

His Steps bold *Arcite* to the Temple bent,
T'adore with Pagan Rites the Pow'r Armipotent:
Then prostrate, low before his Altar lay,
And rais'd his manly Voice, and thus began to pray.
Strong God of Arms, whose Iron Scepter sways
The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* Seas,
And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* Wintry Coast,
Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd
most:

There most; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known,
The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild Amazement flung
From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong:
And Disarray and shameful Rout ensue,
And Force is added to the fainting Crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r,
If ought I have atchiev'd deserve thy Care:
If to my utmost Pow'r with Sword and Shield
I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my Rank, still kept the Field:
Then let my Arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That *Emily* by Conquest may be gain'd.

Have pity on my Pains; nor those unknown
To *Mars*, which when a Lover, were his own.
Venus, the Publick Care of all above,
Thy stubborn Heart has soften'd into Love:
Now by her Blandishments and pow'rful Charms,
When yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms,
Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,
When *Vulcan* had thee in his Net inthrall'd;
O envy'd Ignominy, sweet Disgrace,
When ev'ry God that saw thee, wish'd thy Place!
By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight,
And make me conquer in my Patron's Right:
For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to persuade;
And want the soothing Arts that catch the Fair,
But caught my self, lie struggling in the Snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my Pain, [Disdain.
Or knows her Worth too well; and pays me with
For sure I am, unless I win in Arms,
To stand excluded from *Emilia's* Charms:
Nor can my Strength avail, unless by thee
Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory:

Then for the Fire which warm'd thy gen'rous Heart,
Pity thy Subject's Pains, and equal Smart.

So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,
The Palm and Honour of the Conquest thine:
Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and Strife
Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life;

And in thy Fane, the Dusty Spoils among, [hung;
High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner shall be
Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers, and below
With Arms revers'd, th' Atchievements of my Foe:
And while these Limbs the Vital Spirit feeds,
While Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds,
Thy smoaking Altar shall be fat with Food
Of Incence, and the grateful Steam of Blood;
Burnt Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning shall be thine;
And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine.

This Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair,
Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razour free,
Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my Arms with Victory be blest,
I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest.

The Champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the
 A hollow Groan, a murm'ring Wind arofe, [Close
 The Rings of Ir'n, that on the Doors were hung,
 Sent out a jarring Sound, and harshly rung:
 The bolted Gates flew open at the Blast,
 The Storm rush'd in; and *Arcite* stood agast:
 The Flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
 Fann'd by the Wind, and gave a ruffled Light:

Then from the Ground a Scent began to rise,
 Sweet-smelling, as accepted Sacrifice:
 This *Omen* pleas'd, and as the Flames aspire
 With od'rous Incence *Arcite* heaps the Fire:
 Nor wanted Hymns to *Mars*, or Heathen Charms:
 At length the nodding Statue clash'd his Arms,
 And with a fullen Sound, and feeble Cry, [ry.
 Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the Word of Victo-
 For this, with Soul devout, he thank'd the God,
 And of Success secure, return'd to his Abode.

These Vows thus granted, rais'd a Strife above,
 Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love.
 She granting first, had Right of Time to plead;
 But he had granted too, nor would recede.

Jove was for *Venus*; but he fear'd his Wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the Strife;
Till *Saturn* from his Leaden Throne arose,
And found a Way the Difference to compose:
Though sparing of his Grace, to Mischief bent,
He seldom does a Good with good Intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long Experience taught
To please both Parties, for ill Ends, he fought:
For this Advantage Age from Youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By Fortune he was now to *Venus* Trin'd,
And with stern *Mars* in *Capricorn* was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own Abode,
He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the God:
Cease, Daughter, to complain; and stint the Strife;
Thy *Palamon* shall have his promis'd Wife:
And *Mars*, the Lord of Conquest, in the Fight
With Palm and Laurel shall adorn his Knight.
Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place,
Till length of Time, and move with tardy Pace.
Man feels me, when I press th' *Etherial* Plains,
My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.

Mine is the Shipwreck, in a Watry Sign;
 And in an Earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.
 Cold shivering Agues, melancholy Care,
 And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,
 Are mine, and wilful Death, resulting from De-
 spair.

The throtling Quinsy 'tis my Star appoints,
 And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints:
 When Churls rebel against their Native Prince,
 I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence;
 And housing in the Lion's hateful Sign,
 Bought Senates, and deserting Troops are mine.
 Mine is the privy Pois'ning, I command
 Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.
 By me Kings Palaces are push'd to Ground,
 And Miners, crush'd beneath their Mines are found.
 'Twas I slew *Sampson*, when the Pillar'd Hall
 Fell down, and crush'd the Many with the Fall.
 My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence,
 That sweeps at once the People and the Prince.
 Now weep no more, but trust thy Grandfire's Art;
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy Part.
 'Tis

'Tis ill, though diff'rent your Complexions are,
The Family of Heav'n for Men should war.
Th'Expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his Right:
Mars had the Day, and *Venus* had the Night.
The Management they left to *Chrono's* Care;
Now turn we to th' Effect, and sing the War.

In *Athens*, all was Pleasure, Mirth, and Play,
All proper to the Spring, and spritely *May*:
Which ev'ry Soul inspir'd with such Delight,
'Twas Justing all the Day, and Love at Night.
Heav'n smil'd, and gladdened was the Heart of Man;
And *Venus* had the World, as when it first began.
At length in Sleep their Bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future Fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring,
As at a Signal giv'n, the Streets with Clamours ring:
At once the Crowd arose; confus'd and high }
Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry; }
For *Mars* was early up, and rowz'd the Sky. }
The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,
Sharpening their Sights, and leaning from their Stars.

The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,
For Battel by the busie Groom prepar'd:

Rustling of Harness, ratling of the Shield,

Clatt'ring of Armour, furbish'd for the Field.

Crowds to the Castle mounted up the Street,

Batt'ring the Pavement with their Courfers Feet:

The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold

Of glittering Arms, too dazling to behold;

And polish'd Steel that cast the View aside,

And Crested Morions, with their Plumy Pride.

Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires,

In gawdy Liv'ries march, and quaint Attires.

One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance:

A third the shining Buckler did advance.

The Courfer paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,

And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the Golden Bit.

