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The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with hope the Farmer's Eyes;
Then laughs the childish Year with Flourets
crown'd,

And lavishly perfumes the Fields around,
But no substantial Nourishment receives,
Infirm the Stalks, unfoli'd are the Leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the Year began
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man.
This Season, as in Men, is most repleat
With kindly Moisture, and prolifick Heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay, [Grey.
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious

Last, Winter creeps along with tardy Pace,
Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face;
His Scalp if not dishonour'd quite of Hair, [bare.
The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worse than

Ev'n our own Bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before, they leave;
Nor are to Day what Yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to-Morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began
From some few fruitful Drops, the promise of a Man;
Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to Shape the soft, coagulated Mass;
And when the little Man was fully form'd,
The breathless Embrio with a Spirit warm'd;
But when the Mother's Throws begin to come,
The Creature, pent within the narrow Room,
Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air;
Cast on the Margin of the World he lies,
A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
On four Feet imitates his Brother Beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the Ground
His Legs, and to the rowling Chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a Horseman now become,
He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful Peers,
Strong-bow'd, and strung with Nerves, in pride
of Years,

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He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
 But manages his Strength, and spares his Age.
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
 Now sapless on the verge of Death he stands,
 Contemplating his former Feet, and Hands;
 And *Milo*-like, his slacken'd Sinews fees,
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the Trees.

So *Helen* wept when her too faithful Glass
 Reflected to her Eyes the Ruins of her Face:
 Wondring what Charms her Ravishers cou'd spy,
 To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

Thy Teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age,
 On Things below still exercise your Rage:
 With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
 And then, at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat.

Nor those, which Elements we call, abide,
 Nor to this Figure, nor to that, are ty'd:
 For this eternal World is said of Old
 But four prolifick Principles to hold,

Four different Bodies; two to Heav'n ascend,
And other two down to the Center tend:
Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky;
Then Air, because unclog'd in empty Space,
Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place:
But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,
Lies on the lap of Earth; and Mother Earth subsides.

All Things are mix'd of these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more,
The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar;
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her Name
Extenuates still, and changes into Flame;
Thus having by degrees Perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the Web they spun,
And Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,
Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew;
And Dew condensing, does her Form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of Earth, below.

Thus are their Figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand;

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All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted Scene for some new Show employ'd.

Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other Thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to Die, is not t'appear,
Or be the Thing that formerly we were.
Those very Elements which we partake,
Alive, when Dead some other Bodies make:
Translated grow, have Sense, or can Discourse;
But Death on deathless Substance has no force.

That Forms are chang'd I grant; that nothing can
Continue in the Figure it began:
The golden Age, to Silver was debas'd:
To Copper that; our Mettal came at last.

The Face of Places, and their Forms, decay;
And that is solid Earth, that once was Sea:
Seas in their turn retreating from the Shore,
Make solid Land, what Ocean was before;
And far from Strands are Shells of Fishes found,
And rusty Anchors fix'd on Mountain-Ground:
And what were Fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling Floods from high, to Valleys turn,

And crumbling still descend to level Lands;
And Lakes, and trembling Bogs, are barren Sands:
And the parch'd Desert floats in Streams unknown;
Wandering to drink of Waters not her own.

Here Nature living Fountains opes; and there
Seals up the Wombs where living Fountains were;
Or Earthquakes stop their ancient Course, and bring
Diverted Streams to feed a distant Spring.

So *Lycus*, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another Door.

Thus *Erasinus* dives; and blind in Earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second Birth,
Starts up in *Argos* Meads, and shakes his Locks
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.

So *Mysus* by another way is led,

And, grown a River, now disdains his Head:
Forgets his humble Birth, his Name forsakes,
And the proud Title of *Caicus* takes.

Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands,
And here he threatens the drunken Fields to drown;
And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.

Anigros once did wholesome Draughts afford,
 But now his deadly Waters are abhorr'd:
 Since, hurt by *Hercules*, as Fame resounds,
 The Centaurs in his Current wash'd their Wounds.
 The Streams of *Hypanis* are sweet no more,
 But brackish lose the Taste they had before.
Antissa, *Pharos*, *Tyre*, in Seas were pent,
 Once Isles, but now increase the Continent;
 While the *Leucadian* Coast, main Land before,
 By rushing Seas is sever'd from the Shore.
 So *Zancle* to th' *Italian* Earth was ty'd,
 And Men once walk'd where Ships at Anchor ride.
 Till *Neptune* overlook'd the narrow Way,
 And in disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring Sea.

Two Cities that adorn'd th' *Achaian* Ground,
Buris and *Helice*, no more are found, }
 But, whelm'd beneath a Lake, are sunk and } [drown'd;
 And Boatmen through the Chrystal Water show,
 To wond'ring Passengers, the Walls below.

Near *Trazen* stands a Hill, expos'd in Air
 To Winter-Winds, of leafy Shadov's bare:

This

This once was level Ground: But (strange to tell)
Th' included Vapours, that in Caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with Cholick Pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain sought Issue for the rumbling Wind:
Yet still they heav'd for Vent, and heaving still
Inlarg'd the Concave, and shot up the Hill;
As Breath extends a Bladder, or the Skins
Of Goats are blown t'inclose the hoarded Wines:
The Mountain yet retains a Mountain's Face,
And gather'd Rubbish heals the hollow Space.

Of many Wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not Springs with Qualities oppos'd,
Endu'd at Seasons, and at Seasons lost?
Thrice in a Day thine, *Ammon*, change their Form,
Cold at high Noon, at Morn and Evening warm:
Thine, *Athaman*, will kindle Wood, if thrown
On the pil'd Earth, and in the waning Moon.
The *Thracians* have a Stream, if any try
The Taste, his harden'd Bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to Stones,
And makes a Marble Pavement where it runs.

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Crathis, and *Sybaris* her Sister Flood,
That slide through our *Calabrian* Neighbour Wood,
With Gold and Amber dye the shining Hair, [Fair?]
And thither Youth resort; (for who wou'd not be

But stranger Virtues yet in Streams we find,
Some change not only Bodies, but the Mind:

Who has not heard of *Salmacis* obscene,
Whose Waters into Women soften Men?

