notes:

> I have clog'd the verse with the roughness and identity of a letter, which is the harshest our language affords; and clog'd it with Monosyllables, that the concourse of the rough letters might be more quick and close in the pronuntiation, and the most open and sounding vowel in every word.

This shows a sensitive awareness of the potentialities in manipulation of words; and in another note Broome complains that 'Greek is always flowing, sonorous, and harmonious', unlike English.[1]

Broome was, of course, responsible for both part of the translation and all the notes; and Mr. Robertson's aim was partly to 'pay a proper tribute of respect to the modest and ingenious Dr. Broome', whom he considered had

> ... translated a third part of the poem with an extraordinary degree of elegance and poetic spirit, and had illustrated, not only part of the Iliad, but the whole Odyssey, with some of the most pleasing, the most useful, and the most ingenious annotations, that we meet with, on any classic writer, in any language.[2]

Critical opinion on the Notes has generally been favourable; a nineteenth century historian, for example, states of the Odyssey that 'The whole of the notes also were written by Broome, whose general learning and strong critical acumen

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1. xvi.355 note. 'This is wanting ... in English Poetry, where it is not always in our power to conceal the nakedness with ornaments.'
2. Fenton refers the reader to 'my friend Dr. Broom's excellent observations' for opinions on Nepenthe; Waller, 1730 (12mo), ciii.

they strikingly exemplify.'[1] There is further praise from one of Broome's contemporaries, the Reverend Samuel Shuckford, in his striking book, The Sacred and Prophane History of the World Connected; following a mention of the Cyclopes, who like every other known object of the ancient world seem to have got caught up in this marvellous production, he has a footnote:

> I would observe, that the ingenious Annotator upon the English Homer, whose real Worth, as well as Learning, makes it a pleasure to me to say, I have a Friendship with him, gives a better Account of this Fable of the Cyclopes; ascribing it to their wearing an Headpiece or martial Vizor, that had but one Sight thro' it. "The vulgar, says he, form their Judgements from Appearances; and a Mariner who passed these Coasts at a distance, observing the Resemblance of a broad Eye in the Forehead of one of these Cyclops, might relate it accordingly, and impose it as a Truth upon the Credulity of the ignorant. It is notorious, that Things equally monstrous have found Belief in all Ages." See Dr. Broome's Notes upon Homer's Odyssey. B.IX.ver.119.[2]

The note Shuckford quotes is typical: it applies commonsense to the explanation of the ancient world, is intelligent and expressed in a fluent, easy style.[3] Similar notes comment on most of the ancient customs, which appeared very strange to the elegant world of the eighteenth century. In Odyssey ii.14 for example, Telemachus goes to the council

1. J. Britton, The History and antiquities of Bath Abbey Church, 1825, 93.
2. 1737, iii.60.
3. Cf. The 'Explication' of the myth of the battle of the Gods and Titans, Poems, 1727, p. 215.

accompanied only by two dogs; Broome notes that 'such was the simplicity of ancient princes, that except in war they had rarely any attendants or equipage', and goes on to generalise:

> Poetry, observes Dacier, is like painting, which draws the greatest beauties from the simplest customs: and even in history, we receive a sensible pleasure from the least circumstance that denotes the customs of ancient times. It may be added, that the poet, as well as the painter, is obliged to follow the customs of the age of which he writes, or paints: a modern dress would ill become Achilles or Ulysses, such a conduct would be condemned as an absurdity in Painting, and ought to be so in poetry.

As well as indicating an intelligent approach to scholarship, the notes often show an understanding of human psychology; both are present when Broome comments on the tears of Telemachus at the council:[1]

> This passage is ridiculed by the Criticks; they set it in a wrong light, and then grow very pleasant upon it: Telemachus makes a sad outcry because the Suitors eat his sheep, his beeves and fatted goats; and at last falls into tears. The truth is, the riches of Kings and Princes, in those early ages, consisted chiefly in flocks and cattle; thus AEneas and Paris are described as tending their flocks &c. And Abraham in the scriptures, as abounding in this kind of wealth.
>
> These Criticks would form a different idea of the state and condition of Telemachus, if they considered that he had been able to maintain no fewer than an hundred and eight persons in a manner very expensive for many years ... and at the same time he kept up the dignity of his own court, and lived with great hospitality ...

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1. ii.63f.

> This passage is not one of those, where the Poet can be blam'd for causing a Heroe to weep. If we consider the youth of Telemachus, together with the tenderness agreeable to that time of life; the subjects that demand his concern; the apprehension of the loss of a father; and the desolate state of his mother and kingdom: All these make his readiness to burst into tears an argument, not of any want of spirit in him, but of true sense, and goodness of nature: and is a great propriety, which shews the right judgement of the Poet.[1]

Wakefield was so impressed by the notes, that he suspected that Broome was not the author; 'a reader of sagacity will descry in many of them a delicacy of thought and a gaiety of expression, indubitably characteristic of Pope himself'.[2] In support of this assertion, he mentions two notes in which women are teased in a playful way. It is true that this is typical of Pope, but I see no reason why he should have the monopoly of this characteristic; besides, the note to Odyssey xv.24 has a peculiar piquancy if written by Broome:

> "Thou know'st the practice of the female train ...
> Their love is always with the lover past;
> Still the succeeding flame expells the last."
>
> ... I chuse ... to congratulate the modern ladies, against whom there is not the least objection of this nature. Is it not evident, that all our widows are utterly disconsolate, appear many months in deep mourning? and whenever they are prevailed upon to a second marriage, do they not chuse out the strongest, best built, and most vigorous youth of the nation? For what other reason, but that such constitutions may be a security against their ever feeling the like calamity again?

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1. ii.91.
2. Op. cit., i.lxxii.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Broome survived her second husband by five years.

Nevertheless, Broome's Notes are not entirely his own work: he was able to make use of the labours of others, and Pope, rather like an angry schoolmaster, rebukes him for this:

> I must only at present warn you of one point, which it is necessary you should take some care of. I find upon comparing your notes with Dacier's, many of them much more directly, indeed, entirely copied from her - besides what she takes from Eustathius - than I expected, or than is consistent with the plan I laid down, and the declaration I made in the introduction to the notes on the Iliad, which you also declare, in yours to these on to the Odyssey, to make your model. This must, in fairness, be acknowledged before you conclude, in a period to this effect,- that you have sometimes made as free use of Madame Dacier, as she did of Eustathius, which you never could design should be concealed, her work being in everybody's hands, whereas that of Eustathius lay wrapped in his original from all but a few learned. It is the best excuse I can think of, for the fact is so, which till very lately I never imagined, and was indeed surprised at it.[1]

Pope's prevarication was duly transmuted into Broome's final Observation: 'I have sometimes used Madam Dacier as she has done others, in transcribing some of her Remarks without particularizing them; but indeed it was through inadvertency only that her name is sometimes omitted at the bottom of the note.' The discovery must have been quite a shock for Pope, coming as it did just before publication of the final volumes. He reveals his skill in smoothing over such occurrences.

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1. Correspondence, ii.363 (January 20,]1726]).

Contemporary critics naturally seized on the plagiarisms from Dacier as one further example of the worthlessness of the translation; but Broome's predecessor's notes were so comprehensive in the field that Pope had asked him to cover - 'all the notes which are purely critical, omitting the grammatical and geographical and allegorical ones', 'such notes only as concern the beauties or art of the author'[1] - that it was almost inevitable that he should save himself the trouble of devising a different way of saying what had already been said well. However, there can be no doubt that even with Dacier's help there was a very great amount of laborious work involved; Broome reveals its tedium in a letter to Fenton:

> Pray consider what a weight lies on my shoulders who, besides eight books of translation, am to write twenty-four of annotations. You only travel hand in hand with Homer through flowery walks; I labour through dirt and rubbish with dull commentators. It is almost impossible for you to conceive how tiresome the task is of consulting fifty annotators every day, and finding them generally saying everything but just the thing they ought to say ... if either you or Mr. Pope presume to touch 16, 18 and 23, I will punish you, and desire you to write your own notes upon them ... Remember the horror of the notes hangs over your heads, like the sword of Damocles, by a single hair.[2]

The burden of the work was finally thrown off by Broome with a shout of triumph:

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1. i.266, 270. These directions refer to the Iliad, which Broome used as a model.
2. ii.121 (May 29, 1722).

Huzza! I have finished the notes on the Odyssey ...
What a pile of useless commentators stand before me.
Begone to the pastry-cook's or jakes! What a brave
fellow am I, author of four-and-twenty books of notes.
Hercules is nobody; he cleansed but one, I four-and-
twenty Augean stables. Methinks I am like Hannibal
at the top of the Alps, at the head of legions of crit-
ics, and look back with pleasure upon the dirty and
difficult ways I have passed, and now come pouring
down with my volumes upon poor England.[1]

1. Id. ii.357 (January 2 1725-6).

Chapter 5

BROOME AS A POET:
an analysis of his original works

Criticism of Broome's poems is considerably complicated by his passion for revision. Most of them were published more than once, some five or six times, and on every occasion they were different in some way from their previous form. The alterations - mainly additions - throw a good deal of light on Broome's character and his attitude to poetry, but do not make it easy to make a fair choice among the many versions of a poem for a copy-text. In general, I think it can be said that the earliest version is the best; similarly, Broome's early work seems to be better than those poems which appear for the first time in or after 1727.

To clarify matters slightly, a catalogue of the poems appears in Appendix B. Very few are actually dated, but it can be seen that the date of first publication gives a good indication of when they were written. Thus, one block of poems was completed before the publication of Lintot's Miscellany of 1712, another before 1714, another by 1717, and a large group before 1727. Only five new poems were written between then and 1739, and as far as can be discovered

only the translations of Anacreon and a coarse epigram[1], were produced from then until Broome's death in 1745. This can be expressed in other terms by saying that Broome wrote half his poems before the age of 28, and practically all the rest in the next ten years. It will be noted that during these ten years he was largely occupied with the work on the Odyssey; he was also revising his earlier work extensively.

The first edition of Broome's collected works appeared in 1727. It contains sixteen previously unpublished poems, and sixteen revised versions of earlier productions. This collection was published with the help and encouragement of Pope. Broome continued to revise his works, and himself paid for the publication of a second edition in 1739. The volume included ten new poems, five of which had been written considerably earlier. A 'second edition' of the 1739 volume appeared in 1750 - it is a reissue. Johnson prints the poems according to the 1739 versions, 'with additions and alterations made by the author in 1743'. The phrase shows that right up to the end of his life Broome continued to tinker with his poems.

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1. Printed only in the Gentleman's Magazine, April 1747, 191.

The incessant revision was a habit learnt from Pope, who actually revised Broome's early poems himself, and is thanked for it in the work 'To a Gentleman who corrected some Verses for Me':

> Mean was the Piece, unelegantly wrought,
> The Colours faint, irregular the Draught!
> But your commanding Touch, your nicer Art,
> Rais'd ev'ry Stroke, and brighten'd ev'ry Part ...
> Confus'd it lay a rough unpolish'd Mass,
> You gave the Royal Stamp, and made it pass;
> Hence ev'n Deformity a Beauty grew,
> She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by you.[1]

The exact degree of Pope's rewriting is a moot point which will be discussed later; however, it should be borne in mind when one is considering the poems written before 1727. (After this date relations between the two had deteriorated and Pope's criticisms were no longer invited.)

When these complications have been noted, it is possible to discuss Broome's poems in terms of groups or categories. He wrote on a limited number of subjects, in a limited variety of styles. The poem of mannered compliment seems to predominate; the subject is treated either in a very light, frivolous way (as in the poems addressed to Belinda) or in a serious tone which in time becomes one of the deepest melancholy - examples are the works dedicated to Lady Townshend and Robert Trefusis. In the course of revisions these

1. 7f.

latter poems completely change their character, so that a work which began with a paragraph of flowery conceits ends with several stanzas on the futility of earthly wealth and the horrors of death. One wonders how the recipients of these poems felt as the various versions, still bearing their name, became steadily gloomier and gloomier.

Broome was remarkably fond of the poem of natural description, and although some of his attempts never rise above the insipidities of the Pastoral, in general this is one of his happiest fields. The passages from Job and Ecclesiasticus were chosen as opportunities for extended writing on this subject. Finally, a third broad category can be made out which contains Broome's flippant or satirical poems; these are sharply differentiated from the rest also by their brisk four-foot couplets - he generally prefers a slower rhythm. The group includes such works as 'Poverty and Poetry' and 'The widow and virgin sisters'.

Other elements, this time of style, ought however to be noted: many of Broome's poems show the influence of Milton. Examples of this are found not only in the avowed imitations of Milton (the translations of two books of the _Iliad_) but in parts of such poems as the paraphrase of Habbakkuk or 'The seat of war in Flanders'. Apart from this, Pope is the main influence. The two had begun by writing the same type of poems, and were only a year apart

in age; Pope's earliest published works were his Pastorals, Essay on Criticism, Rape of the Lock and Windsor Forest - works whose content Broome could not emulate, but whose style he could approach closely. In one case (Eloisa to Abelard) Broome antedates Pope with his version of the Heroic Epistle, 'The Complaint'. Broome's work was of a sufficiently high standard in these styles for Pope to befriend him and give real help in revision, and it would be invidious to attribute every happy touch to his hand. Broome was quite capable of approaching Pope's level by himself. But unfortunately the early promise never developed; a loss of inspiration led to an incapacity to devise new subjects or styles, a sort of arrested development left him capable only of the endless reworking of the old material. His outlook on life changed from that of an energetic young man to that of an old one saddened by bereavement - but his powers of expression do not mature. It is only occasionally that the real emotion can struggle through the lifeless style. A further consequence of this loss of inspiration was a mistaken idea that a long poem is more impressive than a short one - a belief that led to youthful productions being smothered under a load of added heavy material, added after Broome had sat down to produce verses in cold blood for the sake of doing so. While Broome was doing this, Pope was

producing the brilliant Moral Essays and satiric Epistles; the early similarity between the two had developed into a gulf which could hardly have been wider.[1]

It is refreshing to turn back to the earlier poems to begin a more detailed analysis. It will be remembered that Broome's work first appeared in Lintot's Miscellany of 1712; this volume contains good examples of the various forms in which he wrote (apart from the flippant epistle) which can be used as points of departure for discussion. One of the best is the paraphrase of part of Chapters 38 and 39 of the Book of Job. A recurring element in Broome's work is the paragraph of description of the heavens - the sun, moon, stars, winds, rains, snows - and the first occurrence is in this poem:

> Now busy Nature lies diffus'd in Sleep,
> Hush'd is the Land, and lull'd the peaceful Deep;
> No Air of breath disturbs the drowzy Woods,
> No whispers murmur from the silent Floods:
> The silver Moon sheds down a trembling Light,
> And glads the melancholy Face of Night:
> The stars in order twinkle in the Skies,
> And fall in silence, and in silence rise;
> Till thro' the Gates of Light the radiant Sun
> Issues, and leads the circling Minutes on.[2]

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1. 'You, I perceive, are of a stock to bear the gay blossoms of poetry in the decline of life. I am not of so vigorous a kind, and the little fruit I bear is like that of our gardens in this unseasonable autumn, not worth the gathering'. Broome to Pope, Correspondence, iii.495 (Sept. 22, 1735).
2. 29f.

The lines have a pleasing rhythmic melancholy which well conveys the moon-drenched landscape under a clear sky. Some skill is shown in the repetition of

> And fall in silence, and in silence rise;

and the careful placing of the important word 'Issues' at the start of the line, to give the effect of the dramatic arrival of the sun. In the language can be noted those memories of the Classics which give eighteenth century poetry its measured calm; 'diffus'd in Sleep' for example is a faint echo of Ovid's 'languore solutis', which Sandys thought of as 'dissolu'd in rest' and Dryden in his Boccaccio remembered as 'dissolv'd in ease'. (Broome altered the phrase in 1739 to 'diffus'd in Ease', perhaps to strike a stronger echo). The texture of the verse is further added to by the reminiscence of Milton in the last line.

The conscious art of many of the lines is pleasing to savour:

> Say, why the driving Hail with rushing Sound
> Pours from on high, and rattles on the Ground?
> Why hover Snows, and wanton in the Air,
> Fall by degrees, and cloathe the hoary Year?[1]

In 1739 the phrase 'and wanton in the Air' was replaced by the even better 'down-wav'ring by degrees', which is most evocative of slowly falling snow. There are vigorous

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1. 63f.

passages too in this poem; it includes the well-known Biblical description of the warhorse:

> Fleet as the Wind, he shoots along the Plain,
> And knows no check, nor hears the curbing Rein;
> His fiery Eye-Balls formidably bright
> Dart a fierce Glory, and a dreadful Light;
> Pleas'd with the Clank of Arms, and Trumpets Sound,
> He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling Ground;
> He snuffs the promis'd Battel from afar,
> Neighs at the Captains Shouts, and Thunder of the War:
> Rous'd with the noble Din and martial Sight,
> He pants with Tumults of severe Delight;
> His sprightly Blood an even Course disdains,
> Pours from his Heart, and charges in his Veins;
> He braves the Spear, and mocks the twanging Bow,
> Demands the Fight, and rushes on the Foe.[1]

If we wish to appreciate these lines, mediocre as some of them are, they should be compared with the version produced by Young, which begins

> Survey the warlike Horse! didst thou invest
> With thunder his robust distended Chest?[2]

In its careful choice of words the poem is a good exercise in following the precepts of the Essay on Criticism, published in the previous year. Unfortunately, it also contains examples of the type of verse criticised in that work:

> Say, why sometimes the gentle evening Breeze
> Sleeps on the Waves, or murmurs thro' the Trees?[3]

Pope can hardly have revised those lines.

In its later forms the poem's diction was even more studied, usually resulting in improvement. The first version has these four lines:

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1. 107f. 2. 1719. 3. 54f.

> Why the vast Tide sometimes with wanton Play
> In soft Maeanders gently glides away;
> Anon, why swelling with impetuous Stores
> Comes rouling down, and tumbles to the Shores?[1]

The delicacy of the second line is increased in 1727 when the 'soft Maeanders' become 'shining Mazes'; and in 1739 the onomatopeia of the last is enforced by

> Tumultuous tumbling, thunder to the Shores

But the subtler contrast expressed in the original version may be preferred. Some of the 1739 additions are Miltonic in flavour: as here:

> Ten thousand thousand! bright, ethereal Pow'rs!
> Ministrant round, their radiant Files unfold,
> Arm'd in eternal Adamant, and Gold![2]

or in this fine picture of the planets, which recalls also Davies' Orchestra:

> How Orbs oppos'd to Orbs amid the Sky
> In consort move, and dance in Harmony?
> What wondrous Pillars their foundations bear
> When hung self-ballanc'd in the fluid Air?[3]

The same themes are dealt with in the paraphrase of part of Ecclesiasticus, first printed in 1717; the same studied language is employed, and there are the same occasional felicities:

> Oft Waves on Waves in solid Mountains rise,
> And Alpes of ice invade the wondring Skies ...
> There rouling Monsters arm'd in scaly pride
> Flounce in the Billows and dash wide the Tide![4]

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1. 16f.
2. 5f.
3. 22f.
4. 89f.

This poem ends with another version of Broome's picture of the heavens:

> Yet in the spacious regions of the Skies
> New Scenes unfold, and Worlds on Worlds arise:
> There other Orbs, round other Suns advance,
> Float in the Air, and run their mystick Dance.[1]

In a later version, another instance of a description of the sea is added:

> High o'er the Shores the rushing Surge prevails,
> Bursts o'er the Plain, and roars along the Vales:
> Dashing abruptly, dreadful down it comes,
> Tumbling thro' Rocks, and tosses, whorls, and foams.[2]

The onomatopeic virtues of the last line almost make up for the pedestrian nature of the preceding three. In another place, Broome re-uses a couplet from his 'Philosophy on Boetius', printed in 1714; it describes the stars which follow the moon,

> And o'er the Desarts of the Sky unfold
> Their burning Spangles of sidereal Gold.[3]

In the Hill-Eusden Miscellany of 1714 we can find another treatment of these subjects - in the Pastoral dialogue between Astrophel and Daphnis. Despite a dreadful opening stanza -

> Hark! the Night Warbler from yon vocal Boughs,
> Glads every Valley with melodious Woes![4]

1. 127f. 2. 55f.

3. 34f. 4. 5f.

- and the inevitable rhyme of 'breeze' and 'trees', it has some pleasing lines of the familiar sort, with each epithet carefully chosen:

> As the gay Hours advance, the Blossoms shoot,
> The knitting Blossoms harden into Fruit,
> And as the Autumn by degrees ensues,
> The mellowing Fruits display their streaky hues ...
> The bloomy Beauties of the Pastures die,
> And in gay heaps of fragrant Ruin lie.
> When glittering Snow incessant downward pours,
> And brightens the dull Air with shining Show'rs;
> The Forest bends beneath the fleecy Load ...[1]

But when the pair begin discussing shepherdesses, the attention naturally retires. In 1739 these later parts are even worse, but the additions to the descriptive passages are often good:

> The tim'rous Deer, swift-starting as they graze,
> Bound off in Crouds, then start again, and gaze.[2]

The Pastoral in the 1712 collection is a more complete failure. Entitled 'Rapin imitated', it is an insipid dialogue between Damon and Florus on the absence of the beautiful Rosalinda. In language of the most conventional sort they repeat their complaints:

> Ah! now I know why late the opening Buds
> Clos'd up their Gems, and sicken'd in the Woods;
> Why droop'd the Lilly in her snowy Pride,
> And why the Rose withdrew her Sweets, and dy'd;
> For thee, fair Rosalind, the opening Buds
> Clos'd up their Gems, and sicken'd in the Woods;
> For thee the Lilly shed her snowy Pride,
> For thee the Rose withdrew her Sweets, and dy'd.[3]

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1. 19f. 2. 9f. 3. 11f.

Whatever virtue the idea of the rich buds being like gems may have had is destroyed by its being thrust a second time at the reader. The diction throughout this poem is entirely conventional - 'odoriferous Show'rs', 'gentle Gales', 'verdant Meads' and 'chrystal Floods' fill its lines. In 1727 more equally dead passages were added; perhaps the worst lines are these:

> Ah! shield her, Heav'n! your Rage, ye Beasts, forbear!
> Hers are not Limbs for Savages to tear![1]

A form dealing with emotions often as artificial and painfully extended as those of the Pastoral is the Ovidian Epistle. No doubt following Pope's example in attempting many Kinds as an exercise in perfecting one's art, in 1712 Broome produced his 'Complaint', in which the distracted Caelia bewails her desertion by Damon. This poem does not seem to be based, as one might have expected, on Pope's own youthful exercise 'Sappho to Phaon', or on the original work of that name by Ovid. Although there are one or two similarities of phrase, they are exceptional: the only example really worth noting is Broome's

> Pleas'd with our Ruin, to his Arms we run:
> To be undone by him, who wou'd not be undone?[2]

which is close to Pope's

> By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
> Who might not - ah! who would not be undone?[3]

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1. 53f. 2. 71f. 3. 95f.

But the whole scheme of the two poems is different, Broome's heroine not being content with Sappho's choice between remaining wrapt in grief and throwing herself over a cliff, but resolving in the most spirited terms to follow Damon through all climatic extremes. In the title Broome indicates that 'some lines of Remond's Alexias are imitated', but the number can in fact hardly exceed half a dozen. Remond's poem (in Latin) is the emotional monologue of the wife of St. Alexis 'complaining of his absence, he having left her on his wedding night unenjoyed, out of zeal to visit the Christian Churches';[1] since he is given the title of Saint, it was presumably not merely the touristic excursion which the words suggest, but the lady is certainly extremely agitated. She finds herself in total ignorance as to his whereabouts, and runs through the possibilities of Palestine, Scythia, the Caucasus, the Libyan desert, Thrace, and the Indies; she prays that she will, if shipwrecked, be swallowed by a whale and regurgitated on the shore of the country in which Alexis is wandering; failing this, she confidently expects to be immortalised among the stars, and concludes with an impassioned appeal to her husband to return. Broome

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1. Nichols, Select Collection of Poems, i.1. He notes that 'The Complaint, by Broome... is partly an imitation of this Elegy' and prints an anonymous translation (not used by Broome).

has only made use of the idea of the deserted woman following her lover through the conventionally inhospitable regions of the world.

He adds to this a large number of lines describing the deluding charms of the vanished Damon - 'Charms has his Voice, but charming he betrays' - and constructs the poem according to a definite psychological sequence. Caelia begins by lamenting her seduction, but then goes on to declare that she will follow Damon wherever he has gone; she is then seized with fears for his safety (he may have joined 'the labours of the War'), and urges him to return to a pastoral life. Dramatically, she is seized by a sudden memory of him:

> Gods! what soft Words, what sweet delusive Wiles
> He has! and oh! those dear undoing Smiles![1]

She resolves on suicide, lamenting her unhappiness; she begs that Heaven will avenge her wrongs, yet in the next breath prays for her betrayer to be saved:

> Pity, kind Heav'n, and right an injur'd Maid;
> Yet O! yet spare the dear Deceiver's Head!
> If o'er the Waves he cuts the liquid Way,
> Be still, ye Waves, and round his Vessel play!
> And you, ye Winds, confine each ruder Breath,
> Lye hush'd in Silence, and be calm as Death.
> But if he stay detain'd by adverse Gales,
> My Sighs shall drive the Ship, and fill the flagging Sails.[2]

1. 69f. 2. 2.81f.

It is notable that this work preceded <u>Eloisa to Abelard</u> by five years (as far as publication dates are concerned); no traces of it can however be found there. It is interesting also to note that in 1739 Broome doubled the length of the poem, adding another 85 lines of emotion. The chief new idea is that Damon is unfaithful to her:

> Blast her, ye Skies! let instant Vengeance seize
> Those guilty Charms, whose Crime it is to please![1]

and a long stanza is devoted to the subject of 'dissembling Man':

> With specious Wiles weak Woman he assails,
> He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, and prevails:
> Then in the Moment when the Maid believes,
> The perjur'd Traytor triumphs, scorns, and leaves ...[2]

Broome adds the classic ambivalent cry of the deserted woman

> I rage, I rail, th' Extremes of Anger prove,
> Nay, almost hate! - then love thee beyond Love![3]

Yet another Kind which Broome attempted in 1712 was the Pindaric Ode: and here it is worth remarking briefly on his fondness for the more emotional forms of poetic writing. This trait appears in the 1712 volume, which contains his Heroic Epistle and Pindaric Ode, and continues to develop in the additions to the complimentary poems, which apostrophise death and melancholy in an often vehement manner. The Ode,

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1. 115f. 2. 125f. 3. 153f.

in which emotion and wildness are licensed, is suitably astonishing, well fulfilling Young's statement that it should be 'rapturous, somewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye.' It takes the form of a paraphrase of part of Habbakkuk.[1] The rather terse Biblical verses have been very freely treated, as an example from the first stanza will show: Habbakkuk (A.V.) runs, 'Before Him went the pestilence, and burning coals [diseases] under His feet.' Broome writes:

Glory, and Majesty, and Pow'r,
March'd in a dreadful Pomp before,
Behind a grim and meagre Train,
Pining Sickness, Frantick Pain
Stalk'd wildly on! with all the dismal Band
Which Heav'n in Anger sends to scourge a guilty Land.[2]

An even greater freedom is taken in stanza 4, in which Broome expands 'The sun and moon stood still in their habitation' to an excellent Miltonic paragraph:

Then did the Sun his fiery Coursers stay,
And backward held the falling Day.
The nimble-footed Minutes ceas'd to run
And urge the lazy Hours on.
Time hung his unexpanded Wings;
And all the secret Springs
That carry on the Year
Stop'd in their full Career;
Then the astonish'd Moon
Forgot her going down;
And paler grew
The dismal scene to view.[3]

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1. 'Written in 1710, as an exercise at St. John's College in Cambridge'. One wonders how the authorities reacted to this daring interpretation of the exercise.

2. 7f. 3. 51f.

This stanza is so reminiscent of the 'Nativity Ode' or the poem on Time in both its rhythms and phrases that it comes as a shock to find that in fact it does not plagiarise a single phrase of Milton. Instead, Broome with great skill has evoked the atmosphere and content of Milton's lines. It is a remarkable achievement, and one which is not affected by Johnson's sneer that 'it is part of his reader's employment to recall the verses of some former poet'. It is hard to see why, when all the early eighteenth century poets <u>intended</u> this employment for their readers, Johnson should have directed this criticism at Broome particularly.

Some of the expansions of the original are, however, not so happy. Stanza 5, describing the reactions of the poet to the sight of the defeat of Israel, completely evades the directness of 'When I heard, my belly trembled; my lips quivered at the voice: rottenness entered my bones, and I trembled in myself':

A shivering Damp invades my Heart;
A trembling Horror shoots thro' every Part.
My nodding Frame can scarce sustain
The bitter load I undergo;
Speechless I sigh! the envious Woe
Forbids the very Pleasure to complain;
Forbids my faltering Tongue to tell
What Pangs for thee I feel,
Lovely, unhappy Israel.[1]

This is hardly more than a collection of refined expressions.

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1. 76f.

The Ode was altered extensively for inclusion in the 1727 collection: the earthquake passage was enlarged, the tone became wilder, and the expressions of woe more fervent:

Oh! Heav'n! I faint - I die![1]

In 1739 the poem was expanded still further, partly with a description of the crossing of the Red Sea (from a hint in the original). At last a rather unlikely 'Swain' living in Arabia's sands is removed, but in general the alterations are examples of Broome's declined talent; they are too emotional, tending to antagonize the reader and giving a feeling of artificiality to a poem which, in its first form, had vigour and imagination.

The variety of Broome's poems of compliment must now be considered. In the 1712 Miscellany there are three examples: one of the series addressed to Belinda, one of pure flattery to a three year old child, and one of complimentary thanks to Pope for correcting his poems.

The first is a trifle on the subject 'On a flower which Belinda gave me from her bosom'. The name Belinda has obvious connections with the heroine of The Rape of the Lock, published in the same Miscellany. The content of the poem is in general conventional - the flower is enriched by a

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1. 79f.

'balmy Odour' from Belinda's bosom, its beauty is inferior to hers, it dies as a consequence of being removed from her life-giving presence:

> The fragrant Flowrs of _Eden_ so
> In Paradise would only grow;
> So the sweet-smelling _Indian_ Flow'rs,
> Griev'd when they leave those happy Shores,
> Sicken and pine away in ours.[1]

The poem ends with a good conceit on the theme of the lover's despair: he makes use of a strange Egyptian belief in reincarnation:[2]

> I now, as once I did, no more
> Deride th'_AEgyptians_, that adore
> The rising Herb and blooming Flow'r.
> Now, now their Convert I will be,
> O lovely Flow'r, to worship Thee.
>
> But if thou'rt one of their sad Train,
> That dy'd for Love, and cold Disdain;
> That, chang'd by some kind pitying Pow'r,
> A Lover once, art now a Flow'r;
> O pity me, O weep my Care,
> A thousand, thousand Pains I bear,
> I love, I die thro' sad Despair.[3]

The triplet rounds off the poem well with its varied cadence. The rhythm here, with the lines chopped into pieces, recalls Donne.

It is startling to read the version printed in 1739. From a hint in the second stanza that Belinda's beauty would fade like that of the flower, Broome creates a far more

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1. 27f.
2. In 1739 this is given a far more likely source in Ovid's _Metamorphoses_.
3. 32f.

gloomy comparison, which notes that the plant is capable of blooming again next year, but that human beauty disappears irrevocably. The stanza then concludes with these chilling lines:

> Alas! incessant speeds the Day,
> When thou shalt be but common Clay!
> When I, who now adore, may see,
> And ev'n with horrour, start from thee![1]

Similar changes were made to the second poem, that addressed to Robert Trefusis when three. In its first form it is short - 26 lines - and full of the usual conceits on the theme of flattery, even more than usually ridiculous when applied to an infant. The first few lines contain a well-phrased compliment:

> The Sun, which gave you birth, in bright Array,
> Begins his Course, and ushers in the Day.
> Calmly serene, and glorious to the view
> He marches forth, and strives to look like you.[2]

There are the usual remarks on the matchless mature beauty of the child so perfect now, another learned conceit:

> ... all to thee with admiration run,
> Turn Persians, and adore the rising Sun.[3]

an extended one which Pope later rightly denounced in the Bathos:

> So fair Thou art, that if great Cupid be
> A Child, as Poets say, then Thou are He ...[4]

and another, equally trite, mentioning Narcissus.

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1. 23f.
2. 3f.
3. 14f.
4. 16f.

In 1727 the poem had varying luck. It was greatly improved by a conceit on the theme that the child is father of the man:

> Thus in the Kernel's intricate disguise,
> In miniature a little Orchard lies,
> The fibrous Labyrinths by just degrees
> Stretch their swoln Cells, replete with future Trees,
> By Time evolv'd, the spreading branches rise,
> Yield their rich Fruits, and shoot into the Skies.[1]

But a mention of death was also made, with the added consolation of a resurrection in which Trefusis would

> Rise, cloath'd with Beauties that shall never die,
> A Saint on Earth! an Angel in the Sky![2]

Broome flatters even beyond the grave.

In 1739 his increasing preoccupation with death led him to add another stanza on the subject:

> Yet ah! how short a Date the Pow'rs decree
> To that bright Frame of Beauties and to Thee?
> Pass a few Days, and all those Beauties fly!
> Pass a few Years, and thou alas! shalt die!
> Then all thy Kindred, all thy Friends shall see
> With Tears, what now thou art, and they must be;
> A pale, cold, lifeless Lump of Earth deplore!
> Such shalt thou be, and Kings shall be no more![3]

It is strange to read such lines at the end of a poem of flattery; the last line may be trite, but the preceding line has a chilling slowness.

A third example of this sequence of ideas occurs in the work addressed to Mrs. Marriott; this was written in 1716, but not printed until 1739. It begins conventionally by

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1. 11f. 2. 43f. 3. 53f.

complaining that the picture enslaves men even as the original, and urging her to perpetuate this loveliness in her children. The last stanza, in the same way as in the two poems mentioned above, is concerned with death:

> But ah! how short a Date on Earth is giv'n
> To the most lovely Workmanship of Heav'n?
> Too soon that Cheek must every Charm resign,
> And those love-darting Eyes forget to shine!
> While thousands weeping round, with Sighs survey
> What once was You, - now only beauteous Clay![1]

And the closing lines envisage a resurrection similar to that in 'Trefusis':

> When with immortal Beauty thou shalt rise,
> To shine the loveliest Angel in the Skies.[2]

The combination of compliment and thoughts on death occurs also in the poem on the subject of the death of a friend. This work started life in 1717 as 'On the death of Mr. Hawtrey'; a sequence of inoffensive reflections on the shortness of his life, coupled with similar compliments on the goodness it exhibited. One of the images used to express this is the common one of the theatre, but given a novel and distinctly eighteenth century flavour:

> Thus in the Theatre the Scenes unfold
> A thousand Wonders, glorious to behold;
> And here or there, as the Machine extends,
> A Hero rises, or a God descends;
> But soon the momentary Pleasure flies,
> And the gay Scenes are ravish'd from our Eyes.[3]

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1. 25f. 2. 37f. 3. 24f.

In the ending of the poem a very pious note appears; the piety of Mr. Hawtrey is extolled, and set up as an example:

> Awake, my heavy Soul, and upward fly,
> Speak to the Saint, and meet him in the Sky,
> And ask the certain Way to rise as high![1]

This recalls the ending of the poem to Trefusis, and the mentions of a resurrection in the closing lines of other complimentary poems; but this particular stanza is the most obviously religious - the most clerical-sounding - in Broome's works.

The poem was enlarged in 1727, chiefly by the addition of a stanza of satiric comment on the death of the wealthy:

> Transcend e'en after Death, ye Great, in show,
> Lend pomp to Ashes, and be vain in Woe;
> Hire substitutes to mourn with formal Cries,
> And bribe unwilling Drops from venal Eyes...
> Unless the Soul, a Wound eternal bears,
> Sighs are but Air, but common Water, Tears;
> The proud relentless weep in State, and show
> Not Sorrow, but Magnificence of Woe.[2]

Up to this point, the poem - although erratic in quality, as the above extracts show - had at least a definite form, and was varied and interesting in its themes. It suffered a terrible fate in 1739, when Broome imbedded it in small pieces in a vast, vapid and rambling work to the memory of Fenton. This work is perhaps a true touchstone of Broome's poetic talent in the later years of his life.

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1. 38f. 2. 30f.

It is on a subject which moved him deeply - the death of one who was possibly his dearest friend - yet he can produce nothing worthy of it. There can be no doubt of the genuine nature of his feelings - but hardly a line of what these feelings produced can be read as genuine.

> O! Woods! O! Wilds! O! every bow'ry Shade!
> So often vocal by his Music made,
> Now other Sounds,- far other Sounds return,
> And o'er his Herse with all your Echoes mourn! -
> Yet dare we grieve that soon the Paths he trod
> To Heav'n, and léft vain Man for Saints and God.[1]

But perhaps this is to judge the poem too hastily, and by too modern a criterion; it is perhaps, too, significant that on the tenderest of subjects Broome is most formal and refined. His letter to Pope on the same occasion shows a similar formality of expression, which to a modern eye seems to indicate insincerity or pomposity. But Milton is no longer generally condemned for the expression of his grief in the form of Lycidas; and there are some very clear reminiscences of that work in Broome's poem.

> Where were ye, Muses, by what Fountain side,
> What River sporting when your Fav'rite dy'd?[2]

is plainly meant to recall

> Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
> Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd Lycidas?[3]

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1. 54f.

2. Cf. Musaeus: A Monody to the memory of Mr. Pope, in imitation of Milton's Lycidas, 1747, probably by W. Mason. The resemblances to Milton's poem are very tenuous.

3. 66f.

while the following passage is a skilful evocation of the lines in which the body of Lycidas is pictured swept 'beyond the stormy Hebrides' or 'the bottom of the monstrous world':

> But where, now where, without the Body's Aid,
> New to the Heav'ns, subsists thy gentle Shade?
> Glides it beyond our gross imperfect Sky,
> Pleas'd high o'er Stars, from World to World to fly!
> And fearless marks the Comet's dreadful Blaze,
> While Monarchs quake, and trembling Nations gaze?
> Or holds deep Converse with the mighty Dead ...[1]

The poem, in fact, needs a more careful consideration; it is an obvious example of the eighteenth century processing of direct experience so that the event and its accompanying emotions are made impersonal to the poet. Even allowing for this, of course, one cannot say that it is a good poem - but it may be allowed to be better than a first reading suggests.

These complimentary poems with death as part of the subject matter lead on to a poem exclusively on that subject, first printed in 1739 - the 'Poem on Death' dedicated to Thomas Marriott. The opening is based on the Virgilian picture of the gate of Hell; personifications of Anger, Agony, Sorrow, Murder, Fever, Famine, War and similar dreadful beings are gathered round the ghastly figure of Death, who sits

1. 112f.

High on a Trophy rais'd of human Bones,
Swords, Spears, and Arrows, and sepulchral Stones,[1]

and awaits the entrance of Old Age:

Prop'd on his Crutch he drags with many a Groan
The Load of Life, yet dreads to lay it down.[2]

An Angel descends to reprove the poet for giving way to despair:

Vain Man! would'st thou escape the common Lot,
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot?[3]

and recommends calm resignation. The poet tries to argue himself into this state by repeating the idea that life is transitory and therefore not worth clinging to, but one feels that Broome is not entirely convinced. The worthlessness of human effort is illustrated by the image of a boy building a sandcastle which is swept away:

Swept from the Earth, he shares the common Fate,
His sole Distinction now, to rot in State!
Thus busy to no end till out of Breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in Death.[4]

These lines have a bitter economy which is lacking in the rest of the poem. It closes (typically) with hopeful thoughts of a resurrection:

What tho' the Path be dark that must be trod,
Tho' Man be blotted from the Works of God,
Tho' the four Winds his scatter'd Atoms bear
To Earth's Extremes thro' all th'Expanse of Air;
Yet bursting glorious from the silent Clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal Day.[5]

---

1. 7f. 2. 29f. 3. 69f.

4. 125f. 5. 145f.

This group of poems shows a clear increase through Broome's life of preoccupation with death; it begins to show itself in the 1727 volume, and is quite definite in the additions made to the poems in 1739. It is plain that Broome was deeply affected by the deaths of his children (in 1717, 1723 and 1725) and by 1739 he was 50 and preparing for his own. His thoughts ran increasingly on the brevity of life and the physical horrors of death; they are saved from morbidity by a belief in an ultimate resurrection, but even so are bitter and heartfelt. Some of this bitterness is transferred to the futility of human activities, and thus becomes satiric; examples have been quoted above from 'On Death' and 'On the death of a friend', and almost half of the poem 'To Cornwallis' is taken up in this way, when the compliments have been dispatched.

A long stanza deals with the delusions of the ambitious:

> Some the vain Promises of Courts betray,
> And gaily straying, they are pleas'd to stray;
> The flatt'ring Nothing still deludes their Eyes,
> Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies:
> As Perspectives present the Object nigh,
> Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking Eye;
> Against our Reason fondly we believe,
> Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive ...
> So Man pursues the Phantom of his Brain,
> And buys his Disappointment with his Pain:
> At length when Years invidiously destroy
> The pow'r to taste the long-expected Joy,
> Then Fortune envious sheds her Golden Show'rs,
> Malignly smiles, and curses him with Stores.

Thus o'er the Urns of Friends departed weep
The mournful Kindred, and fond Vigils keep;
Ambrosial Ointments o'er their Ashes shed,
And scatter useless Roses on the Dead;
And when no more avail the World's Delights,
The spicy Odours, and the solemn Rites;
With fruitless Pomp they deck the senseless Tombs,
And waste profusely Floods of vain Perfumes.[1]

This is a very fine ending which comes unexpectedly after the empty compliments which open the poem.

Broome also produced a satiric fragment which is the centre of some speculation, as it seems to have been plagiarised by Young.[2] Called 'On a Mischievous Woman', it has only four lines:

From peace and softer joys Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise!
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunders, and in tempests play.

This was first published in 1717, and is reprinted without alteration in both 1727 and 1739. Young's Universal Passion, 1726, contains these lines at the end of the book, after Satire 6:

From Peace and gentler joys Devilla flies,
And loves to hear the Storms of Anger rise.
Thus Hags and Witches hate the smiling Day,
Sport in loud Thunder, and in Tempests play.
Her Commendations praise you into Shame,
And from her Mouth Disparagement is Fame.
Dissatisfy'd, if pleas'd, she feeds on Wrong,
And gathering Scandal grows upon her Tongue.

---

1. 29f.
2. See my article on the subject, Review of English Studies, November 1961: 'A new Pope letter'.

Thus Froth and baneful Weeds, and floating Straws,
Whilst the pure Stream glides on, the Whirlpool draws.
In Beauty she Deformity can spy,
And turns all yellow with her Jaundic'd Eye.
To scandalize is Musick to her Ear,
But odious, generous Deeds, 'tis Death to hear.
Thus the vile Magot in Corruption breeds,
Battens in filth, and upon Ordure feeds.
O may she still persist to curse my Name,
Still discommend, and rail me into Fame!
So Phoebus, thro' the Zodiac takes his way,
And amidst Monsters rises into Day.

The last two lines also come from Broome; they are included in his poem to Fenton, and were held up to ridicule in the Bathos. The whole poem was never reprinted by Young or Broome, and it does not seem likely that Young was such a blatant plagiarist: it must be admitted also that it is unlikely that Broome produced lines of such biting economy. I believe the most likely explanation is that Pope took over the poem and polished it, and that it was in the printer's office by mistake; Young's Sixth Satire, 'On Women', is on the same subject and in much the same style, and it would be an understandable slip to assume that these lines were to be appended to it. But the details of the relationships between Pope, Young and Broome at this time are very few, and one can only guess at the real authorship of the poem.

A further group of works is of a more flippant type of satire. These poems, with one exception ('Poverty and Poetry') poke light-hearted fun at women. Two of them make use of Hudibrastic rhymes: for example, 'The Widow and virgin

sisters', addressed to the widow, deals with the efforts of women to achieve a rich marriage; it begins briskly:

> While Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
> And darts her sprightly Eyes at some Beau;
> Then close behind her Fan retiring,
> Sees thro' the Sticks whole Crouds admiring:
> You sip your melancholy Co-ffy,
> And at the Name of Man, cry O! phy!
> Or when the noisy Rapper thunders,
> Say coldly - Sure the Fellow blunders!
> Unseen! tho' Peer on Peer approaches:
> James, I'm abroad! - but learn the Coaches.[1]

This manages to achieve the colloquial swing of the Epistle to Arbuthnot, and the poem keeps up this standard, describing how Delia even pursues the men at church,

> Where she devoutly plays her Fan,
> Looks up to Heav'n, but thinks on Man ...[2]

and comparing courtship to the blandishments of the recruiting Sergeant: once both have achieved their object, compliments are replaced by abuse:

> 'Tis now, March, Rascal! what, d'ye grumble?
> Thwack goes the Cane! I'll make you humble.
> Such Weddings are: and I resemble 'em,
> Almost in all Points to this Emblem.
> While Courtship lasts, 'tis Dear! 'tis Madam!
> The sweetest Creature sure since Adam!
> Had I the Years of a Methusalem,
> How in my Charmer's Praise I'd use all 'em!
> O! take me to thy Arms, my Beau-ty!
> I doat, adore thy very Shoe-Tye!
> They wed - but Fancy grown less warming
> Next Morn, he thinks the Bride less charming:
> He says, nay swears my Wife grows old in
> One single Month; then falls to scolding,
> What, Madam, gadding every Day!
> Up to your Room! there stitch, or pray!

---

1. 1f. 2. 27f. 3. 43f.

This is writing of a vigour unusual in Broome's work; presumably learnt from Pope, who enjoyed using this metre and the acrobatic rhymes in his 'unofficial' pieces. The other Hudibrastic piece is 'Poverty and Poetry', which in general adopts a light tone - but grows far more biting as it ends. To begin with the theme is the familiar one of the starving author:

'Twas sung of old how one Amphion,
Could by his Verses tame a Lion;
And by his strange enchanting Tunes,
Make Bears or Wolves dance Rigadoons:
His Songs could call the Timber down,
And form it into House or Town;
But it is plain that in these Times
No House is rais'd by Poets Rhimes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few fond Castles in the Air ...[1]

The high-minded poet is compared with the lawyer and physician, who both succeed in making a great deal of money however dishonest or incompetent they may be; all the poet gets from the Muses is a laurel wreath. It is a mistake to say that 'Love rewards the Bard' - and fame too is worthless:

But then some say you purchase Fame,
And get a never dying Name;
Great Recompense for real Trouble
To be rewarded with a Bubble!
Thus Soldiers who in many Battles
Get Bangs and Blows and God knows what else,
Are paid with Fame and wooden Leg,
And gain a Pass with leave to beg.[2]

---

1. 1f. 2. 33f.

This poem was first printed in 1717: in 1727 Broome evidently felt that these concluding lines were just a little too forthright, for he altered them slightly to:

> Thus the brave Soldier, in the War,
> Gets empty Praise, and aking Scars;
> Is paid with Fame and wooden Legs,
> And starv'd, the glorious Vagrant begs.[1]

He obviously felt that this image was good enough to be worthy of elevation to refined language, giving it a higher poetic status - forgetting that the rest of the poem used the flippant Hudibrastic rhymes, and that the result would appear most incongruous. And of course the 'elevation' robs the picture of its vividness and generalises it so that it loses its power.

The other flippant poem is a 'Dialogue between a lady and her looking-glass, when she had the green-sickness': Olivia[2] is displeased to see that she is pale, and scolds her mirror:

> False thing! thy Malice I defy!
> Beaux vow I'm fair - who never lye ...[3]

But the mirror answers back:

> The Glass was vex'd to be bely'd,
> And thus with angry Tone reply'd:
> No more to me of Falsehood talk,
> But leave your Oatmeal and your Chalk!
> 'Tis true, you're meagre, pale, and wan,
> The Reason is, you're sick for Man.[4]

---

1. 55f. 2. 'Ophelia' in 1739.
3. 9f. 4. 17f.

In a rage, Olivia throws the mirror to the ground, where it shatters into a hundred pieces - each of which reflects her pallid face. Broome adds a Moral advising suitors not to follow the mirror's curt example:

Ye Beaux, who tempt the fair and young,
With Snuff, and Nonsense, Dance and Song;
Ye Men of Compliment and Lace!
Behold this Image in the Glass:
The wond'rous Force of Flattery prove,
To cheat fond Virgins into Love:
Tho' pale the Cheek, yet swear it glows
With the Vermilion of the Rose:
Praise them - for Praise is always true,
Tho' with both Eyes the Cheat they view;
From hateful Truths the Virgin flies;
But the false Sex, is caught with Lyes.[1]

Broome produced several poems addressed to women, most of which come under the 'complimentary' category. One group is explicitly addressed to 'Belinda', and includes the poem on a flower already mentioned, one on her sickness and recovery, her apron 'embroider'd with arms and flowers', and her visit to Bath. These works are collections of conceits, quite pleasantly handled; they are suitably brief. Here, for example, is the whole of 'Belinda at the Bath':

While in these Fountains bright Belinda laves,
She adds new Virtues to the healing Waves;
Thus in Bethsada's Pool an Angel stood,
Bad the soft Waters heal, and blest the Flood;
But from her Eye such bright Destruction flies,
In vain they flow! for her, the Lover dies.

No more let Tagus boast, whose Beds unfold
A shining Treasure of all-conquering Gold!
No more the Po! whose wandring Waters stray
In mazy Errours thro' the starry Way;

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1. 33f.

> Henceforth these Springs superiour Honours share,
> There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

Three conceits are quite well extended, and the inversion ends the lines neatly. The poem on Belinda's apron is written in octosyllabic couplets; it is a series of four line verses, each containing a conceit. Amphion is mentioned again in the opening line. The main theme turns out to be her cruel destructive beauty, an idea prompted by the 'Arms' embroidered on the apron:

> But cruel you, who thus employ
> Both Arms and Beauty to destroy!
> So Venus marches to the Fray
> In Armour formidably gay.[1]
>
> It is a dreadful pleasing Sight!
> The Flow'rs attract, the Arms affright;
> The Flow'rs with lively Beauty bloom,
> The Arms denounce an instant Doom.
>
> So when the Britons in array
> Their Ensigns to the Sun display,
> In the same Flag are Lilies shown,
> And angry Lions sternly frown;
> On high the glitt'ring Standard flies,
> And conquers all Things - like your Eyes.[2]

These three stanzas - half the poem - contain the development of the basic conceits. For some strange reason, the first four lines of the last stanza were plagiarised in 'The Smartiad' in 1753:

> So, when the British Flag, in bright Array,
> Our British Heroes to the Sun display,
> On the same Flag are painted Lilies shown,
> And on the same dread Lions seem to frown.

---

1. Cf. 'Ev'n Venus is but scandalously Fair': Prologue to Mariamne, 32.
2. 13f.

Broome, incidentally, uses the line 'It is a dreadful pleasing Sight!' as the opening of his 'Lady playing with a snake', one of a group which deal with the subject of the deceptive male; the others are 'The Coy' and 'The Coquette'. In 'The Coy' the moral is that love must be difficult to attain:

To move the Nymph he Tears bestows,
He vainly sighs, he vainly vows;
The Tears deceive, the Vows betray,
He conquers, and contemns the Prey ...

Ye Fair, that would victorious prove,
Seem to shun most, whom most you love;
Damon pursues if Caelia flies,
But when her Love is born, his dies.

Had Danäe the young, the fair,
Been free as other Women are,
Free from the Guards, and brazen Tow'r,
She'd ne'er been worth a Golden Show'r.[1]

In 'The snake' the lady is warned that she must be careful:

Well pleas'd, and harmless, lo! he lies,
Basks in the Sunshine of your Eyes;
Now twists his Spines, and now unfurls
The gay confusion of his Curls ..

Yet oh! fair Virgin, caution take,
Lest some bold Cheat assume the Snake;
When Jove comprest the Grecian Dame,[2]
He laid aside the Lightning's Flame;
On radiant Spines the Lover rode,
And in the Snake conceal'd the God.[3]

The coquette is also asking for trouble:

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1. 5f.
2. Broome notes (1727) that this unfortunate lady was Olympia, the mother of Alexander the Great.
3. 11f.

She aims at ev'ry trifling Heart,
  Attends each Flatterer's Vows;
And like a Picture drawn with Art,
  A Look on all that gaze bestows ...
Mistaken Nymph! the Crouds that gaze
  Adore thee into Shame;
Unguarded Beauty is Disgrace,
  And Coxcombs when they praise, defame:
O! fly such Brutes in human Shapes,
Nor like th'<u>AEgyptians</u>, worship Apes.[1]

To return to the Belinda group: the poem on her sickness and recovery contains conventional platitudes on her beauty being unaffected by the disease, being improved by it, as Spring follows Winter, a flower revives after a storm, or the body is resurrected after death. Once again this theme appears, so recurrent in Broome's work:

Thus when the silent Grave becomes
Pregnant with Life, as fruitful Wombs,
When the wide Seas, and spacious Earth,
Resign us to our second Birth;
Our moulder'd Frame rebuilt assumes
New Beauty, and for ever blooms;
And crown'd with Youth's immortal Pride,
We Angels rise, who Mortals dy'd.[2]

It will be seen that the editor of the <u>Oxford Book of Eighteenth century Verse</u> selected a typical Broome poem when he chose 'The Rosebud', which deals with much the same theme as 'Thy flower which Belinda gave me'; the fact that all beauty soon fades. The unusual thing about this particular poem is that it makes use of a refrain - a device unique in Broome's work. At the end of each stanza is repeated the

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1. 7f. 2. 35f.

first line of the whole poem, the evocative 'Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose', which in each case rhymes with 'disclose'. At the end comes the usual moral:

> Time must indent that heav'nly Brow,
> And thou must be, what Helen's now.[1]

In fact, 'To a lady of thirty' must be noted as most unusual in Broome's work, for it ignores the fleeting beauty theme completely, dealing instead with the idea of the progress of time bringing maturity:

> Youth was her more inflaming Time;
> This, her more habitable Clime;
> How must she then each Heart engage,
> Who blooms like Youth, is wise like Age?
> Thus the rich Orange-trees produce
> At once both Ornament, and Use:
> Here op'ning Blossoms we behold,
> There fragrant Orbs of ripen'd Gold.[2]

Broome can sometimes strike a vein of clear simplicity.

The last poem addressed to a woman is that on the subject of the portrait of Lady Townshend (later Lady Cornwallis). The first stanza makes use of the same idea as the 'Dialogue', that of a broken mirror reflecting in all its fragments. The rest is an extension of the usual themes - the painting is so realistic that its beauties pierce the heart in the same way as the original, but nevertheless the painter must admit his 'vanquish'd Art' in striving to reproduce her

---

1. 29f. 2. 9f.

inimitable beauty. This second contradictory idea is expressed in one of the most beautiful passages in Broome's work:

> Thus in the limpid Fountain we descry
> The faint Resemblance of the glitt'ring Sky;
> Another Sun displays his lessen'd Beams,
> Another Heav'n adorns th' enlighten'd Streams;
> But tho' the Scene be fair, yet high above
> Th'exalted Skies in nobler Beauties move;
> There the true Heav'n's eternal Lamps display
> A Deluge of inimitable Day.[1]

There remain two complimentary poems addressed to men - that to Pope, on his works, and that to Fenton. The first was originally printed at the end of the <u>Odyssey</u>. It will be remembered that Pope was embarrassed by the extravagance of one of its compliments, and altered 'What Heav'n created, and what you have wrote', depicted in the poem as being preserved until the last judgement, to 'What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inspires.' The rest of the work is in similar vein; but is no more adulatory than the other congratulatory poems that Pope liked to prefix to his works. Beginning with an obvious reminiscence of Milton's poem to Shakespeare, it compliments Pope on his edition of that author ('His Hand thy Page refines') and the translation of Homer. Broome's lavish praise of the Shakespeare soon looked very ridiculous in the light of Theobald's revealing comments; and his equally lavish praise of Pope -

> Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's Cause,
> From thy own Life transcribe th'unerring Laws.[2]

---

1. 43f. 2. 93f.

- appeared utterly ludicrous when, a year later, he found himself held up to ridicule in the _Bathos_ and _Dunciad_. (To add insult to injury, Pope actually quoted these very lines in the 'Testimonies of Authors' at the beginning of the _Dunciad_.) A notable feature of Broome's poem is the passage imitating the onomatopeic lines of the _Essay on Criticism_:

> To every Theme responds thy various Lay,
> Here roars a Torrent, there Maeanders play;
> Sonorous as the Storm thy Numbers rise,
> Toss the wild Waves, or thunder in the Skies;
> Or softer than a yielding Virgin's Sigh,
> The gentle Breezes breathe away, and die.
> How twangs the Bow, when with a jarring Spring
> The whizzing Arrows vanish from the String?
> But when a Giant strains some Rock to shove,
> The slow Verse heaves, and the clogg'd Words scarce move;
> Or when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
> Jumping it thundring whirls, and rushes to the Ground:
> Swift flow the Verse when winged Lightnings fly,
> Dart from the dazled View, and flash along the Sky:
> Thus like the radiant God who sheds the Day,
> The Vale you paint, or gild the azure Way;
> And while with every Theme the Verse complies,
> Sink, without groveling, without rashness, rise.[1]

This is a definitely inferior attempt at Pope's tour de force, and it concludes with a version of Denham's incessantly imitated line which is not among the best. Altogether, the poem is not a success.

The second poem also came in for some criticism from the person to whom it was addressed; Fenton writes twice to Broome on the subject. On the first occasion his remarks are mild:

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1. 45f.

> I cannot believe that verse ever had the power to charm away diseases. If it ever had I might have expected a cure from the epistle you have addressed me, for which I return you thanks, and am only sorry that it is too much above the subject, but it being non tam de me quam supra me scripta, I have the greater liberty to criticise it. It is indeed a very fine one, but I think in some places you may touch it to advantage.[1]

He then goes into more detail: dislikes the word 'Homeric', which 'has a burlesque sound', suggests a change of tense in a verb, points out that the use of similes from the Odyssey might be taken wrongly - 'the wags may say you do it to advertise the work which you had a share in' - and is firm on his political principles:

> I hope you intend to fill up the vacancy where a character of eloquence is intended with Sr T. Hanmer's name. Whatever name is intended I can never consent to have it begin with a W. I beg that in this particular you will not fail to oblige me.

As a non-juror Fenton could not have Walpole's name in a poem addressed to him. Broome inserted Sir Spencer Compton as the eloquent personage, but insisted on flattering Walpole earlier in the poem:

> Why flames the Star on WALPOLE'S generous Breast,
> Not that he's highest, but because he's best ...[2]

Three months later Fenton passed on to Broome the critical suggestions of an anonymous friend, who recommended leaving out several lines and rewording others:

1. Correspondence, ii.397 (September 7, 1726).

2. 55f.

> He would have all that paragraph from "Envy, 'Tis true", &c., to "From men to trees", quite struck out. For "Me humble joys", &c., he would have "Thee". "Lesser than a saint", he thinks not proper English. What if you make it "Superior to the monarch is the saint." For
>
> "While low the vale in useful beauty lies,
> They heaved their naked summits to the skies",
>
> he alters,
>
> "And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
> Heave their proud, naked summits to the sky".
>
> He would leave out
> "In honour as in place ye great transcend;
> An angel fall'n degenerates to a fiend."
>
> ... I refer all these observations to your own judgement, only, as to the first of them, I think the whole paragraph needs not be left out, but let it end with, "And amidst monsters rises into day."[1]

Broome adopted all the suggested changes of phrase, but has not omitted any lines. He begins the poem by urging his friend to 'strike th'harmonious Shell' and give the world more of his verse, flatteringly comparing Mariamne to a work by Sophocles and mentioning his skill in translating Homer: then comes the stanza about critics which Fenton's friend wished to be 'struck out':

> Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
> What e'en fierce Lightning spares, the Laurel Shades;
> And Critics, byass'd by mistaken Rules,
> Like Turkish Zealots, reverence none but Fools.
> But Praise from such injurious Tongues is Shame,
> They rail an happy Author into Fame;
> Thus Phoebus thro' the Zodiac takes his way,
> And rises amid Monsters into Day:

---

1. Correspondence, ii.422 (December 17, 1726).

O vileness of Mankind! when writing well
Becomes a crime, and Danger to excel!
With noble Scorn, my Friend such Insults sees,
And flies from Towns to Wilds, from Men to Trees.[1]

Here seem to be the lines which form the basis of the longer poem on the 'Mischievous Woman' - the basic antithesis of 'rail ... into Fame', and of course the couplet on Phoebus and the monsters. Fenton presumably asked for this paragraph to be removed because he did not wish Broome to harp on the fact that his work had been attacked.[2]

The poem goes on with compliments on Fenton's virtue and moderation. These are weakened by an excessive comparison of the virtuous glow on Fenton's face with that which Moses showed on descending from Mount Sinai. Most of the rest of the work is concerned with criticism of the 'unthinking Great' and 'the Thirst of Gold':

The shining Dirt the sordid Wretch ensnares
To buy with mighty Treasures, mighty Cares:
Blindly he courts, misguided by the Will,
A specious Good, and meets a real Ill ..
The Prodigal pursues expensive Vice,
And buys Dishonour at a mighty Price;
On Beds of State the splendid Glutton sleeps,
While starving Merit unregarded weeps;
His ill-plac'd Bounty, while scorn'd Virtue grieves,
A Dog, or fawning Sycophant receives ..
There no Distictions on the Dead await,
But pompous Graves, and Rottenness in State.[3]

---

1. 17f.
2. 'I have seen a little slandering paper against your play. I daresay you despise it ... Let the censorious rail! A person of real merit will build himself a monument with the very stones that are thrown at him by the hands of the malicious or envious'. Broome to Fenton, Correspondence, ii.163 (March 6, 1722-3).
3. 60f. Cf. 'On the death of a friend', 30f.

These themes occur often enough in Broome's work to show that they were important to him, but he rarely achieves really biting lines. In this respect those added in 1739 are an improvement:

> Then would'st thou steer where Fortune spreads the sails?
> Go, flatter Vice! for seldom Flatt'ry fails:
> Soft thro' the Ear the pleasing Bane distils:
> Delicious Poison! in Perfumes it kills!
> Be all, but virtuous: O! unwise to live
> Unfashionably good, and hope to thrive!
> Trees that aloft with produest Honours rise,
> Root Hell-ward, and thence flourish to the Skies.[1]

The 'Epistle to Fenton' was first printed in the _London Journal_ of Saturday, January 7 1726-7 (as the first item on the front page). It was given a flattering introduction:

> SIR, The Author of the following Poem has obtained a Place amongst our best Poets; the Reader will easily allow this, when I mention the Name of Mr. BROOME, who translated several Books in Mr. Pope's _Odyssey_. It is needless to say by what Accident these Verses came into my Hands; but I think it an Injury to the Publick to suffer so excellent a Composition to lie in Obscurity. I am told that the same ingenious Gentleman is printing a Miscellany of his Poems, which I doubt not, from this Specimen, will give general Satisfaction.
> _I am_, SIR, _Yours_, &c.
> HOMERIDES.

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1. 89f. 'As to the verses which you intend to inscribe to me, all the opinion I can form about them is that you are not content to be reckoned a top-writer in this age, but are resolved to rival the greatest wit in the last, by showing that you can write as well as he upon Nothing. As you intend them for a monument, pray let them be an image of our friendship - plain and unaffected, and do not mistake me for a man that either deserves or desires the name of a poet'. Fenton to Broome, _Correspondence_, ii.384 (August 7, 1726). Broome disregarded this advice too.

The poem was no doubt given this preferential treatment as a work which praised the Government rather than as a work of art - there was a noticeable shortage of poets who would produce eulogies of Walpole, and Young was the only one of note:

> My Breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful Fire,
> The Streams of Royal Bounty, turnd by thee,
> Refresh the dry Domains of Poesy.[1]

It was presumably this connection with the London Journal, and the fact that Broome supported Walpole, that led to the attribution of a poem called 'The oak and the dunghill' to his hand.[2] It appeared in the paper on Saturday, November 2 1728, and was unsigned. The subject is obviously Walpole, who appears as an impressive oak, which

> With friendly Height, o'ertopt the Grove,
> And look'd the fav'rite Tree of Jove ...
> The Gracious Landlord joy'd to see
> The prosp'rous Vigour of his Tree ...
> His Boughs He oft with Chaplets crown'd,
> With Azure Ribbons bound them round;
> And there, in Golden Letters wrought,
> Ill to the Man, who Evil thought.[3]

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1. 'The Instalment', 1726, 40ff.
2. Attributed in all the University Catalogues here and in America, and in the British Museum catalogue: sometimes also attributed to Gay. This last attribution has not generally been considered very likely.
3. 15f. Walpole received the Garter on May 26, 1726.