The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,

Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side,

And Nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs for

Shields provide.

The Yeomen guard the Streets, in seemly Bands;

And Clowns come crowding on, with Cudgels in
their Hands.

The Trumpets, next the Gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the Sign to sound the Martial Blast:
The Palace-yard is fill'd with floating Tides,
And the last Comers bear the former to the Sides.
The Throng is in the midst: The common Crew
Shut out, the Hall admits the better Few.
In Knots they stand, or in a Rank they walk,
Serious in Aspect, earnest in their Talk:
Factions, and fav'ring this or t'other Side,
As their strong Fancies, and weak Reason, guide:
Their Wagers back their Wishes: Numbers hold
With the fair freckled King, and Beard of Gold:
So vig'rous are his Eyes, such Rays they cast,
So prominent his Eagle's Beak is plac'd.
But most their Looks on the black Monarch bend,
His rising Muscles, and his Brawn commend;
His double-biting Ax, and beamy Spear,
Each asking a Gygantick Force to rear.
All spoke as partial Favour mov'd the Mind;
And safe themselves, at others Cost divin'd.
Wak'd by the Cries, th' *Athenian* Chief arose,
The Knightly Forms of Combate to dispose;

And passing thro' th' obsequious Guards, he fate
Conspicuous on a Throne, sublime in State;
There, for the two contending Knights he sent:
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, with Rev'rence low they bent;
He smil'd on both, and with superior Look
Alike their offer'd Adoration took.

The People press on ev'ry Side to see
Their awful Prince, and hear his high Decree.
Then signing to the Heralds with his Hand,
They gave his Orders from their lofty Stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The King at Arms bespeaks the Knights and listening
Crowd.

Our Sovereign Lord has ponder'd in his Mind
The Means to spare the Blood of gentle Kind;
And of his Grace, and in-born Clemency,
He modifies his first severe Decree;
The keener Edge of Battel to rebate,
The Troops for Honour fighting, not for Hate.
He wills, not Death shou'd terminate their Strife;
And Wounds, if Wounds ensue, be short of Life.
But issues, ere the Fight, his dread Command,
That Slings afar, and Ponyards Hand to Hand,

Be banish'd from the Field; that none shall dare
With shortned Sword to stab in cloſer War;
But in fair Combate fight with manly Strength,
Nor puſh with biting Point, but ſtrike at length.
The Turney is allow'd but one Career,
Of the tough Aſh, with the ſharp-grinded Spear.
But Knights unhors'd may riſe from off the Plain,
And fight on Foot, their Honour to regain.
Nor, if at Miſchief taken, on the Ground
Be ſlain, but Pris'ners to the Pillar bound,
At either Barrier plac'd; nor (Captives made,)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the Fight invade.
The Chief of either Side, bereft of Life,
Or yielded to his Foe, concludes the Strife. [young,
Thus dooms the Lord: Now valiant Knights and
Fight each his fill with Swords and Maces long.

The Herald ends: The vaulted Firmament
With loud Acclaims, and vaſt Applauſe is rent:
Heav'n guard a Prince ſo gracious and ſo good,
So juſt, and yet ſo provident of Blood!
This was the gen'ral Cry. The Trumpets ſound,
And Warlike Symphony is heard around.

The marching Troops thro' *Athens* take their way,
The great Earl-Marshal orders their Array.

The Fair from high the passing Pomp behold ;
A Rain of Flow'rs is from the Windows roll'd.

The Casements are with Golden Tissue spread,
And Horses Hoofs, for Earth, on Silken Tap'stry
The King goes midmost, and the Rivals ride ^{[tread.}
In equal Rank, and close his either Side."

Next after these, there rode the Royal Wife,
With *Emily*, the Cause, and the Reward of Strife.
The following Cavalcade, by Three and Three,
Proceed by Titles marshall'd in Degree.

Thus thro' the Southern Gate they take their Way,
And at the Lifts arriv'd ere Prime of Day.

There, parting from the King, the Chiefs divide,
And wheeling East and West, before their Many
ride.

Th' *Athenian* Monarch mounts his Throne on high,
And after him the Queen, and *Emily*:

Next these, the Kindred of the Crown are grac'd
With nearer Seats, and Lords by Ladies plac'd.

Scarce were they seated, when with Clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous Crowd:

The Guards, and then each other overbare,
And in a Moment throng the spacious Theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring Noise to Whispers low,
As Winds, forsaking Seas more softly blow ;
When at the Western Gate, on which the Car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of War,
Proud *Arcite* entring arm'd before his Train,
Stops at the Barrier, and divides the Plain.
Red was his Banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody Colours of his Patron God.

At that self-moment enters *Palamon*
The Gate of *Venus*, and the Rising Sun ;
Wav'd by the wanton Winds, his Banner flies,
All Maiden White, and shares the Peoples Eyes.
From East to West, look all the World around,
Two Troops so match'd were never to be found :
Such Bodies built for Strength, of equal Age,
In Stature siz'd ; so proud an Equipage :
The nicest Eye cou'd no Distinction make,
Where lay th' Advantage, or what Side to take.

Thus rang'd, the Herald for the last proclaims
A Silence, while they answer'd to their Names :

For so the King decreed, to shun with Care [War.
The Fraud of Musters false, the common Bane of
The Tale was just, and then the Gates were clos'd;
And Chief to Chief, and Troop to Troop oppos'd.
The Heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The Fortune of the Field be fairly try'd.

At this, the Challenger with fierce Desire
His Trumpet sounds; the Challeng'd makes Reply: }
With Clangour rings the Field, resounds the }
vaulted Sky.

Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Rest,
Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest;
They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,
And spurring see decrease the middle Space.
A Cloud of Smoke envelops either Host,
And all at once the Combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Courfers with Courfers jostling, Men with Men:
As lab'ring in Eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day.
They look anew: The beauteous Form of Fight
Is chang'd, and War appears a grisly Sight.