Or *Æthiopian* Lakes, which turn the Brain
To Madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain?

Clytorian Streams the Love of Wine expel,
(Such is the Virtue of th' abstemious Well,)

Whether the colder Nymph that rules the Flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God;

Or that *Melampus* (so have some assur'd)

When the mad *Prætides* with Charms he cur'd;
And pow'rful Herbs, both Charms and Simples cast
Into the sober Spring, where still their Virtues last.

Unlike Effects *Lyncestis* will produce,
Who drinks his Waters, tho' with moderate use,
Reels as with Wine, and sees with double Sight:
His Heels too heavy, and his Head too light.

Ladon, once *Pheneos*, an *Arcadian* Stream,
(Ambiguous in th' Effects, as in the Name)
By Day is wholesome Bev'rage; but is thought
By Night infected, and a deadly Draught.

Thus running Rivers, and the standing Lake,
Now of these Virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all Things Time and Fate obey)
When fast *Ortygia* floated on the Sea;
Such were *Cyanean* Isles, when *Typhis* steer'd
Betwixt their Streights, and their Collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, resist the Wind.
Nor *Aetna* vomiting sulphureous Fire
Will ever belch; for Sulphur will expire,
(The Veins exhausted of the liquid Store:) [more.
Time was she cast no Flames; in time will cast no

For whether Earth's an Animal, and Air
Imbibes; her Lungs with Coolness to repair,
And what she sucks vomits; she still requires
Inlets for Air, and Outlets for her Fires;
When tortur'd with convulsive Fits she shakes,
That Motion choaks the Vent, till other Vent she
makes:

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Or when the Winds in hollow Caves are clos'd,
And subtil Spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up Flints in Air; the Flints that hide
The Seeds of Fire, thus toss'd in Air, collide,
Kindling the Sulphur, till the Fewel spent
The Cave is cool'd, and the fierce Winds relent.
Or whether Sulphur, catching Fire, feeds on
Its unctuous Parts, till all the Matter gone
The Flames no more ascend; for Earth supplies
The Fat that feeds them; and when Earth denies
That Food, by length of Time consum'd, the Fire
Famish'd for want of Fewel must expire.

A Race of Men there are, as Fame has told,
Who shiv'ring suffer *Hyperborean* Cold,
Till nine times bathing in *Minerva's* Lake,
Soft Feathers, to defend their naked Sides, they take.
'Tis said, the *Scythian* Wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to Birds by Magick Skill;
Smear'd over with an Oil of wond'rous Might,
That adds new Pinions to their airy Flight.

But this by sure Experiment we know,
That living Creatures from Corruption grow:

Hide in a hollow Pit a slaughter'd Steer,
Bees from his putrid Bowels will appear;
Who like their Parents haunt the Fields, and bring
Their Hony-Harvest home, and hope another
Spring.

The Warlike Steed is multiply'd, we find,
To Wasps and Hornets of the Warrior Kind.
Cut from a Crab his crooked Claws, and hide
The rest in Earth, a Scorpion thence will glide
And shoot his Sting, his Tail in Circles tofs'd
Refers the Limbs his backward Father lost.
And Worms, that stretch on Leaves their filmy Loom,
Crawl from their Bags, and Butterflies become.
Ev'n Slime begets the Frog's loquacious Race:
Short of their Feet at first, in little space
With Arms and Legs endu'd, long Leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the Lake,
And Waves repel: For Nature gives their Kind,
To that intent, a length of Legs behind.

The Cubs of Bears a living Lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear.
Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives
As much of Form, as she her self receives,

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The Grubs from their sexangular Abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the Maggot's Brood:
Trunks without Limbs; till time at leisure brings
The Thighs they wanted, and their tardy Wings.

The Bird who draws the Carr of *Juno*, vain
Of her crown'd Head, and of her Starry Train;
And he that bears th' Artillery of *Jove*,
The strong-pounc'd Eagle, and the billing Dove;
And all the feather'd Kind, who cou'd suppose
(But that from sight the surest Sense he knows)
They from th' included Yolk not ambient White
There are who think the Marrow of a Man, ^{[arose,}

Which in the Spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the Pith corrupted will become
A Snake, and hiss within the hollow Tomb.

All these receive their Birth from other Things;
But from himself the *Phoenix* only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same;
Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains,
But the sweet Essence of *Amornum* drains:
And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,
While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.

He, (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
His Nest on Oaken Boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of Palm, and first he draws
The Plan with his broad Bill, and crooked Claws,
Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile
Is form'd, and rises round, then with the Spoil
Of *Casia*, *Cynamon*, and Stems of *Nard*, [rear'd;
(For Softness strew'd beneath,) his Fun'ral Bed is
Fun'ral and Bridal both; and all around
The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd,
On this incumbent; 'till ætherial Flame
First catches, then consumes the costly Frame:
Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies;
He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.

An Infant-*Phoenix* from the former springs,
His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
Shakes off his Parent Dust, his Method he pursues,
And the same Lease of Life on the same Terms re-
When grown to Manhood he begins his reign, [news.
And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain,
He lightens of its Load, the Tree that bore
His Father's Royal Sepulcher before,

And his own Cradle: This (with pious Care
Plac'd on his Back) he cuts the buxome Air,
Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,
And decently lays down his Burden in the Porch.

A Wonder more amazing wou'd we find
Th' *Hyæna* shows it, of a double kind,
Varying the Sexes in alternate Years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin *Camelion* fed with Air, receives
The Colour of the Thing to which he cleaves.

India when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God
For planted Vines the sharp-ey'd *Lynx* bestow'd,
Whose Urine, shed before it touches Earth,
Congeals in Air, and gives to Gems their Birth.
So *Coral* soft, and white in Ocean's Bed,
Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with Red.

All changing Species should my Song recite;
Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the Day to Night,
Nations and Empires flourish, and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy People, Time again
Hardenes to War a soft, unwarlike Train.