Beside the tree is a noisome dunghill, who criticizes him in violent terms as a traitor and plunderer:

> Beyond the *Alps*, my Mind now sees
> The Man, shall sell such Traytor Trees ...
> Thou Plunderer! grown rich by Crimes:
> Thou *Wolsey* of these modern Times![1]

But the oak remains loftily above censure, and turns away with complacency:

> Soon should a Branch, from off my Side,
> Chastise thine Insolence, and Pride,
> Did not the Wise obtain their Ends,
> As well from Enemies, as Friends.
> Thus, some Increase thy Heap receives,
> Ev'n from the falling of my Leaves;
> Which, like false Friends, when dropt from Mr,
> Assimilate, and turn to Thee.
> But be they thine ... New Seasons spread
> New Honours, o'er my rising Head.[2]

As a pro-Walpole poem this is comparatively dignified, if a little naive: there is an admiring reference to the great web of nepotism built up during his Ministry:

> The Shepherds all, at Leisure, plaid;
> They fear'd no Storms of Hail, or Rain;
> His Boughs protected all the Plain ..[3]

and Walpole is seen as a descendant of the 'old *Dodonian Grove*' which in oracles 'told to Men the Will of *Jove*.' All this is in keeping with Broome's attempts to gain preferment at this time:[4] he sent a copy of his collected *Poems*

1. 49f. The last remark was a widespread contemporary jibe.
2. 77f. 3. 18f.
4. Fenton writes on March 28, 1727. 'I divert myself with watching for your name in the newspapers - not among the lean poetical advertisements, but in a more significant and substantial paragraph. Prithee do not let your interest sleep'. *Correspondence*, ii.429.

to Walpole accompanied by a gracefully expressed letter:

> I think it incumbent upon me to ask your pardon for presuming to mention your name in my poems without your permission, though, indeed, great statesmen and patriots express no resentment when they find themselves hung out to public view, though drawn by the hand of a signpost dauber.[1]

The attempts were very successful: on October 8 1727 Broome became Rector of Pulham, Norfolk, due to the efforts of his old friend and patron, Cornwallis. A footnote in his Poems of 1739 to the poem to Cornwallis states in Collins - like fashion: 'The Lord Cornwallis, in a most obliging manner, recommended the Author to the Rectory of Pulham.' Furthermore, on March 17 1728-9 he also acquired the living of Eye, Suffolk. Stylistically, however, there are difficulties in attributing the poem to Broome. There is a similarity of ideas between two lines in the poem to Fenton:

> Trees that aloft with proudest Honours rise,
> Root Hell-ward, and thence flourish to the Skies...[2]

and a couplet in 'The oak and the Dunghill':

> To Heav'n, 'tis true, thy Branches grow;
> But thy Roots stretch to Hell below.[3]

However, as the poem appeared a few months after the publication of Broome's collected Poems, it may equally well be that the lines were plagiarised.

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1. Quoted by Elwin, Pope's Works, viii.131 note.

2. 96f. 3. 51f.

The contemporary opinion was that Broome was not the author. The Saturday following the poem's appearance in the London Journal, an answer was published in the paper's rival, The Craftsman. It was headed:

> A Sequel to the FABLE of the OAK and the DUNGHILL. In Imitation of Sternhold and Hopkins. Addressed to a certain pretended SENATOR, lately preferr'd for his Political Writings. Now art thou ROOME indeed - Shakespeare.[1]

In the opinion of the writer in The Craftsman, the poem had been by Edward Roome; a 'pretended SENATOR' because he sometimes wrote for the paper of that name, and 'lately preferr'd' to the position of Solicitor to the Treasury in October.[1] He was a weekly journalist and a regular contributor to the London Journal, and it seems extremely likely that he was the author of the poem - far more likely than that Broome was. He may have inserted compliments to the Whigs in his poems, but was not the type to become involved in another storm of notoriety after the Odyssey.

That there was a stir is evidenced by a third poem on the same theme, with practically the same title: 'The Oak and the Dunghill, a Dialogue', which appeared in a volume of anti-Government poetry called Robin's Panegyric at some time in 1729 or 1730. It shares features of the two previous poems, and has some close echoes of both; it seems clear

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1. The Universal Spectator, October 26 1728. See the Twickenham Edition of the Dunciad.

that Percival's statement that it was the predecessor of the imitation of Sternhold and Hopkins is in error.[1] A detailed comparison of the three poems would obviously be inappropriately lengthy here, but the third work has the Dodonian Oak, the weed-covered Dunghill, the hemlock which killed Phocion, and calls the Dunghill 'Patriot': it also contains two parallels to the Craftsman poem in the mention of the mistletoe, Charles II sheltering in the oak, and the notorious 'Screen'.

Broome produced two poems with what one might call a political content: 'Monsieur Maynard Imitated' and 'The Seat of War in Flanders'. The first is dedicated to Cornwallis, and since it was first published in 1727 seems to be part of Broome's campaign for preferment - it is very a propos. After death, Broome tells the assembled ghosts of the state of politics when he left:

> I tell how TOWNSHEND treads the glorious Path
> That leads the Great to deathless Fame,
> And dwell at large on spotless English Faith,
> While WALPOLE is the favourite Theme.
> How nobly rising in their Country's Cause
> The stedfast Arbiters of Right,[2]
> Exalt the Just and Good, to guard her Laws,
> And call forth Merit into Light.[3]

1. M. Percival, Political Ballads illustrating the Administration of Sir Robert Walpole, 1916, p. 115.
2. Cf. 'Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's Cause,
   From thy own Life transcribe th'unerring Laws'.
   'Epistle to Pope', 93f.
3. 13f.

The ending of the poem is a neat and obvious hint to Cornwallis:

> But, Friend, what Place had you, replies some Ghost,
> When Merit was the way to rise?
> What Deanery, or Prebend thine, declare?
> Good Heav'ns! unable to reply,
> How like a stupid Ideot I should stare?
> And answer, Good my Lord, supply.[1]

The second, and far longer, work was written in 1710 but not published until 1727. It describes a seige of one of the border towns in Flanders; and as Fenton writes to Broome: 'What a pity it is that you printed that poem in your Miscellany! Mutatis mutandis, if it had been published on the seige of Gibraltar, it would have gained you a great deal of reputation.'[2] Today, when neither campaign is a matter of public interest, the poem can be judged only as a description of war, and as such it has some success in evoking the horrors of a bombardment:

> The surly Drums beat terrible afar,
> With all the dreadful Music of the War...
> The Heav'ns above, the Fields and Floods beneath,
> Glare formidably bright, and shine with Death;
> In fiery Storms descends a murd'rous Show'r,
> Thick flash the Lightnings, fierce the Thunders roar
> As when in wrathful mood Almighty Jove,
> Aims his dire Bolts red-hissing from above;
> Thro' the sing'd Air, with unresisted Sway,
> The forky Vengeance rends its flaming Way;

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1. 23f.

2. Correspondence, ii.433 (May 3 1727). The Spanish beseiged Gibraltar in 1727.

And while the Firmament with Thunder roars,
From their Foundations hurls imperial Tow'rs;
So rush the Globes with many a fiery Round,
Tear up the Rock, or rend the steadfast Mound ...
Mountains of Heroes slain deform the Ground,
The Shape of Man half bury'd in the Wound;
And lo! while in the Shock of War they close,
While Swords meet Swords, and Foes encounter Foes,
The treacherous Earth beneath their Footsteps cleaves,
Her Entrails tremble, and her Bosom heaves;
Sudden in Bursts of Fire Eruptions rise,
And hurl the torn Battalions to the Skies.[1]

Despite the presence of Jove, this passage shows the reader the unearthly glare, the tremendous noise, and the widespread slaughter. The mines are compared to earthquakes, and 'imprison'd Deaths' of the bombs to malignant comets:

'Tween Worlds and Worlds they move, and from their Hair
Shake the blue Plague, the Pestilence, and War.[2]

A reference to the fearless Generals is slipped in before Broome turns to the contrasting scenes of peace. Unfortunately these are introduced by one of his most insipid stanzas:

Hail ye soft Seats! ye limpid Springs and Floods!
Ye flow'ry Meads, ye Vales, and mazy Woods!
Ye limpid Floods, that ever murmuring flow,
Ye verdant Meads, where Flow'rs eternal blow!
Ye shady Vales, where Zephyrs ever play!
Ye Woods, where little Warblers tune their Lay![3]

But this is followed by some considerably better lines:

Here grant me, Heav'n, to end my peaceful Days,
And steal myself from Life by slow Decays;
With Age unknown to Pain, or Sorrow blest,
To the dark Grave retiring as to Rest;

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1. 18f. 2. 60f.

3. 80f.

While gently with one Sigh this mortal Frame
Dissolving turns to Ashes whence it came,
While my freed Soul departs without a Groan,
And joyful, wings her way to Worlds unknown.[1]

He will devote his retirement to the pleasures of melancholy meditation:

Ye gloomy Grots! ye awful solemn Cells,
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,[2]
Guard me from splendid Cares and tiresome State,
The pompous Misery of being Great!
Content with Ease, ambitious to despise
Illustrious Vanity, and glorious Vice! ...
Or while the Night's dark Wings this Globe surround,
And the pale Moon begins her solemn Round;
Bid my free Soul to starry Orbs repair,
Those radiant Worlds that float in ambient Air,
And with a regular Confusion stray
Oblique, direct, along th'aereal Way:
Or when *Aurora*, from her golden Bow'rs,
Exhales the Fragrance of the balmy Flow'rs,
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy Bed,
Consult the learned Volumes of the Dead ...[3]

Chief among these volumes will be works of ancient history and the Bible. The poem ends with a clear exposition of the 'Deterrent' argument - Marlborough fulfilling this function:

Vanish ye Forts, thou Ocean drain thy Tide,
We safety boast, defended by thy Fame,
And Armies - in the Terrour of thy Name!
Now fix o'er ANNA's Throne thy Victor Blade,
War be thou chain'd! ye Streams of Blood be stay'd![4]

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1. 86f.
2. Cf. *Eloisa to Abelard*, lines 1f:
   In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
   Where heav'nly-pensive, contemplation dwells.
3. 94f. Cf. the portrait of Sir Brooke Boothby by Wright of Derby.
4. 149f.

If however the weapon has to be used, it will be definitely constructive:

> She wars to save, and where she strikes, she heals.
>
> So Pallas with her Javelin smote the Ground,
> And peaceful Olives flourish'd from the Wound.[1]

The poem was obviously prompted by Addison's 'Campaign' (1704), which deals with the series of actions leading up to the battle of Blenheim, and there are several reminiscences of that work. Broome's poem opens with an apostrophe to 'Flandria' which includes the lines:

> Happy! had Heav'n bestow'd one Blessing more,
> And plac'd thee distant from the Gallic Pow'r![2]

These are a version of Addison's apostrophe of the Moselle:

> Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her fall
> In distant Climes far from the perjur'd Gaul.[3]

Broome's 'surly Drums', quoted above, derive from Addison's trumpets:

> But now the Trumpet terrible from far
> In shriller Clangors animates the War.[4]

Probably these two passages are also related: Broome has

> Thy shatter'd Tow'rs, proud Works of many an Age,
> Lie dreadful Monuments of human Rage ...[5]

while Addison wrote:

> Here shatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far
> Rise up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War.[6]

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1. 155f. 2. 3f. 3. 53f.
4. 239f. 5. 9f. 6. 95f.

In addition there are similarities of phrase- both writers describe the bombs as 'magazines of Death', both have the British army 'in deep Array', both call Marlborough 'the World's Repose'. But Broome's description of the bursting shells on the battlefield owes nothing to Addison; it is far longer, and I think more vivid. There is of course a great difference between the two poems in that Addison's is entirely on the war, whereas Broome's is divided more or less equally between war and peace. Both are partly in praise of Marlborough; but Broome's was written just before the general's downfall, which is probably why it was not printed until 1727.

In 1739 large additions were made to the battle scenes, chiefly describing a surprise attack by means of a tunnel. The most striking addition, however, is a passage expressing vegetarian views:

> Draw Health from Food the tem'prate Garden yields,
> From Fruit, or Herb, the Bounty of the Fields;
> Nor let the loaded Table groan beneath
> Slain Animals, the horrid Feast of Death.[1]

There is no hint of such feelings anywhere else in Broome's work or letters, and one cannot say when or for what reason they developed. In keeping with such a gentle attitude is the best addition - with a final line which recalls Herbert:

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1. 129f.

> Enjoy each Hour, nor as it fleets away
> Think Life too short, and yet too long the Day:
> Of Right observant, while the Soul attends
> Each Duty, and makes Heav'n and Angels Friends.[1]

In the survey above I have included all but two or three minor poems. A detailed discussion seemed to be justified by the fact that Broome is so little read that a study of his work has never before been made. He has suffered from being continually thought of in juxtaposition to Pope; and his poetry has usually been dismissed as vapid, with the contradictory qualification that the good parts were due to Pope's revision. I think the quotations given above show that Broome's work is not uniformly vapid; and would suggest that the extent of Pope's revisions has been exaggerated. Pope more than once compliments him on his poems: 'I do not find those faults in your Verses which you seem to do yourself.'[2] or again: 'You do not need any man to make you a good poet. You need no more than what every good poet needs, time and diligence, and doing something every day.'[3] Or referring to the Poems of 1727: 'I was very much pleased with almost everything in it.'[4]

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1. 195f.
2. Unpublished letter in the Brotherton Collection, Leeds; v. Review of English Studies, November 1961.
3. Correspondence, ii.103 (February 10, [1721-2]).
4. ii.431 (April 26, 1727).

Pope may have been merely polite in these statements, but he certainly was interested enough in Broome's work to go to some trouble in getting it published in Lintot's Miscellanies: 'I will do all I can to prejudice you and your Poems.'[1] or, referring to a new edition of the Miscellany: 'No opportunity shall be missed to place your verse in the best lustre I can.'[2] He even states that he will personally see that the 'Seat of War' poem is printed despite the fact that Lintot has refused it.[3] He constantly writes in encouragement of Broome's work: 'I hope, at intervals from Eustathius, you will seriously overlook those pieces of poetry you told me of; and by all means make an entire volume of them.'[4] Or again:

> Your Miscellany must be carefully and correctly done, and above all have no idle or too common thoughts or subjects, since the best versification in the world, and the most poetical dress whatever, will avail little without a sober fund of sense and good thought. I will be very sincere with you in that and all other things you shall confide to my trust. I have no intention at present in employing myself in anything that can interfere in the least with my overlooking yours.[5]

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1. Unpublished letter in the Brotherton Collection, Leeds; see above.
2. Correspondence, ii.269 (October 31, [1724]).
3. ii.28 (March 5, [1725]).
4. ii.295 (May 25, [1725]).
5. ii.378 (June 4, [1726]).

All this shows that Pope must have thought Broome's work of a fairly good standard, and worthy of serious criticism. The available evidence is that he made suggestions about alterations to the earlier poems, as is shown by remarks such as: 'Your own verses, and those of your friend, I shall commit to Mr. Lintot, and take what liberties you allow me with yours.'[1] He later promises: 'Your commission of altering a verse in the poem you sent me shall be obeyed.'[2] It will be remembered that he forcibly changed some phrases in Broome's poem to him - but this obviously was a special case. Apart from these instances, there are no mentions of Pope's revision of the poems; and it seems certain that the volume of 1727 came out with its contents almost untouched by him. He more than once offers to give his criticism, but was never sent the manuscript; he hints in the letter of June 4 quoted above that he has plenty of time for the task, and two months later repeats that 'For your Miscellany, I am ready to look over it when you send it, and shall deal with you sincerely.'[3] In later years he reminds Broome of his willingness to do this: 'I meant you

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1. i.321 (December 6, [1715]).

2. ii.182 (July 14, [1723]).

3. ii.389 (August 23, 1726).

well in offering, if you remember, of my own free motive, to look over every piece you designed to publish in your Miscellany, - in giving, unasked, my advice as to your printing it.'[1] The wording here clearly shows that the offer was not accepted - if Pope actually had looked the pieces over he would naturally have said so. Explicit evidence is provided in the letter of April 26 quoted above: it goes on:

> One or two little things I thought too puerile, and remember were written when you were very young. If Lintot had shewn them me, I would have advertised you of them; but they are but trifles.[2]

Reference to Chapter 3 will show that by the summer of 1726, when Pope was making these offers, the relationship between him and Broome was rapidly breaking up. Fenton and Broome were beginning to pass bitter remarks behind his back, and it was to Fenton that Broome turned with the request to revise. This was only partly granted, if at all; Fenton obviously disliked revision:

> I will spare time if possibly I can to revise your imitations of Milton. What I have seen of yours in the Miscellanies need no correction. Too much handling of verses is apt to wear off the natural gloss.[3]

Earlier he had declined to do anything: Broome writes to him, 'I do not at all blame your refusal to revise my poems.

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1. ii.470 (January 9, 1727-8).

2. ii.431.

3. ii.397 (September 7, 1726). Broome would naturally apply to Fenton as an editor of Milton.

I have taken so much care of them that if they be dull they will be correctly dull.'[1] It would have been better if he had taken Fenton's advice, and given them less 'handling'.

Broome's own opinion of his poems was habitually deprecatory. They are not intended to be great works of literature, but an amusement or recreation: 'mere Idleness induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle Men, to publish.'[2] He says of his Poems of 1727:

> When I cast my eyes over these dear offsprings of my brains I look upon the book as a kind of parish register, in which both those who live and those who die are entered promiscuously. If the critics rail at them I am resolved not to believe a word they say. Nature has furnished us poetasters with a secret mental glass that beautifies every line. I have one ready against the publication.[3]

This shows a realistic knowledge of his limitations; he never regarded himself as more than an amateur poet. He had no hopes of future reputation:

> You tell me you doubt not but my poetry will be well received by posterity. What! does a dead muse, like a dead saint, work more miracles in the grave than when living? Besides, is it not a mighty comfort to

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1. ii.390 (August 26, 1726).

2. Preface to the Poems: 1739, p. xi. Lintot paid £35 for the copyright in 1727 (the average sum for a miscellany); but cf. Pope's Windsor Forest, for which £32.5s.0d. was paid. Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 38729, f.50 has the Broome Assignment.

3. Correspondence, ii.39 (August 26, 1726).

> hope for a reversion of fame when I am insensible of it? It is just such a comfort as to expect a sprig of rosemary will be thrown into my coffin when I cannot enjoy its sweetness.[1]

It was perhaps just as well that he did not live to read Warton's assessment of his position among the English poets. In 1756 he surveyed the field and arranged them 'in four different classes or degrees'.[2]

> In the first class, I would place, first, our only three sublime and pathetic poets; SPENSER, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON; and then, at proper intervals, OTWAY and LEE. In the second class should be placed, such as possessed the true poetical genius, in a more moderate degree, but had noble talents for moral and ethical poetry. At the head of these are DRYDEN, DONNE, DENHAM, COWLEY, CONGREVE. In the third class may be placed men of wit, of elegant taste, and some fancy in describing familiar life. Here may be numbered, PRIOR, WALLER, PARNELL, SWIFT, FENTON. In the fourth class, the mere versifiers, however smooth and mellifluous some of them may be thought, should be ranked. Such as PITT, SANDYS, FAIRFAX, BROOME, BUCKINGHAM, LANSDOWN.

In the revised editions of 1772 and 1782, this list was amended considerably. The poets of the first class were restricted, far more sensibly, to Spenser, Milton and Shakespeare; group two was considerably enlarged, to include Dryden, Prior, Addison, Cowley, Waller, Garth, Fenton, Gay, Denham and Parnell as 'moral, ethical, and panegyric'; the 'men of wit' were rearranged to include Butler, Swift, Rochester, Donne, Dorset, and Oldham: but despite Fenton's dizzy elevation to second class, Broome remains ignominiously at the bottom

1. Ibid. Cf. Broome to Pope, iii.479; and the concluding lines of 'To Cornwallis'.
2. J. Warton, Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, 1756, Dedication, p. xi.

with the same companions.

The arranging of poets in order of merit is a singularly futile occupation; but if Warton put Fenton in the second class, he should surely have put Broome there too. When compared with many of his contemporaries, Broome in his writing shows a commendable elegance and variety of theme and style. There are none of the dreary panegyrics, none of the sterile satires that make up the bulk of many poets' work. The graceful variety of his poems is summed up by a contemporary, Thurston, in a poem of tribute printed in the London Journal of Saturday January 6 1727-8;[1] and its lines make a fitting close to this discussion:

> Forgive the Muse who unadorned by Art
> Speaks but the dictates of an honest Heart;
> Whose Zeal for merit may too far extend,
> For sometimes 'tis presumption to commend;
> Yet sure to thee in grateful praise will joyn
> Each Friend and Follower of the tuneful Nine.
> The Grecian Bard by thy assisting Hand
> Revives and reigns the Laureat of the Land;
> Our curious Fair with deep attention read
> What Lives the ancient Ladies used to lead;
> Perhaps to imitate you may begin,
> And learn from chaste Andromache to spin.
> E'en Beaux can boldly now of Homer speak,
> And tell us - He's translated from the Greek.
> Nor here our Wonder or our Praise must end,
> To nobler Themes thy tow'ring Thoughts ascend;
> From lofty Paran when described by thee
> Jehovah's Progress, while we read, we see;

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1. It also appears in an MS. anthology of poetry, written 1727-8, Add.MSS.26877. Broome's poems occupy ff[55R] to [62v], and Thurston's work is on [62v].

View loaded mountains as he moves adore,
And seem to hear th'attending thunders roar.
'Tis thine in every Way the Soul to move,
Sink into Fears, or soften into Love;
Alternate Passions at thy Call arise,
Or rage the Heart, or Sorrow fills the Eyes.
Accept this needless vain Attempt to praise;
Sincere my Mind, though impotent my Lays;
As when a Crowd some patriot Prince surrounds,
And roars Applauses in unpolish'd Sounds,
Convinc'd that Rudeness was for Duty meant,
He takes the homely Tribute with content.

Chapter 6

LATER RELATIONS WITH POPE

The estrangement from Pope which began while the Odyssey was being published does not seem to have come out into the open for some time. Pope was definitely snubbed when Broome ignored his offers to revise the Poems; but at least he was sent a copy. His letter of thanks expresses a hope that the friendship will continue:

> I should be glad to have a few lines from you when you are at leisure, to inform me of anything that pleases or concerns you, to whom I have a true affection, as well as a constant good wish for all you desire or pray for.[1]

But it is clear that these remarks were intended to prepare Broome for yet more trouble over the Odyssey:

> Now I mention Lintot, I do not know how he treats you, but he is the greatest scoundrel to me in the earth - I mean in foul language and noisy falsehoods of many sorts, the worst of which I reckon his endeavours to set people at variance by mere lies, as he has done to several of the subscribers to Homer, and I am convinced that it was wholly from thence that those rumours so prejudiced both to you and to me proceeded, which, had I not known your natural integrity and sincere good nature, must have made me think of you in a manner very different from what I really do. The fellow had the impudence to affirm that I never told him you had any hand in the work till after his agreement was signed, than which you know nothing can be a more flagrant lie. I think you had a letter from him before expressly about your share in the work; I wish

1. Correspondence, ii.431 (April 26 1727).

> you had it by you; and I desire you to write me whatever you remember to the contrary of this falsehood, that it may help to undeceive anybody to whom he tells it. You are sensible that this is a piece of downright justice to me as an honest man.

The rumours must be those which Pope found impossible to believe in December 1723; Lintot's letter was sent to Broome in March 1725, when Pope urged him not to reply on any account. Broome is here asked for the first of many statements on the true facts of the transaction; presumably he provided it, as Pope's next letter is entirely friendly.

But the next surviving letter is again concerned with trouble; the ill-feeling between the two men had apparently come to a head, and Pope had had to make a thorough explanation of some indiscretion or other.

The letter is concerned with soothing Broome's injured feelings. It opens ominously:

> You please me not a little in seeming pleased with my letter, for I dare say you are what you seem. Nothing is more agreeable than the mutual reconnaisance of two well-meaning men, after they find that only ill-meaning men have endeavoured to set them at variance. I assure you, if you are as sincere as you express yourself, and as I believe, being so myself, you shall be convinced by every good office that shall be in my future power, that I am in earnest on my part by every testimony that I can give you.[1]

Once again, Pope attributes the quarrel to a troublemaker - this time it was apparently the painter Jervas:

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1. ii.470 (January 9, 1727-8).

> ... be assured I should be sorry to have what Mr. J[ervas][1] may say, imputed to me. I have formerly, and I will again desire his silence, but if I were able I would command it. Therefore be just to me, as I truly am to you. He never had countenance from me for so doing.

Pope protests that he had always meant Broome well throughout the whole collaboration, and says that his actions 'were, or should have been, convincing.' He admits that he may have made some mild complaints of Broome's indiscretion in broadcasting the fact that there were collaborators; but once again blames the real trouble on others:

> And I must say you should have taken facts as a proof of my friendliness, rather than words of any other whatever. Even a peevish saying or two of my own, when I was made to think myself injured by your imprudence, for I never charged you with any wilful error, must not be considered as the truth of my heart. And God forgive the man who, merely to set two friends at distance, could steal a paper!

It is unknown what this 'paper' was; Broome wrote, years later, that he had had 'ocular demonstration' of Pope's insincerity,[2] which presumably refers to this incident. Whether or not Pope had been sincere with Broome in the past - and it is doubtful whether he had - he was being as insincere as one could possibly be in this letter, for it was written at the very time that the Bathos was going through the press, and all its protestations of honest friendship are so many empty words.

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1. Sherburn's conjecture.

2. iii.495 (September 22 1735).

The Bathos, contained in the third volume of the Pope-Swift Miscellanies, appeared in March 1727-8. Broome was deeply hurt to find himself ridiculed (under the initials W.B.) as one of 'The Parrots ... they that repeat another's words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own.'[1] and one of 'The Tortoises, who are slow and chill, and like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it, a heavy Lump.'[2] Both these descriptions come close enough to the truth to hurt. Broome was inclined to model his verse on Pope, and to use common phraseology. The beauty of the diction is often more noticeable than any depth of thought; and he had produced some very insipid pastoral lines. But worse than these criticisms was a later passage, in which some actual lines of Broome's were quoted and held up to scorn. First came the concluding lines of his poem to Trefusis, which had been published several times in Lintot's Miscellanies:[3]

> So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
> A Child, as Poets say, sure thou art he.
> Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
> Did not thy Eyes proclaim thee not her Son.
> There all the Lightnings of thy Mother's shine,
> And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

---

1. Chapter 6, class 4.
2. Chapter 6, class 9.
3. Chapter 7.

Pope brutally demolishes these vapid compliments with the comment that

> First he is Cupid, then is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his Eyes are his Mother's, and lastly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

He goes on (still in fact with reference to Broome):

> Another author, describing a Poet that shines forth amidst a circle of Critics,
>
> "Thus Phoebus thro' the Zodiac takes his way,
> And amid Monsters rises into day."
>
> What a peculiarity is here of invention? The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations. In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters; there were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring genius's, what he found not monsters, he made so.

The Bathos as a whole is an entirely justified attack on the vast amount of dull and bad poetry that was being written at the time; but it must be considered malicious on Pope's part to ridicule the productions of one whom he had recently addressed as a friend. The Trefusis poem he had seen, and doubtless commented upon, when he inserted it in the 1712 Miscellany; and he kept it in all the editions until 1720, when with other poems it was withdrawn for inclusion in Broome's collected Poems. The other lines will be remembered as appearing in mysterious circumstances at

the end of Young's _Satires_. To Broome, made sensitive already by the sordid aftermath of the _Odyssey_, such remarks were unforgivable. He wrote at once to Fenton, enclosing a violent letter to Pope for his friend's approval. Fenton was suitably shocked, and in his reply musters all the resources of his learning to show that there are the most admirable classical precedents for such a use of the word 'monsters'; he draws lines from Horace, Dryden, Virgil, Manilius, Waller and Cornelius Fronto 'as I find him quoted by Vossius' in support of his argument, and adds: 'It were endless to quote authors in your justification.'[1] He takes a strong line with regard to Pope, and urges Broome to reply publicly: 'if it were my own case, I could not remain passive under such a provocation.'

But Broome's next letter shows that he has shrunk from the public complaint - it reveals great bitterness, resentment at being attacked, and a desire for reassurance from his 'dear friend Fenton' that he is justified in being angry, that his poems are worth something, that Pope is a deceitful monster. In a rather childish and petulant outburst he writes:

> You ask me if I correspond with Mr. Pope. I do not. He has used me ill, he is ungrateful ... I often resemble him to a hedgehog; he wraps himself up in his down, lies snug and warm, and sets his bristles out against all mankind. Sure he is fond of being hated.

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1. _Correspondence_, ii.487 (April 7 1728).

> I wonder he is not thrashed: but his littleness is his protection; no man shoots a wren. He should rather be whipped; and it was pleasant enough in Mr. Ambrose Philips to hang up a rod at Button's *in terrorem*, which scared away the little bard.[1]

Broome, who once hoped to secure Pope's place on Parnassus, and had many times enjoyed his hospitality at Twickenham, now sinks to the level of Grub Street. A month after this letter was written, he found himself placed there, among the other subjects of the *Dunciad*.

In Book 3, he read a shattering opinion of his personality:

> Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
> And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.[2]

The footnote attempting to explain that 'the author seems only to lament, that he was employed in Translation at all' cannot have impressed Broome with its sincerity. To add insult to injury, after the ridicule of the *Bathos*, Pope had the audacity to quote Broome's lines in his praise in the 'Testimonies of Authors' before the *Dunciad*:

> To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk, Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.
> "Thus, nobly rising in fair *Virtue*'s cause,
> From thy own *life* transcribe th'unerring laws."

It is not surprising that Broome was consumed with rage and mortification; he brings out his old grievances to Fenton:

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1. ii.489 (May 3 1728).

2. 1728, iii.32ff.

> [Pope] has taken a large subscription for the Odyssey, paid us what he pleased, when at the same time he has a much less share in that work than myself, eight books of the verse and all the notes being mine. He, therefore, suppresses the truth, being ashamed to take so much money for other men's labours. You rightly observe in your last that he ought in prudence to have remembered the last paragraph in the Odyssey ...[1] it is owing to my mercy that he is not scandalous.

The last remark seems odd, being written at a time when Pope could hardly have been more scandalous; the Odyssey, the Bathos, and the Dunciad had all aroused storms of fury, and one of the most often repeated jibes was that he was selling the work of others under his own name. The remark also shows that Pope somehow persuaded Broome to write the last Observation, and evidently Broome had been regretting it ever since. He goes on to torment himself by quoting at length from Pope's letter of thanks at the conclusion of the work on the Iliad, and asks 'dear Fenton' to tell him if he is unjust to call Pope ungrateful and perfidious: 'All the crime I have committed is saying that he is no master of Greek.' This is evidently the reason Pope has in mind when he excuses the mentions in the Bathos by saying that it was believed 'you had spread the reports to my prejudice, &c.'[2]

Despite the provocation, Broome decided not to publish a reply.

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1. Correspondence, ii.499 (June 15 1728).
2. iii.116 (June 16 1730).

> He will certainly make me ridiculous, and what benefit will arise to me to prove him ungrateful? No. I will dismiss him with the sullen silence of Ajax, but will leave such memorials behind me when I die, that posterity shall be acquainted with his history ... To speak ingenuously, I am not greatly moved at his jokes, and he would be disappointed if he knew that he gives me no more uneasiness.[1]

This pathetic assertion that he 'doesn't care' shows how deeply Broome had been wounded by this betrayal of friendship. It also casts a good deal of light on his character. By those who knew him he was consistently described as 'amiable', and in a letter to Fenton he declares:

> I love a little more open sensibility. It is true this sometimes lays the heart open, - butwhere is the misfortune, though the very bottom be discoverable, if it be uncorrupted and clear. To be always upon the reserve is to wear always an intellectual vizor, and as absurd as for a fine lady to go always masked on purpose to hide her beauties from admiration.[2]

He was emotional, gregarious and no doubt vivacious; such a character tends to be shattered but weak in a crisis. Broome was certainly intensely angered by Pope's conduct, but not resolute enough to start a quarrel which was almost certain to become public - and he was afraid of what Pope might do to him in retaliation. All he could produce was a childish retort, a working off of spite in some doggerel lines which he includes in his letter to Fenton:

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1. ii.500 (June 15 1728).
2. ii.163 (March 6 1722-3).

a piece of a new Session of Poets, by which you will see I can laugh at him.

> Next in stepped a wight, a monkey of man,
> Through av'rice ill-clad, maliciously wan:
> With a book in his hand, to Apollo he bowed,
> And, raised on a tripod, thus sang out aloud.

Pope quotes some lines from Homer, whereupon Apollo exclaims in delight that he always likes to hear people reciting Ovid:

> Apollo was pleased with the languishing strain,
> And cried, Who is this, what soft bard of the plain?
> How witty, how sweet! but why do I gaze so?
> 'Tis the ghost of Thersites repeating old Naso.
> The rhymer then cried, with astonishment moved,
> Who prates about Ovid? 'tis Homer improved.
> But why stand I here? Apollo is mad,
> I'll put him next week in my Dunciad, begad!

The satire here is neat and witty - unlike the opening, in which Broome again descends to abuse.

At some time during the next eighteen months Broome wrote to Pope in expostulation, but evidently received no satisfactory reply: Fenton writes on March 22 1729-30 that about a month previously he had heard from a friend about 'your epistolary eclaircissement with Pope, who had showed him your letters and his answers. I was not surprised to hear that it ended with declaring off from any further commerce with him.'[1] But some unknown incident a few months later led to a reconciliation, with Pope quoting the lines

> 'Tis sure the tend'rest part of love
> Each other to forgive.

and protesting once more:

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1. iii.100.

> I know full well what my behaviour and principles have been, are, and will be; and that my heart is better than my head. I know that in your particular regard, I meant to serve you, and did it to my utmost, both as to fame and profit, in that undertaking.[1]

This of course refers to the Odyssey. Pope goes on to deal with the Bathos:

> What you mention of that passage of the Zodiac is very just. It has been said by several, and to your catalogue I can add Cowley ... Indeed, when I saw that passage in the book, I never suspected it to be yours, but imagined that I had remembered it in Cowley, mistaking the one for the other.

In addition to trying to persuade Broome that he had forgotten the lines were his, Pope attempts to convince him that the Bathos was partly by others.[2] But Broome evidently accepted this last point too readily, for in the next surviving letter Pope is writing hastily to assure him that

> Dr. Arbuthnot knew no more than I of the verses cited from your book. I think I told you before, that some others contributed to the collection of examples, and the person that sent those was a stranger to you, but moved, as he afterwards owned, by the opinion you had spread the reports to my prejudice, &c. I am sure it will be a satisfaction to you to know so honest and ingenious a man as the doctor was in no way your enemy.[3]

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1. iii.105 (May 2 1730).

2. But in a letter to Swift, he says of the Bathos, 'I have entirely Methodized and in a manner written, it all, the Dr. grew quite indolent in it.' Correspondence, ii.468.

3. iii.116 (June 16 1730). In March 1727 Fenton suggested that Broome should begin a correspondence with Arbuthnot; but this does not seem to have been put into effect. (Correspondence, ii.429).

Once again Pope puts the blame on an unconvincing 'stranger'. It is clear that although he may not have collected all the examples together personally, he certainly arranged them and sent them to the press; and it is extremely unlikely that he had really forgotten that Broome was the author of the 'monster' lines. There was, moreover, no question about the Trefusis lines, which, oddly enough, Broome does not seem to get so excited about. This question was probably dealt with in the letters which have not survived.

The Odyssey 'undertaking' had been under continuous fire from Pope's critics for many years; the dreadful insults in the Bathos and the Dunciad had provoked a repetition of all the old charges. There was a certain amount of explicit support for Broome. The Daily Journal of Wednesday, October 2 1728 published as its last item

> An EPIGRAM.
> Occasion'd by P---'s Abuse of Mr. Broome, Author of the Dissertation and Notes upon Homer.
> BY Pope's Applause, Broome gain'd a Critick's Fame,
> And by his Envy lost the Poet's Name.
> (Thus does the Moon, in feeble Radiance bright,
> Eclipse the Sun, to whom she owes her Light)
> How vile the Instruments which Heav'n employs,
> To swell our Sorrows, or exalt our Joys!
> So Rome's fam'd Capitol, devoid of Aid,
> A Goose once sav'd, a Strumpet once betray'd.

Welsted and Moore-Smythe, in their 'One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope', 1730, quoted in Chapter 4, repeat the charge that Pope's wealth was derived from Broome's labours - 'half-paid drudging Broome'. In 1733 appeared 'An Epistle to a Doctor

of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court' which again asserts that he 'sold Broome's labours printed with Pope's Name.'[1] An intriguing criticism is mentioned in the Dunciad as by Matthew Concanen: Pope's note says:

> In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others.[2]

Investigation of this matter is complicated by the fact that there are two works by Concanen which have to be distinguished: both published in 1728, they are 'An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's Sinking in Reputation; being a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry.' and 'A Supplement to the Profound.' The first was published in Mist's Weekly Journal of March 30, 1728; the second as a pamphlet.

The Mist's essay was thought by Pope to be by Theobald; it repeats the usual criticisms in a sarcastic tone:

> Now as Gain, or Profit, is to be the main object of his own Studies, it might be no bad Expedient, if he should undertake a Book in his own Name by Subscription, and get a greater part of it done by Assistants: tho' I should not advise this Experiment too often, lest any of the extraneous Parts should unhappily ascend to the Sublime, and retard the Declension of the whole Mass.

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1. Warburton, Pope's Works, 1751, viii.267.
2. ii.299 note.

> Nor would it at all impede his Progress in Sinking, tho' he should take it into his Head to descend into Homer, (let the World wonder, as it will, how the Devil he got there;) and pretend to do him into English ...[1]

But this essay contains only quotations from the Bathos, Dedication to the Rape of the Lock, Odyssey Book 1, and a few other sources - none of which can possibly be taken as imputing Broome's verses to Pope. The pamphlet, however, quotes extensively from the Iliad and the Odyssey, and includes in its criticisms lines from Books translated by Fenton and Broome. The interesting thing about Pope's protest in the Note to the Dunciad is that it would seem at the time to be making a disproportionate clamour; for in the final Observation Broome only acknowledges Books 6, 11 and 18, and Concanen criticises just one line from Book 6. ('They wept abundant, and they wept aloud'). In fact, of course, Concanen criticises other Books which were by Broome, although nobody knew this at the time. Book 16 is mentioned three times, and in Book 12 a hyperbolic couplet is rightly held up to ridicule:

> Not the fierce Arrow from the twanging Bow
> Sent with full Force could reach the Depth below.[2]

Broome had publicly declared in his Poems of 1727 that he had translated 'several Books of the Odyssey'[3] without

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1. Printed in A Compleat Collection of all the Verses, Essays ... which have been occasioned by the Publication of Three Volumes of Miscellanies, by Pope and company, 1728, p. 16.
2. xii.101f.
3. In a note to 'To Mr. Pope, on his Works', 67.

going so far as to mention the number: one feels that if his Poems had been published a year or so later he would have been more explicit. Yet despite all this public vituperation, and his earlier anger, he kept up an uneasy relationship with Pope. The surviving letters of this period are sparse, and it is not possible to say how many have been lost. In August 1730 Broome wrote asking for an account of Fenton's last hours (he had died in July), and Pope replied, later sending a copy of his epitaph; but the next group of letters is dated 1735, when Broome was once again reminded that he was associated with the enemy of Grub Street. Pope had tried to engineer the publication of some of his letters by the disreputable bookseller Curll. When Curll realised that he had been fooled, he advertised widely for letters and papers regarding Pope, and decided to write to the surviving collaborator in the Odyssey:

> ... as all mankind admire his poetry, so they are now inclined to punish his perfidy, and the sight of papers sent me daily would surprise you ... if, in justice to yourself, and the memory of Mr. Fenton, you will send me any memorial, it shall be inserted; or if you have any letters which passed between you and Mr. Pope, they shall likewise be inserted, and acknowledged in whatever manner you please.[1]

Broome took the honourable course of sending this letter straight to Pope, with the comment:

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1. Correspondence, iii.475 (July 22 1735).

> I fancy you will not be sorry to see the enclosed. I have therefore taken the liberty to send it, and to assure you that I am incapable of complying with any such proposals. I look upon letters as a trust deposited in the hands of friends, which an honest man will not break.[1]

Pope learnt in the following months that Broome meant exactly what he said about letters being a sacred trust. But Broome's own letter continues as a dignified presentation of his case with regard to the Odyssey, and a definite statement that he had had no part in the flood of pamphlets since its publication:

> If any man has made use of my name against you, it was done without my consent or knowledge. Every man's name is in every man's power. I have never wrote a single line in my own cause, nor encouraged any person to write ... But I confess I have complained to hear my veracity called in question in relation to the share I had in the Odyssey. I have always spoken truth in this point, and assumed to myself no more than eight books of the translation. But this, though exactly true, has been ascribed, not to my veracity, but vanity. Yet I have borne this imputation without any public vindication.

Broome was baffled by Pope's failure to acknowledge the full extent of the collaboration, ten years after publication. But Pope made some grateful reply, for Broome's next letter shows him rejoicing in another reconciliation: 'Adieu to all animosities. Let them sleep for ever. I am sure they shall never be awakened by me.'[2] Yet he goes on to introduce his old grudge (rather slyly) again:

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1. iii.478 (August 4 1735).

2. iii.496 (September 22 1735).

> It is impossible to live without some slander in a world that delights to tell and hear it. Our care should be, not to deserve it. Of this nature was a falsehood I met, when last at Norwich. It was publicly affirmed that you had claimed the notes upon the Odyssey - at least of twelve books, in a late advertisement before your Epistles. I have read those Epistles, but in the pirated edition, which has no such advertisement. I assured the company that you had too much honour and justice to assert such a falsehood; that you had large and fair flocks of your own, and were incapable of robbing me of my little ewe-lamb. No, I know you had rather enlarge than diminish my intellectual possessions. Such falsehoods create mirth rather than spleen. But it is a degree of weakness to repeat such weak stories.

Pope was in a strong position here, as the note is ambiguous simply because of the punctuation given it by a careless printer in Gilliver's octavo edition; here the note reads:

> This Volume and the abovemention'd [1717] contain whatsoever I have written design'd for the press: except my Translation of the Iliad, with my Preface and Notes of twelve Books of the Odyssey with the Postscript, (not the Notes) the Preface to Shakespear and a few Spectators and Guardians.

This is nonsense. Punctuated correctly, it reads in the quarto edition of the same year:

> ... except my Translation of the Iliad (with my Preface and Notes) of twelve books of the Odyssey, with the Postscript, (not the Notes) the Preface to Shakespear ...

Here the work is correctly divided, and Pope's letter of reply points out that he expressly says 'not the Notes'.[1]

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1. iii.497 (October 2 1735).

To prove it, he offers to send Broome a copy of the edition; he asks him, in return, to put down in writing another statement on the Odyssey transaction: 'I desire no more than that you will put down in a line to me that there was no contract made about it, but that you trusted my friendship, and I made it good.' It is difficult to regard this as an accurate description of Pope's behaviour, however many allowances are made; but Broome apparently decided that acquiescence might eventually bring him satisfaction, for he replies meekly:

> Your request concerning the Odyssey is very reasonable, and in justice I ought, and therefore do declare that never any contract subsisted between us, and consequently no contract could be broken. You paid me £500 - that is, £100 for the notes, and £400 for eight books of the verse translation, and Mr. Fenton in proportion for his four books.[1]

If this matter was settled, Pope still had another cause for anxiety - his letters:

> If you have kept any letters of mine, I am sure they can be of little worth, and may be disagreeable ever to see in Curll's or any other bookseller's hands ... I should think it kind in you, and considerate toward me, if you would return them me.[2]

As a great gesture, he has decided to alter the offensive couplet in the Dunciad to

> Hibernian politics, O Swift, thy fate,
> And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.[3]

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1. iii.507 (October 29 1735).
2. iii.510 (November 18 1735).
3. 1742, iii.331f. But in 1742, i.146, Broome seems to have been brought back again. The phrases applied by Pope's note to Richard Brome might well (with substitution of 'poems' for 'Comedy') suit Broome. v. The Twickenham edition, 1953, p. 281.