Two Troops in fair Array one Moment show'd,
The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd:
Not half the Number in their Seats are found;
But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground.
The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,
The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.
The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the Fight;
The glitt'ring Fauchions cast a gleaming Light:
Hauberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound;
Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the Ground.
The mighty Maces with such haste descend, [bend.
They break the Bones, and make the solid Armour
This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force;
Down goes, at once, the Horseman and the Horse:
That, Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,
And floundring, throws the Rider o'er his Head.
One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;
One with a broken Truncheon deals his Blows.
This halting, this disabled with his Wound,
In Triumph led, is to the Pillar bound,
Where by the King's Award he must abide:
There goes a Captive led on t'other Side.

By Fits they cease ; and leaning on the Lance,
Take Breath a while, and to new Fight advance.

Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost Force, and each forgot to ward.
The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,
That other backward to the Crupper sent:
Both were by Turns unhors'd ; the jealous Blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on Foot they close.
So deep their Fauchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke
Pierc'd to the Quick ; and equal Wounds they gave
Born far asunder by the Tides of Men, [and took.
Like Adamant and Steel they meet agen.

So when a Tyger sucks the Bullock's Blood,
A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood }
Roars Lordly fierce, and challenges the Food. }
Each claims Possession, neither will obey,
But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey:
They bite, they tear ; and while in vain they strive,
The Swains come arm'd between, and both to
distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all things
By Course of Time to their appointed End ; [tend

So when the Sun to West was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal Battel join'd,
The strong *Emetrius* came in *Arcite's* Aid,
And *Palamon* with Odds was overlaid:
For turning short; he struck with all his Might
Full on the Helmet of th' unwary Knight.
Deep was the Wound; he stagger'd with the Blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected Foe; [down,
Whom with such Force he struck, he fell'd him
And cleft the Circle of his Golden Crown.
But *Arcite's* Men, who now prevail'd in Fight,
Twice Ten at once surround the single Knight:
O'erpowr'd at length, they force him to the Ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the Pillar bound;
And King *Lycurgus*, while he fought in vain
His Friend to free, was tumbled on the Plain.

Who now laments but *Palamon*, compell'd
No more to try the Fortune of the Field!
And worse than Death, to view with hateful Eyes
His Rival's Conquest, and renounce the Prize!

The Royal Judge on his Tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the Fight from first to last,

Bad cease the War; pronouncing from on high
Arcite of *Thebes* had won the beauteous *Emily*.

The Sound of Trumpets to the Voice reply'd,
 And round the Royal Lifts the Heralds cry'd,
Arcite of *Thebes* has won the beauteous Bride.

The People rend the Skies with vast Applause;
 All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,

And conqu'ring *Mars* insults the Queen of Love.

So laugh'd he, when the rightful *Titan* fail'd,

And *Jove's* usurping Arms in Heav'n prevail'd.

Laugh'd all the Pow'rs who favour Tyranny;

And all the Standing Army of the Sky.

But *Venus* with dejected Eyes appears,

And weeping, on the Lifts distill'd her Tears;

Her Will refus'd, which grieves a Woman most,

And in her Champion foil'd, the Cause of Love is lost.

Till *Saturn* said, Fair Daughter, now be still,

The blustering Fool has satisfy'd his Will:

His Boon is giv'n; his Knight has gain'd the Day,

But lost the Prize, th' Arrears are yet to pay.

Thy Hour is come, and mine the Care shall be

To please thy Knight, and set thy Promise free.

Now while the Heralds run the Lists around,
And *Arcite, Arcite*, Heav'n and Earth resound;
A Miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their Joy with unexpected Sorrow pall'd.
The Victor Knight had laid his Helm aside,
Part for his Ease, the greater part for Pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the Salutations of the Crowd.
Then spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where *Theseus* sat on his Imperial Throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his Eye,
Where next the Queen was plac'd his *Emily*;
Then passing, to the Saddle-bow he bent,
A sweet Regard the gracious Virgin lent:
(For Women, to the Brave an easie Prey,
Still follow Fortune, where she leads the Way:)
Just then, from Earth sprung out a flashing Fire,
By *Pluto* sent, at *Saturn's* bad Desire:
The startling Steed was seiz'd with sudden Fright,
And, bounding, o'er the Pommel cast the Knight:
Forward he flew, and pitching on his Head,
He quiver'd with his Feet, and lay for Dead.

Black was his Count'nance in a little space,
 For all the Blood was gather'd in his Face.
 Help was at hand; they rear'd him from the Ground,
 And from his cumbrous Arms his Limbs unbound;
 Then lanc'd a Vein, and watch'd returning Breath;
 It came, but clogg'd with Symptoms of his Death.
 The Saddle-bow the Noble Parts had prest,
 All bruise'd and mortify'd his Manly Brest.
 Him still entranc'd, and in a Litter laid,
 They bore from Field, and to his Bed convey'd.
 At length he wak'd, and with a feeble Cry,
 The Word he first pronounc'd was *Emily*.

Mean time the King, tho' inwardly he mourn'd,
 In Pomp triumphant to the Town return'd,
 Attended by the Chiefs, who fought the Field;
 (Now friendly mix'd, and in one Troop compell'd.)
 Compos'd his Looks to counterfeited Cheer,
 And bade them not for *Arcite's* Life to fear.
 But that which gladdened all the Warrior Train,
 Tho' most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
 The Surgeons soon despoil'd 'em of their Arms,
 And some with Salves they cure, and some with
 Charms.

Foment the Bruises, and the Pains assuage,
And heal their inward Hurts with Sov'reign
Draughts of Sage.

The King in Person visits all around,
Comforts the Sick, congratulates the Sound;
Honours the Princely Chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three Days a Royal Feast.
None was disgrac'd, for Falling is no Shame;
And Cowardice alone is loss of Fame.

The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown;
But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.

If Crowns and Palms the conqu'ring Side adorn,
The Victor under better Stars was born:
The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,
Nor overpow'r'd with Arms deserts his Cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can;
Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man.

Thus *Theseus* smil'd on all with equal Grace;
And each was set according to his Place.

With ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring Parts,
For Envy never dwells in Noble Hearts.

At length they took their Leave, the Time expir'd;
Well pleas'd; and to their sev'ral Homes retir'd.