Thus *Troy* for ten long Years her Foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of Blood:
Now for thick Streets it shows an empty Space,
Or only fill'd with Tombs of her own perish'd
Race,

Her self becomes the Sepulcher of what she was.

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty Fame,
Are vanish'd out of Substance into Name.
And *Dardan Rome* that just begins to rise,
On *Tiber's* Banks, in time shall mate the Skies;
Widening her Bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now she meditates Imperial Sway:
Yet this is change, but she by changing thrives,
Like Moons new-born, and in her Cradle strives
To fill her Infant-Horns; an Hour shall come
When the round World shall be contain'd in *Rome*.

For thus old *Saws* foretel, and *Helenus*
Anchises' drooping Son enliven'd thus;
When *Ilium* now was in a sinking State;
And he was doubtful of his future Fate:
O Goddess born, with thy hard Fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.

Thy Passage thou shalt free through Fire and Sword,
 And *Troy* in Foreign Lands shall be restor'd.
 In happier Fields a rising Town I see,
 Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
 And Heav'n yet owes the World a Race de-
 riv'd from Thee.

Sages and Chiefs, of other Lineage born,
 The City shall extend, extended shall adorn:
 But from *Iulus* he must draw his Breath,
 By whom thy *Rome* shall rule the conquer'd Earth:
 Whom Heav'n will lend Mankind on Earth to reign,
 And late require the precious Pledge again.
 This *Helenus* to great *Æneas* told,
 Which I retain, e'er since in other Mould
 My Soul was cloath'd; and now^a rejoyce to view
 My Country Walls rebuilt, and *Troy* reviv'd anew,
 Rais'd by the Fall: Decreed by Loss to Gain;
 Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis time my hard mouth'd Courfers to controul,
 Apt to run Riot, and transgress the Goal:
 And therefore I conclude, Whatever lies,
 In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,

All suffer Change, and we, that are of Soul
And Body mix'd, are Members of the whole.
Then when our Sires, or Grandfires, shall forsake
The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,
Nor violate thy Father in the Beast.
Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin,
If none of these, yet there's a Man within:
O spare to make a *Thyestean* Meal,
T'inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.

Ill Customs by degrees to Habits rise,
Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice:
What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin
So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?
Deaf to the Calf that lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life:
Deaf to the harmless Kid, that ere he dies
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy Childrens Cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with Household
Bread,
Then eats the Poultry which before he fed?

Let plough thy Steers ; that when they lose their
Breath,

To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.

Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,

And Sheep from Winter-cold thy Sides defend ;

But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares employ,

And be no more Ingenious to destroy.

Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,

Nor let insidious Glue their Wings constrain ;

Nor opening Hounds the trembling Stag affright,

Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight :

Nor Hooks conceal'd in Baits for Fish prepare,

Nor Lines to heave 'em twinkling up in Air.

Take not away the Life you cannot give :

For all Things have an equal Right to live.

Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save ;

This only just Prerogative we have :

But nourish Life with vegetable Food,

And shun the sacrilegious Taste of Blood.

These Precepts by the *Sami*an Sage were taught,

Which Godlike *Numa* to the *Sabines* brought,

And thence transferr'd to *Rome*, by Gift his own :

A willing People, and an offer'd Throne.

O happy Monarch, sent by Heav'n to bless
A Salvage Nation with soft Arts of Peace,
To teach Religion, Rapine to restrain,
Give Laws to Lust, and Sacrifice ordain:
Himself a Saint, a Goddess was his Bride,
And all the Muses o'er his Acts preside.





THE
CHARACTER
OF A
GOOD PARSON;

Imitated from CHAUCER, and Inlarg'd.



Parish-Priest was of the Pilgrim-Train;
An Awful, Reverend, and Religious
Man.

His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
And Charity it self was in his Face.

Rich was his Soul, though his Attire was poor ;
(As God had cloath'd his own Embassador ;)
For such, on Earth, his bleis'd Redeemer bore. }
Of Sixty Years he seem'd ; and well might last
To Sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;

Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense;
And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.
Yet, had his Aspect nothing of severe,
But such a Face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing refer'd or fullen was to see:
But sweet Regards; and pleasing Sanctity:
Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
With Eloquence innate his Tongue was arm'd;
Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.
For, letting down the golden Chain from high,
He drew his Audience upward to the Sky:
And oft, with holy Hymns, he charm'd their Ears:
(A Musick more melodious than the Spheres.)
For *David* left him, when he went to Rest,
His Lyre; and after him, he sung the best.
He bore his great Commission in his Look:
But sweetly temper'd Awe; and softned all he spoke.
He preach'd the Joys of Heav'n, and Pains of Hell;
And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal;
But on Eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the Gospel rather than the Law:
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.

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For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like *Love*
Enthales the Soul sublime, to seek her Nation.

To Threats, the stubborn Sinner oft is hard:
Wrap'd in his Crimes, against the Storm prepar'd;
But, when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.

Lightnings and Thunder (Heav'n's Artillery)
As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his Stile, and disappear;
The stiller Sound succeeds; and God is there.

The Tythes, his Parish freely paid, he took;
But never Su'd; or Curs'd with Bell and Book.
With Patience bearing Wrong; but off'ring none:
Since every Man is free to lose his own.

The Country-Churls, according to their Kind,
(Who grudge their Dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his Off'rings, pinch'd the more;
And prais'd a Priest, contented to be Poor.

Yet, of his little, he had some to spare,
To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare:
For Mortify'd he was, to that degree,
A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.

True

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Priests, he said, and Preachers of the Word,
only Stewards of their Sov'raign Lord.

Nothing was theirs; but all the publick Store:
Intrusted Riches, to relieve the Poor.

Who, should they steal, for want of his Relief,
He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.

Wide was his Parish; not contracted close
In Streets, but here and there a straggling House;
Yet still he was at Hand, without Request,
To serve the Sick; to succour the Distress'd:
Tempting, on Foot, alone, without affright,
The Dangers of a dark tempestuous Night.