Since this involved the cancelling of an impression of a thousand leaves, he was a little annoyed when Broome failed to be overcome with gratitude but instead thanked him for his 'obliging alteration': '... if I were of your church, I should say it was a kind of release from purgatory and from the company of condemned reprobate poets and authors': complimented him gracefully on the qualities of his letters, and declined returning them.[1] In addition, Broome sent his poem 'On Death' for Pope to look over. A second and a third time Pope repeated his request, and sent 'the small edition of my works' containing the revised passage in the Dunciad - even went so far as to write 'In a word, dear Broome, be assured I love you'.[2] But there was no reply. Pope's last letter seems to show a genuine desire to carry on the friendship; but it is not known whether any more letters were exchanged. That Broome never gave up the previous letters is shown by the fact that, as the Broome papers, they were made use of by Elwin and Courthope.

There is no doubt that Pope had treated Broome very badly. Professor Lounsbury goes so far as to say:

> It is characteristic of Pope that one of his victims in this treatise on the bathos was a man whom he called his friend, and whom indeed he was loading with

1. iii.512.

2. iv.3 (January 12, [1735-6]).

> expressions of regard ... The treatment of Broome was typical of Pope's conduct when he felt that action of this sort could be taken with impunity.[1]

Satirising Broome because of his deficiencies, Pope guessed that these very deficiencies would prevent him from retaliating in public. Broome wrote to him after one of their reconciliations: 'I have never wrote a single line in my own cause, nor encouraged any person to write. This, perhaps, an enemy may ascribe to pride, a friend to a better principle.'[2] I am afraid that his letters to Fenton in 1728 show plainly that 'a better principle' was not wholly responsible for his silence; it was partly contrariness - to show that he was not really hurt - and fear of further attack. Broome was no match for Pope. He could not pursue him with honest, straightforward requests for satisfaction, as Hill did in the same situation. Only at the end did he show some adroitness in evading Pope's demand for the return of his letters; this was carrying out his intention to 'leave such memorials behind me when I die, that posterity shall be acquainted with his history.' As a step towards this, he mentioned in two footnotes to the Poems of 1739 that he had translated eight Books of the Odyssey, and Fenton, four:[3] but this was the only occasion on which he wrote anything on the subject.

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1. T. Lounsbury, The first editors of Shakespeare, 1906, p.208
2. Correspondence, iii.479 (August 4 1735).
3. 'To Mr. Pope, on his Works', and 'An Epistle to Fenton'.

It would be pleasant if one could regard Pope's last letters to Broome as sincere; but when he mentions

> ... my real goodwill and friendship for you, which have never been extinct in my breast, though cooled by accident, or perhaps mistakes, joined with ill offices which too many people are ready to do to those they envy, or would displace from our affections.[1]

one cannot accept the words on their face value; it is yet another case of the blame being put onto some unknown and nebulous personage. Nothing can alter the fact that Broome was included among the Parrots, the Tortoises, and the Dunces. Pope determined that the passages in the Bathos should remain by refusing to admit that he was responsible for them, when it would have been an easy thing to have apologised. The last letter is more convincing:

> I chiefly fear you may be ill, for I truly wish you health and long life, and shall upon all occasions be glad to show you my disposition is friendly to all mankind, and sorry at any time, whether through mistakes or too tender resentments, or too warm passions, - which are often nearer akin than undiscerning people imagine - to have wounded another. I beg to hear from you, and am sincerely yours -[2]

At least in this letter he is prepared to admit that the blame might be laid on him, rather than someone else.

Although Pope's attitude may be doubtful, Broome's is quite straightforward. He found the loss of Pope's friendship

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1. iii.497 (October 2 1735).

2. iv.5 (March 25 1736).

a deprivation, and in a genuine tribute tells him in 1735:

> You were my poetical sun, and since your influence has been intercepted by the intervention of some dark body, I have never thought the soil worth cultivating, but resigned it up to sterility.[1]

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1. iii.496 (September 22 1735).

Chapter 7

LATER LIFE AND REPUTATION

Broome's friendship with Fenton has been rather obscured by his stormy relationship with Pope; but the two were close friends for over ten years. During the Odyssey collaboration Fenton stayed some months at Sturston, and he was planning another visit in the summer or autumn of 1729 - but ill health and other complications prevented this. In his letters he keeps Broome up to date on the activities of various friends at Cambridge (Drs. Newcome and Tudway) and Henry Blount, the young man he had brought with him to Sturston. The latter married Anne Cornwallis on September 19 1728;[1] but after a year of marriage Fenton describes him as 'the most miserable young man now living'.[2] He goes on: 'I question not but you have heard what a fury he is yoked with. Sir Clement told me that she insists on separation, to which, were I in her spouse's place, I should most willingly agree, and view nothing in common with her, as Anthony says, but the sun and skies.' While Broome was estranged from Pope, Fenton continued to see him, and passed on to

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1. The Historical Register.
2. Correspondence, iii.55 (September 28 [1729]).

Broome the latest news; in June 1729 he tells him:

> The war is carried on against him furiously in pictures and libels ... he told me that for the future he intended to write nothing but epistles in Horace's manner, in which I question not but he will succeed very well.[1]

With his placid disposition, he remained unruffled by the *Odyssey* turmoils; he had withdrawn early from the enterprise, and was not really concerned by its outcome. He stayed completely aloof from all the bitterness, and maintained a healthy scepticism of Pope's motives which is in strong contrast to the emotional agitation of Broome. His sarcastic comments on Pope's letters have already been quoted: and when his edition of Waller came out he noted that 'Pope is very profuse of his praises of the performance *sed non ego credulus illis*.'[2]

Immediately after the completion of the *Odyssey*, Fenton and Broome began to plan out a new translation of the *Aeneid*, to be produced not by the scoundrel Lintot, but by Fenton's publisher, Tonson. It appears that it was Broome who was actually going to undertake the work. It is first mentioned in a letter of March 28 1727:

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1. *iii.37* (June 24).

2. iii.55 (September 28). And cf. Broome to Fenton: 'I have found him what you always affirmed him to be - a most insincere person'. *Correspondence*, ii.500.

> Mr. Tonson and I have talked over the affair of Virgil. He is not for having dissertations, as you and I intended, but would have the notes executed in the same method that you took in the Odyssey.[1]

Just over a month later Fenton says that he has given to Tonson 'a note of such books as occurred to my memory that might be serviceable to you in executing your design on Virgil'.[2] This is the last that can be heard of the project - it is never mentioned again, so one cannot tell at what point it was abandoned. It was not really likely that after so many years of translating and annotating one epic, Broome would feel like completing another. Instead, he returned to his poems; Fenton writes in December 1727:

> In the meantime I am glad to hear your spirits hold vigorous enough to call out your muse. What dost thou mean by talking of old age? Even I have lately writ a poem to a girl, which I have just sent to the press ... It is not writing that is ridiculous in a man of years, but the vanity of printing on all occasions.[3]

When he talked of old age Broome was 38, and Fenton 44; but Fenton was indolent and corpulent, and had just over two more years to live. His letters to Broome, however, remain cheerful and friendly up to the last which survives, written three months before his death. He encouraged Broome in his hopes of further preferment: 'I think you may hold your eye

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1. ii.429.

2. ii.433 (May 3).

3. ii.463 (December 3). The poem to a girl was his dedication of Waller to Lady Margaret Harley.

fixed on Norwich whenever a prebend is vacant':[1] and was a genuine friend, offering advice and good wishes on everything that Broome did. His worth may be shown in the fact that Pope obviously respected him highly: his opinion, as given in Spence's Anecdotes, was that 'Fenton is a right honest man. He is fat and indolent; a very good scholar; sits within, and does nothing but read or compose.'[2] He also writes to Gay:

> If you think this letter splenatick, consider I have just receiv'd the News of the death of a Friend, whom I esteem'd almost as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Easthamstead, of indolence and Inactivity; let it not be your fate, but use Exercise.[3]

Fenton's laziness was a byword among his friends. It is exemplified in two incidents: the first, an anecdote told by Broome of his amusements while staying at Sturston. The only activity indolent enough for him to engage in was fishing; but soon he gave even this up - 'he could not bear the fatigue of pulling up the rod and baiting the hook.'[4] The other evidence is provided by Fenton himself, in a letter to Broome, which he ends with the words:

> Well, dear Broome, goodnight, - not that it is bed-time, but that a fine hot gloomy sky, and a swarm of bees that have just settled under my window, conspire with my own dulness to lull me asleep.[5]

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1. ii.519 (September 15 1728).
2. 1820, ed. Malone, 135.
3. Correspondence, iii.121 (July 21, 1730).
4. ii.358 (January 2, 1725-6).
5. ii.234 (May 31, 1724).

Fenton's death, and that of Ford a year later, left Broome in a more isolated position; he was restricted to his local Norfolk and Suffolk society. He seems to have known all the incumbents of livings within a ten mile radius: James Oldfield of Brome married him to Elizabeth Clarke in 1716, Bridge of Palgrave baptised his daughter Elizabeth in 1722, Dr. Whitfield of Dickleburgh baptised Charles Broome in 1726. In 1719, Broome was one of the 'Neighb'ring Clergy to the Parish of Oakley' who reported on a new gallery in the church, deciding that it blocked up none of the windows and was 'an Encouragement to several pious and well-dispos'd Persons, to perfect themselves in singing.'[1] In this connection it is perhaps worth mentioning that Broome was instrumental in removing the spire of Pulham church in 1738; he organised a petition to the Bishop, complaining that 'ye said Spire is fallen into great Decay, ... being of no use and little ornament', and emphasising the danger that it might fall on the church.[2] Two scholarly acquaintances were the Rev. Samuel Shuckford and the Rev. Henry Stebbing. Shuckford has already been quoted as the author of <u>The Sacred and Prophane History of the World Connected</u>; Steb-

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1. Oakley Parish MSS., Norwich Cathedral Archives; Commission Report of September 3 1719.

2. Pulham Parish MSS., Norwich Cathedral Archives; Petition of May 9 1738.

bing was two years older than Broome, had also been at Cambridge, and had resigned his Fellowship at St. Catherine's to become vicar of Lower Rickinghall, Suffolk, about five miles south-west of Sturston. In 1726 he became Rector of Garboldisham, Norfolk - just over seven miles to the north-west of Sturston.- so that he and Broome found it easy to remain in contact. Fenton met him while staying with Broome, and in a letter asks Broome to pass on thanks to Stebbing for 'his Book':[1] as the letter dates from 1724, this present might have been of either A Rational Enquiry into the proper Methods of supporting Christianity, so far as it concerns the Governors of the Church (1720), or An Essay concerning Civil Government, considered as it stands related to Religion (1724). Stebbing produced five more works like these, and the D.N.B. describes him as a controversial champion of the Church of England, carrying on a 'voluminous warfare' with Warburton for many years. Probably Broome was influenced by him in the composition of his two published sermons, works which previously have not received much attention.

These two eloquent eulogies of the British Constitution were both printed by official command. The first, published by Lintot in 1723, bears the prefatory note:

1. Correspondence, ii.234 (May 31, 1724).

> Norwich. At a Court of Mayoralty, held the 27th of October, 1722. Order'd, that the Thanks of this Court be return'd to the Reverend Mr. Broome, for his excellent Sermon, preach'd on the 20 Instant, being His Majesty's Coronation-Day: And that he be desired to print the same; and that the Town-Clerk, by a Letter, acquaint him therewith. LODGE.

The sermon, according to its title, was preached in Norwich Cathedral, on the subject 'The duty of publick intercession and thanksgiving for Princes.' Broome's introductory remarks divide the matter under three heads:

> In discoursing upon which Words, I shall,
>
> First, Shew, That it is the Duty of Good Subjects, to pray for the Prosperity of their Kings and Governors.
>
> Secondly, That they should endeavour to lead quiet lives under them in all Godliness and Honesty.
>
> And, Lastly, I shall shew what Reasons we in particular have to give God Thanks for the Blessings of this Day.[1]

The burden laid upon Kings occupies the first part of the discourse, but it is also shown that 'to pray ... for the Piety of our Kings, is in reality to pray for a Blessing upon ourselves', which reduces the whole argument to one of expediency: the rest of the sermon recommends passive acceptance of whatever King or Government choose to do. The arguments later to become typically reactionary are expounded: 'it is not for private Subjects to pass too rash a Judgement: we are unacquainted with the Secrets of Government': 'tis a Presumption to be too curious to search

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1. P. 5.

into the Secrets of State': 'Should Men of inferior Degree aspire to things which God has placed far above them, they would in effect break in upon that Order which his Hand has establish'd': 'What is it that we can ask, as Subjects, as Englishmen, or as Christians, that we do not already enjoy? As Subjects, we have our Properties, as Englishmen, our Laws; and as Christians, our establish'd Religion'.[1] In fact, all is for the best, in the best of all possible worlds. This must have comforted and flattered the Mayor and Council of Norwich, who as persons high in the hierarchy were partly responsible for this happy situation. In fairness, of course, it must be remembered that the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715 had been a severe shock for the country, and national unity was the main theme of Government propaganda for many decades. Doubtless, too, Broome had his eye on preferment, and may perhaps have expressed opinions more exaggerated than he really held.

The second sermon is on the same sort of theme: the text is 'O pray for the peace of Jerusalem.' The title indicates where and when it was preached:

> A SERMON Preach'd at the ASSIZES in NORWICH, August 8th, 1737. Before the RIGHT HONOURABLE Sir WILLIAM LEE, Lord Chief Justice of England; And the HONOURABLE Sir EDMUND PROBYN, One of the JUSTICES of the COURT of King's-Bench. Publish'd at the REQUEST of PETER ROSIER, Esq.; HIGH-SHERIFF of the County of NORFOLK; AND THE Gentlemen of the Grand-Jury.

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1. Pp. 7, 11, 15, 16.

Broome's dedication follows, to Rosier, Sir Charles Turner, and all the members of the Jury, whose names are given in an imposing list. The first quarter is taken up by a denunciation of the Roman Catholic Church; its claims of infallibility, worship of saints, belief in transubstantiation, and persecutions of Protestants all come under heavy fire. This topic is given prominence, according to Broome, because the 'Emissaries of Rome' have lately been creeping about the country laying their horrid plots in subtle attempts to ferment disloyalty. The Law, however, is shown to be in a perfect state; 'our Laws, both Ecclesiastical and Civil, have an happy Mixture of Severity and Mercy'.[1] Broome cannot have stayed to watch the Assizes in progress.

The next subject is prayer for a wise King: and here Broome expresses what may have been thought unpatriotic sentiments. He is absolutely against warlike monarchs:

> The Minds of Men are apt to be dazled with false Images of Glory: they read with Pleasure the Stories of mighty Conquerors, who absurdly ramble to and fro in the Earth, seeking whom they may devour; disturbing the Tranquility of Nations, and murdering all those who presume to defend their Liberties, and are unwilling to be Slaves: but in reality, God in his Anger sends such Kings: they are the Instruments of his Vengeance: and yet the Folly of the World miscalls them Great - Honourable - Heroes - and Earthly Gods! but is it a Glory to be known to the World, only by Slaughter and Oppression? Is it a Glory to make Millions miserable, and to be the Pests and Terrors of the Earth only for a Name ...[2]

1. P. 11.
2. P. 13.

The passage is a typical sample of Broome's style - the rambling sequences of the previous century: and the sentiments are those expressed in his poem on 'The seat of War in Flanders';

> Tell me, ye Victors, what strange Charms ye find,
> In Conquest, that destruction of Mankind?
> Unenvy'd may your Laurels ever grow,
> That never flourish but in human Woe.[1]

The sermon then draws to a close with an extensive plagiarism from the sermon of 1723: the paragraph beginning on page 12 of that work ('But we must not think that we have fulfill'd this Duty of Praying for our Prince, if we pray for Him only'), the next ('Thus you see it is not sufficient not to revile Dignities'), and the next but one ('True it is ...'), are set down, slightly altered, in the 1737 oration.[2] Broome evidently felt that these words of wisdom were too good to be lost; no-one seems to have compared the two sermons and noted the similarities.

The 1737 sermon attracted the attention of one critic, Dr. Philip Williams, President of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cole copied the manuscript from his papers, adding the note:

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1. 132f. Cf. 'Melancholy', stanza XII.
2. Pp. 16-18.

> This is all wrote in Dr. Williams's own Hand, and I make no Doubt, was the Composition of his Head. I suppose it was wrote for the Press; but I don't know that it was ever published. Dr. Brome was esteemed a good Poet.[1]

The article is entitled 'Some Reasons to prove that Dr. Brome cannot be the Author of an Assize-Sermon, published under his Name by Wm. Chase, 1737'. Written in an ironic strain, it declares that the mercenary bookseller has put Broome's name to the work to make it sell, but that the sermon contains numerous evidences that it cannot be by him. The main theme is that the work is so bad that it cannot be his. Sample comments are those on Broome's dedication to the Grand Jury:

> We know the Dr's Skill in framing Dedications, by the Specimen he has given us before his own excellent Poems; and a Man of his Judgement, wou'd never have omitted such an opportunity of saying just and proper Things, as that List of Heroes, to whom the Discourse is inscribed, wou'd have naturally suggested.
>
> How justly might he have expatiated upon their Zeal and Steadiness in their Country's Cause; upon their great Interest in their own County, and their great Tenderness in using of it in late Competition: it was owing to this Tenderness of theirs, which left all their numerous Dependants unthreatened, and undragooned; that a disaffected Party gain'd an unexpected Triumph, which will still be allowed, by all that are esteemed true Friends to the Government, to bring more Honour to the Losers, than to that Country-loving, Church-bitten Faction, which loudly triumph'd for a Day, and to the Joy of all honest Hearts, have continued unplac'd, unpensioned, unpreferred, undignified, and almost undone ever since: and, thanks to Sir R---t, are likely to remain so.[2]

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1. Brit. Mus. Add. MSS. 5822.f.113 (115).
2. f.111 (113)v.

Williams' indignation was aroused by the dreadful conduct of the voters of Norfolk in returning the Tory candidates for Knights of the Shire in 1734 and again in 1736. The Register for the 1734 Election shows Broome, as one of the leading inhabitants of Pulham, voting for the Whig candidates.

Broome was not really very active in politics, however, his main interests always remaining scholarship and literature. He had several literary friends: these included the dramatist Thomas Southerne, who is often mentioned in Broome's letters. He was really the friend of Fenton, who addressed a poem to him in 1711, and who wrote _Mariamne_ while staying at his house. Broome provided an Epilogue to his last play, _Money the Mistress_, of which the conclusion is given in the _Poems_ of 1739:

> There was a time, when in his younger Years,
> Our Author's Scenes commanded Smiles or Tears;
> And tho' beneath the Weight of Days he bends,
> Yet, like the Sun, he shines as he descends:
> Then with Applause, in honour to his Age,
> Dismiss your veteran Soldier off the Stage;
> Crown his last Exit with distinguish'd Praise,
> And kindly hide his Baldness with the Bays.

Another of Broome's friends, his neighbour Major Richardson Pack, was also asked for an Epilogue - in fact his seems to have been the one actually spoken. The Major lived at Stoke Ash,[1] and published more than one collection of poems;

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1. Seven miles south of Sturston.

an advertisement for his 'new Collection' in the British Journal of April 22 1727 includes a complimentary verse:

> Long the Poetick World a Desart seem'd,
> To Monsters, Pedantry and Dulness Damn'd;
> 'Twas sav'd by Pack, Apollo's darling Son,
> The Muses made their total Pow'r his own
> Venus t'inspire him form'd a Colleton.

Like most eighteenth century poets, he was over-praised by his friends. In Cooke's 'Battle of the Poets' he is one of the very few writers who appear as neutral - that is, taking neither the side of Pope nor that of the Dunces:

> And now from far three neutral Troops are seen,
> Pack, Sewell, Tickell, marching o'er the Green ...
> The first a boist'rous Chief, in Body strong,
> A Man of War, and not unbless'd in Song.[1]

He also appears giving a puff for Sir Charles Cotterel's Letters to Mrs. Philips in his 'Essay on Study', included in his Poems - as usual, in exaggerated terms:

> The best Letters I have met with in our English Tongue ... As they are directed all to the same Person, so they run all in the same Strain, and seem to have been employ'd in the Service of a refin'd and generous Friendship: In a word, they are such as a Woman of Spirit and Virtue should write to a Courtier of Honour and true Gallantry.[2]

That Broome had a certain standing in the literary world after the publication of the Odyssey and his Poems is shown not only by the sympathy for his treatment by Pope, but by

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1. T. Cooke, The Battle of the Poets, 1725, Canto 2, 138f.
2. 'Books printed for Bernard Lintot', Pope's Odyssey, 1725 (12mo) ii.[240].

the public interest in him assumed by the newspapers. It has already been pointed out that one of his poems ('To Fenton') was first published in the London Journal, and that a complimentary poem to him by Thurston appeared in the same paper. His death was twice falsely reported, because of confusion with other Broomes. The Evening Post of August 29 1728 listed that 'The Rev. William Broome, who assisted Mr. Pope in his Notes on Homer, died last Week of a Fever at his Living in Suffolk.' and this deceived many of his friends, including Fenton and Henry Blount.[1] Again, in 1730 Fog's Journal of November 21 announced that 'The Rev. Mr. Brome, Vicar of Debenham, died some Days ago.' On this occasion the death was actually that of a John Brome, who had also been a sizar of St. John's College, and who is confused with Broome by Giles Jacob in his Poetical Register. Jacob lists as one of 'our most considerable English Poets':

> 'The Reverend Mr. JOHN BROOME.
> A Young Gentleman now living, Educated at St. John's College in Cambridge, Author of several good Copies of Verses in Miscellanies, viz.
> I. Courage in Love.
> II. Povery and Poetry.
> III. The Speech of the Goddess Philosophy. From Boetius.
> IV. ORPHEUS. From Boetius.
> V. A Paraphrase on part of the 68th Psalm.
> VI. ASTROPHEL and DAPHNIS. A Pastoral.
> VII. The Coy. A Sonnet.[2]

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1. Pope was deceived by this announcement: v. Correspondence, iii.155 (December 14).

2. G. Jacob, An Historical Account of the lives and writings of our most considerable English poets ... 1720; reissued as The Poetical Register, 1723; p. 25.

Of this list, numbers 3, 4, 6 and 7 appeared in the Hill-Eusden Miscellany of 1714; numbers 1 and 2 in Lintot's Miscellany of 1717; but the paraphrase of Psalm 68 is not known. Incidentally, Broome never wrote a sonnet - 'The Coy' is described by him as an Ode, and it has 24 lines.

As a well-known poet, Broome acted as one of the judges for Cave's poetry competition in the Gentleman's Magazine in 1727, and three letters to Cave survive in the latter's papers, two of which deal with the contest. Broome's opinion of the poems was not very high; he returns them to Cave with the remark:

> I am not of a disposition to find fault, I had rather praise, than blame; but surely all that an honest man can say of those I have return'd, must be, bonitas est, esse meliorem pessimo: I wish ye writers poetry had been equal to their piety, they write like good men, I wish I could have added like good poets, but pray transmit these papers to ye other Judges, I always suspect myself; I know I am not partial, but I may be mistaken.[1]

Broome's own poems were at this point being revised for publication, and in his letters to Pope he expressed similar opinions about them - though in this case he was probably hoping for compliments: 'the little fruit I bear is like that of our own gardens in this unseasonable autumn, not worth the gathering';[2] 'I have a desire to reprint my Miscellany, not out of any degree of vanity, but merely to give

1. Brit. Mus. Stowe MSS. 748.f.154.
2. Correspondence, iii.495 (September 22, 1735).

them a more solemn interment, and to bury my dead in a more decent monument.'[1] Lintot, however, was being awkward again, and Broome complained to Pope that 'he expects me to print them at my own expense, and then he would be the vendor.'[2] Lintot's letter proposing terms has survived, and is a masterpiece in its casual communication of the brutal business information:

> Worthy Dr., - What can be more agreeable to me than the accounts I have of the welfare of my friends in their autumn of life. No cares interrupt your studies, plenty and ease crown your days, a loving wife returns bliss for bliss. Your divinity and verse flow easily from you; no ill-natured satire rimples your affections to your friends. To them you were, and are, as the loadstone to the pole, - steady. It is your good nature - born with you, and will die with you, - and sets you in high esteem with all that know you. May you be universally known.
>
> Mr. Holditch was so kind as to leave your letter at my son's house. I looked over your volume of poems. They contain 16 sheets and a half. If you publish a new edition, I suppose they will make more. Every printed sheet - number 500 - will cost you 30 shillings. Working off the copper-plate and advertisement will add five pounds more to the account. How they will sell I know not.
>
> I am again printing for Mr. Pope, - the first volume of his miscellaneous works, with notes, remarks, imitations, &c., - I know not what. You will hear of me in the papers in November next. Two volumes of Mr. Pope's letters, and letters to Mr. Pope, are printed. There is one letter of Mr. Pope's to Lord Burlington, giving an account of our journey together from Windsor Forest to Oxford, - a merry one. Dear Dr., adieu.[3]

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1. iii.512 (December 1, 1735).
2. Ibid.
3. iii.489 (August 26, 1735).

As it turned out, Lintot died a few months later, before Pope could reason with him, and publication was delayed for three years.

Yet again we find Broome revising his poems in 1742: a letter to Christopher Pitt mentions: 'I have made some alterations, which I will in due time send to you, and I now beg you to communicate any objections that occur to you in that volume.'[1] Pitt obligingly replied 'that it was a very difficult task to discover any blemish or even the shadow of a fault',[2] but suggested one or two very small alterations. Broome then sent him some additions to the poem on Pope, and again deprecated his works:

> You will see that I am not satisfied with my own productions, because I frequently alter them, and graft upon my old stock; but yet it is but to graft a crab upon a crab ... I fear, dear friend, you will laugh to see me take such pains about my poor remains. I am endeavouring to embalm them; yet, like those of Cleopatra and the Ptolemies, a few years hence they may more than probably be sold as aromatics to grocers or apothecaries.[3]

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1. Elwin and Courthope, Pope's Works, viii.183 note.
2. Ibid.
3. viii.184 note. This letter shows that Broome was adding lines to his eulogy of Pope at the time when Pope was once again inserting him in the Dunciad (1742) i.146.

This wistful attitude to the impermanence of his verses is present also in the Preface to his Poems, mentioned previously: 'if these Verses prove as short-liv'd as their Author, it is a Loss not worth regretting: They only die, as they were born, in Obscurity.'[1]

Yet this last remark is contradicted by Broome himself in a letter to Pope:

> I am really ashamed of calling myself a man of retirement. I am a perfect rambler. I have travelled over our two counties with as much diligence as if I were to survey them. Truly I had almost forgot the world was so wide. I was called by a sub poena to Ipswich, where a debate arose as material as whether a word should be wrote with a great or little O. This important objection knocked the presentment dead at one blow. Very much edified, I started for Pulham. There I found my old friend Sir Edmund Bacon, of Garboldisham. He carried me off almost to Thetford, to sport upon the heath. At my return I found a summons to preach at Norwich. I complied: but am now your humble servant at Pulham.[2]

One of Broome's letters to Cave also explains 'I am now distant from Home with my Patron, but a letter will find me in a few days, if directed to me at Eye.'[3] In fact, he would seem to have led a reasonably busy social life. An additional pointer is the fact that when 'distant from Home' he was at Bury, or Bury St. Edmunds, then the 'Montpelier of

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1. 1727, p. 17.

2. Correspondence, iii.507 (October 29, 1735).

3. Brit. Mus. Stowe MSS. 748 f.154.

Suffolk', with Assemblies as thronged with the nobility as those of Bath were later to become. Defoe's Tour is full of admiration for the place.

It is unknown whether Broome visited Bath for social or medical reasons; but it was there that he died in 1745. The funeral service was read on November 16 by Dr. Gooch, the Bishop of Norwich, and Broome's body was buried in the Abbey; unfortunately the church was drastically renovated in the nineteenth century, and in the process Broome's memorial tablet disappeared, so it is unknown exactly where he was buried.

Broome's Will is printed by Barlowe,[1] and gives a good deal of information about his personal wealth, and the other members of his family. He leaves to his wife 'Lands and Tenements' in a number of local villages: Mindlesham, Brockford, Thwaite, Sudborne; the estate rented by a Samuel Weavers in Sturston, Thrandeston and Brome, and a house in Dickleburgh. To her he also leaves all his other goods. Both bequests are on the condition that she remains a widow, not marrying again - if she does, everything must go to the son, Charles Broome, to whom it will all pass on the death of his mother. Broome then pays a tribute to his benefactor Cornwallis:

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1. Memoir, p. 16.

> ... if ye said Charles John Broome shall decease without Heir or Heirs, lawfully begotten, that then all ye said Estate, now occupied by Samuel Weavers, shall descend to ye Right Honourable Charles Lord Cornwallis, my patron and constant friend, and to his Heirs for ever, as a testimony of my gratitude to my great Benefactor ...

As it happened, Charles Broome died at Cambridge of smallpox in 1747, predeceasing his mother by three years. Mrs. Broome's Will has not been found, so that it is impossible to discover whether the bequest was carried out; or, more important, to whom descended Broome's papers, books, and portrait. Perhaps these too were left to Cornwallis - but the family became extinct in the nineteenth century, and everything has been dispersed.

Broome's Will mentions that he has four sisters living - Margaret, Anne and Sarah, and Elizabeth, married to a Mr. Cook of Bank Hall, Lancashire. A brother Richard, of Dagenham, also appears. From Broome's letters, it seems that he was a wigmaker: Pope mentions 'I wonder your brother never writ to you. He told me he would in a post or two, by the same token that I bespoke a periwig of him.'[1] He was married in the Spring of 1726,[2] and his business did not do very well, judging by the amounts of money that Broome

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1. Correspondence, ii.338 (November 10, 1725).
2. ii.365 (January 29, 1726).

lent to him. In 1725 Pope says he has paid to Richard the money Broome requested,[1] and in the Will a total loan of £340 is mentioned (all lent in 1737). The Will gives Richard one year to pay £25 to each of the four sisters (being the interest on the debt); if he fails, he has to pay the debt to them in full, but if he succeeds in paying the £100 the debt is given to him as a legacy. This was certainly an ingenious incentive. The amounts mentioned in the Will underline the fact that Broome had been a wealthy man for most of his life. As he wrote to Pope in 1735:

> As to fortune, Providence had, long before the publication of the Odyssey, blessed me abundantly. I have not possessed so little as £500 annually near twenty years ... I speak not this out of vanity, but gratitude to a gracious God, who enabled me to make an aged father's declension easy, and to be the support of a distressed family.[2]

This, and the fact that three of the sisters are given no addresses in the Will, indicate that Broome's family followed him down from Cheshire and shared his home - but from what date is unknown.

Broome's reputation managed to survive to the end of the century. In January 1745-6 the Gentleman's Magazine published a Latin poem on his death, followed in February by a translation into English. The work is interesting as

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1. ii.336 (November 2, 1725).
2. iii.507 (October 29, 1735).

assigning an unusual reason for Broome's death:

> Thy patriot Bosom sunk beneath the Blow,
> Broome fell the martyr of his country's Woe!

Barlowe states that verses in the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1747 'To the Memory of the Rev. Dr. B----.' are also addressed to Broome; they mention the tragic death of a daughter, which would seem to fit, but there is a note referring to another volume of the Magazine which makes the reference to Broome impossible: the place referred to has a letter from the child's mother, who died in 1741, which says the girl Lucy died in 1739. None of these details can be applied to Broome's case, which is a pity, as a footnote gives details of the Rev. Dr. B----'s death.

Interest in Broome became prevalent in the last quarter of the century. His work was printed in all the collections of English poets of that time,[1] usually accompanied by a precis of Johnson's Life and one or two very sentimental engravings. The gentle melancholy and elegant diction of his poems seem to have suited the taste of the time, and the gloomy poems, judging by the illustrations, were taken as being more Gothick than they really were. Cooke's collection gives a contemporary opinion of his talent:

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1. Johnson, 1779, 1790; Bell, 1779, 1781, 1782; Edinburgh, 1781, 1794; Anderson, 1793, 1794; Cooke, 1796, 1810; Poets of Great Britain, 1802, 1807; Park's Select poems, 1808; Chalmers, 1810.

> As a poet, his compositions are characterized by correctness of judgement, elegance of diction, and harmony of numbers, rather than by force of genius, or liveliness of fancy, though they are not destitute of either. His translations possess much merit, as they are smooth, classical, and spirited, and most of his original pieces are entitled to approbation, either for the ideas they communicate, or the language in which they are expressed.[1]

Interest in the connection with Pope was also still alive; Johnson's Lives appeared close to Nichols' Select Collection of Poems, with notes biographical and historical, extracts from which were published in the Gentleman's Magazine,[2] dealing with details of Broome's life with particular reference to the Odyssey transaction. Again in 1792 the learned Mr. Robertson sent to the same Magazine his essay on the subject, being the first critic to notice that Broome personifies death as female.

In the nineteenth century Broome attracted little interest, except as an appendage to Pope; and in the present century he is still little known. As Barlowe wrote in 1855:

> It was well said by Johnson, in his Notice of Broome, that "he cannot be justly thought a mean man whom Pope chose for an associate"; and we may go further, and add that neither should his memory be allowed to sink into oblivion whose genius so nearly assimilated to that of the same great Poet that, in some cases, the productions of one could not be distinguished from those of the other ... Long have I wished to rescue from obscurity the personal history of this amiable and talented poet ...[3]

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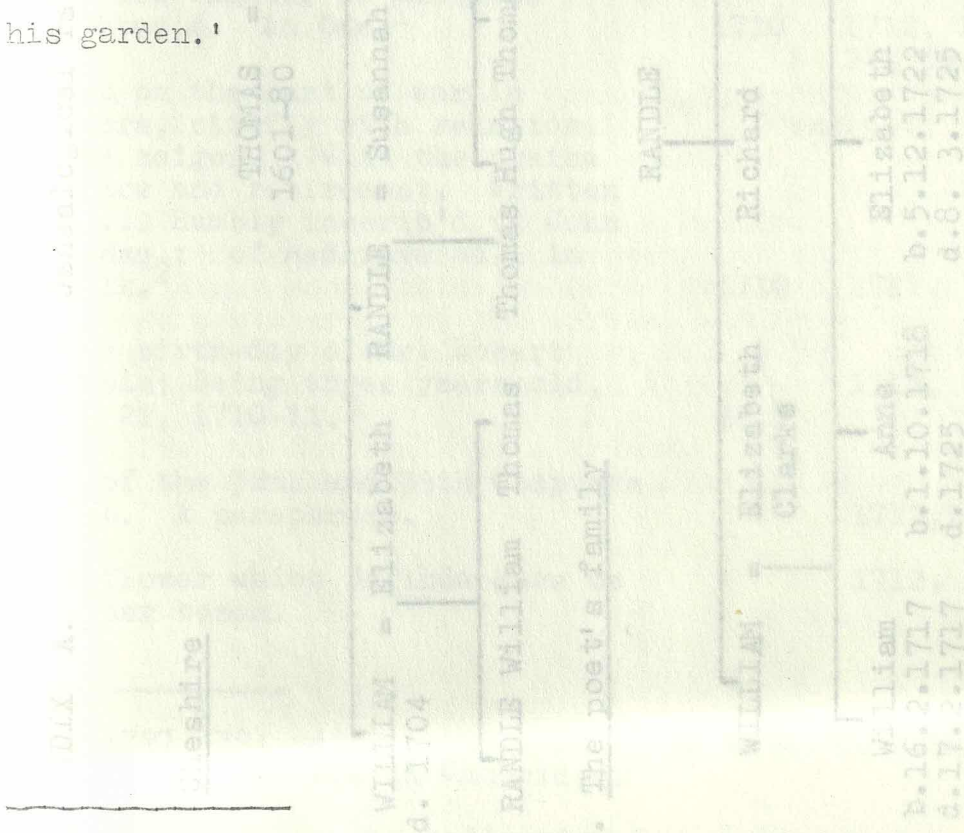
1. Cooke's pocket edition of ... select British Poets, 1796, xii. Introduction.
2. 1780; Vol. 50, pp. 86, 269.
3. Memoir, p. 6.

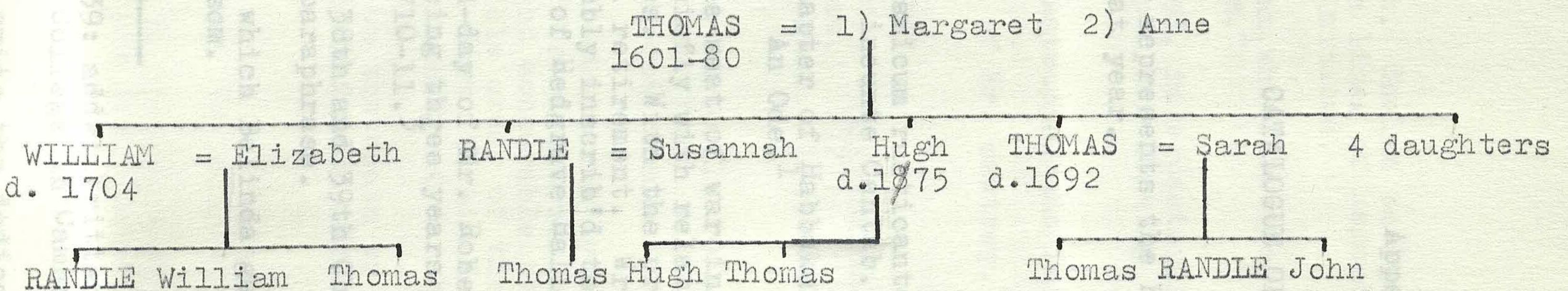
At Pulham at the present time a tradition persists that Pope used to sit under a certain tree in the Vicarage garden, correcting his version of the Odyssey. This must regretfully be dismissed as impossible, for Broome did not receive the living until two years after the publication of the final volume of the translation. An earlier tradition is perhaps more trustworthy, although it offers us a hitherto unimagined side to Broome's character: the Gentleman's Magazine[1] found that all that the parishioners of 1836 could remember hearing of him was that 'he was a fine man, and kept an eagle in his garden.'



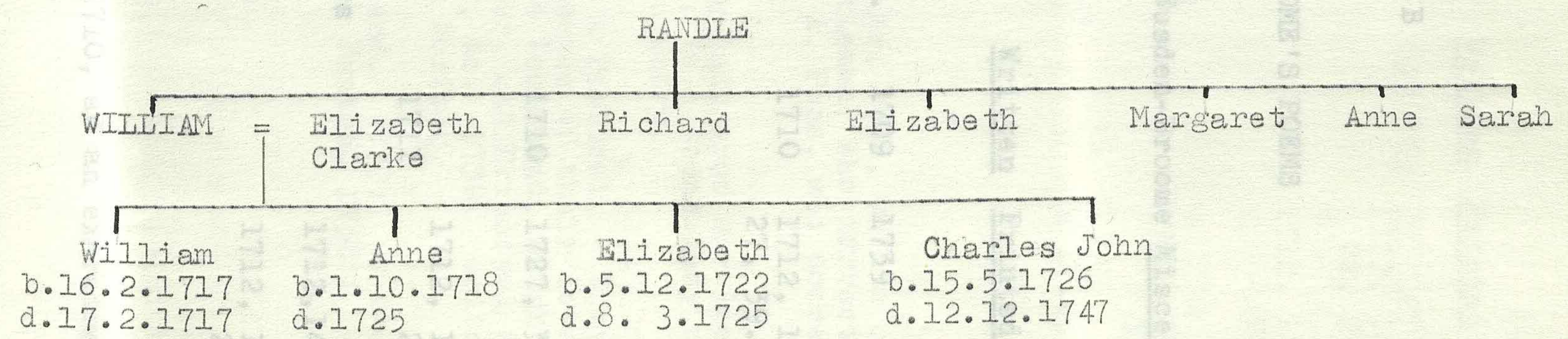
1. 1836, ii.351 note.

APPENDIX A. Genealogical Tables of the Broome family

1 Cheshire



2. The poet's family



Appendix B

CATALOGUE OF BROOME'S POEMS

Note: 'H14' represents the Hill-Eusden-Broome *Miscellany* of that year.

Titles	Written	Printed
Epistola ad amicum rusticantem, scripta vere ineunte Cantab. 1709.	1709	1739
The third Chapter of Habbakuk paraphras'd. An Ode.[1]	1710	1712, 14, 20, 22, 27, 39.
A poem on the seat of war in Flanders, chiefly with relation to the seiges. With the praise of peace and retirement. Written 1710 ... Humbly inscrib'd to John Holt Esq.; of Redgrave Hall in Suffolk.[2]	1710	1727, 39
On the birth-day of Mr. Robert Trefusis; Being three years old, March 22, 1710-11.[3]	1711	1712, 14, 20, 22, 27, 39
Part of the 38th and 39th Chapters of Job. A paraphrase.		1712,14,20,22,27,39.
On a flower which Belinda gave me from her bosom.		1712, 14, 20, 22, 27, 39.

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1. 1727, 39: adds: Written in 1710, as an exercise at St. John's College in Cambridge.

2. 1739: omits the dedication.

3. 1727, 39: On the Birth-day of a gentleman when three years old.

Titles	Written	Printed
The complaint. Caelia to Damon. In which some lines of Remond's Alexias are imitated.		1712, 14, 20, 22, 27, 39.
To a gentleman, who corrected some verses for me.[1]		1712, 14, 20, 22, 26, 27, 39.
Rapin imitated, in a pastoral sent to Belinda upon her leaving Hattley.[2]		1712, 14, 20, 22, 27, 39.
A pastoral [Astrophel and Daphnis][3]		H 1714, 27, 39.
On the death of Mr. Hawtrey.[4]		H 1714, 27, 39.

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1. 1726, Pope's *Miscellany*: To Mr. Pope, On his correcting my verses. 1727: To a gentleman, who corrected some of my verses. 1739: To Mr. A. Pope, who corrected my verses.

2. 1727: A Pastoral, To a young lady upon her leaving the country. 1739: A Pastoral, To a young lady upon her leaving, and return to, the country.

3. 1727: Daphnis and Lycidas: A Pastoral. They sing the different success and absence of their loves. To the Right Honourable the Lord Townshend, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, and Principal Secretary of State to his Majesty, &c. 1739: omits the titles, adds: of Rainham in Norfolk.

4. 1727: On the death of a friend. 1739: On the death of my dear friend, Mr. Elijah Fenton, 1730.

Titles	Written	Printed
The Coy. An Ode.		H 1714, 27, 39.
Philosophy on Boetius.		H 1714
Orpheus (From Boetius)		H 1714
To Mrs. Eliz. M --- t, on her picture, 1716.	1716	1739
The 43rd Chapter of Ecclesiasticus paraphrased.		1717, 22, 27, 39.
To a young lady, on her sickness and recovery.[1]		1717, 22, 27, 39.
On a lady's picture.[2]		1717, 22, 27, 39.
Poverty and poetry		1717, 22. 27, 39.
Courage in love		1717, 22, 27, 39.
Upon a mischievous woman. An Epigram.		1717, 22, 27, 39.
Melancholy: An Ode, occasion'd by the death of a beloved daughter, 1723.	1723	1727, 39.
Translation from Claudian, _De Raptu Proserpinae_, iii.263-8.[3]	1725	
To Mr. Pope, On his Works, 1726.	1725	1726, 27, 39.

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1. 1727, 39: To Belinda, on her sickness and recovery.

2. 1727: To the Right Honourable the Lady Elizabeth Townshend, now Lady Cornwallis, on her picture, drawn by Mr. Jervas, painter to His Majesty. 1739: picture, at Rainham.

3. In the body of a letter from Broome to Fenton; _Correspondence_, ii.345 (December, 1725).

Titles	Written	Printed
An Epistle to my friend Mr. Elijah Fenton, Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy. 1726.[1]	1726	1727, 39.
To Belinda, on her apron embroider'd with arms and flowers.		1727, 39.
A Dialogue between a lady and her looking-glass, while she had the green-sickness.		1727, 39.
To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Cornwallis, Baron of Eye, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre of all His Majesty's forests, chases, parks and warrens on the South side of Trent.		1727, 39.
The rosebud: To a young lady.[2]		1727, 39.
Belinda at the Bath.		1727, 39.
Part of the Tenth Book of the Iliads of Homer. In the stile of Milton.		1727, 39.
Part of the Eleventh Book ...		1727, 39.
To a lady, playing with a snake.		1727, 39.
The Parting, A Song, Set by Dr. Tudway, Professor of Music in Cambridge.		1727, 39.
Prologue to Mr. Fenton's excellent Tragedy Mariamne.		1727, 39.
Monsieur Maynard imitated. To the Right Honourable The Lord Cornwallis.		1727, 39.
To a gentleman of seventy, who married a lady of sixteen.		1727, 39.

1. First printed in The London Journal, January 7, 1726-7, p. 1.

2. 1739: --- To the Right Honourable the Lady Jane Wharton.

Titles	Written	Printed
The love of Jason and Medea. From the Third Book, verse 143, of Apollonius Rhodius.		1727, 39.
The story of Talus, From the Fourth Book of Apollonius Rhodius. v.1629.		1727, 39.
The battle of the Gods and Titans: From the *Theogony* of Hesiod; With a description of Tartarus, &c.		1727, 39.
On hearing Miss Harland ... sing ..[1]	1737	1866
The First Ode of Horace translated		1739
To a lady of thirty		1739
The conclusion of an Epilogue to Mr. Southern's last Play, call'd, *Money the Mistress*.		1739
The coquette		1739
The widow and virgin sisters, Being a letter to the widow, in London.		1739
To Thomas Marriot Esq.; ... A poem on Death.		1739
An Epigram by the late ingenious Dr. Broome, occasion'd by some ridiculous verses made by a Physician in praise of a deceased patient.[2]		1747
Translations of the Odes of Anacreon[3]		1739-40

1. J. Clyde, *The New Suffolk Garland*, 1866, 334.

2. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1747, 191.

3. *Gentleman's Magazine* (v. Chapter 2).

The two British Museum copies of the Poems of 1739 are inscribed by Broome and have a few minor corrections in his hand.[1] The inscriptions are to Mrs. Lorina Deye and Robert Nash, Chancellor of Norwich.

ATTRIBUTED TO BROOME:

The Oak and the Dunghill 1728 1728
(probably by Edward Roome)

A Pindaric Ode upon the Death of Her
late Majesty Queen Anne, of Blessed Memory 1714

An Ode humbly inscribed to the King 1722

A Letter from a Lady to her Husband abroad 1728

Love after Enjoyment, in two Epistles from
Alexis to Vanella and Vanella to Alexis 1732

Callista; or the Prize of Beauty 1738

A Rhapsody on Virtue and Pleasure. To
the Right Hon. James Reynolds Esq. 1738

An Epistle in Verse to a Friend, in imitation of the second Ep. of the 1st Book of
Horace 1739

Raven and Owl: A Politico-Polemico-Sarcastico-Historical Dialogue. By Neuter Neither-Side
of No-Land Esq. 1739

The History of David's Troubles or, Human
Frailty Delineated. A Sacred Poem 1741

The Court-Secret: A melancholy Truth. Now
first translated from the Original Arabic.
By an Adept in the Oriental Tongues. 1742

This long list of poems was included in the Wrenn Catalogue[2] under Broome's name by Thomas Wise; he has

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1. B.M. 11632.bb.1 and 991.k.33.

2. University of Texas, 1920, i.109-12.

clearly used Broome as a rag-bag, attributing poems of every possible style, on a wide variety of subjects, published by ten different booksellers. Broome cannot be supposed the author of any.

While dealing with attributions, it may be as well to mention that a number of the Spectator is attributed to him in 'A new edition, with Biographical Notices of the Contributors. Complete in one volume, with Portraits. Printed for Henry Washbourne ... 1850'. The editor signs the Preface 'H.D.' Ascribed to Broome is No. 302, February 15 1712 (pp. 343-4). This is a laudatory description of a certain 'Emilia', married to a 'Bromius', on which name the attribution rests.

There are some possibly misleading statements in the London Evening Post of April 4 1728; in a letter signed 'Philalethes' it is claimed:

> 4. That the Eclogue on the Messiah so long printed as Mr. Pope's, was at its first Appearance in the Spectator[1] publickly claim'd by a Gentleman of St. John's College, Cambridge, (now a Reverend Clergyman ...).
> 5. That the same learned Person hath divers Times acknowledg'd himself to have had no small part in the translation of Homer's Iliad, which passes wholly for Mr. Pope's.

But these remarks seem to be applied to a 'Mr. Ger---' who is mentioned a little later; and it is most unlikely that Broome ever made any claims of the kind described.

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1. No. 378.

Appendix C

TWO UNPUBLISHED POEMS

1. 'An EPIGRAM by the late ingenious Dr. BROOME, occasion'd by some ridiculous Verses made by a Physician in praise of a deceased Patient.'

Quick at ye sick man's summons Killman flies
Prescribes a dose of which the patient dies;
Then writes his praise in verse, O! most absurd
To slay, and then embalm him - in a t--d.

Published in the Gentleman's Magazine, April 1747, p. 191.

2. 'On hearing Miss Harland (afterwards Lady Gage, of Hengrave) sing, and her sister and herself play on different musical instruments, the following lines were written at Sproughton, near Ipswich, in 1737, at the seat of Captain afterwards Admiral Harland, and the ladies were aunts to the late Sir Robert Harland, Bart. of Orwell Park.'

Strange stories of old by poets are told,
Of the power of sweet Orpheus' lyre,
And how that Amphion, if them we rely on,
The bare stones could with motion inspire.
Such hyperboles strained, which may credit have gained,
I could ne'er be induc'd to believe;
But a truth I'll proclaim of two ladies' fair fame,
And in that none whatever deceive.
If Miss Harland sings, while on tuneful strings
She herself and Miss Edith play,
The two here first nam'd, how much soe'er fam'd,
Never charm'd hearers more than will they.

Printed in The new Suffolk Garland, J. Glyde, 1866, p. 334.

For Amphion, cf. 'Poverty and Poetry', 1f.

Appendix D

BROOME'S PREFACE ON CRITICISM

This essay appears prefixed to the Poems of 1727 and 1739; apparently it was first thought of as a possibility for one of the introductions to the Odyssey,[1] which would explain the emphasis on textual criticism towards the start. The text used is that of 1739.

> I am very sensible that many hard Circumstances attend all Authors: if they write ill, they are sure to be used with Contempt; if well, too often with Envy. Some Men, even while they improve themselves with the Sentiments of others, rail at their Benefactors, and while they gather the Fruit, tear the Tree that bore it. I must confess, that mere Idleness induced me to write; and the hopes of entertaining a few idle Men, to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many Faults in the ensuing Poems; all human Works must fall short of Perfection; and therefore to acknowledge it, is no humility: however, I am not like those Authors, who, out of a false Modesty, complain of the Imperfections of their own Works, yet would take it very ill if the World should believe them: I will not add Hypocrisy to my other Faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the Reader to an Entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating; I have furnished out the Table according to my best abilities, if not with a splendid Elegance, yet at least with an innocent Variety.[2]
>
> But since this is the last time that I shall ever, perhaps, trouble the World in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something not as a Poet, but a Critic;

1. Correspondence, iii.363.

2. 1727 inserts: 'at least the whole is Innocent, and no Poison in it to give him any apprehension'.

that if my Credit should fail as a Poet, I may have recourse to my Remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my Industry as the Annotator in part upon the Iliad, and entirely upon the Odyssey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon Criticism in general, a Study very necessary, but fal'n into Contempt through the abuse of it. At the Restoration of Learning, it was particularly necessary; Authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the Ignorance and Barbarism of preceding Ages: it was therefore very requisite that they should be polished by a Critical Hand, and restor'd to their original Purity: In this consists the Office of Critics; but, instead of making Copies agreeable to the Manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures; and from this license arise most of the various readings, the burdens of modern Editions; whereas Books are like Pictures, they may be new varnish'd, but not a feature is to be altered; and every Stroke that is thus added, destroys in some degree the resemblance, and the Original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal Person, the Creature of the Editor's Fancy. Whoever deviates from this Rule, does not correct, but corrupts his Author: And therefore since most Books worth reading have now good impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of Criticism; it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of Life to repair the ruins of a decayed Word, to trouble the World with vain Niceties about a Letter, or a Syllable, or the Transposition of a Phrase, when the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. These learned Triflers are but mere Weeders of an Author; they collect the Weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the Herbs and Flowers: It would be of more advantage to Mankind, when once an Author is faithfully published, to turn our Thoughts from the Words to the Sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A Skill in verbal Criticism is in reality but a Skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best Critic who guesses best: A mighty attainment! And yet with what Pomp is a trivial Alteration usher'd into the World? Such Writers are like Caligula, who raised a mighty Army, and alarm'd the whole World, and then led it to gather Cockle-shells.[1]

1. Broome quotes in a note the account of Suetonius.

In short, the question is not what the Author might have said, but what he has actually said; it is not whether a different Word will agree with the sense, and turn of the Period, but whether it was used by the Author; If it was, it has a good Title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the Manuscript ought to be follow'd rather than the fancy of the Editor: for can a Modern be a better Judge of the Language of the purest of the Antients, than those Antients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if he could, was ever any Author so happy, as always to choose the proper Word? Experience shews, the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal Criticism when once we have a faithful Edition? It embarrasses the Reader instead of giving new light and hinders his Proficiency by engrossing his time, and calling off the attention from the Author to the Editor; in encreases the expence of Books, and makes us pay an high price for Trifles, and often for Absurdities. I will only add, with Sir Henry Saville, that various Lections are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first Editions of Books as most correct, because least corrected.

There are other Critics who think themselves obliged to see no Imperfections in their Author: from the moment they undertake his Cause, they look upon him as a Lover upon his Mistress, he has no Faults, or his very Faults improve into Beauties. This, indeed, is a well-natur'd Error, but still blameable, because it misguides the Judgement: Such Critics act no less erroneously, than a Judge who should resolve to acquit a Person whether innocent or guilty, who comes before him upon his Trial.[1] It is frequent for the partial Critic to praise the Work as he likes the Author; he admires a Book as an Antiquary a Medal, solely from the impression of the Name, and not from the intrinsic Value: the Copper of a favourite Writer shall be more esteem'd than the finest Gold of a less acceptable Author:[2] for

1. Cf. 'a critick, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge, who should take up a resolution to hang all men, that came before him upon a trial'. Swift, Tale of a Tub, 1704, Section iii ('Concerning Criticks') para. 2.

2. Cf. 'Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men'.
Essay on Criticism, 412f.

this reason many Persons have chosen to publish their Works without a Name, and by this Method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind his own Venus, have receiv'd a praise which perhaps might have been denied if the Author had been visible.

But there are other Critics who act a contrary part, and condemn all as Criminals whom they try:[1] they dwell only on the Faults of an Author, and endeavour to raise a Reputation by dispraising everything that other Men praise; they have an antipathy to a shining Character, like some Animals, that hate the Sun only because of its brightness: it is a Crime with them to excel; they are a kind of Tartars in Learning, who, seeing a Person of distinguish'd Qualifications, immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their Adversary. I never look into one of these Critics but he puts me in mind of a Giant in Romance: the Glory of the Giant consists in the number of the Limbs of Men whom he has destroy'd; that of the Critic in viewing

'- Disjecti membra Poetae.' Horace.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise,[2] he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight; he adorns an Author with a few flowers, as the Antients those Victims which they were ready to sacrifice: he studies Criticism as if it extended only to dispraise; a Practice, which when most successful, is least desirable. A Painter might justly be thought to have a perverse Imagination, who should delight only to draw the Deformities and Distortions of Human Nature, which, when executed by the most masterly hand, strike the Beholder with most Horror. It is usual with envious Critics to attack the Writings of others, because they are good; they constantly prey upon the fairest Fruits, and hope to spread their own Works by uniting them with those of their Adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil,[3] to join a dead Carcass to a living Body; and the only effect of it, to fill every well-natured Mind with Detestation: their Malice becomes impotent,

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1. V. above, Tale of a Tub.

2. Cf. 'But Shadwell never deviates into sense', Macflecknoe, 20.

3. Aeneid viii.485f. Cf. Broome's 'To a gentleman of seventy, who married a lady of sixteen'.

and, contrary to their Design, they give a testimony of the Enemy's Merit, and shew him to be an Heroe by turning all their Weapons against him: Such Critics are like dead Coals, they may blacken, but cannot burn. These Writers bring to my memory a Passage in the Iliad, where all the inferior Powers, the Plebs Superum, or Rabble of the Sky, are fancy'd to unite their Endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the Earth: but by the attempt they only betray their own Inability; Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing Efforts they manifest his Superiority.

Modesty is essential to true Criticism: no Man has a title to be a Dictator in Knowledge, and the sense of our own Infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious Critic ought to consider, that if the Authors be dead whom he censures, it is Inhumanity to trample upon their Ashes with Insolence; that it is Cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn them with Rigour and Animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust Allegations: If the Authors be alive, the common Laws of Society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's Reputation; we ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for Truth, not Victory: and yet the envious Critic is like the Tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their Enemies were made a public Spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their Chariot-Wheels: But what is such a Triumph but a barbarous insult over the Calamities of their Fellow-Creatures? the Noise of a Day, purchased with the Misery of Nations? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from Criticism; I would only have it circumscrib'd within the Rules of Candour and Humanity: Writers may be told of their Errors, provided it be with the Decency and Tenderness of a Friend, not the Malice and Passion of an Enemy; Boys may be whip'd into sense, but Men are to be guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious Critic all that he claims, and allow him to have proved his Adversary's Dulness, and his own Acuteness, yet, as long as there is Virtue in the World, modest Dulness will be preferable to learned Arrogance: Dulness may be a Misfortune, but Arrogance is a Crime; and where is the mighty Advantage, if while he discovers more Learning, he is found

to have less Virtue than his Adversary? and tho' he be a better Critic, yet proves himself to be a worse Man?[1] Besides, no one is to be envy'd the Skill in finding such Faults as others are so dull as to mistake for Beauties. What Advantage is such a quicksightedness even to the Possessors of it? It makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain, while others receive a pleasure: they resemble the second-sighted People in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other Persons; but all the Benefit they reap from this Privilege, is to discover Objects of Horror, Ghosts and Apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the Argument for Candour in Criticism, through a consciousness of my own Deficiency: I have in reality been pleading my own Cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a Pardon, I may find so much mercy from my Judges, as to be condemn'd to suffer without Inhumanity: But whatever be the fate of these Works, they have prov'd of use to me, and been an agreeable Amusement in a constant Solitude; Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great Roads of Life, in a private Path; where, tho' we have leisure to choose the smoothest Way, yet we are all sure to meet many Obstacles in the Journey: I have found Poetry an innocent Companion, and Support from the Fatigues of it; how long, or how short, the future Stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain, so it is a Folly to be over-solicitous about it: he that lives the longest, has but the small Privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his Grave; what we call Living, is in reality but a longer Time of Dying: And if these Verses prove as short-liv'd as their Author, it is a Loss not worth regretting: They only die, as they were born, in Obscurity.

Broome's 'Preface' is one of the innumerable short critical essays produced during the first half of the century; and as Pope said in Guardian No. 12, 'most men, at some time

1. These words were echoed by Broome after the publication of the Bathos: 'I grant he is much the better poet, but I am still his superior by being a better man'. Correspondence, ii.499. Cf. 'Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost', Essay on Criticism, 524.

of their lives', set up for critics. It is particularly relevant to its time in its plea for reasonable, unbiased criticism; especially in its lengthy protest against malicious critics. Personalities of an often violent sort made up much of the contemporary commentary on literature; praising or blaming according to one's feelings about the author was general. Pope's work, of course, is the supreme example; it very rapidly became impossible for anyone to write a dispassionate review of anything he had produced, and thus the balanced assessment of the Odyssey by Spence was assumed to be a fraud, published by some friend of Pope under a different name. Since Broome's 'Preface' was written in 1726, before his rift with Pope, it was probably partly a defence of his friend that he had in mind. Yet on the publication of the Dunciad, his remarks became an eloquent protest against Pope himself: 'Dulness may be a Misfortune, but Arrogance is a Crime'.[1] Equally relevant is his earlier statement:

> If the Authors be alive, the common Laws of Society oblige us not to commit any Outrage against another's Reputation; we ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult.[2]

Broome's picture of a critic is that painted by the Pope of the Essay on Criticism:

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1. Para. 7. 2. Para. 6.

Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right ...
Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe.[1]

The penultimate line was certainly true in Broome's case.

Other remarks in the 'Preface' show that Broome's resigned pessimism was already prevalent in 1727; in the last paragraph he has (at the age of 36) apparently resigned himself to death and obscurity.

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1. 634f.

Appendix E

THREE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

The letters, all from Broome to Edward Cave, the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, are among Cave's papers in British Museum Stowe MSS 748.

f 152.

Good Sr. July 19th 1737.

> I am indebted to you for ye civility of two letters, & ye kind presents attending them: be pleased to accept my sincere acknowledgements, wch. come indeed late, but are sincere.
>
> Be pleasd to put me in ye number of your subscribers for ye Chinese history, & if you can put me in a way how I may be serviceable to you, you will lay a new obligation upon me.
>
> I had lent ye papers to one of his majesty's chaplains, who went to London while they were in his custody. They are now return'd & you shall have them by ye carrier who sets out on Thursday. for Snow-hill. I am yr faithful humble Servant. W. Broome.

'Ye Chinese history' was the English translation (1736), published by Cave, of Du Halde's encyclopaedic compilation Description geographique, historique, etc., de l'empire de la Chine .. Paris, 1735. The papers were presumably the poems entered for the contest (see below); Broome's friend

Henry Stebbing was made a Chaplain to the King in 1732, so he is probably the person referred to.

f 153

Good Sr. The Revd Mr. Broome to Mr. Ed. Cave.

I have taken ye liberty to send you a sermon extorted from Me, by ye request of ye Gentlemen of our county, The publication is chiefly owing to ye Partiality of Judge Probyn, who did it too much honour, I may therefore very fairly drop ye Brat at his door, and make him answerable for it.

I will next week without fail send you my opinion about ye verses; I remember you sent me some Printed wch. I have mislaid, but will find them out without delay. I think one who subscribes himself James & another who Invents his name, Leumas &c. for Samuel, are ye least exceptionable; for to say any of them are good throughout I dare not; they are unequal to themselves in each copy, & ye allow is very large; but I refer you to my next.

I think I have receiv'd larger Packets from you than this sermon, freed; I should be loath to make you Pay for so Insignificant a Present.

If I can any way be serviceable to you, you may command Sr. Yr. most Obedient & most / Humble Servant / William Broome / Eye August 29 1737.

The sermon referred to was preached at Norwich Assizes before Lord Chief Justice Sir William Lee and Sir Edmund Probyn on August 8 1737. Publication must have followed immediately, judging by the date of Broome's letter.

f.154

Sr.

I lately was favour'd with your letter. It came to me by accident, having remov'd from Pulham to another living of wch. I am possess'd in Suffolk, & all ye post roads are lately alter'd.

I have perus'd some of ye verses, & return'd part of them by ye carrier: you will find them at ye Saracen's head on Snow-hill, where ye Suffolk carrier lodges.

I am not of a disposition to find fault, I had rather praise, than blame; but surely all that an honest man can say of those I have return'd, must be, bonitas est, esse meliorem pessimo: I wish ye writers poetry had been equal to their piety, they write like good men, I wish I could have added like good poets, but pray transmit these papers to ye other Judges, I always suspect myself; I know I am not partial, but I may be mistaken.

The remaining verses shall be return'd In a fortnight, I am now distant from Home with my Patron, but a letter will find me in a few days, if directed to me at Eye by Ipswich bag in Suffolk. You will learn at ye Saracen's head when ye carrier comes in, & goes out, wch. I think he does Weekly.

You will find yt I have made some marks in ye Latin verses, I could have made more; but you will be convinc'd by those already made, yt ye author has committed very great errours.

I am Sr., with great truth your most obedient & Humble Servant W. Broome
Saturday Evening.

To / Mr. Edw. Cave at St. John's Gate in / Clerkenwell. / London.

Postmark: Bury. 13 Dec.

Cave had offered a £50 prize for a poetry contest in the Magazine nearly every year since 1733, appointing three judges. A letter in which Pope refuses to act as one of them is also in Stowe MSS (755), and is printed by Sherburn in Correspondence, iii.499 as dating from 1735. All the entries were printed in the Magazine, and, perhaps rashly, the donor of the Gold Medal 'desir'd that the Candidates may be left, as to the length of their Poems, entirely at their own Liberty.'[1] Most of the entrants took full advantage of this freedom. Broome's remarks as to the quality of the entries are entirely justified. The subject in 1737 was 'The Christian Hero'; but unfortunately the judges could not agree and an Advertisement in February 1738[2] gloomily announced:

> The Decision of the GOLD MEDAL Prize, for the Poems on the Subject of the CHRISTIAN HERO, being retarded on Account of the three Gentlemen, who were consulted, giving in each a different Opinion; and as it is not practicable for them to meet and confer on this Occasion; the Authors of the three Poems, which are No. I. No. IV. and No. VI. (inserted June, July and August, Vol. VI.) are desired to propose themselves some Method of determining this Affair, either by Lot, or otherwise.

Broome's letter shows that he lived in both his parishes; the patron referred to is of course Charles Cornwallis.

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1. Gentleman's Magazine, February 1735-6, p. 99.

2. Contents page.

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