Mean while the Health of *Arcite* still impairs;
From Bad proceeds to Worfe, and mocks the
Leeches Cares :

Swoln is his Breast, his inward Pains increase,
All Means are us'd, and all without Success.
The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of Art :
Nor breathing Veins, nor Cupping will prevail ;
All outward Remedies and inward fail :
The Mold of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,
Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void :
The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell :
All out of frame is ev'ry secret Cell,
Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expel. }
Those breathing Organs thus within oppress,
With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast.
Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxatife.
The midmost Region batter'd, and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is void.
For Physick can but mend our crazie State,
Patch an old Building, not a new create,

Arcite

Arcite is doom'd to die in all his Pride, [Bride,
Must leave his Youth, and yield his beauteous
Gain'd hardly, against Right, and unenjoy'd. }
When 'twas declar'd, all Hope of Life was past, }
Conscience, that of all Physick works the last; }
Caus'd him to send for *Emily* in haste. }

With her, at his Desire, came *Palamon*;
Then on his Pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
No Language can express the smallest Part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my Heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your Service I bequeath my Ghost;
Which from this mortal Body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your Side;
Nor fright you waking, nor your Sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your Steps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuse my faultring Tongue,
My Spirits feeble, and my Pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming *Emily*:
To die, when Heav'n had put you in my Pow'r,
Fate could not chuse a more malicious Hour!

What greater Curse could envious Fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!

Vain Men, how vanishing a Bliss we crave,
Now warm in Love, now with'ring in the Grave!
Never, O never more to see the Sun!

Still dark, in a damp Vault, and still alone!

This Fate is common; but I lose my Breath
Near Bliss, and yet not blest'd before my Death.

Farewell; but take me dying in your Arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your Charms.

This Hand I cannot but in Death resign;

Ah, could I live! But while I live 'tis mine.

I feel my End approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last.

Ah! my sweet Foe, for you, and you alone,

I broke my Faith with injur'd *Palamon*. [sighs,

But Love the Sense of Right and Wrong con-

Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds.

And much I doubt, should Heav'n my Life prolong,

I should return to justify my Wrong:

For while my former Flames remain within,

Repentance is but want of Pow'r to sin.

With mortal Hatred I purfu'd his Life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the Strife;
Nor I, but as I lov'd: Yet all combin'd,
Your Beauty, and my Impotence of Mind;
And his concurrent Flame, that blew my Fire;
For still our Kindred Souls had one Desire.
He had a Moment's Right in point of Time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the Crime.
Fate made it mine, and justify'd his Right;
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving Knight,
For Virtue, Valour, and for Noble Blood,
Truth, Honour, all that is compriz'd in Good;
So help me Heav'n, in all the World is none
So worthy to be lov'd as *Palamon*.

He loves you too; with such a holy Fire,
As will not, cannot but with Life expire:
Our vow'd Affections both have often try'd,
Nor any Love but yours could ours divide.
Then by my Loves inviolable Band,
By my long Suff'ring, and my short Command,
If e'er you plight your Vows when I am gone,
Have Pity on the faithful *Palamon*.

This was his last; for Death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his Iron Reign;
Then upward, to the Seat of Life he goes;
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
Yet could he not his closing Eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of *Emily* he saw:
So, speechless, for a little space he lay; [away.
Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd his Soul

But whither went his Soul? let such relate
Who search the Secrets of the future State:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all Sides must agree,
And Faith it self be lost in Certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save our selves, and not to damn the rest.
The Soul of *Arcite* went, where Heathens go,
Who better live than we, tho' less they know.

In *Palamon* a manly Grief appears;
Silent, he wept, ashamed to shew his Tears:
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then oppress'd
With Sorrow, sunk upon her Lover's Breast:

Till *Theseus* in his Arms convey'd with Care,
Far from so sad a Sight, the swooning Fair.
'Twere loss of Time her Sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the Sex a youthful Lover's Fate,
When just approaching to the Nuptial State.
But like a low-hung Cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The Face of Things is chang'd, and *Athens* now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the Scene of Woe:
Matrons and Maids, both Sexes, ev'ry State,
With Tears lament the Knight's untimely Fate.
Not greater Grief in falling *Troy* was seen
For *Hector's* Death; but *Hector* was not then.
Old Men with Dust deform'd their hoary Hair,
The Women beat their Breasts, their Cheeks they
tear.

Why wou'dst thou go, with one Consent they cry,
When thou hadst Gold enough, and *Emily*!

Theseus himself, who shou'd have cheer'd the
Of others, wanted now the same Relief. [Grief
Old *Egeus* only could revive his Son,
Who various Changes of the World had known;

And strange Vicissitudes of Human Fate,
 Still alt'ring, never in a steady State:
 Good after Ill, and after Pain, Delight;
 Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night:
 Since ev'ry Man who lives, is born to die,
 And none can boast sincere Felicity,
 With equal Mind, what happens, let us bear,
 Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things beyond
 our Care.

Like Pilgrims, to th'appointed Place we tend;
 The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End.
 Ev'n Kings but play; and when their Part is done,
 Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne.
 With Words like these the Crowd was satisfy'd,
 And so they would have been, had *Theseus* dy'd.

But he, their King, was lab'ring in his Mind,
 A fitting Place for Fun'ral Poms to find,
 Which were in Honour of the Dead design'd.
 And after long Debate, at last he found
 (As Love it self had mark'd the Spot of Ground)
 That Grove for ever green, that conscious Lawnd,
 Where he with *Palamon* fought Hand to Hand;

That where he fed his amorous Desires
With soft Complaints, and felt his hottest Fires,
There other Flames might waste his Earthly Part,
And burn his Limbs, where Love had burn'd his
Heart.

This once resolv'd, the Peasants were enjoin'd
Sere Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find.
With sounding Axes to the Grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the Fewel on a Row,
Vulcanian Food: A Bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid
The Corps of *Arcite*, in like Robes array'd.
White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head
A Wreath of Laurel, mix'd with Myrtle, spread.
A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,
The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field:
Bare was his manly Visage on the Bier;
Menac'd his Count'nance; ev'n in Death severe.
Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight,
To lie in solemn State, a Publick Sight.
Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crowded Place,
And unaffected Sorrow sate on ev'ry Face.