All this, the good old Man perform'd alone;
Nor spar'd his Pains; for Curate he had none,
Nor durst he trust another with his Care;
Nor rode himself to *Pauls*, the publick Fair,
To chaffer for Preferment with his Gold,
Where Bishopricks and *sine Cures* are sold.
But duly watch'd his Flock, by Night and Day;
And from the prowling Wolf redeem'd the Prey;
And hungry, sent the wily Fox away.

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The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich Offender fear'd.

His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought;
(A living Sermon of the Truths he taught;)

For this by Rules severe his Life he squar'd:

That all might see the Doctrine which they heard.

For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest:

(The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God Impress'd:)

But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,

The Sov'raign's Image is no longer seen.

If they be foul, on whom the People trust,

Well may the baser Brass contract a Rust.

The Prelate, for his Holy Life, he priz'd;

The worldly Pomp of Prelacy despis'd.

His Saviour came not with a gawdy Show;

Nor was his Kingdom of the World below.

Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind, [sign'd,

These Marks of Church and Churchmen he de-

And living taught; and dying left behind.

The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn:

In Purple he was Crucify'd, not born.

They who contend for Place and high Degree,

Are not his Sons, but those of Zebadee.

Not, but he knew the Signs of Earthly Pow'r
Might well become Saint *Peter's* Successor?

The Holy Father holds a double Reign, [plain.
The Prince may keep his Pomp; the Fisher must be
Such as the Saint; who shone with every Grace,
Reflecting, *Moses*-like, his Maker's Face.

God saw his Image lively was express'd;
And his own Work, as in Creation, bless'd.

The Tempter saw him too, with envious Eye;
And, as on *Job*, demanded leave to try,

He took the time when *Richard* was depos'd:
And High and Low with happy *Harry* clos'd.

This Prince, tho' great in Arms, the Priest withstood:
Near tho' he was, yet not the next of Blood.

Had *Richard*, unconstrain'd, resign'd the Throne;
A King can give no more than is his own:
The Title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had a Son.

Conquest, an odious Name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted; none the Battel try'd.
The senseless Plea of Right by Providence,
Was, by a flatt'ring Priest, invented since:

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And lasts no longer than the present Sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.

The People's Right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their Pow'r, when they the Judges are.

He join'd not in their Choice; because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from Change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke:
And, Undepriv'd, his Benefice forsook.

Now, through the Land, his Cure of Souls he
And like a Primitive Apostle preach'd. [stretch'd:
Still Cheerful; ever Constant to his Call;
By many follow'd; Lov'd by most, Admir'd by all.
With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the Charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he Taught; and Edify'd the more;
Because he shew'd, by Proof, 'twas easie to be Poor.

He went not, with the Crowd, to see a Shrine;
But fed us by the way, with Food divine.

In deference to his Virtues, I forbear
To shew you, what the rest in Order were:
This Brilliant is so Spotless, and so Bright,
He needs no Foil: But shines by his own proper
Light.

518 *The Monument of a Fair Maiden Lady.*

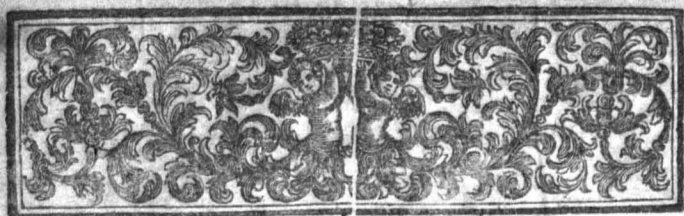
So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole
Had been an Emanation of the Soul ;
Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd ;
And like a Picture shone, in Glass Anneal'd.
Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded Light :
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by Sight.
Each Thought was visible that rowl'd within !
As through a Crystal Case, the figur'd Hours are
seen.

And Heav'n did this transparent Veil provide,
Because she had no guilty Thought to hide.
All white, a Virgin-Saint, she fought the Skies :
For Marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dyes.
High tho' her Wit, yet Humble was her Mind ;
As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find
How much her Worth transcended all her Kind. }
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heav'n below,
That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know :
But only to refresh the former Hint ;
And read her Maker in a fairer Print,
So Pious, as she had no Time to spare
For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to Pray'r.

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Yet in such Charities she pass'd the Day,
'Twas wond'rous how she found an Hour to Pray.
A Soul so calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows,
Which Passion cou'd but curl; not discompose.
A Female Softness, with a Manly Mind:
A Daughter duteous, and a Sister kind:
In Sicknes patient; and in Death resign'd.





Cymon and Iphigenia,

FROM

B O C C A C E.

Poeta loquitur,



LD as I am, for Ladies Love unfit,
The Pow'r of Beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my Soul, and
still inspires my Wit.

If Love be Folly, the severe Divine
Has felt that Folly, tho' he censures mine;
Pollutes the Pleasures of a chaste Embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in Grace,
With riotous Excess, a Priestly Rate:
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' Offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting fast my Sense:

In Malice witty, and with Venom fraught,
He makes me speak the Things I never thought.
Compute the Gains of his ungovern'd Zeal;
Ill sutes his Cloth the Praise of Railing well!
The World will think that what we loosely write,
Tho' now arraign'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the Cud again,
When his broad Comment makes the Text too plain:
And teaches more in one explaining Page,
Than all the double Meanings of the Stage.

What needs he Paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but Wanton; he's Obscene.
I, nor my Fellows, nor my Self excuse;
But Love's the Subject of the Comic Muse:
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A Tale of only dry Instruction view;
Nor Love is always of a vicious Kind,
But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind.
Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our Parts
With polish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.

Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhime,
 The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime;
 To lib'ral Acts enlarg'd the narrow-Soul'd:
 Soften'd the Fierce, and made the Coward Bold:
 The World when waste, he Peopled with Increase,
 And warring Nations reconcil'd in Peace.

Ormond, the first, and all the Fair may find,
 In this one Legend, to their Fame design'd,
 When Beauty fires the Blood, how Love ex-
 alts the Mind.

IN that sweet Isle, where *Venus* keeps her Court,
 And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves, resort;
 Where either Sex is form'd of softer Earth,
 And takes the bent of Pleasure from their Birth;
 There liv'd a *Cyprian* Lord, above the rest,
 Wife, Wealthy, with a num'rous Issue blest.

But as no Gift of Fortune is sincere,
 Was only wanting in a worthy Heir:
 His eldest Born, a goodly Youth to view,
 Excell'd the rest in Shape, and outward Shew;
 Fair, Tall, his Limbs with due Proportion join'd,
 But of a heavy, dull, degenerate Mind.

His Soul bely'd the Features of his Face;
Beauty was there, but Beauty in Disgrace.
A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustick Sound,
And stupid Eyes, that ever lov'd the Ground.

He look'd like Nature's Error; as the Mind
And Body were not of a Piece design'd, [join'd.
But made for two, and by Mistake in one were

The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,
Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's Despair;
The more inform'd the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the Mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the publick Shame,
The People from *Galefus* chang'd his Name,
And *Cymon* call'd, which signifies a Brute;
So well his Name did with his Nature sute.

His Father, when he found his Labour lost,
And Care employ'd, that answer'd not the Cost,
Chose an ungrateful Object to remove,
And loath'd to see what Nature made him love;
So to his Country-Farm the Fool confin'd:
Rude Work well suted with a rustick Mind.

Thus

Thus to the Wilds the sturdy *Cymon* went,
A 'Squire among the Swains, and pleas'd with
Banishment.

His Corn, and Cattle, were his only Care;
And his supream Delight a Country-Fair.

It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday,
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his way;
For *Cymon* shun'd the Church, and us'd not much
to Pray.

His Quarter-Staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.

He trudg'd along unknowing what he fought,
And whistled as he went, for want of Thought.

By Chance conducted, or by Thirst constrain'd,
The deep Recesses of the Grove he gain'd;
Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood,
Crept through the matted Grass a Chrystal Flood,
By which an Alabaster Fountain flood:
And on the Margin of the Fount was laid
(Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid.
Like *Dian*, and her Nymphs, when tir'd with Sport,
To rest by cool *Eurotas* they resort:

The Dame herself the Goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her Purple Vest,
Than by the charming Features of her Face,
And ev'n in Slumber a superior Grace:

Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care,
Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr;
Her Bosom to the View was only bare:
Where two beginning Paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their Places were but signify'd:
The fanning Wind upon her Bosom Blows,
To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose;
The fanning Wind, and purling Streams, con-
tinue her Repose.

The Fool of Nature, stood with stupid Eyes
And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprise,
Fix'd on her Face, nor cou'd remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witness'd with an Ideot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering
Sense
First found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence:

Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his Clown-Accent, and his Country-Tone.

Through the rude Chaos thus the running Light
Shot the first Ray that pierc'd the Native Night:
Then Day and Darkness in the Mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd:
Last shone the Sun, who radiant in his Sphere
Illumin'd Heav'n, and Earth, and rowl'd around.
So Reason in this Brutal Soul began: [the Year.
Love made him first suspect he was a Man;
Love made him doubt his broad Barbarian Sound,
By Love his want of Words, and Wit, he found:
That sense of Want prepar'd the future way
To Knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a Day.

What not his Father's Care, nor Tutor's Art
Cou'd plant with Pains in his unpolish'd Heart,
The best Instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
As barren Grounds to Fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him Shame, and Shame with Love
Soon taught the sweet Civilities of Life; [at Strife
His gross material Soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her Kind:

Exciting a Desire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone. •
This made the first Impression in his Mind,
Above, but just above, the Brutal Kind.
For Beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
Nor their own liking by Reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other Face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar Grace,
But love in gross, and stupidly admire;
As Flies allur'd by Light, approach the Fire. •
Thus our Man-Beast advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, than sep'rates what he sees;
On sev'ral Parts a sev'ral Praise bestows,
The ruby Lips, the well-proportion'd Nose,
The snowy Skin, the Raven-glossy Hair,
The dimpled Cheek, the Forehead rising fair, }
And ev'n in Sleep it self a smiling Air.
From thence his Eyes descending view'd the rest,
Her plump round Arms, white Hands, and heav-
ing Breast,
Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry Part
A pointed Arrow sped to pierce his Heart.

Thus in a trice a Judge of Beauty grown,
(A Judge erected from Country-Clown)
He long'd to see her Eyes in Slumber hid;
And wish'd his own cou'd pierce within the Lid:
He wou'd have wak'd her, but restrain'd his Thought;
And Love new-born the first good Manner's taught.
An awful Fear his ardent Wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the Goddess of the Wood;
For such she seem'd by her celestial Face,
Excelling all the rest of human Race:
And Things divine, by common Sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen at distant View:
So checking his Desire, with trembling Heart,
Gazing he stood, nor would, nor could depart;
Fix'd as a Pilgrim wilder'd in his Way,
Who dares not stir by Night for fear to stray, [Day.
But stands with awful Eyes to watch the dawn of)

At length awaking, *Iphigene* the Fair
(So was the Beauty call'd who caus'd his Care)
Unclos'd her Eyes, and double Day reveal'd,
While those of all her Slaves in Sleep were seal'd.

The flavinging Cudden, prop'd upon his Staff,
 Stood ready gaping with a grinning Laugh,
 To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
 To speak, but wisely kept the Fool within.

Then he; What make you *Cymon* here alone?
 (For *Cymon's* Name was round the Country known,
 Because descended of a noble Race,
 And for a Soul ill fort'd with his Face.)

But still the Sor stood silent with Surprise,
 With fix'd Regard on her new open'd Eyes,
 And in his Breast receiv'd th' invenom'd Dart,
 A tickling Pain that pleas'd amid the Smart.
 But conscious of her Form, with quick distrust
 She saw his sparkling Eyes, and fear'd his brutal Lust:
 This to prevent she wak'd her sleepy Crew,
 And rising hasty took a short Adieu.

Then *Cymon* first his rustick Voice essay'd,
 With proffer'd Service to the parting Maid
 To see her safe; his Hand she long deny'd,
 But took, at length, asham'd of such a Guide.
 So *Cymon* led her home, and leaving there
 No more wou'd to his Country Clowns repair,

But sought his Father's House with better Mind,
Refusing in the Farm to be confin'd.