Sad *Palamon* above the rest appears,
 In Sable Garments, dew'd with gushing Tears :
 His Aubourn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd,
 Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd :
 But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,
 A Virgin-Widow, and a *Mourning Bride*.
 And that the Princely Obsequies might be
 Perform'd according to his high Degree,
 The Steed that bore him living to the Fight,
 Was trapp'd with polish'd Steel, all shining bright,
 And cover'd with th' Atchievements of the Knight. }
 The Riders rode abreast, and one his Shield,
 His Lance of Cornel-wood another held;
 The third his Bow, and glorious to behold,
 The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold.
 The Noblest of the *Grecians* next appear,
 And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier ;
 With sober Pace they march'd, and often staid,
 And thro' the Master-Street the Corps convey'd.
 The Houses to their Tops with Black were spread,
 And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning hid.
 The Right-side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,
 And on the Left the Royal *Theseus* wept :

Each bore a Golden Bowl of Work Divine, [Wine.
With Honey fill'd, and Milk, and mix'd with ruddy
Then *Palamon* the Kinsman of the Slain,
And after him appear'd th' Illustrious Train:
To grace the Pomp, came *Emily* the Bright,
With cover'd Fire, the Fun'ral Pile to light.
With high Devotion was the Service made,
And all the Rites of Pagan-Honour paid:
So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,
With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft below.
The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,
With crackling Straw beneath in due Proportion
strow'd.

The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,
With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,
To feed the Flames: The Trees were unctuous Fir, }
And Mountain-Ash, the Mother of the Spear; }
The Mourner Eugh, and Builder Oak were there: }
The Beech, the swimming Alder, and the Plane, }
Hard Box, and Linden of a softer Grain, [ordain. }
And Laurels, which the Gods for conqu'ring Chiefs }
How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry Tree;

Nor how the Dryads, and the woodland Train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the Plain:

Nor how the Birds to foreign Seats repair'd,
Or Beasts, that bolted out, and saw the Forest bar'd:
Nor how the Ground, now clear'd, with gaffly
Fright

Beheld the sudden Sun, a Stranger to the Light.

The Straw, as first I said, was laid below;
Of Chips and Sere-wood was the second Row;
The third of Greens, and Timber newly felled;
The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held,
And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich Array;
In midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.

The Service sung, the Maid with mourning Eyes
The Stubble fir'd; the smouldring Flames arise:
This Office done, she sunk upon the Ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her Swoond,
I want the Wit in moving Words to dress,
But by themselves the tender Sex may guess.

While the devouring Fire was burning fast,
Rich Jewels in the Flame the Wealthy cast; [threw,
And some their Shields, and some their Lances
And gave the Warrior's Ghost a Warrior's Due.

Full Bowls of Wine, of Hony, Milk, and Blood,
Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood,
And hissing Flames receive, and hungry lick the
Food. .

Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around
The Fire, and *Arcite's* Name they thrice resound:
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice again, [again:
Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring Shields:
The Women mix their Cries; and Clamour fills the
The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night, [Fields.
And fun'ral Games were play'd at new-returning
Light:

Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with Oil,
Or who with Gantlets gave or took the Foil,
I will not tell you, nor wou'd you attend;
But briefly haste to my long Story's End.

I pass the rest; the Year was fully mourn'd,
And *Palamon* long since to *Thebes* return'd,
When, by the *Grecians* general Consent,
At *Athens Theseus* held his Parliament:
Among the Laws that pass'd, it was decreed, [freed;
That conquer'd *Thebes* from Bondage shou'd be

Reserving Homage to th' *Arbemian* Throne,
 To which the Sov'reign summon'd *Palamon*.
 Unknowing of the Cause, he took his Way,
 Mournful in Mind, and still in black Array.

[high,
 The Monarch mounts the Throne, and plac'd on
 Commands into the Court the beauteous *Emily*;
 So call'd, she came; the Senate rose, and paid
 Becoming Rev'rence to the Royal Maid.
 And first soft Whispers through th' Assembly went:
 With silent Wonder then they watch'd th' Event:
 All hush'd, the King arose with awful Grace,
 Deep Thought was in his Breast, and Counsel in his
 At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd [Face.
 Th' attentive Audience, thus his Will declar'd.

The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above
 Hung down on Earth the golden Chain of Love:
 Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,
 When Peace among the jarring Seeds he sent.
 Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were bound,
 And Love, the common Link, the new Creation
 crown'd!

The Chain still holds; for though the Forms decay,
 Eternal Matter never wears away:

The same first Mover certain Bounds has plac'd,
 How long those perishable Forms shall last;
 Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd
 By that All-seeing, and All-making Mind:
 Shorten their Hours they may; for Will is free;
 But never pass th' appointed Destiny.
 So Men oppress'd, when weary of their Breath,
 Throw off the Burden, and stubborn their Death.
 Then since those Forms begin, and have their End,
 On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend:
 Parts of the Whole are we; but God the Whole;
 Who gives us Life, and animating Soul.
 For Nature cannot from a Part derive
 That Being, which the Whole can only give:
 He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
 Subject to Change, and different in Degree.
 Plants, Beasts, and Man; and as our Organs are,
 We more or less of his Perfection share.
 But by a long Descent, th' Etherial Fire
 Corrupts; and Forms, the mortal Part, expire:
 As he withdraws his Virtue, so they pass,
 And the same Matter makes another Mass:

This Law th' Omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,
That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live:
That Individuals die, his Will ordains;
The propagated Species still remains,
The Monarch-Oak, the Patriarch of the Trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow Degrees:
Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in State; and in three more decays:
So wears the paving Pebble in the Street,
And Towns and Tow'rs their fatal Periods meet,
So Rivers, rapid once, now ~~naked~~ lye, [dry.
Forfaken of their Springs; and leave their Channels
So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat,
Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid;
Then, helpless, in his Mother's Lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man,
Grudges their Life, from whence his own began.
Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne:

First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of Three Souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus; but thousands more in Flow'r of Age:
For few arrive to run the latter Stage.
Sunk in the first, in Battel some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy Main.
What makes all this, but *Jupiter* the King,
At whose Command we perish, and we spring?
Then 'tis our best; since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a Virtue of Necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain:
And cou'd we chuse the Time, and chuse aright,
'Tis best to die, our Honour at the height.
When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,
But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame;
Then should we wish our happy Life to close,
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose:
So should we make our Death a glad Relief,
From future Shame, from Sicknefs, and from Grief:
Enjoying while we live the present Hour,
And dying in our Excellence, and Flow'r.

Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend shou'd run,
And joy us of our Conquest, early won:

While the malicious World with envious Tears
Shou'd grudge our happy End, and wish it theirs.

Since then our *Arcite* is with Honour dead,
Why shou'd we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed? }

With Grief as just, a Friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul Prison to free Air restor'd.

Ought he to thank his Kinsman, or his Wife,
Cou'd Tears recall him into wretched Life!

Their Sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
And worse than both, offends his happy Ghost.

What then remains, but after past Annoy,
To take the good Vicissitude of Joy?

To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live?

Ordain we then two Sorrows to combine,
And in one Point th' Extremes of Grief to join;
That thence resulting Joy may be renew'd,
As jarring Notes in Harmony conclude.

Then I propose, that *Palamon* shall be
In Marriage join'd with beauteous *Emily*;

For

For which already I have gain'd th' Assent
Of my free People in full Parliament.
Long Love to her has born the faithful Knight,
And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him Right:
'Tis time to mend her Fault; since *Emily*
By *Arcite's* Death from former Vows is free:
If you, Fair Sister, ratifie th' Accord,
And take him for your Husband, and your Lord,
'Tis no Dishonour to confer your Grace
On one descended from a Royal Race:
And were he less, yet Years of Service past
From grateful Souls exact Reward at last:
Pity is Heav'n's and yours: Nor can she find
A Throne so soft as in a Woman's Mind.

He said; she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by Might,
Seem'd to give *Thefeus*, what she gave the Knight.
Then turning to the *Theban*, thus he said;
Small Arguments are needful to persuade
Your Temper to comply with my Command;
And speaking thus, he gave *Emilia's* Hand.
Smil'd *Venus*, to behold her own true Knight
Obtain the Conquest, though he lost the Fight,
And bless'd with Nuptial Bliss the sweet labori-
ous Night.

Eros, and *Anteros*, on either Side, [Bride;
One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the
And long-attending *Hymen* from above
Showr'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian* Grove.
All of a Tenour was their After-Life,
No Day discolour'd with Domestick Strife;
No Jealousie, but mutual Truth believ'd,
Secure Repose, and Kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heav'n, beyond the Compass of his Thought,
Sent him the Blessing he so dearly bought: --

So may the Queen of Love long Duty bless,
And all true Lovers find the same Success.

The End of the Third Book.



To my Honour'd Kinsman,

JOHN DRIDEN,

OF

Chesterton in the County of
Huntingdon, Esq;



OW Bess'd is He, who leads a Country
Life,

Unvex'd with anxious Cares, and void
of Strife!

Who studying Peace, and shunning Civil Rage,
Enjoy'd his Youth, and now enjoys his Age:
All who deserve his Love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.

Just, Good, and Wise, contending Neighbours
come

From your Award, to wait their final Doom;

And, Foes before, return in Friendship home.

Without their Cost, you terminate the Cause;
 And save th' Expence of long Litigious Laws:
 Where Suits are travers'd; and so little won,
 That he who conquers, is but last undone:
 Such are not your Decrees; but so design'd,
 The Sanction leaves a lasting Peace behind;
 Like your own Soul, Serene; a Pattern of
 your Mind.

Promoting Concord, and composing Strife,
 Lord of your self, uncumber'd with a Wife;
 Where, for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
 Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight:
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
 Though pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were curs'd.
 For Man and Woman, though in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to Two.
 He to God's Image, She to His was made;
 So, farther from the Fount, the Stream at random
 stray'd.

How cou'd He stand, when put to double Pain,
 He must a Weaker than himself sustain!
 Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
 Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my Verse wou'd blemish all the Fair; }
But yet, if *some* be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware; }
And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the }
Snare, }

Thushave you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd State,
Trusting as little as you can to Fate.

No Porter guards the Passage of your Door;
T'admit the Wealthy, and exclude the Poor:
For God, who gave the Riches, gave the Heart
To sanctifie the Whole, by giving Part; [wrought,
Heav'n, who foresaw the Will, the Means has
And to the second Son, a Blessing brought:
The First-begotten had his Father's Share;
But you, like *Jacob*, are *Rebecca's* Heir.

So may your Stores, and fruitful Fields increase;
And ever be you blest'd, who live to bless.
As *Ceres* sow'd, where-e'er her Chariot flew;
As Heav'n in Desarts rain'd the Bread of Dew,
So free to Many, to Relations most,
You feed with Manna your own *Israel*-Host.

With Crowds attended of your ancient Race,
You seek the Champian-Sports, or Sylvan-Chace;

With well-breath'd Beagles, you furround the
Wood;

Ev'n then, industrious of the common Good:
And often have you brought the wily Fox
To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks;
Chas'd ev'n amid the Folds; and made to bleed,
Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous Deed.
This fiery Game, your active Youth maintain'd:
Not yet, by Years extinguish'd, though restrain'd:
You season still with Sports your serious Hours;
For Age but tastes of Pleasures, Youth devours.
The Hare, in Pastures or in Plains is found,
Emblem of human Life, who runs the Round;
And, after all his wand'ring Ways are done,
His Circle fills, and ends where he begun, }
Just as the Setting meets the Rising Sun.

Thus Princes ease their Cares: But happier he,
Who seeks not Pleasure thro' Necessity,
Than such as once on slipp'ry Thrones were plac'd;
And chafing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.

So liv'd our Sires, ere Doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs, the Weekly Bill.

The first Physicians by Debauch were made:
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
Pity the gen'rous Kind their Cares bestow
To search forbidden Truths; (a Sin to know :)
To which, if human Science cou'd attain,
The Doom of Death, pronounc'd by God, were
In vain the Leech wou'd interpose Delay; [vain.
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the Prey.
What Help from Arts Endeavours can we have!
'*Guibbons* but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But *Maurus* sweeps whole Parishes, and Peoples
ev'ry Grave.

And no more Mercy to Mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd *Maro's* Muse.
Wou'dst thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole?
Trust *Maurus* with thy Life, and *M--lb--rn* with thy
Soul.

[Food;
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their
Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood:
But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten.
Better to hunt in Fields, for Health unbought,
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.