The Father wonder'd at the Son's Return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret Causes of his alter'd Will.
Nor was he long delay'd; the first Request
He made, was, like his Brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his Birth requir'd, above the rest.

With ease his Sute was granted by his Sire,
Distinguishing his Heir by rich Attire:
His Body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral Arts to cultivate his Mind:
He sought a Tutor of his own accord,
And study'd Lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the Man-Child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his Equals he surpass'd:
His brutal Manners from his Breast exil'd,
His Mein he fashion'd, and his Tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry Exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by Love, whose Business is to please;
He Rode, he Fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful Ease,

More fam'd for Sense, for courtly Carriage more,
Than for his brutal Folly known before.

What then of alter'd *Cymon* shall we say,

But that the Fire which choak'd in Ashes lay,

A Load too heavy for his Soul to move, [Love?

Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by

Love made an active Progress through his Mind,

The dusky Parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd;

The drowsie wak'd; and as he went impress'd

The Maker's Image on the human Beast.

Thus was the Man amended by Desire,

And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much Fire,

His Father all his Faults with Reason scan'd,

And lik'd an Error of the better Hand;

Excus'd th' Excess of Passion in his Mind,

By Flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:

So *Cymon*, since his Sire indulg'd his Will,

Impetuous lov'd, and would be *Cymon* still;

Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear [Fair.

The Name of Fool confirm'd, and Bishop'd by the

To *Cipsus* by his Friends his Sute he mov'd,

Cipsus the Father of the Fair he lov'd:

But he was pre-ingag'd by former Ties,
While *Cymon* was endeav'ring to be wife:
And *Iphigene*, oblig'd by former Vows,
Had giv'n her Faith to wed a Foreign Spouse:
Her Sire and She to *Rhodian Pasimond*,
Tho' both repenting, were by Promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as Fate decreed,
Tho' better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The Doom was past, the Ship already sent,
Did all his tardy Diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to her self the fair unhappy Maid,
While stormy *Cymon* thus in secret said:
The time is come for *Iphigene* to find
The Miracle she wrought upon my Mind:
Her Charms have made me Man, her ravish'd Love
In rank shall place me with the Bless'd above.
For mine by Love, by Force she shall be mine,
Or Death, if Force should fail, shall finish my Design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy Care
A Vessel strong, and well equipp'd for War.
The secret Ship with chosen Friends he stor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.

Ambush'd he lay behind the *Cyprian* Shore,
Waiting the Sail that all his Wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following Tide
Sent out the hostile Ship and beauteous Bride.

To *Rhodes* the Rival Bark directly steer'd,
When *Cymon* sudden at her Back appear'd,
And stop'd her Flight: Then standing on his Prow
In haughty Terms he thus defy'd the Foe,
Or strike your Sails at Summons, or prepare
To prove the last Extremities of War.

Thus warn'd, the *Rhodians* for the Fight provide;
Already were the Vessels Side by Side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the Bride.
But *Cymon* soon his crooked Grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his Foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with Sword and Shield, amid the
 Prefs he pass'd.

Fierce was the Fight, but hast'ning to his Prey,
By force the furious Lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the *Rhodian* Crew,
The Weak disdain'd, the Valiant overthrew;
Cheap Conquest for his following Friends remain'd,
He reap'd the Field, and they but only glean'd.

His Victory confess'd, the Foes retreat,
 And cast their Weapons at the Victor's Feet.
 Whom thus he cheer'd : O *Rhodian* Youth, I fought
 For Love alone, nor other Booty sought;
 Your Lives are safe; your Vessel I resign,
 Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
 In *Iphigene* I claim my rightful Due,
 Robb'd by my Rival, and detain'd by you:
 Your *Pasimond* a lawless Bargain drove,
 The Parent could not sell the Daughter's Love;
 Or if he cou'd, my Love disdains the Laws,
 And like a King by Conquest gains his Cause:
 Where Arms take place, all other Pleas are vain,
 Love taught me Force, and Force shall Love maintain,
 You, what by Strength you could not keep, release,
 And at an easie Ransom buy your Peace.

Fear on the conquer'd Side soon sign'd th' Accord,
 And *Iphigene* to *Cymon* was restor'd:
 While to his Arms the blushing Bride he took;
 To seeming Sadness she compos'd her Look;
 As if by Force subjected to his Will,
 Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a Woman still.

And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling Tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty Fears;
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your Love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal Father ty'd
Your Vows; and sold a Slave, not sent a Bride.
Thus while he spoke he seiz'd the willing Prey,
As *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Spouse away:
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her Eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was Distress'd.

Who now exults but *Cymon* in his Mind,
Vain hopes, and empty Joys of human Kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind! }
Secure of Fate while *Cymon* plows the Sea,
And steers to *Candy* with his conquer'd Prey,
Scarce the third Glass of measur'd Hours was run,
When like a fiery Meteor sunk the Sun;
The Promise of a Storm; the shifting Gales
Forsoke by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails:
Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,
And Night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the Winds arise,
The Thunders roul, the forky Lightning flies.

In vain the Master issues out Commands,
In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands:
The Tempest unforeseen prevents their Care,
And from the first they labour in Despair.
The giddy Ship, betwixt the Winds and Tides
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a Circle rides,
Stun'd with the diff'rent Blows; then shoots
amain,

Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud Archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of Heav'n to deepest Hell,
Than flood the Lover of his Love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been blest'd,
More anxious for her Danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad *Iphigene* to Womanish Complaints
Adds pious Pray'rs, and wearies all the Saints;
Ev'n if she could, her Love she would repent,
But since she cannot, dreads the Punishment:
Her forfeit Faith, and *Pasimond* betray'd,
Are ever present, and her Crime upbraid.
She blames her self, nor blames her Lover less,
Augments her Anger as her Fears increas;

From her own Back the Burden would remove,
And lays the Load on his ungovern'd Love,
Which interposing durst in Heav'n's despight
Invade, and violate another's Right:

The Pow'rs incens'd awhile deferr'd his Pain,
And made him Master of his Vows in vain:

But, soon they punish'd his presumptuous Pride;

• That for his daring Enterprize she dy'd,
Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.