The Wife, for Cure, on Exercise depend;
 God never made his Work, for Man to mend.

The Tree of Knowledge, once in *Eden* plac'd,
 Was easie found, but was forbid the Taste:
 O, had our Grandfire walk'd without his Wife,
 He first had fought the better Plant of Life!
 Now, both are lost: Yet, wandering in the dark,
 Physicians for the Tree, have found the Bark:
 They, lab'ring for Relief of Human Kind,
 With sharpen'd Sight some Remedies may find;
 Th' Apothecary-Train is wholly blind. }
 From Files, a Random-*Recipe* they take,
 And Many Deaths of One Prescription make.
Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and gives;
 The Shop-man sells; and by Destruction lives:
 Ungrateful Tribe! who, like the Viper's Brood,
 From Med'cine issuing, suck their Mother's Blood!
 Let These obey; and let the Learn'd prescribe;
 That Men may die, without a double Bribe:
 Let Them, but under their Superiors kill;
 When Doctors first have sign'd the bloody Bill:
 He scapes the best, who Nature to repair, [Air.
 Draws Physick from the Fields, in Draughts of Vital

You hoard not Health, for your own private Use;
But on the Publick spend the rich Produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be Great,
Your Country calls you from your lov'd Retreat,
And sends to Senates, charg'd with Common Care,
Which none more shuns; and none can better bear.
Where cou'd they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid Sense, a spritely Wit!
Were these both wanting, (as they both abound)
Where cou'd so firm Integrity be found?

Well-born, and Wealthy; wanting no Support,
You steer betwixt the Country and the Court:
Nor gratifie whate'er the Great desire,
Nor grudging give, what Publick Needs require.
Part must be left, a Fund when Foes invade;
And Part employ'd to roll the Watry Trade:
Ev'n *Canaan's* happy Land, when worn with Toil,
Requir'd a Sabbath-Year, to mend the meagre Soil.

Good Senators, (and such are you,) so give,
That Kings may be supply'd, the People thrive.
And He, when Want requires, is truly Wise,
Who flights not Foreign Aids, nor over-buys;
But, on our Native Strength, in time of Need, relies.

Munster was bought, we boast not the Success;
Who fights for Gain, for greater, makes his Peace.

Our Foes, compell'd by Need, have Peace em-
The Peace both Parties want, is like to last. [brac'd:

Which, if secure, securely we may trade;

Or, not secure, shou'd never have been made.

Safe in our selves, while on our selves we stand,

The Sea is ours, and that defends the Land.

Be, then, the Naval Stores the Nation's Care,

New Ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the War, in ev'ry Annual Course;

What has been done, was done with *British* Force:

Namur Subdu'd, is *England's* Palm alone;

The Rest besieg'd; but we Constrain'd the Town:

We saw th' Event that follow'd our Success;

France, though pretending Arms, pursu'd the Peace;

Oblig'd, by one sole Treaty, to restore

What Twenty Years of War had won before.

Enough for *Europe* has our *Albion* fought:

Let us enjoy the Peace our Blood has bought.

When once the *Persian* King was put to Flight,

The weary *Macedons* refus'd to fight:

Themselves their own Mortality confess'd;
And left the Son of *Jove*, to quarrel for the rest.

Ev'n Victors are by Victories undone;
Thus *Hannibal*, with Foreign Laurels won, }
To *Carthage* was recall'd, too late to keep his own. }
While sore of Battel, while our Wounds are green,
Why shou'd we tempt the doubtful Dye agen?
In Wars renew'd, uncertain of Success,
Sure of a Share, as Umpires of the Peace.

A Patriot, both the King and Country serves;
Prerogative, and Privilege preserves:
Of Each, our Laws the certain Limit shew;
One must not ebb, nor t' other overflow:
Betwixt the Prince and Parliament we stand;
The Barriers of the State on either Hand: }
May neither overflow, for then they drown the }
Land. }

When both are full, they feed our blest'd Abode;
Like those, that water'd once, the Paradife of God.

Some Overpoise of Sway, by Turns they share;
In Peace the People, and the Prince in War:

Consuls of mod'rate Pow'r in Calms were made;
When the *Gauls* came, one sole Dictator sway'd.

Patriots, in Peace, assert the Peoples Right;
With noble Stubbornness resisting Might:
No Lawless Mandates from the Court receive,
Nor lend by Force; but in a Body give.
Such was your gen'rous Grandfire; free to grant
In Parliaments, that weigh'd their Prince's Want:
But so tenacious of the Common Cause,
As not to lend the King against his Laws.

And, in a loathsom Dungeon doom'd to lie,
In Bonds retain'd his Birthright Liberty,
And sham'd Oppression, till it set him free. }

O true Descendent of a Patriot Line, [thine,
Who, while thou shar'st their Lustre, lend'st 'em
Vouchsafe this Picture of thy Soul to see;
'Tis so far Good, as it resembles thee:
The Beauties to th' Original I owe;
Which, when I miss, my own Defects I show:
Nor think the Kindred-Muses thy Disgrace;
A Poet is not born in ev'ry Race.

Two of a House, few Ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy Actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my Praise, to make thy Praises last.
For ev'n when Death dissolves our Human Frame,
The Soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came; }
Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the Fame. }





Meleager and Atalanta,

Out of the Eighth Book of

OVID'S *Metamorphosis*.

CONNEXION to the former STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the Tribute of Children, (which was impos'd on them by Minos King of Creta) by killing the Minotaur, here makes a Digression to the Story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial Connexions in all the Metamorphoses: For he only says, that Theseus obtain'd such Honour from that Combate, that all Greece had recourse to him in their Necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon; though the Heroe of that Country, Prince Meleager, was then living.



FROM him, the *Caledonians* sought
Relief;
Though valiant *Meleagrus* was their
Chief.

The Cause, a Boar, who ravag'd far and near :
Of *Cynthia's* Wrath, th'avenging Minister.
For *Oeneus* with Autumnal Plenty blest'd,
By Gifts to Heav'n his Gratitude express'd:
Cull'd Sheafs, to *Ceres*; to *Lyæus*, Wine;
To *Pan*, and *Pales*, offer'd Sheep and Kine;
And Fat of Olives, to *Minerva's* Shrine. }
Beginning from the Rural Gods, his Hand
Was lib'ral to the Pow'rs of high Command:
Each Deity in ev'ry Kind was blest'd,
Till at *Diana's* Fane th'invidious Honour ceas'd.