Then impotent of Mind, with alter'd Sense,
She hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th' Offence,
Sex to the last: Mean time with Sails declin'd
The wandring Vessel drove before the Wind:

• Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow;
Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course they know,
But ev'ry moment wait the coming Blow.

Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking Day they view'd
The Land before 'em, and their Fears renew'd;
The Land was welcome, but the Tempest bore
The threaten'd Ship against a rocky Shore.

A winding Bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their Force already spent:
Secure from Storms, and panting from the Sea,
The Land unknown at leisure they survey;

And saw (but soon their sickly Sight withdrew)
The rising Tow'rs of *Rhodes* at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile Shoar of *Pasimond*,
Sav'd from the Seas, and shipwreck'd on the Ground.

The frighted Sailors try'd their Strength in vain
To turn the Stern, and tempt the stormy Main;
But the stiff Wind withstood the lab'ring Qar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal Shoar!
The crooked Keel now bites the *Rhodian* Strand,
And the Ship moor'd, constrains the Crew to Land:
Yet still they might be safe because unknown,
But as ill Fortune seldom comes alone,
The Vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,
Already shelter'd on their Native Shoar;
Known each, they know: But each with change
of Chear;

The vanquish'd side exults; the Victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made Pris'ners ere they Fight,
Despairing Conquest, and depriv'd of Flight.

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,
And raw in Fields the rude Militia-swarms;
Mouths without Hands; maintain'd at vast Expence,
In Peace a Charge, in War a weak Defence:

Stout once a Month they march a blust'ring Band,
And ever, but in times of Need, at hand:

This was the Morn when issuing on the Guard,
Drawn up in Rank and File they stood prepar'd
Of seeming Arms to make a short Essay,
Then hasten to be Drunk, the Business of the Day.

The Cowards would have fled, but that they
Themselves so many, and their Foes so few; [knew

But crowding on, the last the first impel:
Till overborn with weight the *Cyprians* fell.

Cymon inflav'd, who first the War begun,
And *Iphigene* once more is lost and won.

Deep in a Dungeon was the Captive cast,
Depriv'd of Day, and held in Fetters fast:

His Life was only spar'd at their Request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:

But *Iphigenia* was the Ladies Care,

Each in their turn address'd to treat the Fair; }

While *Pasimond* and his the Nuptial Feast prepare. }

Her secret Soul to *Cymon* was inclin'd,

But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd; }

So passive is the Church of Womankind. }

What worse to *Cymon* could his Fortune deal,
Rowl'd to the lowest Spoke of all her Wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and Love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by Love he lost.

The Sire of *Pasimond* had left a Son
Though younger, yet for Courage early known,
Ormisda call'd; to whom by Promise ty'd,
A *Rhodian* Beauty was the destin'd Bride;
Cassandra was her Name, above the rest
Renown'd for Birth, with Fortune amply blest'd.
Lyfymachus who rul'd the *Rhodian* State,
Was then by choice their annual Magistrate:
He lov'd *Cassandra* too with equal Fire,
But Fortune had not favour'd his Desire;
Cross'd by her Friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like *Ormisda* lov'd:
So stood th' Affair: Some little Hope remain'd,
That should his Rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean time young *Pasimond* his Marriage
press'd,
Ordain'd the Nuptial Day, prepar'd the Feast;

And frugally resolv'd (the Charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone) }

To join his Brother's Bridal with his own.

Lysimachus oppress'd with mortal Grief
Receiv'd the News, and study'd quick Relief:
The fatal Day approach'd: If Force were us'd,
The Magistrate his publick Trust abus'd;
To Justice liable, as Law requir'd;
For when his Office ceas'd, his Pow'r expir'd:
While Pow'r remain'd, the Means were in his
Hand

By Force to seize, and then forsake the Land:

Between Extreams he knew not how to move,
A Slave to Fame, but more a Slave to Love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by Pow'r, debas'd by Dignity!
Both Sides he weigh'd: But after much Debate,
The Man prevail'd above the Magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent Minds, }
The Fool enlightens, and the Wise he blinds.
This Youth proposing to possess, and scape,
Began in Murder, to conclude in Rape:

Unprais'd by me, tho' Heav'n sometime may bless
 An impious Act with undeserv'd Success:
 The Great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
 To punish all Injustice but their own.
 But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous Deed:
 For Crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on Force, his Wit the Pretor bent,
 To find the Means that might secure th' Event;
 Not long he labour'd, for his lucky Thought
 In Captive *Cymon* found the Friend he sought;
 Th' Example pleas'd: The Cause and Crime the
 An injur'd Lover, and a ravish'd Dame. [same;

How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
 The less he had to lose, the less he car'd [ward.
 To menage loathsome Life when Love was the Re-

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his Intent,
 In depth of Night he for the Pris'ner sent;
 In secret sent, the Publick View to shun,
 Then with a sober Smile he thus begun.
 The Pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
 Their Gifts and Graces on Mankind below,

Yet prove our Merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not Worthy to receive :
For Valour and for Virtue they provide
Their due Reward, but first they must be try'd :
These fruitful Seeds within your Mind they sow'd ;
'Twas yours to improve the Talent they bestow'd :
They gave you to be born of noble Kind,
They gave you Love to lighten up your Mind,
And purge the grosser Parts ; they gave you Care
To please, and Courage to deserve the Fair.

Thus far they try'd you, and by Proof they found
The grain intrusted in a Grateful Ground :
But still the great Experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the Prize you gain'd ;
That you might learn the Gift was theirs alone :
And when restor'd, to them the Blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be ; the Means prepar'd,
The Difficulty smooth'd, the Danger shar'd :
Be but your self, the Care to me resign,
Then *Iphigene* is yours, *Cassandra* mine.
Your Rival *Pasimond* pursues your Life,
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd Wife,

But yet not his; to Morrow is behind,
 And Love our Fortunes in one Band has join'd:
 Two Brothers are our Foes; *Ormisdæ* mine,
 As much declar'd, as *Pasimond* is thine:
 To Morrow must their common Vows be ty'd;
 With Love to Friend and Fortune for our Guide,
 Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a Bride. }

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
 'Tis Force when done must justify the Deed:
 Our Task perform'd, we next prepare for Flight;
 And let the Losers talk in vain of Right:
 We with the Fair will fail before the Wind,
 If they are griev'd, I leave the Laws behind.
 Speak thy Resolves; If now thy Courage droop,
 Despair in Prison and abandon Hope;
 But if thou dar'st in Arms thy Love regain,
 (For Liberty without thy Love were vain:)
 Then second my Design to seize the Prey, [way.
 Or lead to second Rape, for well thou know'st the
 Said *Cymon* overjoy'd, Do thou propose
 The Means to Fight, and only shew the Foes;

For

For from the first, when Love had fir'd my Mind,
Resolv'd I left the Care of Life behind.

To this the bold *Lyfymachus* reply'd,
Let Heav'n be neuter, and the Sword decide:
The Spoufals are prepar'd, already play,
The Minstrels, and provoke the tardy Day:
By this the Brides are wak'd, their Grooms are
drefs'd;

All *Rhodes* is summon'd to the Nuptial Feast,
All but my self the sole unbidden Guest.

Unbidden though I am, I will be there;
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the Fair.

Now hear the rest; when Day resigns the Light,
And cheerful Torches gild the jolly Night,
Be ready at my Call; my chosen few
With Arms administer'd shall aid thy Crew.
Then entring unexpected will we seize
Our destin'd Prey, from Men dissolv'd in ease;
By Wine disabled, unprepar'd for Fight;
And hast'ning to the Seas suborn our Flight:
The Seas are ours, for I command the Fort,
A Ship well man'd expects us in the Port:

If they, or if their Friends, the Prize contest,
Death shall attend the Man who dares resist.

It pleas'd! the Pris'ner to his Hold retir'd,
His Troop with equal Emulation fir'd, [quir'd.
All fix'd to Fight, and all their wonted Work re-

The Sun arose; the Streets were throng'd around,
The Palace open'd, and the Posts were crown'd:
The double Bridegroom at the Door attends
Th' expected Spouse, and entertains the Friends:
They meet, they lead to Church; the Priests invoke
The Pow'rs, and feed the Flames with fragrant
Smoke:

This done they Feast, and at the close of Night
By kindled Torches vary their Delight,
These lead the lively Dance, and those the brim-
ming Bowls invite.

Now at th' appointed Place and Hour assign'd,
With Souls resolv'd the Ravishers were join'd:
Three Bands are form'd: The first is sent before
To favour the Retreat, and guard the Shore:
The second at the Palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty Stairs ascend the last:

A peaceful Troop they seem with shining Vests,
But Coats of Mail beneath secure their Breasts.

Dauntless they enter, *Cymon* at their Head,
And find the Feast renew'd, the Table spread:
Sweet Voices, mix'd with instrumental Sounds,
Ascend the vaulted Roof, the vaulted Roof rebounds
When like the Harpies rushing through the Hall
The sudden Troop appears, the Tables fall,
Their smoking Load is on the Pavement thrown;
Each Ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The Brides, invaded with a rude Embrace,
Shreek out for Aid, Confusion fills the Place:
Quick to redeem the Prey their plighted Lords
Advance, the Palace gleams with shining Swords.

But late is all Defence, and Succour vain;
The Rape is made, the Ravishers remain:
Two sturdy Slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd Prize in Safety to the Shore.
The Troop retires, the Lovers close the Rear,
With forward Faces not confessing Fear:
Backward they move, but scorn their Pace to mend;
Then seek the Stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce *Pasimond*, their Passage to prevent,
 Thrust full on *Cymon's* Back in his Descent,
 The Blade return'd unbath'd, and to the Handle
 bent:

Stout *Cymon* soon remounts, and cleft in two
 His Rival's Head with one descending Blow:
 And as the next in rank *Ormisdas* stood,

He turn'd the Point: The Sword inur'd to Blood,
 Bor'd his unguarded Breast, which pour'd a
 purple Flood.

With vow'd Revenge the gathering Crowd
 pursues,

The Ravishers turn Head, the Fight renews;

The Hall is heap'd with Corps; the sprinkled Gore
 Besmears the Walls, and floats the Marble Floor.

Dispers'd at length the drunken Squadron flies,

The Victors to their Vessel bear the Prize;

And hear behind loud Groans, and lamentable
 Cries.

The Crew with merry Shouts their Anchors weigh,

Then ply their Oars, and brush the buxom Sea,

While Troops of gather'd *Rhodians* croud the Key.

What should the People do, when left alone?

The Governor and Government are gone.

The publick Wealth to Foreign Parts convey'd;

Some Troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.

Rhodes is the Soveraign of the Sea no more;

Their Ships unrigg'd, and spent their Naval Store;

They neither could defend, nor can pursue,

But grin'd their Teeth, and cast a helpless view:

In vain with Darts a distant War they try,

Short, and more short the missive Weapons fly.

Mean while the Ravishers their Crimes enjoy,

And flying Sails and sweeping Oars employ;

The Cliffs of *Rhodes* in little space are lost,

Jove's Isle they seek; nor *Jove* denies his Coast.

In *Society* landed on the *Candian* Shore,

With generous Wines their Spirits they restore;

There *Cymon* with his *Rhodian* Friend resides,

Both Court, and Wed at once the willing Brides.

A War ensues, the *Cretans* own their Cause,

Stiff to defend their hospitable Laws:

Both Parties lose by turns; and neither wins,

Till Peace propounded by a Truce begins.

The Kindred of the Slain forgive the Deed,
But a short Exile must for Show precede;
The Term expir'd, from *Candia* they remove;
And happy each, at Home, enjoys his Love.



THE

T H E
T A B L E.

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The Preface.

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