Wrath touches ev'n the Gods ; the Queen of
Night

Fir'd with Disdain, and jealous of her Right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious Act shall be.

Swift as the Word, she sped the Boar away,
With Charge on those devoted Fields to prey.

No larger Bulls th' *Ægyptian* Pastures feed,
 And none so large *Sicilian* Meadows breed:
 His Eye-balls glare with Fire suffus'd with Blood;
 His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood;
 His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
 And stands erected, like a Field of Spears.
 Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound,
 And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.
 For Tusks with *Indian* Elephants he strove,
 And *Jove's* own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
 He burns the Leaves; the scorching Blast invades
 The tender Corn, and shrivels up the Blades:
 Or suff'ring not their yellow Beards to rear,
 He tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the
 Year.

In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,
 Nor Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd abroad:
 In vain the Hinds the Threshing-Floor prepare,
 And exercise their Flails in empty Air.
 With Olives ever-green the Ground is strow'd,
 And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.
 Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep [keep.
 Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can
 ‡ From

From Fields to Walls the frightened Rabble run,
 Nor think themselves secure within the Town:
 Till *Meleagros*, and his chosen Crew,
 Contemn the Danger, and the Praise pursue.
 Fair *Leda's* Twins (in time to Stars decreed)
 One fought on Foot, one curb'd the fiery Steed;
 Then issu'd forth fam'd *Jason* after These,
 Who mann'd the foremost Ship that sail'd the Seas;
 Then *Theseus* join'd with bold *Perithous* came;
 A single Concord in a double Name:
 • The *Thestian* Sons, *Idas* who swiftly ran,
 And *Ceneus*, once a Woman, now a Man.
Lynceus, with Eagles Eyes, and Lion's Heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring Dart;
Acastus, *Phileus*, *Phænix*, *Telamon*,
Echion, *Lelex*, and *Eurytion*,
Achilles' Father, and Great *Phocus'* Son;
Dryas the Fierce, and *Hippasus* the Strong;
 With twice old *Iolas*, and *Nestor* then but young.
Laertes active, and *Ancæus* bold;
Mopsus the Sage, who future Things foretold;
 And t' other Seer, yet by his Wife * unfold.

K

* *Amphiarus*.

A thousand others of immortal Fame;
Among the rest, fair *Atalanta* came,
Grace of the Woods: A Diamond Buckle bound
Her Vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the
Ground,

And shew'd her buskin'd Legs; her Head was bare,
But for her Native Ornament of Hair;
Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above,
Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love!
Her sounding Quiver, on her Shoulder ty'd,
One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.
Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd
A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.

The *Caledonian* Chief at once the Dame
Beheld, at once his Heart receiv'd the Flame,
With Heav'n's averse. O happy Youth, he cry'd;
For whom thy Fates reserve so fair a Bride!
He sigh'd, and had no leisure more to say;
His Honour call'd his Eyes another way,
And forc'd him to pursue the now neglected Prey.

There stood a Forest on a Mountain's Brow,
Which over-look'd the shaded Plains below.

No sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite ;
Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight.

The *Heroes* there arriv'd, some spread around
The Toils, some search the Footsteps on the
Ground :

Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound.
Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
The Chiefs their honourable Danger fought:
A Valley flood below ; the common Drain
Of Waters from above, and falling Rain:
The Bottom was a moist and marshy Ground,
Whose Edges were with bending Oziers crown'd:
The knotty Bulrush next in Order stood,
And all within of Reeds a trembling Wood. [again

From hence the Boar was rows'd, and sprung
Like Lightning sudden, on the Warrior-Train ;
Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the
Ground,

The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound ;
Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring around.
All stood with their protended Spears prepar'd,
With broad Steel Heads the brandish'd Wea-
pons glar'd.

The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside
Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide:
All spend their Mouth aloof, but none abide.
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his Mark,
And stuck his Boar-spear on a Maple's Bark.
Then *Jason*; and his Javelin seem'd to take,
But fail'd with Over-force, and whiz'd above his
Back.

Mopsus was next; but ere he threw, address'd
To *Phæbus*, thus: O Patron, help thy Priest:
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy Pow'r Divine, thy present Aid afford;
That I may reach the Beast. The God allow'd
His Pray'r, and smiling, gave him what he cou'd:
He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the Javelin as it flew.

This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames expire,
And his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.
Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown,
Amid the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,
As flew the Beast: The Left Wing put to flight,
The Chiefs o'er-born, he rushes on the Right.

Empalamos and *Pelagon* he laid
 In Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid.
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,
 The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
 And cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more sustain
 The Bulk; the Bulk unprop'd, falls headlong on the
Nestor had fail'd the Fall of *Troy* to see, [Plain.
 But leaning on his Lance, he vaulted on a Tree;
 Then gath'ring up his Feet, look'd down with Fear,
 And thought his monstrous Foe was still too near.
 Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds,
 And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds;
 Then, trusting to his Arms, young *Othrys* found,
 And ranch'd his Hips with one continu'd Wound.
 Now *Leda's* Twins, the future Stars, appear;
 White were their Habits, white their Horfes were:
 Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
 Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the Foe:
 Nor had they miss'd; but he to Thickets fled,
 Conceal'd from aiming Spears, not perview to
 the Steed.

But *Telamon* rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
A rising Root, that held his fastned Feet;
So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the Ground,
His Brother from the Wooden Gyves unbound.

Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not slow
T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow:
Beneath his Ear the fastned Arrow stood,
And from the Wound appear'd the trickling Blood.
She blush'd for Joy: But *Meleagros* rais'd
His Voice with loud Applause, and the fair Ar-
cher prais'd.

He was the first to see, and first to show
His Friends the Marks of the successful Blow.
Nor shall thy Valour want the Praises due,
He said; a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew.
They shout; the Shouting animates their Hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging Darts:
But out of Order thrown, in Air they joyn;
And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.
With both his Hands the proud *Ancaeus* takes,
And flourishes his double-biting Ax:
Then forward to his Fate, he took a Stride
Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd,