THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

VOLUME SEVENTH;

Containing

PARNELL, GARTH, ROWE, ADDISON,	HUGHES, SHEFFIELD, PRIOR, CONGREVE,	BLACKMORE, FENTON, GRANVILLE, AND YALDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH; AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTE;
AND J. MUNDELL & CO. EDINBURGH.

1795.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.

Containing

THE HERMIT,
THE RISE OF WOMAN,
THE VIGIL OF VENUS,
FAIRY TALE,
ALLEGORY ON MAN,
NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH,

ELYSIUM,
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE,
EPISTLES,
SONGS,
ANACREONTICS,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet ſung,
Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue!
Oh! juſt beheld and loſt, admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſweeteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in every ſtrain,
Dear to the muſe, to Harley dear in vain!—
Recal thoſe nights, which clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays.

POPE'S EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

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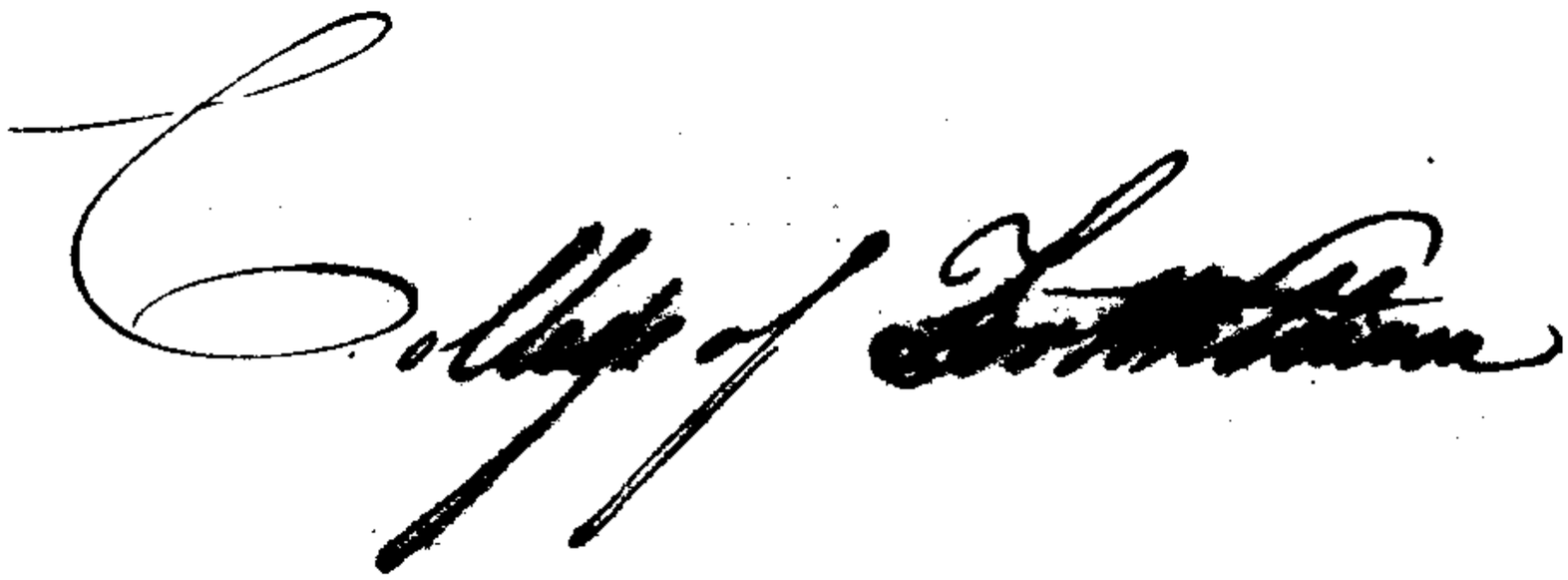

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کتاب کالج فورٹ ولیم
किताब कालिज फोर्टविलियम
पुस्तक कालेज फोर्टउलियम

THE LIFE OF PARNELL.

For the life of Parnell, the world is obliged to Goldſmith, a biographer worthy of his virtue and his genius. It is much to be regretted, that ſo maſterly a writer had not the means of being more completely informed. Goldſmith not only did not know him himſelf, but was "obliged to take his character from ſuch as knew but little of him, or who perhaps could have given very little information if they had known more."

The facts ſtated in the preſent account of Parnell, are principally taken from Goldſmith, whoſe narrative is written with an activity of reſearch, that leaves little to be ſupplied, and an agreeable manner of communication, that approaches ſo near perfection, as to preclude the moſt diſtant hope of improvement.

"The life of Parnell is a taſk," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "which I ſhould very willingly decline, ſince it has been lately written by Goldſmith, a man of ſuch variety of powers, and ſuch felicity of performance, that he always ſeemed to do beſt, that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tedioufneſs, and general without confuſion; whoſe language was copious without exuberance, exact without conſtraint, and eaſy without weakneſs. What ſuch an author has told, who would tell again?"

Thomas Parnell was deſcended from an ancient family, that had for ſome centuries been ſettled at Congleton, in Cheſhire. His father, Thomas Parnell, who had been attached to the Commonwealth party, upon the Reſtoration went over to Ireland, where he purchaſed an eſtate, which, with his lands in Cheſhire, deſcended to the poet, who was his eldeſt ſon, and ſtill remain in the family.

He was born in Dublin, in 1679, and received the firſt rudiments of his education at the ſchool of Dr. Jones, in that city.

When he was only thirteen years old, he was admitted a member of Trinity College, Dublin, which may be conſidered as a preſumption, that he had made great progreſs in learning at a very early age; for young men, propoſed to be entered at that Univerſity, are expected to be well acquainted with the Latin, and to have attained ſome proficiency in the Greek.

"His progreſs," ſays Goldſmith, "through the College courſe of ſtudy was probably marked with but little ſplendor; his imagination might have been too warm to reliſh the cold logic of Burgerdicius, or the dreary ſubtleties of Smiglefius; but it is certain, that as a claſſical ſcholar, few could equal him. His own compoſitions ſhew this, and the deference which the moſt eminent men of his time paid him upon that head, put it beyond a doubt."

He was admitted to the degree of Maſter of Arts, July 9. 1700, and was the ſame year ordained a deacon by Dr. King, Biſhop of Derry, having obtained a diſpenſation from the Primate, as being under the canonical age.

About three years afterwards, he was made a prieſt by Dr. King, then Archbiſhop of Dublin, and in 1705, Dr. St. George Aſhe, Biſhop of Clogher, conferred on him the Archdeaconry of Clogher.

About the ſame time, he married Miſs Anne Minchin, a young lady of great merit and beauty, upon whom he wrote the ſong beginning, *My days have been ſo wond'rous free,*

His firſt excurſions to England began about the year 1706, where his company was deſired, and his friendſhip was ſought by perſons of every rank and party, even before he made any figure in the literary world.

He had been bred a Whig, and for ſome time adhered to that party; but afterwards attached himſelf to the Tories. Private affection and friendſhip, have often a very powerful influence on political prin iples. Men of vigorous underſtandings, and of upright intentions, frequently approve of meaſures and ſyſtems, merely becauſe they are embraced or ſupported by men whom they love and eſteem.

He was the intimate friend of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Swift, and was probably induced to join the Tories by the perſuaſions and arguments of the latter; who, after he had joined that party himſelf, was very eager to make converts of other men of genius.

It is certain, whatever was the cauſe, that, at the diſmiſſion of the Whig Miniſtry, in the end of Queen Anne's reign, he changed his party, not without much cenſure from thoſe whom he deſerted, and was received, by the new Miniſtry, as a valuable reinforcement.

Swift introduced him to Harley, whom he had before highly prepoſſeſſed in his favour. When Harley was told, that Parnell waited among the crowd in an outer-room, he went, by the perſuaſion of Swift, with his Treaſurer's ſtaff in his hand, to bid him welcome; and admitted him as a favourite companion of his convivial hours. Pope compliments Harley on the delicacy of his choice of intimate friends, and mentions Parnell among the number.

For him, thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning fool to quit,
And pleas'd to 'ſcape from flattery to wit.

His companionable talents, and claſſical erudition, procured him admiſſion into the ſociety, called the *Scriblerus Club*, formed by Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Swift, and Jervas. It is probable, the club began with Parnell; for it is not mentioned, during his intimacy with Addiſon, Steele, and Congreve, previous to his connection with the Tory Miniſtry. How long it laſted is not exactly aſcertained. Few ſocieties have been productive of a greater variety of frolics and whimſical conceits. They wrote many things in conjunction; and, according to Goldſmith, Gay uſually was amanuenſis. Of thoſe joint productions, in which Parnell had a principal ſhare, the *Origin of the Sciences from the Monkies in Ethiopia* is particularly mentioned.

The connection between theſe wits advanced the fame and intereſt of them all. They ſubmitted their productions to the review of each other, and readily adopted alterations, dictated by taſte and judgment, unmixed with envy or any ſiniſter motive. With thoſe friends Parnell continued intimately connected during his life. Every year, as ſoon as he had collected the rents of his eſtate, and the revenue of his benefices, he came over to England, and ſpent ſome months. He lived in an elegant ſtyle, when he was in the world, and rather impaired than improved his eſtate.

Pope was particularly fond of Parnell's company, and ſeems to have been under ſeveral literary obligations to him, for his aſſiſtance in the tranſlation of Homer.

"My buſineſs," ſays he, "depends entirely upon you. The moment I loſt you, Euſtathius, with nine thouſand contractions of the Greek character, aroſe to view! Spedanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thouſand pages, (value three ſhillings) and Dacier's three volumes, Barnes's two, Valteries three, Cuperus, half in Greek, Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek, Scaliger, Macrobius, and (worſe than them all) Aulus Gellius! All theſe ruſhed upon my ſoul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the headach. Dear Sir, not only as you are a friend and a good natured man, but as you are a Chriſtian and a divine, come back ſpeedily, and prevent the increaſe of my ſins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I ſhall not only damn all poets and commentators who have gone before, but be damned myſelf by all who come after me. In ſhort, come down forthwith, or give me good reaſons for delaying, though but for a day or two, by the next poſt. If I find them juſt, I will come up to you, though you know how precious my time is at preſent; my hours were never worth ſo much money before."

Gay was obliged to Parnell on another account; for, being always poor, he was not above receiving from him the copy-money which he got for his writings.

"Your *Zoilus*," says Pope, "really transcends the expectation I had conceived of it. I have put it into the press, beginning with the poem *Batrachom*. Inform me upon what terms I am to deal with the bookseller, and whether you design the copy-money for Gay, as you formerly talked. I scarce see any thing to be altered in the whole piece. In the poem you sent, I will take the liberty you allow me. The story of *Pandora*, and *the Eclogue upon Health*, are the most beautiful things I ever read."

The *Life of Homer*, prefixed to the translation of the Iliad, was written by Parnell, and corrected by Pope; and he assures us, the correction was not effected without great labour. "It is still stiff," says he, "and was written still stiffer; as it is, I verily think, it cost me more pains in the correcting than the writing would have done." In one of his letters to Parnell, he treats the *Life of Homer* with much greater respect. "If I were to tell you," says he, "the thing I wish above all things, it is to see you again; the next is to see your treatise of *Zoilus*, with the *Batrachomuomachia*, and the *Pervigilium Veneris*, both which poems are master-pieces in their several kinds, and I question not, the prose is as excellent in its sort as the *Essay on Homer*."

Pope, in this instance, is almost inexcusable; as what he seems to condemn in one place, he very much applauds in another. What he says in both places may very easily be reconciled to truth; for every thing of Parnell's, that has appeared in prose, is written in a very awkward inelegant manner; but who can defend his candour and his sincerity?

It would be hard, however, to suppose, that there was no real friendship between these great men. The benevolence of Parnell's disposition remains unimpeached, and Pope, though subject to starts of passion and envy, yet never missed an occasion of being serviceable to him. When he had a miscellany to publish, he applied to Parnell for poetical assistance, and the latter as implicitly submitted to him for correction.

Parnell seems to have been one of those poets who take delight in writing. He was one of the contributors to the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and probably published more than he owned, and certainly wrote more than he published.

As he expected very reasonably to rise to high preferment in the Church, he applied himself to preaching, and displayed his elocution with great applause in the pulpits of London; but the Queen's death putting an end to his expectations, he abated in his diligence.

Amidst his expectations, he had the affliction to lose his wife, by whom he had two sons who died young, and a daughter, who was living in 1770. Swift, in his "Journal to Stella," Aug. 24. 1712, says, "I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together." This event is supposed to have made an indelible impression on his spirits, and Pope represents him as falling from that time into intemperance of wine.

He was now to derive every future addition to his preferments from his personal interest with his private friends. He was warmly recommended by Swift to Archbishop King, who gave him a prebend in 1713, and the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin, worth 400 l. a year, May 31. 1716. His gratitude is beautifully expressed in an encomiastic poem on *Swift's birth day*, 1713.

"Such notice from such a man," says Dr. Johnson, "inclines me to believe, that the vice of which he has been accused was not gross or notorious."

During the two or three last years of his life, he was more fond of company than ever, and could scarce bear to be alone. The death of his wife was a loss to him, that he was unable to support or recover. "From that time," says Goldsmith, "he could never venture to court the muse in solitude, where he was sure to find the image of her who first inspired his attempts. He began, therefore, to throw himself into every company, and to seek from wine, if not relief, at least insensibility. Those helps, that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth year, in some measure, a martyr to conjugal fidelity."

His end, whatever was the cause, was now approaching. He enjoyed his preferment little more than a year. The whole of his poetical existence was not of more than ten years continuance. In

this ſhort ſpace, he attained a ſhare of fame, equal to what moſt of his contemporaries were a long life in acquiring. He died at Cheſter, on his way to Ireland, in July 1717, in the 38thyear of his age, and was buried in Trinity Church in that city, without any monument to mark the place of his interment.

As he died without male iſſue, his eſtate devolved to his only nephew, Sir John Parnell, Bart. whoſe father was younger brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the juſtices of the King's Bench in Ireland.

He left many compoſitions behind him, of which Pope ſelected thoſe which he thought beſt, and publiſhed them in one volume 8vo., 1721, with a dedication to the Earl of Oxford. A poſthumous volume was printed at Dublin, in 1758. And both theſe volumes united, with ſeveral additional poems, collected by Mr. Nichols, were printed in the collection of the "Engliſh Poets," 1779 and 1790.

Parnell was a man of very great benevolence, and of very agreeable manners. His converſation is ſaid to have been extremely pleaſing, but in what its peculiar excellence conſiſted, is now unknown. His connections were extenſive, and his friends numerous and reſpectable. He was intimately acquainted with Addiſon, Steele and Congreve, and with Pope, Swift and Arbuthnot. Joined by kindred talents, and qualities, he loved, eſteemed, and revered his friends; and was by them loved, eſteemed, and revered. He was reſpected by the world as a man of ſuperior endowments. To talents, learning, and virtue were joined an ample eſtate, and conſiderable preferments in the church. Though not a very great œconomiſt, he was by no means ſo profuſe, as to have materially reduced his fortune. Goldſmith ſays, "he was the moſt capable man in the world to make the happineſs of thoſe he converſed with, and the leaſt able to ſecure his own. He wanted that evenneſs of diſpoſition, which bears diſappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference. He was ever very much elated or depreſſed, and his whole life ſpent in agony or rapture. But the turbulence of theſe paſſions only affected himſelf, and never thoſe about him; he knew the ridicule of his own character, and very effectually raiſed the mirth of his companions, as well at his vexations as at his triumphs. Indeed he took care, that his friends ſhould ſee him to the beſt advantage; for when he found his fits of ſpleen and uneaſineſs, which ſometimes laſted for weeks together, he returned, with all expedition, to the remote parts of Ireland, and then made out a gloomy kind of ſatisfaction, in giving hideous deſcriptions of the ſolitude to which he retired. Scarce a bog in his neighbourhood was left without reproach, *and ſcarce a mountain reared its head unſung.*"

"I have been once witneſs," ſays Pope in one of his letters to him, "of ſome, I hope all your ſplenetic hours; come and be a comforter to me in mine." In anſwer to one of his dreary deſcriptions, he ſays, "I can eaſily image to my thoughts, the ſolitary hours of your eremetical life in the mountains, from ſomething parallel to it in my own retirement at Binfield;" and in another place, "We are both miſerable enough ſituated, God knows; but of the two evils, I think the ſolitudes of the ſouth are to be preferred to the deſerts of the weſt." In this manner, Pope anſwered him in the tone of his own complaints, and theſe deſcriptions of his imaginary diſtreſſes ſerved to relieve himſelf, yet they were not ſo eaſily endured by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who did not care to confeſs themſelves his fellow ſufferers. He received many mortifications on that account among them; for being naturally fond of company, he could not endure to be without even theirs, which, however, among his Engliſh friends, he affected to deſpiſe. His conduct, in this particular, was rather ſplendid than wiſe; he had either loſt the art to engage, or did not employ his ſkill in ſecuring thoſe more permanent, though more humble connections; and ſacrificed, for a month or two, in England, a whole year's happineſs by his country fireſide.

The proſe writings of Parnell, are his papers in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, *Eſſay on Homer*, *Life of Zoilus*, and *Remarks of Zoilus*. In general they diſcover no very great degree of force or comprehenſiveneſs of mind; but they teem with imagination, and ſhow great learning, good ſenſe, and knowledge of mankind. The *Life of Zoilus* was written at the requeſt of his friends, and deſigned as a ſatire againſt Theobald and Dennis, with whom his club had been long at variance.

Conſidered as a poet, Parnell is not diſtinguiſhed for ſtrength of intellect or fertility of invention.

His taſte was delicate, and refined by a careful peruſal of the ancient claſſics. His admiration of thoſe models of fine writing, led to an imitation ſo cloſe, as often to preclude originality. There is little of novelty in the thoughts, the imagery, or the ſentiments of Parnell. But the thoughts are juſt; the images, though not great, are beautiful, well ſelected, and happily applied; the ſentiments, though not bold or impaſſioned, are natural and agreeable. The moral tendency is excellent, the verſification is ſweet and harmonious, and the language pure, proper, and correct.

The *Riſe of Woman* was one of his earlieſt productions. It is a very fine illuſtration of a hint from *Heſiod*. The Anacreontic, *When ſpring comes on with freſh delight*, is taken from the French, but ſuperior to the original. The imagery is beautiful, and the ſentiments natural and pleaſing. *Gay Bacchus*, &c. is a tranſlation from *Augurellus*; but the latter part is purely Parnell's. The *Fairy Tale* is inconteſtibly one of the fineſt pieces in any language. Perhaps none of his performances diſcover more genius. Wit and virtue, without beauty, becoming amiable in the eyes of a miſtreſs, in preference to beauty without wit and virtue, is finely deſcribed. The old dialect is not perfectly well preſerved; but that is a very ſlight defect where all the reſt is ſo excellent. The *Pervigilium Veneris*, aſcribed to Catullus, is very well tranſlated. It is replete with natural and impaſſioned deſcription, and the verſification is eaſy, flowing, and harmonious. In general, all Parnell's tranſlations are excellent. Goldſmith has very properly remarked, that in the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, the Greek names have not in Engliſh their original effect. The *Epiſtle to Pope* is one of the fineſt compliments that was ever paid to any poet. The praiſe is high, but diſcriminative and appropriate. That part of it where he deplores his being far from wit and learning, as being far from Pope, gave particular offence to his friends at home. The panegyric *on Swift* is not exceeded by it in diſcrimination of character, ſelection of imagery, and felicity of expreſſion.

The *Bookworm* is a tranſlation from *Beza*, with modern applications. The tranſlation of the deſcription of *Belinda* at her toilet in the *Rape of the Lock*, into monkiſh verſe, ſhows what a maſter Parnell was of the Latin language. The *Eclogue on Health* is ſimple and beautiful. The *Elegy on an Old Beauty* has little point or novelty. The *Allegory on Man* ſhows a vigour of genius, and compreſſion of thought, ſuperior to what appears in moſt of Parnell's pieces. The *Hymn to Contentment*, Dr. Johnſon ſuſpects to have been borrowed from Cleveland. The *Night Piece on Death* deſerves every praiſe. It is indirectly preferred by Goldſmith to Gray's "Elegy;" but, in Dr. Johnſon's opinion, Gray has the advantage in dignity, variety, and originality of ſentiment. The fabulous characters in the *Elyſium* are finely deſcribed, and the numbers are exquiſitely harmonious. The *Hermit* is the moſt popular of his performances. The object of the poem deſerves high praiſe for its piety and conduciveneſs to human happineſs. It is conſpicuous for beautiful deſcriptive narration. The meeting with a companion, and the houſes in which they are ſucceſſively entertained, of the vain man, the covetous man, and the good man, are pieces of very fine painting. It may be doubted whether the means employed for correcting the two firſt characters were altogether adequate to the purpoſe intended. It is not probable that a vain man would abſtain from a cuſtomary gratification of his vanity merely for the loſs of an inſtrument of it, to a man of his wealth ſo eaſily ſupplied. Habitual avarice is not uſually removed by unexpected acquiſitions. The general doctrine inculcated by the *Hermit's* companion is founded in the beſt philoſophy. The ſtory is in *Howell's Letters* and *More's Dialogues*; and Goldſmith ſuppoſes it to have been originally *Arabian*. Among his poſthumous pieces, the *Eſſay on the different Styles of Poetry*, and the *Viſion of Piety*, have ſome paſſages which deſerve commendation. Few of the *Scripture Pieces* require particular criticiſm; and ſome of them have been made public with very little credit to his reputation.

"Parnell appears to me," ſays Goldſmith, "to be the laſt of that great ſchool that had modelled itſelf upon the ancients, and taught Engliſh poetry to reſemble what the generality of mankind have allowed to excel. A ſtudious and correct obſerver of antiquity, he ſet himſelf to conſider nature with the light it lent him; and he found that the more aid he borrowed from the one, the more delightfully he reſembled the other. Parnell is ever happy in the ſelection of his

images, and ſingularly careful in the choice of his ſubjects. His poetical language is not leſs correct than his ſubjects are pleaſing. He has conſidered the language of poetry as the language of life, and conveys the warmeſt thoughts in the ſimpleſt expreſſions."

"The general character of Parnell," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "is, not great extent of comprehenſion, or fertility of mind; of the little that appears, ſtill leſs is his own. His praiſe muſt be derived from the eaſy ſweetneſs of his diction; in his verſes there is more happineſs than pains; he is ſprightly without effort, and always delights though he never raviſhes; every thing is proper, yet thing ſeems caſual. If there is ſome appearance of elaboration in the *Hermit*, the narrative, as it is leſs airy, is leſs pleaſing. Of his other compoſitions, it is impoſſible to ſay whether they are the productions of nature ſo excellent as not to want the help of art, or of art ſo refined as to reſemble nature.

"This criticiſm relates only to the pieces publiſhed by Pope. Of the large appendages which I found in the laſt edition, I can only ſay I know not whence they came, nor have ever inquired whither they are going. They ſtand upon the faith of the compilers."

XXXIII.A.13
S 71

POEMS.

HESIOD: OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT ancient times (thoſe times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long record of woman's riſe,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All theſe I ſing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew
His ſofteſt pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware
How heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The caſe was Heſiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, ſome with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies pleaſe;
I wave the conteſt, and commence the lays.
In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low-creation ſwarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, ſprung of heavenly birth,
(Our author's ſong can witneſs) liv'd on earth:
He carv'd the turf to mold a manly frame,
And ſtole from Jove his animating flame.
The ſly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the ſtars began:
O vers'd in arts! whoſe daring thoughts aſpire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory paſt, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And ſuch a gift, a vengeance ſo deſign'd,
As ſuits the counſel of a god to find;
A pleaſing boſom-cheat, a ſpecious ill,
Which felt the curſe, yet covets ſtill to feel.
He ſaid, and Vulcan ſtrait the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with ætherial hands;
In ſuch a ſhape to mold a riſing fair,
As virgin goddeſſes are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water ſhine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the power obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem to breathe.
As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms
Claſp'd the new-panting creature in her arms:
From that embrace a fine complexion ſpread,
Where mingled whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter red;
Then in a kiſs ſhe breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but ſtill a changing mind;
The liſp affected, and the glance deſign'd;
The ſweet confuſing bluſh, the ſecret wink,
The gentle ſwimming walk, the courteous ſink;
The ſtare for ſtrangeneſs fit, for ſcorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;
The practis'd languiſh, where well feign'd deſire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay ſmiles to comfort; April ſhowers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.
Gold ſcepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-creſted pride,
Strong ſovereign will, and ſome deſire to chide;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the ſex.
Minerva, ſkilful goddeſs, train'd the maid
To twirle the ſpindle by the twiſting thread;
To fix the loom, inſtruct the reeds to part,
Croſs the long weft, and cloſe the web with art,
An uſeful gift; but what profuſe expence,
What world of faſhions, took its riſe from hence!
Young Hermes next, a cloſe contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his ſerpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuſes fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours; the deſigning arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.
Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond perſuaſion tipp'd her eaſy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleaſing colours of the art of praiſe;
And wit, to ſcandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's ſpleen to cure its own.
Thoſe ſacred virgins whom the bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and ſhed a ſweetneſs there,

To make her ſenſe with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonſenſe pleaſe by ſound.
To dreſs the maid the decent graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd loves on every cover play'd;
Then ſpread thoſe implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the cloſe indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirror, where the raviſh'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected ſhade.
Fair Flora lent her ſtores; the purpled hours
Confin'd her treſſes with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath aroſe a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with ſerpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which cloſely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a ſlender waiſt)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' ſtatues have a robe to wear.
The new-ſprung creature, finiſh'd thus for harms,
Adjuſts her habit, practiſes her charms,
With bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively ſmiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then, conſcious of her worth, with eaſy pace
Glides by the glaſs, and turning views her face.
A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep cave, the ſiſter fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic ſongs deceive.
Flow from the rock, my flax! and ſwiftly flow,
Purſue thy thread; the ſpindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, riſes now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts diſtreſs the troubled ſcenes of life,
The fondling miſtreſs, and the ruling wife.
Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to ſacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dreſs to pleaſe with heart-alluring ſhow;
The ſhow prevailing, for the ſway contend,
And make a ſervant where they meet a friend.
Thus in a thouſand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee ſupports;
From ſun to ſun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the ſilk dreſs, and murmuring eat the gain.
Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whoſe temper betters by the father's ſide;
Unlike the reſt that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or reſolute to ſhare:
Happy the man whom thus his ſtars advance!
The curſe is general, but the bleſſing chance.
Thus ſung the ſiſters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the ſpring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With waſting airs the winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining vengeance ſafe below.
A golden coffer in her hand ſhe bore,
The preſent treacherous, but the bearer more;
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold ſhould aid and pangs attend on love.
Her gay deſcent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling ſtar:
But ſo ſurpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.
O'er all his veins the wandering paſſion burns,
He calls her nymph, and every nymph by turns:
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or ſwears that Venus' muſt be ſuch as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to teaze,
Neglects his offers while her airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful glances from the bended frown,
In briſk diſorder trips it up and down;
Then hums a careleſs tune to lay the ſtorm,
And ſits, and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields, in form.
"Now take what Jove deſign'd, ſhe ſoftly cry'd,
"This box thy portion, and myſelf the bride."
Fir'd with the proſpect of the double charms,
He ſnatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.
Unhappy man! to whom ſo bright ſhe ſhone,
The fatal gift, her tempting ſelf, unknown!
The winds were ſilent, all the waves aſleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep:
But, whilſt he looks unmindful of a ſtorm,
And thinks the water wears a ſtable form,
What dreadful din around his ears ſhall riſe!
What frowns confuſe his picture of the ſkies!
At firſt the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himſelf, and all the world his own.
For him the nymphs in green forſook the woods,
For him the nymphs in blue forſook the floods;
In vain the ſatyrs rage, the tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the ſecret cave.
No care deſtroy'd, no ſick diſorder prey'd,
No bending age his ſprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, poets tell us, 't was a golden age.
When woman came, thoſe ills the box confin'd
Burſt furious out, and poiſon'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progreſs grew:
The nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering nature wore a ſickly face:
New terms of folly roſe, new ſtates of care;
New plagues, to ſuffer, and to pleaſe, the fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finiſh'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean deſigns of well-diſſembled love;
The fordid matches never join'd above;
Abroad the labour, and at home the noiſe,
(Man's double ſufferings for domeſtic joys)
The curſe of jealouſy; expence and ſtrife;
Divorce, the public brand of ſhameful life;
The rival's ſword; the qualm that takes the fair;
Diſdain for paſſion, paſſion in deſpair—
Theſe, and a thouſand yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thouſand yet unnam'd behind!
Thus on Parnaſſus tuneful Heſiod ſung,
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,

The ſacred groves a fix'd attention ſhow,
The cryſtal Helicon forbore to flow,
The ſky grew bright, and (if his verſe be true)
The muſes came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If love ſwore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Though when it happen'd no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.
Where, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted ſhade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the raviſh'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Mileſian, kind Evanthe ſhe:
But ſwelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the ſecrets of the conſcious bower;
The dire diſgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her ſteps, to make its author known.
It chanc'd one evening, 't was the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Heſiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his ſeat where love had fix'd the ſcene;
A ſtrong ſuſpicion ſtrait poſſeſs their mind
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind),
But when Evanthe near the paſſage ſtood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and ſhot the wood,
"Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward."
And, urg'd with erring rage, aſſault the bard.
His corpſe the ſea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corpſe to ſhore.
Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And ſee the dreams of ancient wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the muſes round the body cry,
But hear a cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with inſulting hand,
And thus inſcribes the moral on the ſand.
"Here Heſiod lies: ye future bards, beware
"How far your moral tales incenſe the fair.
"Unlov'd, unloving, 't was his fate to bleed;
"Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
"He judg'd this turn of malice juſtly due,
"And Heſiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

SONG.

When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex, ſhe reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beſide,
But ſtill be a woman to you.

SONG.

Thyrsis, a young and amorous ſwain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart ſubdue:
Gay Celia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's eaſy ſhape and air
With ſofter magic drew.

He haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And ſeems for each to die;
Till, each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's ſhape ran down,
And ſhe Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the ſhepherd find
Thoſe eyes which love could only blind;
So ſet the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or ſtream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah, Cælia! fly Sabina cry'd,
Though neither love, we're both deny'd;
Now to ſupport the ſex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.

Poor girl, ſays Cælia, ſay no more;
For ſhould the ſwain but one adore,
That ſpite, which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

SONG.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

My days have been ſo wondrous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream?
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one ſigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines!
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye cloſe retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make fair Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

ANACREONTIC.

When spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns, salute the plain;
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That nature went to meet with love.
Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd, wait to fly.
When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing graces, idle joy,
Wanton smiles, and airy play
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And nature bid them sing to love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.
From the towering eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the sparrow flung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.
All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove,
And see, says love, who call'd me near,
How much I deal with nature here;
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart:
Then cease for fouls averse to sigh,
If nature cross you, so do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies.
But if the mutual charms I find
By which she links you mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
And strike from both, through both your hearts.

ANACREONTIC.

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's * wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,
Each sweet engaging grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
A lady of the sky;
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus tost his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid flung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stammering tongue,
With all his staggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;
And had I Homer's pen,

* A celebrated comedian and tavern-keeper.

I'd ſing ye, how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the graces fly,
Who make them ſoon agree:
Nay, had the furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept ſome darts to ſtir the cup,
Where ſack and ſugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' roſy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus cloſe embracing love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly curſing wit,
Roll'd off to ſome retreat;
Where boon companions gravely ſit
In fat unwieldy ſtate.

Bacchus and Jocus ſtill behind,
For one freſh glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive ſong;
For though ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's iſle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Though badly ſhap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be ſaid,
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above;
Yet, ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape could win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my ſong,
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive fairies made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds increaſe:
And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a gallant dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cry'd;
What morral of a wretched mind,
Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?

At this the ſwain, whoſe venturous ſoul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
"Nor have I cauſe of dread, he ſaid,
"Who view, by no preſumption led,
"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
"Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
"Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
"Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
"Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
"To make thee grief reſign;
"Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
"Whilſt I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
"Be little Mable thine."

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſic floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:

The reſt their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made,
As heart and lip deſire,
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But, now to pleaſe the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and ſing,
And antic feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at laſt, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To ſprawl uneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverſe my charm, he cries,
"And let it fairly now ſuffice
"The gambol has been ſhewn."
But Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
"Content thee Edwin for a while,
"The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſuch a caſe
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a danting as he walks,
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erſt approv'd,
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befel,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall;
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And muſic fills the hall.

But certes ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir Topas ſees the Elphin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him die:
When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
"A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the ſky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapleſs youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity grant;
For als he been a miſter wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

"A Loſell vile, at once they roar:
"And little ſkill'd of fairy lore,
"Thy cauſe to come, we know:
"Now has thy keſtrel courage ſell;
"And fairies, ſince a lie you tell,
"Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoiſe, in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never ſpell by fairy laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin loſt afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurſe ared;
She ſoftly ſtroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus ſome are born, my ſon, ſhe cries,
"With baſe impediments to riſe,
"And ſome are born with none.

"But virtue can itſelf advance
"To what the favourite fools of chance
"By fortune ſeem'd deſign'd;

"Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
"And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
"Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

Written in the time of Julius Cæſar, and by ſome aſcribed to Catullus.

LET thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

The ſpring, the new, the warbling ſpring appears,
The youthful ſeaſon of reviving years;
In ſpring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation chooſe their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with deſcending rain,
And dreſt in differing greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow Beauty's empreſs roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the flooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,
Then, rais'd ſublimely on her eaſy throne,
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.
Let thoſe now love, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
'Twas on that day which ſaw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celeſtial blood;
Wandering in circles ſtood the finny crew,
The midſt was left a void expanſe of blue,
There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione roſe.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
She paints the purple year with vary'd ſhow,
Tips the green gem, and makes the bloſſom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and ſhade the naked trees.
When gathering damps the miſty nights diffuſe,
She ſprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every ſpray,
And, kept from falling, ſeem to fall away.
A gloſſy freſhneſs hence the roſe receives,
And bluſhes ſweet through all her ſilken leaves
(The drops deſcending through the ſilent night,
While ſtars ſerenely roll their golden light):
Cloſe till the morn, her humid veil ſhe holds;
Then deckt with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning bluſh: ye maids! prepare,
In roſy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus ſhed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From love's ſoft kiſs a ſweet ambroſial ſmell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richeſt luſtre makes her purple bright;
And ſhe to-morrow weds; the ſporting gale
Unties her zone, ſhe burſts the verdant veil;
Through all her ſweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires ariſe.

Let thoſe now love, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay nymphs, and ſends her tender love.
And ſhall they venture? Is it ſafe to go,
While nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, ſafely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd, and undeſigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver uſeleſs hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unſtrung.
And yet, ye nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms,
And love that's naked, ſtill is love in arms.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train, complete with modeſt airs;
"Chaſte Delia, grant our ſuit! or ſhun the wood,
"Nor ſtain this ſacred lawn with ſavage blood.
"Venus, O Delia! if ſhe could perſuade,
"Would aſk thy preſence, might ſhe aſk a maid."
Here cheerful quires for three auſpicious nights
With ſongs prolong the pleaſurable rites:
Here crowds in meaſure lightly-decent rove;
Or ſeek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flow'rets ſtrow the ſcenes of love.
Here dancing Ceres ſhakes her golden ſheaves;
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here Wit's enchanting god, in laurel crown'd,
Wakes all the raviſh'd hours with ſilver ſound.
Ye fields, ye foreſts, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntreſs Delia, ſhun the plain.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there preſides; and there the favourite band,
(Her ſmiling graces) ſhare the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla! dreſs thy flowery beds
With all the pride the laviſh ſeaſon ſheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the preſence of the gentle court,
From every quarter rural nymphs reſort,
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles ſeats them round the bank of green;
And, "Lovely girls, ſhe whiſpers, guard your hearts:
"My boy, though ſtript of arms, abounds in arts:
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
Let tender graſs in ſhaded alleys ſpread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head,
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow ſeen,
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green,
The vernal father bid the ſpring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The ſap deſcending o'er her boſom ran,
And all the various ſorts of ſoul began.
By wheels unknown to ſight, by ſecret veins
Diſtilling life, the fruitful goddeſs reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling ſea;

With fertile ſeed ſhe fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the myſtic ways of birth.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
'Twas ſhe the parent to the Latian ſhore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike ſon,
And, winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whoſe honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by ſhows, the Sabine dames ſhe led,
And taught our vigorous youth the way to wed.
Hence ſprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæſar draws his Julian line.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
In rural ſeats the ſoul of pleaſure reigns;
The life of beauty fills the rural ſcenes;
Ev'n love (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew firſt the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleaſing meadow pregnant beauty preſt,
She laid her infant on its flowery breaſt,
From Nature's ſweets he ſipp'd the fragrant dew,
He ſmil'd, he kiſs'd them, and by kiſſing grew.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
Now bulls o'er ſtalks of broom extend their ſides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.
Now ſtately rams their fleecy conſorts lead,
Who bleating follow through the wandering ſhade.
And now the goddeſs bids the birds appear,
Raiſe all the muſic, and ſalute the year:
Then deep the ſwan begins, and deep the ſong
Runs o'er the water where he ſails along:
While Philomela turns a treble ſtrain,
And from the poplar charms the liſtening plain,
We fancy love expreſt at every note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barbarous Tereus ſhe complains no more,
But ſings for pleaſure, as for grief before.
And ſtill her graces riſe, her airs extend,
And all is ſilence till the Syren end.
How long in coming is my lovely Spring!
And when ſhall I, and when the Swallow ſing?
Sweet Philomela, ceaſe:—Or here I ſit,
And ſilent loſe my rapturous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averſe away.
His own Amycle thus, as ſtories run,
But once was ſilent, and that once undone.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER'S BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR,

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, one who ſwells his cheeks.
PELUS a name from mud.
HYDROMEDUSE, a ruler in the waters.
HYPSIBOAS, a loud bauler.
PELION, from mud.
SCUTLÆUS, called from the bees.
POLYPHONUS, a great babler.
LYMNOCHARIS, one who loves the lake.
CRAMBOPHAGUS, a cabbage-eater.
LIMNISIUS, called from the lake.
CALAMINTHIUS, from the herb.
HYDROCARIS, who loves the water.
BORBOROCATES, who lies in the mud.
PRASSOPHAGUS, an eater of garlic.*
PELUSIUS, from mud.
PELOBATES, who walks in the dirt.
PRESSÆUS, called from garlic.
CRAUGASIDES, from croaking.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

PSYCARPAX, one who plunders granaries.
TROXARTAS, a bread-eater.
LYCHOMILE, a licker of meal.
PTERNOTRACTAS, a bacon-eater.
LYCHOPYNAX, a licker of diſhes.
EMBASICHYTROS, a creeper into pots.
LYCHENOR, a name for licking.
TROGLODYTES, one who runs into holes.
ARTOPHAGUS, who feeds on bread.
TYROGLYPHUS, a cheeſe-ſcooper.
PTERNOGLYPHUS, a bacon-ſcooper.
PTERNOPHAGUS, a bacon-eater.
CNISSODIOCTES, one who follows the ſteam of kitchens.
SITOPHAGUS, an eater of wheat.
MERIDARPAX, one who plunders his ſhare.

POEMS.

BOOK I.

To fill my riſing ſong with ſacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye ſweet celeſtial quire!
From Helicon's embowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The ſprings of conteſt, and the fields of fight;
How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults ſhook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
Theſe equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the muſe records the tale of fame.
Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching claws of death,
A gentle mouſe, whom cats purſued in vain,
Fled ſwift of foot acroſs the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirſt too cool,
And dipp'd his whiſkers in the ſtanding pool;
When near a courteous frog advanc'd his head,
And from the waters, hoarſe reſounding, ſaid,
What art thou, ſtranger? what the line you boaſt?
What chance has caſt thee panting on our coaſt?
With ſtricteſt truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithleſs mouſe in thee.
If worthy, friendſhip, proffer'd friendſhip take,
And entering view the pleaſurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hoſpitable fare:
This ſilver realm extends beneath my ſway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Phyſignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where, by the nuptial bank that paints his ſide,
The ſwift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy ſtrength, and port, proclaim
A ſcepter'd king; a ſon of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my gueſſing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the frog, and thus the mouſe replies.
Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanſes of the midway ſky,
My name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The ſoul of great Pſycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartas' line, whoſe ſleeky down
In love compreſs'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother ſhe, and princeſs of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotractas reigns.
Born where a cabbin lifts its airy ſhed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
But, ſince our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food ſupports my princely ſoul:
In vain the cheeſe-clad loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaſkets from my curious eye.
In vain the tripe that boaſts the whiteſt hue,
In vain the gilded bacon ſhuns my view,
In vain the cheeſes, off-ſpring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themſelves regale;
And as in arts I ſhine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to flight.
Though large to mine, the human forms appear,
Not man himſelf can ſmite my ſoul with fear,
Sly to the bed with ſilent ſteps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dextrous ſkill,
Sleeping he feels, and only ſeems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cauſe,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that falſe trap, the den of ſilent fate,
Where death his ambuſh plants around the bait:
All dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
The potent warriors of the tabby veſt,
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race,
But me, nor ſtalks nor wateriſh herbs delight,
Nor can the crimſon radiſh charm my ſight,
The lake-reſounding frogs ſelected fare,
Which not a mouſe of any taſte can bear.
As thus the downy prince his mind expreſt,
His anſwer thus the croaking king addreſt:
Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, ſtranger, we can boaſt of bounteous Jove:
We ſport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.
But truſt thyſelf where wonders aſk thy view,
And ſafely tempt thoſe ſeas, I'll bear thee through:
Aſcend my ſhoulders, firmly keep thy ſeat,
And reach my marſhy court, and feaſt in ſtate.
He ſaid, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouſe, and claſps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and ſees with glad ſurvey
The winding banks reſembling ports at ſea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy ſides,
His thoughts grow conſcious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccuſtom'd fears;
He ſighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for ſhore:
His tail extended, forms a fruitleſs oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
So paſs'd Europa through the rapid ſea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And ſafe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, ſafe at laſt, may thus the frog ſupport
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court!
As thus he ſorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra roſe;

He rolls his ſanguin'd eyes, his boſom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd the monarch ſees his hiſſing foe,
And dives, to ſhun the fable fates below.
Forgetful frog! the friend thy ſhoulders bore,
Unſkill'd in ſwimming, floats remote from ſhore.
He graſps with fruitleſs hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with fate in vain.
The weighty moiſture clogs his hairy veſt,
And thus the prince his dying rage expreſt:
Nor thou, that ſling'ſt me flound'ring from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the ſhattering wrack,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy due, perfidious king!
Purſued by vengeance on the ſwifteſt wing!
At land thy ſtrength could never equal mine,
At ſea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has gods, and gods have ſearching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers riſe!
This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd,
His death the young Lychopynax eſpy'd,
As on the flowery brink he paſs'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
Loud ſhrieks the mouſe, his ſhrieks the ſhores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their heroe's fate:
Grief, diſmal grief enſues; deep murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge, the ſacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the riſing ſun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains.
Pſycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Pſycarpax lies remote from ſhore;
Supine he lies! the ſilent waters ſtand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

When roſy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouſe the nation crowds,
Slow roſe the ſovereign, heav'd his anxious breaſt,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addreſt:
For loſt Pſycarpax much my ſoul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike ſons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three ſons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldeſt periſh'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful ſat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts aſſiſt the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The laſt, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Phyſignathus dy'd;
Rouſe all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in every breaſt inſpir'd alarms,
And careful Mars ſupply'd their hoſt with arms.
In verdant hulls deſpoil'd of all their beans,
The buſkin'd warriors ſtalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound their bracing corſelet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:
The lamp's round boſs affords them ample ſhield;
Large ſhells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear;
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forſake the waters, thickening, form a ring,
And aſk, and hearken, whence the noiſes ſpring.
When near the crowds, diſclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embaſichytros drew:
The ſacred herald's ſceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word expreſs'd his kings command:
Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour ſhake the ſhining lance:
Their hapleſs prince by Phyſignathus ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your hoſt, the doubtful battle try:
Lead forth thoſe frogs that have the ſoul to die.
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly ſwelling, yet perplex'd appear:
Much they reſent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted fame:
O friends! I never forc'd the mouſe to death,
Nor ſaw the gaſping of his lateſt breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of ſwimming try'd,
And, ventrous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by falſe appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltleſs head,
But wage the riſing war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conqueſt form deſigns of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant ſurface heave,
And the ſteep ſides confine the ſleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous ſhocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the creſt,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouſe arreſt;
Each, ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countleſs circles whirl the lake below;
Down ſink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flaſh the waters; and the ſhores reſound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raiſe their glorious trophies of the ſlain.
He ſpake no more, his prudent ſcheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldeſt hearts.
Green was the ſuit his arming heroes choſe;
Around their legs the greaves of mallows cloſe;
Green were the beets about their ſhoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd ſhells the waters yield,
Their gloſſy helmets gliſten'd o'er the field:
And tapering ſea-reeds for the poliſh'd ſpear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dreſs'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poiſe the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate ſpires ariſe,
With ſtars ſurrounded in ætherial ſkies,
(A ſolemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods aſſume their golden ſeats;

The fire ſuperior leans, and points to ſhow
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the numerous heroes ſtride, [pride!
What length of lance they ſhake with warlike
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring Titans roſe,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the gods be foes.
This ſeen, the power his ſacred viſage rears;
He caſts a pitying ſmile on worldly cares,
And aſks what heavenly guardians take the liſt,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs aſſiſt?
Then thus to Pallas: If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind;
Drawn forth by ſavory ſteams they wind their way,
And ſure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the goddeſs of the feaſt.
Thus ſpake the Ruler of the ſpacious ſkies.
But thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies:
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
To ſuch thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my cryſtal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentleſs wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light ſhoot, and croſt the ſilver thread;
In this their teeth a thouſand breaches tear,
The thouſand breaches ſkilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly dunns thy daughter grieve
(The gods, that uſe no coin, have none to give;
And learning's goddeſs never leſs can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the frogs to win my ſuccour ſue,
Thoſe clamorous fools have loſt my favour too:
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my ſtretch'd ſinews work'd with eager fight,
When ſpent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And ſunk for ſlumber on my ſwelling ſhield;
Lo from the deep, repelling ſweet repoſe,
With noiſy croakings half the nation roſe:
Devoid of reſt, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimſon dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either hoſt forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the ſpear;
Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conqueſt of a meaner foe.
Some daring mouſe may meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppoſe, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals ſcenes for you.
So mov'd the blue-ey'd queen; her words perſuade,
Great Jove aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

BOOK III.

Now front to front the marching armies ſhine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line;
The chiefs, conſpicuous ſeen and heard afar,
Give the loud ſignal to the ruſhing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets ſound;
The ſounding charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled ſky.
First to the fight large Hypſiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin ſlew.
The luckleſs warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremoſt glittering in the poſt of fame;
When, in his liver ſtruck, the javelin hung,
The mouſe fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground, he ſinks, his cloſing eye,
And ſoil'd in duſt his lovely treſſes lie.
A ſpear at Pelion Troglodytes caſt;
The miſſive ſpear within the boſom paſt:
Death's ſable ſhades the fainting frog ſurround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embaſichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the ſlain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain;
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd
For boaſtful ſpeech and turbulence of ſound;
Deep through the belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his ſoul againſt the face of day.
The ſtrong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of ſure retreat;
But arts in vain elude impending fate);
Full on his ſinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the frogs the ſhining javelin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd mouſe the victor dies.
The dreadful ſtroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, leſs inur'd to fights,
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the ſteep,
And wildly floundering flaſhes up the deep;
Lychenor, following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple ſtream of blood
Diſtains the ſurface of the ſilver flood;
Through the wide wound the ruſhing entrails throng,
And ſlow the breathleſs carcaſe floats along.
Lymniſius good Tyroglyphus aſſails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Loſt to the milky fares and rural feat,
He came to periſh on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius ſhuns by ſlight,
Drops the green target, ſpringing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and ſafely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceneſs more,
His parents fed him on the ſavage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis purſued;

Till fallen in death he lies, a ſhattering ſtone
Sounds on the neck, and cruſhes all the bone:
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his noſtrils burſts the guſhing brain.
Lycopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameleſs frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkneſs ſeals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Praſſophagus, with ſprightly bound,
Bears Chiſſodioctes off the riſing ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, ſinks his ſoul to death.
But now the great Pſycarpax ſhines afar
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe loſs provok'd the war);
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver ſtruck Peluſius dead;
His freckled corpſe before the victor fell,
His ſoul indignant fought the ſhades of hell.
This ſaw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monſtrous maſs of mud;
The cloud obſcene o'er all the hero flies,
Diſhonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly ſputtering, from the ſhore
A ſtone, immenſe of ſize, the warrior bore.
A load for labouring earth, whoſe bulk to raiſe
Aſks ten degenerate mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the cruſhing wound:
The frog, ſupportleſs, writhes upon the ground.
Thus fluſh'd, the victor wars with matchleſs force.
Till loud Craugaſides arreſts his courſe.
Hoarſe croaking threats precede! with fatal ſpeed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then, ſtrongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppreſs'd with pain,
Creeps from the deſperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches riſing weeds ſupply
To ſpread their lowly ſhades beneath the ſky,
There lurks the ſilent mouſe reliev'd from heat,
And, ſafe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartas, Phyſignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed ſpear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Phyſignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a ſafe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouſe ſtill urges, ſtill the frog retires,
And half in anguiſh of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Preſſæus brings,
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank harmleſs frog: with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combat not his own,
Which, faintly tinkling on Troxartas' ſhield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly towering o'er the reſt appears
A gallant prince, that far tranſcends his years,
Pride of his ſire, and glory of his houſe,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouſe:
His action bold, robuſt his ample frame,
And Maridarpax his reſounding name.
The warrior, ſingled from the fighting crowd,
Boaſts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate:
And ſuch his ſtrength, the ſilver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who ſhews no leſs his grace
To frogs that periſh, than to human race,
Felt ſoft compaſſion riſing in his ſoul,
And ſhook his ſacred head, that ſhook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The ſire of gods, and frogs, and mice, and man:
What ſeas of blood I view! what worlds of ſlain!
An Iliad riſing from a day's campaign;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax ſhakes!
Unleſs ſome favouring deity deſcend,
Soon will the frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye;
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arreſts his raging rival of the war.
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats ſaid:
Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hiſſing ſhield;
Nor Mars himſelf, though Mars in armour bright
Aſcend his car, and wheel amidſt the fight;
Not theſe can drive the deſperate mouſe afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms ariſe,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the ſkies,
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.
'Twas thus th' armipotent adviſ'd the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the diſtant ground;
The bolt diſcharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming paſſage through the ſkies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, ſhake,
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet ſtill the mice advance their dread deſign,
And the laſt danger threats the croaking line;
Till Jove, that only mourn'd the loſs they bore,
With ſtrange aſſiſtants fill'd the frighted ſhore.
Pour'd from the neighbouring ſtrand, deform'd to view,
They march, a ſudden unexpected crew!
Strong ſuits of armour round their bodies cloſe,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches torn oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell ſheers the paſſage to their mouth command;
From out the fleſh their bones by nature ſtand;
Broad ſpread their backs, their ſhining ſhoulders riſe;
Unnumber'd joints diſtort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eye-balls in their boſom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike ſupplies a head.
Theſe, mortal wits to call the crabs agree;
The gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes tail with ſevering graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpleſs amazement, fear purſuing fear,
And mad confuſion, through their hoſt appear:
O'er the wild waſte with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the weſtern ſeas
Far-ſhooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (ſo Jove ordain'd) began,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving ſun.

TO MR. POPE.

To praiſe, yet ſtill with due reſpect to praiſe,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to ſhew, the ſenſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, muſt the lines require?
What muſic tune them? what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brigheſt ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream,
On ſilver feet, with annual oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy muſe the envy of the fair!
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Ægypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly treſſes ſet the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims deſcend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The ſylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The graces ſtand in ſight; a ſatyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits,
And ſits in meaſures, ſuch as Virgil's muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chooſe.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt, the prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head,
Still ſlide thy waters ſoft among the trees,
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy vallies in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil ſing.
In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He ſhines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the majeſty of Greece retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, The mines were here!
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How every muſic varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
When Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt;
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong—O ſoftly tread!
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound,
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground,
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee!
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſide, and torrents at their feet,

Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.
Yet here content can dwell, and learned eaſe,
A friend delight me, and an author pleaſe;
Ev'n here I ſing, while Pope ſupplies the theme,
Shew my own love, though not increaſe his fame.

A TRANSLATION

OF PART OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK,

INTO LEONINE VERSE,

After the Manner of the ancient Monks.

Et nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ ſplendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, ſe purgat candida nympha;
Jamque ſine mendâ, cœleſtis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc ſtupet explorans, ſeu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior clâram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque ſuperbia! lautè,
Dona venuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, ſe pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex iſtâ tranſpirat Arabia ciſta:
Teſtudo hic flectit, dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore.
In luit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;
Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratiâ visûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidiſſima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE.

Now early ſhepherds o'er the meadow paſs,
And print long footſteps in the glittering graſs;
The cows neglectful of their paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon ſoftly trod the ſhaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn,
Long was the pleaſing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the youth, and, while the feather'd throng
Raiſe their wild muſic, thus contrives a ſong.
Here, wafted o'er by mild Eteſian air,
Thou country goddeſs, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breaſt through quivering trees inhale
Thy roſy bleſſings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my ſoul! I feel the goddeſs nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreſhing breezes run,
The ſmiling daizies blow beneath the ſun,
The brooks run purling down with ſilver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compaſs rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High ſunny ſummits, deeply-ſhaded dales,
Thick moſſy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various proſpect gratify the ſight,
And ſcatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country goddeſs, come; nor thou ſuffice,
But bring thy mountain-ſiſter, Exerciſe.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, ſhe turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finiſh'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, ſhe ſkims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horſes, crowd her early train.
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meſhes looſely float behind.
All theſe as means of toil the feeble ſee,
But theſe are helps to pleaſure join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lie ſoftening till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the ſultry town,
Unnerv'd with reſt; and turn her own diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious eaſe:
I mount the courſer, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I ſpead where ſtags through tangled thickets tread,
And ſhake the ſaplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their prey;
To ſnare the fiſh, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exerciſe I range,
And ſtrength and pleaſure riſe from every change.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus a-gain.
Oh come, thou goddeſs of my rural ſong,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flowers;
To welcome her, this ſummer-ſeat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſe
Now friends converſing my ſoft hours refine,
And Tully's Tuſculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great;
Or o'er the works of eaſy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove:
The native bard, that on Sicilian plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains;
Or Maro's muſe, that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight;
Theſe ſoft amuſements bring content along,
And fancy, void of ſorrow, turns to ſong.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain;
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus a-gain.

THE FLIES. AN ECLOGUE.

When in the river cows for coolneſs ſtand,
And ſheep for breezes ſeek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æſop taught that every tree,
Each bird and inſect, ſpoke as well as he,
Walk'd calmly muſing in a ſhady way,
Where flowering hawthorns broke the ſunny ray,
And thus inſtructs his moral pen to draw
A ſcene that obvious in the field he ſaw.
Near a low ditch, where ſhallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet;
Whoſe Naiads never prattle as they play,
But ſcreen'd with hedges ſlumber out the day,
There ſtands a ſlender fern's aſpiring ſhade,
Whoſe anſwering branches regularly laid
Put forth their anſwering boughs, and proudly riſe
Three ſtories upward, in the nether ſkies.
For ſhelter here, to ſhun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the flies retreat;
Some in ſoft airs their ſilken pinions ply,
And ſome from bough to bough delighted fly;
Some riſe, and circling light to perch again;
A pleaſing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a ſtage invites to pageant ſhews,
(If great and ſmall are like) appear the beaux;
In boxes ſome with ſpruce pretenſion ſit,
Some change from ſeat to ſeat within the pit,
Some roam the ſcenes, or turning ceaſe to roam;
Preluding muſic fills the lofty dome.
When thus a fly (if what a fly can ſay
Deſerves attention) rais'd the rural lay.
Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's ſide,
Who, mindleſs of the feaſting, went to ſip
The balmy pleaſure of the ſhepherd's lip,
I ſaw the wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
And half reſolv'd to drown me in a cup;
Till, bruſh'd by careleſs hands, ſhe ſoar'd above:
Ceaſe, beauty, ceaſe to vex a tender love.
Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his muſic ſung.
When ſuns by thouſands ſhone on orbs of dew,
I wafted ſoft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pale, and ſought the milky cheer,
While little Daphne ſeiz'd my roving dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet fate indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntreſs left her free to ſoar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a miſtreſs more.
Thus from the fern, whoſe high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with duſky ſwarms,
The ſwains their love in eaſy muſic breathe,
When tongues and tumult ſtun the field beneath:
Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and ſome to lift the load;
They ſtrain, they labour with inceſſant pains,
Preſs'd by the cumbrous weight of ſingle grains.
The flies ſtruck ſilent gaze with wonder down:
The buſy burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burthens of a wintery ſtore,
And thence unwearied part in ſearch of more.
Yet one grave ſage a moment's ſpace attends,
And the ſmall city's loftieſt point aſcends,
Wipes the ſalt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the graveſt grace.
Ye fooliſh nurſlings of the ſummer air,
Theſe gentle tunes and whining ſongs forbear;
Your trees and whiſpering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove;
Let bards to buſineſs bend their vigorous wing,
And ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing:
Elſe, when the flowerets of the ſeaſon fail,
And this your ferny ſhade forſakes the vale,
Though one would ſave you, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay ſuch ſongſters idling at my gate.
He ceas'd: the flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the mayor's ſpeech, and fell to ſing again.

AN ELEGY TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

In vain, poor nymph, to pleaſe our youthful ſight
You ſleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches ſoil, with paint repair,
Dreſs with gay gowns, and ſhade with foreign hair.
If truth, in ſpite of manners, muſt be told,
Why really fifty-five is ſomething old.
Once you were young; or one, whoſe life's ſo long
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.
And once, ſince envy's dead before you die,
The women own, you play'd a ſparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modiſh little trip,
And pouted with the prettieſt purple lip.
To ſome new charmer are the roſes fled,
Which blew, to damaſk all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thouſands fill their eaſy train.
So parting ſummer bids her flowery prime
Attend the ſun to dreſs ſome foreign clime,
While withering ſeaſons in ſucceſſion, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
But thou, ſince nature bids, the world reſign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to ſhine.
With more addreſs, or ſuch as pleaſes more,
She runs her female exerciſes o'er,
Unfurls or cloſes, raps or turns the fan,
And ſmiles, or bluſhes at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches paſs,
In ſideling courteſy ſhe drops the glaſs.
With better ſtrength, on viſit-days ſhe bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample ſtairs.
Her mein, her ſhape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are ſure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let time, that makes you homely, make you ſage,
The ſphere of wiſdom is the ſphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of ſoft deſire,
If not from virtue, from its graveſt ways
The ſoul with pleaſing avocation ſtrays.
But beauty gone, 'tis eaſier to be wiſe;
As harpers better by the loſs of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt leſs the plays, and more the public prayers;

Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in ſober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take
(Their trembling luſtre ſhows how much you ſhake);
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the reſt, with leſs incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young.
And view the ſhade and ſubſtance as you paſs,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glaſs,
Or folly dreſt, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praiſe:
Yet ſtill ſedate yourſelf, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wiſe Athenian croſt a glittering fair,
Unmov'd by tongue and ſights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinſel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mar's hill his awful eyes,
And—What a World I never want? he cries:
But cries unheard: for folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careleſs he for them, as they for him:
He wrapt in wiſdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day,
The book-worm, ravening beaſt of prey,
Produc'd by parent earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand authors lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with cluſtering eyes,
With horns without, and tuſks within,
And ſcales to ſerve him for a ſkin.
Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear ſome modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.
See where his teeth a paſſage eat:
We'll rouſe him from the deep retreat.
But who the ſhelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis ſacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from ſong to ſong,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he ſcuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he paſt,
And here we have him, caught at laſt.
Inſatiate brute, whoſe teeth abuſe
The ſweeteſt ſervants of the muſe.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roſes nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Leſbia's ſparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half deſtroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And ſpoil'd the blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every ſingle deed,
Relentleſs juſtice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the nine,
Myſelf the prieſt, my deſk the ſhrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Taſſo near,
To pile a ſacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' ruſtic ſtrain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable duſt I lay,
From manuſcripts juſt ſwept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praiſe;
Senſe may they ſeek, and leſs engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage
But if their riches ſpoil their vein,
Ye muſes, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I ſtrike the ſcales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The ſacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
How like the ſon of Jove I ſtand,
This Hydra ſtretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monſter's entrails here,
To ſee what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what ſonnets on a wench!
What lean tranſlations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is ſo unſound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.
But hold, before I cloſe the ſcene,
The ſacred altar ſhould be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's ſecond bays,
Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miſs'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the ſhrine,
(That only way you pleaſe the nine)
But ſince I chance to want theſe two,
I'll make the ſongs of Durfey do.
Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the ſcales that brac'd it in;
I hang my ſtudious morning-gown,
And write my own inſcription down.
" This trophy from the Python won,
" This robe, in which the deed was done,
" Theſe, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
" Hung on theſe ſhelves, the muſes ſeat.
" Here ignorance and hunger found
" Large realms of wit to ravage round:
" Here ignorance and hunger fell:
" Two foes in one I ſent to hell.
" Ye poets, who my labours ſee,
" Come ſhare the triumph all with me!

" Ye critics! born to vex the muſe,
" Go mourn the grand ally you loſe."

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and ſpare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too),
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal ſable head,
Contriv'd a ſhape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man roſe ſtaring, like a ſtake;
Wondering to ſee himſelf awake!
Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The buſineſs he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to ſee with what a grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-ſomething of the ſky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambroſial ſhake,
And mother earth's oblig'd to quake),
He ſaw old mother earth ariſe,
She ſtood confeſs'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read ſhe wore,
A caſtle for a crown before,
Nor with long ſtreets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone ſhe dreſt,
And trail'd a landſkip-painted veſt.
Then thrice ſhe rais'd, as Ovid ſaid,
And thrice ſhe bow'd her weighty head.
Her honours made, great Jove, ſhe cry'd,
This thing was faſhion'd from my ſide:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what haſt thou to call him thine?
Nay rather aſk, the monarch ſaid,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle ſhape of clay.
Halves, more than halves! cry'd honeſt Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the ſoul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.
Thus with the gods debate began,
On ſuch a trivial cauſe, as man.
And can celeſtial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him ſuch as I,
For what the fabling ancients ſung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not ſhed
Their ſilver honours on his head;
He juſt had got his pinions free,
From his old ſire, Eternity,
A ſerpent girdled round he wore,
he tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A ſtaff he carry'd, where on high
A glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As amber boxes made a ſhow
For heads of canes an age ago.
His veſt, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending ſickle arm'd his ſide;
And ſpring's new months his train adorn:
The other ſeaſons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cauſe.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where ſince his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of fate:
Since body from the parent earth,
And ſoul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But ſince their union makes the man,
Till Jove and earth ſhall part theſe two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due.
He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwiſt career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever ſince the ſeaſons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, ſaid Jove, and for conſent
Thund'ring he ſhook the firmament.
Our umpire Time ſhall have his way,
With care I let the creature ſtay:
Let buſineſs vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion ſpeak,
And want afflict, and ſickneſs break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy diſtract, and ſorrow kill.
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long deſtructive blow;
And waſted man, whoſe quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The ſoul flies ſooner back to me.

AN

IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS time! deſtroying power,
Whom ſtone and braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to every flying hour
To work ſome new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,
Thy ſecret ſaps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh.
My ſpring, my years of pleaſure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I ſearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wiſdom ſtalking ſlow behind,
Oppreſs'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inſpire;
My errors cheriſh'd hope to ſmile
On newly born deſire.

But now experience ſhews, the bliſs
For which I fondly ſought
Not worth the long impatient wiſh,
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp ſhe ſhone,
And might perhaps have well eſſay'd
To make her gifts my own:

But when I ſaw the bleſſings ſhower
On ſome unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the power
Was juſtly painted blind.

I paſs'd the glories which adorn
The ſplendid courts of kings,
And while the perſons mov'd my ſcorn,
I roſe to ſcorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
By love encreas'd the more;
But years with coming years conſpire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakneſs ſafe, the ſex I ſee
With idle luſtre ſhine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decreaſe,
My troubles laid to reſt,
And truths which would diſturb my peace
Are painful truths at beſt.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In ſad reflection flies;
Ye fondling paſſions of my ſoul!
Ye ſweet deceits! ariſe.

I wiſely change the ſcene within,
To things that us'd to pleaſe;
In pain, philoſophy is ſpleen,
In health, 'tis only eaſe.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.

I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There paſs with melancholy ſtate
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.
Thoſe with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs have the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away);
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrap'd with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crowds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.
When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things;
They make, and then they draw, my ſtrings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre form appears.
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man would ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate to eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendant cypreſs, mourning poles,

Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul theſe forms of woe;
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering ſun:
Such joy, though far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe!
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there.
Encreaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold inſhrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart, which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt, for knowledge, riſe.
Lovely, laſting peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And, loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of his grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.
Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat,
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly viſion, praiſe, and prayer;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great ſource of nature, ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from men, with God he paſs'd the days,
Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heaven itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watery breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)

He quits his cell; the pilgram ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and lonеſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my ſon, the reverend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe: [paſs,
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wandering ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive; the livery'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſtening and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the ſire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtop'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murmuring he liſts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wandering pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighbouring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhowers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt);
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
Ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In every ſettling feature of his face;
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlor'd own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch!—But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form etherial burſt upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Though loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surpriſe in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke).

Thy prayer, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—Thy fellow-ſervant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurpriſe,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head:
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs the ſilver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wondering as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done:
Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY, OR THE VISION.

'Twas when the night in ſilent ſable fled,
When cheerful morning ſprung with riſing red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And beſt the viſion draws its heavenly ſcene;
'Twas then, as ſlumbering on my couch I lay,
A ſudden ſplendor ſeem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a ſweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds inveſt,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of reſt;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the ſacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering ſeem'd a ſilver white,
And all her ſweet companions ſons of light.
Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the ſhining crowd
That ſail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the ſoft air, and downwards ſeem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.

Then while the warmth o'er all my pulſes ran
Diffuſing comfort, thus the maid began:
" Where glorious manſions are prepar'd above,
" The ſeats of muſic, and the ſeats of love,
" Thence I deſcend, and Piety my name,
" To warm thy boſom with celeſtial flame,
" To teach thee praiſes mix'd with humble prayers,
" And tune thy ſoul to ſing ſeraphic airs.
" Be thou my bard." A vial here ſhe caught
(An angel's hand the cryſtal vial brought);
And as with awful ſound the word was ſaid,
She pour'd a ſacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: " Be thy muſe thy zeal,
" Dare to be good and all my joys reveal.
" While other pencils flattering forms create,
" And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
" While other pens exalt the vain delight,
" Whoſe waſteful revel wakes the depth of night;
" Or others ſoftly ſing in idle lines
" How Damon courts, or Amaryllis ſhines;
" More wiſely thou ſelect a theme divine,
" Fame is their recompence, 'tis heaven is thine.
" Deſpiſe the raptures of diſcorded fire,
" Where wine, or paſſion, or applauſe inſpire
" Low reſtleſs life, and ravings born of earth,
" Whoſe meaner ſubjects ſpeak their humble birth,
" Like working ſeas, that, when loud winters
" blow,
" Not made for riſing, only rage below.
" Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
" More laſting ſtill, as more intenſely great,
" Produc'd where prayer, and praiſe, and pleaſure
" breathe,
" And ever mounting whence it ſhot beneath.
" Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
" From glittering pinions guilty pleaſure ſheds;
" Reſtore the colour to the golden mines
" With which behind the feather'd idol ſhines;
" To flowering greens give back their native
" care,
" The roſe and lily, never his to wear;
" To ſweet Arabja ſend the balmy breath;
" Strip the fair fleſh, and call the phantom death:
" His bow he fabled o'er, his ſhafts the ſame,
" And fork and point them with eternal flame.
" But urge thy powers, thine utmoſt voice ad-
" vance,
" Make the loud ſtrings againſt thy fingers dance:
" 'Tis love that angels praiſe and men adore,
" 'Tis love divine that aſks it all and more.
" Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
" Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
" And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
" Purſue the great unſeen deſcent of God.
" Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,
" The child is God, and call him Jeſus here.
" He comes, but where to reſt? A manger's nigh,
" Make the great Being in a manger lie;
" Fill the wide ſky with angels on the wing,
" Make thouſands gaze, and make ten thouſand
" ſing;
" Let men afflict him, men he came to ſave,
" And ſtill afflict him till he reach the grave;
" Make him reſign'd, his loads of ſorrow meet,
" And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
" I'll bathe my treſſes there, my prayers rehearſe,
" And glide in flames of love along my verſe.
" Ah! while I ſpeak, I feel my boſom ſwell,
" My raptures ſmother what I long to tell.
" 'Tis God! a preſent God! through cleaving air
" I ſee the throne, and ſee the Jeſus there
" Plac'd on the right. He ſhews the wounds he
bore
" (My fervours oft have won him thus before);
" How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd
" his ear;
" He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."
She ceas'd. The cloud on which ſhe ſeem'd to
tread
Its curls unfolded, and around her ſpread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raiſe the cloud,
And ſweep their ivory lutes, and ſing aloud;
The ſcene moves off, while all its ambient ſky
Is turn'd to wondrous muſic as they fly;
And ſoft the ſwelling ſounds of muſic grow,
And faint their ſoftneſs, till they fail below.
My downy ſleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were ſettling, thus I ſpoke.
Thou beauteous viſion! on the ſoul impreſs'd,
When moſt my reaſon would appear to reſt,
'Twas ſure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious angel limn'd thy ſacred ſights;
From blazing ſuns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the ſilver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And ſeek the ſacred hill, and light to ſing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy ſummons, ſound with praiſe.
But ſtill I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wiſh the wondrous gift I boaſt,
And faintly practiſe what deſerves it moſt.
Indulgent Lord! whoſe gracious love diſplays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with eaſe!
Be this, to bleſs my days, no dream of bliſs;
Or be, to bleſs the nights, my dreams like this.

BACCHUS;

OR,

THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

As Bacchus, ranging at his leiſure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleaſure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thouſand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His favourite vines in Leſbos iſle.
The god, returning ere they dy'd,
Ah! ſee my jolly fauns, he cry'd,
The leaves but hardly borne are red,
And the bare arms for pity ſpread:
The beaſts afford a rich manure;
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Through the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the cluſter grow,
Your bowls ſhall doubly overflow.

So cheer'd with more officious haſte
They bring the dung of every beaſt;
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.
The plants refreſh'd, new leaves appear,
The thickening cluſters load the year;
The ſeaſon ſwiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.
A vineyard ripe, a day ſerene
Now calls them all to work again.
The fauns through every furrow ſhoot
To load their flaſkets with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial god.
Strow the roſes, raiſe the ſong,
See the maſter comes along;
Luſty revel join'd with laughter,
Whim and frolic follow after:
The fauns aſide the vats remain,
To ſhow the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around,
They ſit to riot on the ground;
A veſſel ſtands amidſt the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they ſing:
Or riſe a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and ſhout amain,
Then ſit to laugh and ſing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The ſun and all their wits away.
But, as an ancient author ſung,
The vine manur'd with every dung,
From every creature ſtrangely drew
A twang of brutal nature too;
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour ſeiz'd the fauns.
Here one was crying out, By Jove!
Another, Fight me in the grove;
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in theſe.
Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the ſame as he:
Chattering, idle, airy, kind:
Theſe take the monkeys turn of mind.
Here one, that ſaw the nymphs which ſtood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the ſhade;
While looſe diſcourſe another raiſes
In naked Nature's plaineſt phraſes,
And every glaſs he drinks enjoys,
Which change of nonſenſe, luſt, and noiſe;
Mad and careleſs, hot and vain:
Such as theſe the goat retain.
Another drinks and caſts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, ſilent, and ſedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from the ſwine.
Here ſome who hardly ſeem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their nature's alter'd by the ſheep.
'Twas thus one autumn all the crew
(If what the poets ſay be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feaſt,
Inclin'd to one or other beaſt:
And ſince, 'tis ſaid, for many a mile
He ſpread the vines of Leſbos iſle.

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let ancient wiſdom move,
Whilſt thus I ſing to make the moderns wiſe,
Strong Neptune once with ſage Minerva ſtrove,
And riſing Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune, Plutus (guardian power of gain);
By great Minerva, bright Apollo ſtood:
But Jove ſuperior bade the ſide obtain,
Which beſt contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune ſtriking, from the parted ground
The warlike horſe came pawing on the plain,
And as it toſt its mane, and pranc'd around,
By this, he cries, I'll make the people reign.

The goddeſs, ſmiling, gently bow'd her ſpear,
And rather thus they ſhall be bleſs'd, ſhe ſaid:
Then upwards ſhooting in the vernal air,
With loaded boughs the fruitful olive ſpread.

Jove ſaw what gift the rural powers deſign'd;
And took th' impartial ſcales, reſolv'd to ſhow,
If greater bliſs in warlike pomp we find,
Or in the calm which peaceful times beſtow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
But plenty, ſafety, ſcience, arts, and eaſe,
Minerva's ſcale with greater weight ſupply'd.

Fierce war devours whom gentle peace would ſave:
Sweet peace reſtores what angry war deſtroys;
War made for peace with that rewards the brave,
While peace its pleaſures from itſelf enjoys.

Hence vanquiſh'd Neptune to the ſea withdrew,
Hence wiſe Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
And ſtill her olives deck pacific hands.

From fables, thus diſclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form juſt rules to chooſe the truly great,
And ſubjects weary'd with diſtreſſes find,
Whoſe kind endeavours moſt befriend the ſtate.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
If cities won her kingdom's wealth have coſt;
If Anna's thoughts the patriot ſouls approve,
Whoſe care reſtore that wealth the wars had loſt.

But if we aſk, the moral to diſcloſe,
Whom her beſt patroneſs Europa calls,

Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:
Whene'er she pleas'd, her troops to conquest flew;
Whene'er she pleases, peaceful times arise:
She gave the horse, and gives the olive too,

DR. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED.

Compassion checks my spleen, yet scorn denies,
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways,
If ever satire cur'd an old disease.
Is not Religion (heaven-descended dame)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As moral virtue in her early sway,
When the best heathens saw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! religion proper means prepares,
These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?
And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight
Of heathen sages cloth'd in heavenly light,
Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
To reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the blest abode?
Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.
Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy Monarch's ire,
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea;
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath,
Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the northern pole?
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for some idol of thy fancy draw [straw?
Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of
Thus, desperate coward, would'st thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield;
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?
Know thy own foes; th' apostate angel; he
You strive to please, the foremost of the three;
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate?
The world's thy second love, thy second foe,
The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast;
The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes.
While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,
From whence the flesh has power to taste a joy,
Seek thou religion primitively found—
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?
By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,
And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,
She there was seen a thousand years ago;
And loves her relic rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
Who seeks religion at Geneva born,
A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd:
Though young, unhandsome; though unhandsome, proud;
Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.
No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home,
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain, [reign,
Should some new laws, which like new fashions
Command his faith to count salvation ty'd,
To visit his, and visit none beside;
He grants salvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone;
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name;
So from the guardian's hands the wards, who live,
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give,
From all professions careless Airy flies,
For all professions can't be good, he cries;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to choose;
So men, who know what some loose girls have done,
For fear of marrying such, will marry none.
The charms of all obsequious courtly strike;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same:
So fares religion, chang'd in outward show,
But 'tis religion still where'er we go:
This blindness springs from an excess of light,
And men embrace the wrong, to choose the right.
But thou of force must one religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;
To find that right one, ask thy reverend sire,
Let his of him, and him of his enquire;
Though truth and falsehood seem as twins ally'd,
There's eldership on truth's delightful side;
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,
Is not of no religion, nor the worst.
T' adore or scorn the image, or protest,
May all be bad; doubt wisely for the best,
'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;
It is not wandering to inquire the way.
On a large mountain, at the basis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits sacred truth enthron'd; and he who means
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn essays,
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.
Yet labour so, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possest her rest alive:
To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of fate.

To will alone, is but to mean delay,
To work at preſent is the uſe of day.
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the ſoul, hard deeds the body's ſtrain,
And myſteries aſk believing, which to view,
Like the fair ſun, are plain, but dazzling too.
Be truth, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breaſt.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who let'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd
To human laws! or muſt it ſo be try'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When judgment ſits, and juſtice aſks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,
Or John or Martin? all may teach amiſs:
For every contrary in each extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.
Wouldſt thou to power a proper duty ſhow?
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of power to know;
The bounds once paſt, it holds the ſame no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,
But all a low idolatry at beſt.
Power from above, ſubordinately ſpread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head:
There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below,
Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on deſerts, rocks and ſands, are toſt,
All the long travel, and in ocean loſt.
So fares the ſoul, which more that power reveres.
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair ſtation near the throne of grace,
From choirs of angels, joys in endleſs round,
And endleſs harmony's enchanting ſound,
Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praiſe to ſhow,
Bright gift of verſe deſcend, and here below
My raviſh'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the ſoul incline my will.
Among thy pomp, let rich expreſſion wait,
Let raging numbers form thy train complete,
While at thy motions over all the ſky
Sweet ſounds, and echoes ſweet, reſounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let fancy's flowery ſpring erect its head.
It comes, it comes, with unaccuſtom'd light,
The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright,
Its notions ancient memory reviews,
And young invention new deſigns purſues.
To ſome attempt my will and wiſhes preſs,
And pleaſure, rais'd in hope, forbodes ſucceſs.
My God! from whom proceed the gifts divine,
My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.
Be this no vain illuſion which I find,
Nor nature's impulſe on the paſſive mind,
But reaſon's act, produc'd by good deſire,
By grace enliven'd with celeſtial fire;
While baſe conceits, like miſty ſons of night,
Before ſuch beams of glory take their flight,
And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray.
I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind,
Man's undeſerving, and thy mercy kind.
I now perceive, I long to ſing thy praiſe,
I now perceive, I long to find my lays
The ſweet incentives of another's love,
And ſure ſuch longings have their riſe above.
My reſolution ſtands confirm'd within,
My lines aſpiring eagerly begin;
Begin, my lines, to ſuch a ſubject due,
That aids our labours, and rewards them too!
Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
Where ſouls and ſongs, divinely form'd, ariſe.
As one whom o'er the ſweetly-vary'd meads
Entire receſs and lonely pleaſure leads,
To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
To ſhady trees, to cloſely-waving bowers,
To bubbling fountains, and aſide the ſtream
That ſoftly gliding ſooths a waking dream,
Or bears the thought inſpir'd with heat along,
And with fair images improves a ſong;
Through ſacred anthems, ſo may fancy range,
So ſtill from beauty, ſtill to beauty change,
To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And, with ſweet numbers, what it feels repay.
For this I call that ancient time appear,
And bring his rolls to ſerve in method here;
His rolls which acts, that endleſs honour claim,
Have rank'd in order for the voice of fame.
My call is favour'd: Time from firſt to laſt
Unwinds his years, the preſent ſees the paſt;
I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footſteps where he went before.
The page unfolding would a top diſcloſe,
Where ſounds melodious in their birth aroſe.
Where firſt the morning-ſtars together ſung,
Where firſt their harps the ſons of glory ſtrung,
With ſhouts of joy while hallelujahs riſe
To prove the chorus of eternal ſkies.
Rich ſparkling ſtrokes the letters doubly gild,
And all's with love and admiration fill'd.

MOSES.

To grace thoſe lines, which next appear to ſight,
The pencil ſhone, with more abated light;
Yet ſtill the pencil ſhone, the lines were fair,
And awful Moſes ſtands recorded there;
Let his, replete with flames and praiſe divine,
Let his, the firſt-remember'd ſong be mine,
Then riſe my thought, and in thy prophet find
What joy ſhould warm thee, for the work deſign'd.
To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair,
And find a portion of his ſpirit there.
A nation helpleſs and unarm'd I view,
Whom ſtrong revengeful troops of war purſue,
Seas ſtop their flight, their camp muſt prove their grave,
Ah! what can ſave them? God alone can ſave.

God's wondrous voice proclaims his high com
mand,
He bids their leader wave the sacred wand,
And where the billows flow'd, they flow no more,
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er
Safe may the sons of Jacob travel through,
But why will harden'd Egypt venture too?
Vain in thy rage, to think those waters flee
And rise like walls, on either hand, for thee.
The night comes on, the season for surprise,
Yet fear not, Israel, God directs thine eyes.
A fiery cloud I see thine angel ride,
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.
The day comes on, and half the succours fail,
Yet fear not, Israel, God will still prevail.
I see thine angel from before thee go,
To make the wheels of venturous Egypt flow,
His rolling cloud inwarps its beams of light,
And what supply'd thy day, prolongs their night.
At length the dangers of the deep are run,
The further brink is past, the bank is won;
The leader turns to view the foes behind,
Then waves his solemn wand within the wind,
Oh! nation freed by wonders, cease thy fear,
And stand, and see the Lord's salvation here.
Ye tempests, now, from every corner fly,
And wildly rage in all my fancied sky,
Roll on, ye waters, as they roll'd before,
Ye billows of my fancied ocean, roar;
Dash high, ride foaming, mingle, all the main,
'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.
The work, the wondrous work of freedom's done,
The winds abate, the clouds restore the sun,
The wreck appears, the threatening army drown'd
Floats o'er the waves, to strew the sandy ground,
Then place thy Moses near the calming flood,
Majestically mild, serenely good;
Let meekness, lovely virtue, gently stream
Around his visage, like a lambent flame;
Let grateful sentiments, let sense of love,
Let holy zeal, within his bosom move;
And while his people gaze the watery plain,
And fear's last touches like to doubts remain;
While bright astonishment, that seems to raise
A questioning belief, is fond to praise;
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breast,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd express'd:
I'll sing to God, I'll sing the songs of praise,
To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whose glories in the seas excel,
Where the proud horse, and prouder rider fell.
The Lord, in mercy kind, in justice strong,
Is now my strength; this strength be now my song.
This sure salvation such he proves to me,
From danger rescued, and from bondage free;
The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his seat,
Thy father's God, and I'll proclaim him great;
Him Lord of battles, him renown'd in name,
Him ever-faithful, evermore the same.
His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
They make the pride of boasting Pharaoh fall.
Within the seas his stately chariots lie,
Within the seas his chosen captains die.
The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
They sunk like stones, they swiftly sunk below:
Thine hand, my God! thine hand confess'd thy
care,
Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,
It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,
In all the greatness of excelling might:
Thy wrath sent forward o'er the raging stream,
Swift, sure, and sudden, their destruction came.
They fell as stubble burns, while driving skies
Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.
When blasts, dispatch'd with wonderful intent,
On sovereign orders from thy nostrils went,
For our accounts, the waters were afraid,
Perceiv'd thy presence, and together fled;
In heaps uprightly plac'd, they learn to stand,
Like banks of crystal, by the paths of sand.
Then, fondly flush'd with hope, and swell'd with
pride,
And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,
Secure of conquest, I'll pursue their way,
I'll overtake them, I'll divide the prey,
My lust I'll satisfy, mine anger cloy,
My sword I'll brandish, and their name destroy.
How wildly threats their anger, hark! above,
New blasts of wind on new commission move,
To loose the fetters that confin'd the main,
And make its mighty waters rage again.
Then, overwhelm'd with their resistless sway,
They sunk like lead, they sunk beneath the sea.
Oh, who's like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Host!
Among the gods, whom all the nations boast,
Such acts of wonder and of strength displays?
Oh great, oh glorious in thine holy ways!
Deserving praise, and that thy praise appear
In signs of reverence, and sense of fear.
With justice arm'd, thou stretchedst out thine hand,
And earth between its gaping jaws of land
Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,
And swallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.
With mercy rising on the weaker side,
Thyself became the rescued people's guide!
And in thy strength they past th' amazing road
To reach thine holy mount, thy bless'd abode.
What thou hast done the neighbouring realms
shall hear,
And feel the strange report excite their fear.
What thou hast done shall Edom's Duke amaze,
And make despair on Palestina seize;
Shall make the warlike sons of Moab shake,
And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.
In heavy damps, diffus'd on every breast,
Shall cold distrust and hopeless terror rest,
The matchless greatness, which thine hand has
shewn,
Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as stone,
While Jordan stops above, and fails below,
And all thy flock across the channel go.
Thus on thy mercy's silver-shining wing,
Through seas and streams thou wilt the nation
bring.
And as the rooted trees securely stand,
So firmly plant it in the promis'd land;
Where for thyself thou wilt a place prepare,
And after-ages will thine altar rear,
There reign victorious in thy sacred seat,
Oh, Lord! for ever and for ever great.

Look where the tyrant was but lately ſeen,
The ſeas gave backward, and he ventur'd in:
In yonder gulf with haughty pomp he ſhow'd,
Here march'd his horſemen, there his chariots rode,
And when our God reſtor'd the floods again,
Ah, vainly ſtrong, they periſh'd in the main;
But Iſrael went a dry ſurpriſing way,
Made ſafe by miracles, amidſt the ſea. [joy.
Here ceas'd the ſong, though not the Prophet's
Which others hands and others tongues employ;
For ſtill the lays, with warmth divine expreſt,
Inflam'd his hearers to their inmoſt breaſt.
Then Miriam's notes the chorus ſweetly raiſe,
And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praiſe.
The moving ſounds, like ſoft delicious wind,
That breath'd from paradiſe, a paſſage find,
Shed ſympathies for odours as they rove,
And fan the riſings of enkindled love.
O'er all the crowd the thought inſpiring flew,
The women follow'd, with their timbrels too,
And thus from Moſes, where his ſtrains aroſe,
They catch'd a rapture, to perform the cloſe.
We'll ſing to God, we'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe,
To God triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell.
Thus Iſrael, raptur'd with the pleaſing thought,
Of freedom wiſh'd, and wonderfully got,
Made cheerful thanks from every bank reſound,
Expreſs'd by ſongs, improv'd in joy by ſound.
Oh, ſacred Moſes, each infuſing line,
That mov'd their gratitude, was part of thine;
And ſtill the Chriſtians in thy numbers view,
The type of baptiſm, and of heaven too.
So ſouls from water riſe to grace below,
So ſaints from toil to praiſe and glory go.
Oh, grateful Miriam, in thy temper wrought,
Too warm for ſilence, or inventing thought;
Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er,
In ſweet reſponſe what Moſes ſung before.
Thou ledſt the public voice to join his lays,
And words redoubling, well redoubled praiſe.
Receive thy title, propheteſs was thine,
When here thy practice ſhew'd thy form divine.
The ſpirit thus approv'd, reſign'd in will,
The church bows down, and hears reſponſes ſtill.
Nor ſlightly ſuffer tuneful Jubal's name
To miſs his place among the ſons of fame;
Whoſe ſweet infuſions could of old inſpire
The breathing organs, and the trembling lyre.
Father of theſe on earth, whoſe gentle ſoul,
By ſuch engagements, could the mind controul,
If holy verſes aught to muſic owe,
Be that thy large account of thanks below:
Whilſt, then, the timbrels lively pleaſure gave,
And, now, whilſt organs ſound ſedately grave.
My firſt attempt the finiſh'd courſe commends,
Now, Fancy, flag not, as that ſubject ends,
But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
Aſcend harmonious in the next eſſay.
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly;
She mounts, ſhe warbles on the wind on high,
She falls from thence, and ſeems to drop her wing,
But, ere ſhe lights to reſt, remounts to ſing.

It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the ſecond brighten'd work appears,
It is not far, alas! the faulty cauſe,
Which, from the prophet, ſad reflection draws:
Alas! that bleſſings in poſſeſſion cloy,
And peeviſh murmurs are preferr'd to joy;
That favour'd Iſrael could be faithleſs ſtill,
Or queſtion God's protecting power or will,
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
Scarce thrice the ſun ſince harden'd Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms iſſue forth with glittering pride,
Rejoicing roſe, and let the nation ſee
Three ſhining days of eaſy liberty,
Ere the mean fears of want, produc'd within,
Vain thought, repleniſh'd, with rebellious ſin.
Oh look not, Iſrael, to thy former way;
God cannot fail; and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands,
Lot's hapleſs wife a ſtrange example ſtands,
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet reſembling ſin.
Then forward move thy camp, and forward ſtill,
And let ſweet mercy bend thy ſtubborn will.
At thy complaint, a branch in Marah caſt,
With ſweetening virtue mends the water's taſte.
At thy complaint, the labouring tempeſt fails,
And drives before a wondrous ſhower of quails.
In tender graſs the falling manna lies,
And heaven itſelf the want of bread ſupplies.
The rock divided, flows upon the plain
At thy complaint, and ſtill thou wilt complain.
As, thus employ'd, thou went the deſert through,
Lo! Sinai mount uprear'd its head to view.
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,
Thine ears the trumpet ſhrill, the thunder loud,
The forky lightning ſhot in livid green.
The ſmoke aroſe, the mountain all a flame
Quak'd to the depths, and work'd with ſigns of awe,
While God deſcended to diſpenſe the law.
Yet neither mercy, manifeſt in might,
Nor power in terrors could preſerve thee right.
Provok'd with crimes of ſuch an heinous kind,
Almighty juſtice ſware the doom deſign'd:
That they ſhould never reach the promis'd ſeat;
And Moſes greatly mourns their haſten'd fate.
I'll think how now retir'd to public care,
While night in pitchy plumes ſlides ſoft in air,
I'll think him giving what the guilty ſleep,
To thoughts where ſorrow glides, and numbers weep,
Sad thoughts of woes that reign where ſuch prevail,
And man's ſhort life, though not ſo ſhort as frail.
Within this circle for his inward eyes,
He bids the fading low creation riſe,
And ſtrait the train of mimic ſenſes brings
The duſky ſhapes of tranſitory things,
Through penſive ſhades, the viſion ſeem to range,
They ſeem to flouriſh, and they ſeem to change;
A moon decreaſing runs the ſilent ſky,
And ſickly birds on moulting feathers fly;
Men walking count their days of bleſſing o'er,
The bleſſings vaniſh, and the tale's no more,

Still hours of nightly watches ſteal away,
Big waters roll, green blades of graſs decay,
Then all the penſive ſhades, by juſt degrees,
Grow faint in proſpect, and go off with theſe:
But while th' affecting notions paſs along,
He chooſes ſuch as beſt adorn his ſong;
And thus with God the riſing lays began,
God ever reigning, God compar'd with man:
And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
Man deeply ſinning, man chaſtis'd by God.
Oh Lord! Oh Saviour! though thy choſen band
Have ſtay'd like ſtrangers, in a foreign land,
Through number'd ages, which have run their race,
Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place:
Before the moſt exalted duſt of earth,
The ſtately mountains had receiv'd a birth;
Before the pillars of the world were laid;
Before the habitable parts were made;
Thou wert their God, from thee their riſe they drew,
Thou great for ages, great for ever too.
Man (mortal creature) fram'd to feel decays,
Thine unreſiſted power at pleaſure ſways;
Thou ſay'ſt *return*, and parting ſouls obey,
Thou ſay'ſt *return*, and bodies fall to clay.
For what's a thouſand fleeting years with thee?
Or time, compar'd with long eternity,
Whoſe wings expanding infinitely vaſt
O'erſtretch its utmoſt ends of firſt and laſt;
'Tis like thoſe hours that lately ſaw the ſun;
He roſe, and ſet, and all the day was done:
Or like the watches which dread night divide,
And while we ſlumber unregarded glide,
When all the preſent ſeems a thing of nought,
And paſt and future cloſe to waking thought.
As raging floods, when rivers ſwell with rain,
Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
So ſwift and ſtrong thy wondrous might appears,
So life is carried down the rolling years.
As heavy ſleep purſues the day's retreat,
With dark, with ſilent, and unactive ſtate,
So life's attended on by certain doom,
And death's their reſt; their reſting-place, a tomb.
It quickly riſes, and it quickly goes;
And youth its morning, age its evening ſhews.
Thus tender blades of graſs, when beams diffuſe,
Riſe from the preſſure of their early dews,
Point tow'rds the ſkies their elevated ſpires,
And proudly flouriſh in their green attires;
But ſoon (ah fading ſtate of things below!)
The ſcythe deſtructive mows the lovely ſhew.
The riſing ſun thus ſaw their glories high;
That ſun deſcended, ſees their glories die.
We ſtill with more than common haſte of fate
Are doom'd to periſh, in thy kindled hate.
Our public ſins for public juſtice call,
And ſtand like marks, on which thy judgments fall;
Our ſecret ſins, that folly thought conceal'd,
Are in thy light for puniſhment reveal'd.
Beneath the terrors of thy wrath divine
Our days unmix'd with happineſs decline,
Like empty ſtories, tedious, ſhort, and vain,
And never, never more recall'd again.
Yet what were life, if to the longeſt date,
Which we have nam'd a life, we backen'd fate,
Alas, its moſt computed length appears
To reach the limits but of ſeventy years,
And if by ſtrength to fourſcore years we go,
That ſtrength is labour, and that labour woe.
Then will thy term expire, and thou muſt fly,
Oh man! oh creature ſurely born to die!
But who regards a truth ſo throughly known?
Who dreads a wrath ſo manifeſtly ſhewn?
Who ſeems to fear it, though the danger vies
With any pitch to which our fear can riſe?
O teach us ſo to number all our days,
That theſe reflections may correct our ways,
That theſe may lead us from deluſive dreams
To walk in heavenly wiſdom's golden beams.
Return, oh Lord: how long ſhall Iſrael ſin?
How long thine anger be preſerv'd within?
Before our time's irrevocably paſt,
Be kind, be gracious, and return at laſt;
Let favour ſoon diſpens'd our ſouls employ,
And ſtill remember'd favour live in joy.
Send years of comforts for our years of woes,
Send theſe at leaſt of equal length with thoſe,
Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring ſhine,
With tender mercy (ſweeteſt act divine);
Bright rays of majeſty ſerenely ſhed
To reſt in glories on the nation's head.
Our future deeds with approbation bleſs,
And in the giving them give us ſucceſs.
Thus with forgiveneſs earneſtly deſir'd,
Thus in the raptures of a bliſs requir'd,
The man of God concludes his ſacred ſtrain.
Now ſit and ſee the ſubject once again;
See ghaſtly death, where deſerts all around
Spread forth the barren undelightful ground:
There ſtalks the ſilent melancholy ſhade,
His naked bones reclining on a ſpade;
And thrice the ſpade with ſolemn ſadneſs heaves
And thrice earth opens in the form of graves,
His gates of darkneſs gape, to take him in;
And where he ſoon would ſink, he's puſh'd by ſin.
Poor mortals! here, your common picture know,
And with yourſelves in this acquainted grow,
Through life, with airy, thoughtleſs pride you range,
And vainly glitter in the ſphere of change,
A ſphere where all things but for time remain,
Where no fix'd ſtars with endleſs glory reign,
But meteors only, ſhort-liv'd meteors riſe,
To ſhine, ſhoot down, and die beneath the ſkies.
There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
When man, the gilded vanity, deſcends;
When foreign force, or waſte of inward heat,
Conſtrain the ſoul to leave its ancient ſeat;
When baniſh'd beauty from her empire flies,
And with a languiſh leaves the ſparkling eyes;
When ſoftening muſic and perſuaſion fail,
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
When ſpirits ſtop their courſe, when nerves unbrace,
And outward action and perception ceaſe;
'Tis then the poor deform'd remains ſhall be
That naked ſkeleton we ſeem'd to ſee.
Make this thy mirror, if thou would'ſt have bliſs,
No flattering image ſhews itſelf in this.

But ſuch as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
But ſuch as clears the cheats of error's den,
Whence magic miſts ſurround the ſouls of men;
Whence ſelf-deluſion's trains adorn their flight,
As ſnow's fair feathers fleet to darken fight;
Then reſt, and in the work of fancy ſpread,
To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
Theſe empty forms, when death appears, diſperſe,
Or melt in tears, upon its mournful hearſe;
The ſad reflection forces men to know,
Life ſurely fails, and ſwiftly flies below.
Oh, leſt thy folly loſe the profit ſought,
Oh never touch it with a glancing thought,
As men to glaſſes come, and ſtraight withdraw,
And ſtraight forget what ſort of face they ſaw:
But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
And in the ſtrength of this great truth be wiſe.
If on the globe's dim ſide our ſenſes ſtray,
Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day:
Death ſeems long ſleep; and hopes of heavenly beams,
Deceitful wiſhes, big with diſtant dreams;
But if our reaſon purge the carnal ſight,
And place its objects in their juſter light,
We change the ſide, from dreams on earth we move,
And wake through death, to riſing life above.
Here o'er my ſoul a ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Preparing thought for new celeſtial ſtrains,
The former vaniſh off, the new begin,
The ſolemn ſilence ſtands like night between,
In whoſe dark boſom day departing lies,
And day ſucceeding takes a lovely riſe.
But though the ſong be chang'd, be ſtill the ſame,
And ſtill the prophet, in my lines the ſame;
With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
Whoſe ſinful fathers in the deſert fell,
With care renew'd, if any care can do,
Ah! leſt they ſin, and leſt they periſh too.
Go ſeek for Moſes at yon ſacred tent,
On which the Preſence makes a bright deſcent.
Behold the cloud, with radiant glory fair,
Like a wreath'd pillar, curl itſelf in air!
Behold it hovering juſt above the door,
And Moſes meekly kneeling on the floor.
But if the gazing turn thy edge of ſight,
And darkneſs ſpring from unſupported light,
Then change the ſenſe, be ſight in hearing drown'd,
While theſe ſtrange accents from the viſion ſound:
The time, my ſervant, is approaching nigh,
When thou ſhalt gather'd with thy fathers lie;
And ſoon thy nation, quite forgetful grown
Of all the glories which mine arm has ſhewn,
Shall through my covenant perverſely break,
Deſpiſe my worſhip, and my name forſake,
By cuſtoms conquer'd, where to rule they go,
And ſerving gods that can't protect their foe,
Diſpleas'd at this, I'll turn my face aſide
Till ſharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
Till, brought to better mind, they ſeek relief,
By good confeſſions in the midſt of grief.
Then write thy ſong, to ſtand a witneſs ſtill
Of favours paſt, and of my future will,
For I their vain conceits before diſcern,
Then write thy ſong which Iſrael's ſons ſhall learn
As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats,
The prophet muſing deep within repeats,
He ſeems to feel it on a ſtreaming ray,
Pierce through the ſoul enlightening all its way.
And much obedient will, and free deſire,
And much his love of Jacob's ſeed inſpire;
And much, oh! much above the warmth of thoſe,
The ſacred ſpirit in his boſom glows,
Majeſtic Notion ſeems decrees to nod,
And holy Tranſport ſpeaks the words of God.
He now returns, the finiſh'd roll he brings,
Enrich'd with ſtrains of paſt and future things;
The prieſts in order to the tent repair,
The gather'd tribes attend the elders there:
Oh! ſacred Mercy's inexhauſted ſtore!
Shall theſe have warning of their faults before,
Shall theſe be told the recompences due,
Shall heaven and earth be call'd to witneſs too:
Then ſtill the tumult, if it will be ſo,
Let fear, to loſe a word, its caution ſhew;
Let cloſe attention in dead calm appear,
And ſoftly, ſoftly ſteal with ſilence near;
While Moſes, rais'd above the liſtening throng,
Pronounces thus in all their ears the ſong:
Hear, Oh ye heavens, Creation's lofty ſhew,
Hear, Oh thou heaven-encompaſs'd earth below,
As ſilver ſhowers of gently dropping rain,
As honey dews diſtilling on the plain,
As rain, as dews, for tender graſs deſign'd,
So ſhall my ſpeeches ſink within the mind,
So ſweetly turn the ſoul's enlivening food,
So fill and cheriſh hopeful ſeeds of good,
For now my numbers to the world abroad
Will loudly celebrate the name of God.
Aſcribe, thou nation, every favour'd tribe,
Excelling greatneſs to the Lord aſcribe,
The Lord! the rock on whom we ſafely truſt,
Whoſe work is perfect, and whoſe ways are juſt;
The Lord! whoſe promiſe ſtands for ever true;
The Lord! moſt righteous, and moſt holy too.
Ah, worſe election! Ah, the bonds of ſin!
They chooſe themſelves, to take corruption in:
They ſtain their ſouls with vice's deepeſt blots,
When only frailties are his children's ſpots,
Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run aſtray,
And none more crooked, more perverſe, than they.
Say, rebel nation, and unwiſely light,
Say, will thy folly thus the Lord requite?
Or is he not the God who made thee free,
Whoſe mercy purchas'd and eſtabliſh'd thee?
Remember well the wondrous days of old,
The years of ages long before thee told,
Aſk all thy fathers, who the truth will ſhew,
Or aſk thine elders, for thine elders know.
When the Moſt High, with ſceptre pointed down,
Deſcrib'd the realms of each beginning crown,
When Adam's offspring providential care,
To people countries, ſcatter'd here and there;
He to the limits of their lands confin'd,
That favour'd Iſrael has its part aſſign'd,
For Iſrael is the Lord's, and gains the place
Reſerv'd for thoſe, whom he would chooſe grace.

Him in the desert, him his mercy found,
Where famine dwells and howling deaſs the ground,
Where dread is felt by savage noiſe increaſt,
Where ſolitude erects its ſeat on waſte:
And there he led him, and he taught him there,
And ſafely kept him with a watchful care;
The tender apples of our heedful eye,
Not more in guard, nor more ſecurely lie.
And as an eagle, that attempts to bring
Her unexperienc'd young to truſt the wing,
Stirs up her neſt, and flutters o'er their heads,
And all the forces of her pinions ſpreads,
And takes and bears them on her plumes above,
To give peculiar proof of royal love;
'Twas ſo the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,
With kindneſs moſt peculiar, led his own:
As no ſtrange God concurr'd to make him free,
So none had power to lead him through but he.
To lands excelling lands and planted high,
That boaſts the kindeſt influencing ſky,
He brought, he bore him, on the wings of grace,
To taſte the plenties of the ground's increaſe;
Sweet dropping honey from the rocky ſoil,
From flinty rocks the ſmoothly flowing oil,
The gilded butter from the ſtately kine,
The milk with which the duggs of ſheep decline,
The marrow fatneſs of the tender lambs,
The bulky breed of Baſan's goats and rams;
The fineſt flowery wheat that crowns the plain
Diſtends its huſk, and loads the blade with grain,
And ſtill he drank from ripe delicious heaps
Of cluſters preſs'd, the pureſt blood of grapes.
But thou art wanton, fat, and kickeſt now,
Oh, well directed, Oh, Jeſhuron thou:
Thou ſoon wert fat, thy ſides were thickly grown,
Thy fatneſs deeply cover'd every bone;
Then wanton fulneſs vain oblivion brought,
And God, that made and ſav'd thee, was forgot;
While gods of foreign lands, and rites abhorr'd,
To jealouſies and anger mov'd the Lord;
While gods thy fathers never knew were own'd,
And fiends themſelves with ſacrifice aton'd.
Oh! fools, unmindful whence your order'd frame,
And whence your life-infuſing ſpirit came;
Such ſtrange corruptions could his hate provoke,
And thus their fate his indignation ſpoke:
It is decreed, I'll hide my face, and ſee,
When I forſake them, what their end ſhall be;
For they're a froward, very froward train,
They promiſe duty, but return diſdain.
Within my ſoul they've rais'd a jealous flame,
By new-nam'd gods, and only gods in name;
They make the burnings of my anger glow,
By guilty vanity's diſpleaſing ſhew;
I'll alſo teach their jealouſy to fret,
At ſuch as are not form'd a people yet,
I'll make their anger vex their inward breaſt,
When ſuch as have not known my laws are bleſt.
A fire, a fire that nothing can aſſuage,
Is kindled in the fierceneſs of my rage,
To burn the depths, conſume the land's increaſe,
And on the mountains' ſtrong foundations ſeize.
Thick heaps of miſchief on their heads I ſend,
And all mine arrows, wing'd with fury, ſpend;
Slow-parching death, and peſtilential heat,
Shall bring the bitter pangs of lingering Fate.
The teeth of beaſts ſhall ſwift deſtruction bring,
The ſerpents wound them with invenom'd ſting,
The ſword without, and dread within, conſume
The youth and virgin, in their lovely bloom,
Weak tender infancy, by ſuckling fed,
And helpleſs age, with hoary froſted head.
I ſaid I'd ſcatter all the ſinful race,
I ſaid I'd make its mere remembrance ceaſe,
But that I fear'd the foe's unruly pride,
Their glory vaunted, and their power deny'd,
While thus they boaſt, our arm has ſhewn us brave,
And God did nothing, for he could not ſave.
So fond their thoughts are, ſo remote of ſenſe,
And blind in every courſe of Providence.
O did they know to what my judgments tend!
O would they ponder on their latter end!
They ſoon would find, that when upon the field
One makes a thouſand, two, ten thouſand yield.
The Lord of Hoſts has ſold a rebel ſtate,
And ſure enclos'd it in the nets of Fate;
For what's another's rock compar'd with ours,
Let them be judges that have prov'd their powers,
That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
While ours to freedom and to glory led.
Their vine, indeed, may ſeem to flouriſh fair,
But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air,
It ſucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
And galls for grapes in bitter cluſters yields,
And poiſon ſheds for wine, like that which comes
From aſps, and dragons death-infected gums.
And are not theſe their hateful ſins reveal'd,
And in my treaſures for my juſtice ſeal'd?
To me the province of revenge belongs,
To me the certain recompence of wrongs.
Their feet ſhall totter in appointed time,
And threatening danger overtake their crime;
For, wing'd with feather'd haſte, the minutes fly
To bring thoſe things that muſt afflict them nigh.
The Lord will judge his own, and bring them low,
And then repent, and turn upon the foe.
And when the judgments from his own remove
Will thus the foe convincingly reprove:
Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain
Your offerings have been made, your victims ſlain?
Let them ariſe, let them afford their aid,
And with protection's ſhield ſurround your head.
Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,
Nor ever was there any God with me;
And death, or life, or wounds, or health, I give,
Nor can another from my power reprieve.
With ſolemn ſtate I lift my arm on high,
Above the glories of the lofty ſky:
And by myſelf majeſtically ſwear,
I live for ever, and for ever there.
If in my rage the glittering ſword I whet,
And, ſternly ſitting, take the judgment-ſeat,
My juſt awarding ſentence dooms my foe,
And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the blow,
And deep in fleſh the blade of fury bites,
And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,

And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in ſin,
When executions of revenge begin.
Then let his nation in a common voice,
And with his nation let the world rejoice:
For whether he for crimes or trials ſpill
His ſervants blood, he will avenge it ſtill;
He'll break the troops, he'll ſcatter them afar,
Who vex our realm with deſolating war,
And on the favour'd tribes and on the land,
Shed victories and peace, from Mercy's hand.
Here ceas'd the ſong, and Iſrael look'd behind,
And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
And fix'd in ſilence and amazement ſaw
The ſtrokes of all their ſtate beneath the law.
Their recollection does its light preſent
To ſhew the mountain bleſs'd with God's deſcent,
To ſhew their wanderings, their unfix'd abode,
And all their guidance in the deſert road.
Then where the beams of recollection go,
To leave the fancy diſpoſſeſs'd of ſhew,
The fairer light of prophecy's begun,
Which, opening future days, ſupplies their ſun,
By ſuch a ſun (and fancy needs no more)
They ſee the coming times, and walk them o'er,
And now they gain that reſt their travail fought,
Now milk and honey ſtream along the thought,
Anon they feel their ſouls the bleſſing cloy,
And God's forgot in full exceſs of joy:
And oft they ſin, and oft his anger burns,
And every nation's made their ſcourge by turns,
Till, oft repenting, they convert to God,
And he, repenting too, deſtroys the rod.
O nation timely warn'd in ſacred ſtrain,
O never let thy Moſes ſing in vain!
Dare to be good, and happineſs prolong,
Or, if thy folly will fulfil the ſong,
At leaſt be found the ſeldomer in ill,
And ſtill repent, and ſoon repent thee ſtill;
When ſuch fair paths thou ſhalt avoid to tread,
Thy blood will reſt upon thy ſinful head;
Thy crime, by laſting, will ſecure thy foe,
The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
And all the world, that's call'd to witneſs here,
Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
The Gentile world, a myſtic Iſrael grown,
Will in thy firſt condition find their own,
A God's deſcent, a pilgrimage below,
And promis'd reſt where living waters flow.
They'll ſee the pen deſcribe in every trace
The frowns of anger, or the ſmiles of grace;
Why mercy turns aſide, and leaves to ſhine,
What cauſe provokes the jealouſy divine;
Why juſtice kindles dire avenging flames,
What endleſs power the lifted arm proclaims;
Why mercy ſhines again with cheerful ray,
And glory double-gilds the lightſome day.
Though nations change, and Iſrael's empire dies,
Yet ſtill the caſe on earth again may riſe;
Eternal Providence its rule retains,
And ſtill preſerves, and ſtill applies the ſtrains.
'Twas ſuch a gift, the prophet's ſacred pen,
On his departure, left the ſons of men;
Thus he, and thus the ſwan her breath reſigns,
(Within the beauty of poetic lines),
He white with innocence, his figure ſhe,
And both harmonious, but the ſweeter he.
Death learns to charm, and, while it leads to bliſs,
Has found a lovely circumſtance in this,
To ſuit the meekeſt turn of eaſy mind,
And actions cheerful in an air reſign'd.
Thou flock whom Moſes to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead?
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)
Go build a pyramid to glory due,
Square the broad baſe, with ſloping ſides ariſe,
And let the point diminiſh in the ſkies.
There leave the corpſe, impending o'er his head
The wand whoſe motion winds and waves obey'd,
On ſable banners to the ſight deſcribe
The painted arms of every mourning tribe.
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb,
Deep-ſtreaming downwards through the vaulted room.
On the black ſtone a fair inſcription raiſe,
That ſums his government to ſpeak his praiſe,
And may the ſtyle as brightly worth proclaim,
As if affection, with a pointed beam,
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or honour due
Had with itſelf inlaid the tablet through.
But ſtop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way.
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavenly ſtate,
With ſplendid forms and light ſerene replete;
I hear the ſound of fluttering wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
They fly, they bear, they reſt on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the reverend dead;
This errand crowns his ſongs, and tends to prove
His near communion with the quire above.
Now ſwiftly down the ſteepy mount they go,
Now ſwiftly glides their ſhining orb below,
And now moves off, where riſing grounds deny
To ſpread their valley to the diſtant eye.
Ye bleſs'd inhabitants of glittering air,
You've borne the prophet, but we know not where.
Perhaps, leſt Iſrael, over-fondly led,
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
Make him their idol, and his grave the ſhrine.
But what diſorder? what repels the light?
And ere its ſeaſon forces on the night?
Why ſweep the ſpectres o'er the blaſted ground?
What ſhakes the mount with hollow-roaring ſound?
Hell rolls beneath it, terror ſtalks before
With ſhrieks and groans, and horror burſts a door;
And Satan riſes in infernal ſtate,
Drawn up by malice, envy, rage, and hate,
A darkening vapour with ſulphureous ſteam,
In pitchy curlings edg'd by ſullen flame,
And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
Drives whirling up on mad confuſion's ſtorm.
Then fiercely burning where the prophet dy'd,
Nor ſhall thy nation 'ſcape my wrath, he cry'd;
This corpſe I'll enter, and thy flock miſlead,
And all thy miracles my lies ſhall aid.
But where?—He's gone, and, by the ſcented ſky,
The favourite courtiers have been lately nigh;

Oh, ſlow to buſineſs, ours'd in miſchief's hour,
Trace on their odours, and if hell has power—
This ſaid, with ſpite and with a bent for ill,
He ſhot with fury from the trembling hill.
In vain, proud fiend, thy threats are half expreſt,
And half lie choking in thy ſcornful breaſt,
His ſhining bearers have perform'd their rite,
And laid him ſoftly down in ſhades of night,
A warrior heads the band, great Michael he,
Renown'd for victories in wars with thee,
A ſword of flame to ſtop thy courſe he bears,
Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy ſnares;
The Lord rebuke thy pride! he meekly cries:
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.
Here Moſes leaves my ſong, the tribes retire,
The deſert flies, and forty years expire;
And now, my fancy, for a while be ſtill,
And think of coming down from Nebo's hill.
Go ſearch among thy forms, and thence prepare
A cloud in folds of ſoft ſurrounding air!
Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
To waft thee gently-rock'd in open ſky,
Then ſtealing back to leave a ſilent calm,
And thee repoſing in a grove of palm,
The place will ſuit my next ſucceeding ſtrain,
And I'll awake thee ſoon to ſing again.

DEBORAH.

TIME, ſire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
And ſtill the paſt recall to preſent view,
Spread forth thy circles, ſwiftly gaze them o'er,
But where an action's nobly ſung before,
There ſtop and ſtay for me, whoſe thoughts deſign
To make another's ſong reſound in mine.
Paſs where the prieſt's proceſſion bore the law,
When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe,
While Iſrael march'd upon the naked ſand,
Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;
Slide through the numerous fates of Canaan's kings,
While conqueſts rode on expedition's wings,
Glance over Iſrael at a ſingle view,
In bondage oft, and oft unbound anew,
Till Jabin riſe, and Deborah ſtand enroll'd,
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.
Oh, king ſubdued! Oh, woman born to fame!
Oh, wake my fancy for the glorious theme;
Oh, wake my fancy with the ſenſe of praiſe,
Oh, wake with warblings of triumphant lays.
The land you riſe in ſultry ſuns invade;
But, when you riſe to ſing, you'll find a ſhade.
Thoſe trees in order, and with verdure crown'd,
The ſacred prophetеſs's tent ſurround,
And that fair palm a front exactly plac'd,
That overtops and overſpreads the reſt,
Near the firm root a moſſy bank ſupports,
Where Juſtice opens unexpenſive courts:
There Deborah ſits, the willing tribes repair,
Refer their cauſes, and ſhe judges there;
Nor needs a guard to bring her ſubjects in,
Each grace, each virtue, proves a guard unſeen;
Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
While great Opinion gives effectual awe.

Now twenty years, that roll'd in heavy pain,
Saw Jabin gall them with Oppreſſion's chain,
When ſhe, ſubmiſſive to divine command,
Proclaims a war for Freedom o'er the land,
And bids young Barack with thoſe men deſcend,
Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd.
Go, ſays the prophetеſs, thy foes aſſail,
Go make ten thouſand over all prevail,
Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged ſword,
Make all his army, God has ſpoke the word.
He, fit for war, and Iſrael's hope in fight,
Yet doubts the numbers, and by that the fight.
Then thus replies with wiſh to ſtand ſecure,
Or eager thought to know the conqueſt ſure;
Belov'd of God, lend thou thy preſence too,
And I with gladneſs lead th' appointed few;
But, if thou wilt not, let thy ſon deny,
For what's ten thouſand men, or what am I?
If ſo, ſhe cries, a ſhare of toil be mine,
Another ſhare, and ſome diſhonour thine;
For God, to puniſh doubt, reſolves to ſhew
That leſs than numbers can ſuppreſs his foe;
You'll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,
But 'tis a woman's act ſecures the field.
Now ſeem the warriors in their ranks aſſign'd,
Now furling banners flutter in the wind:
Her words encourage, and his actions lead,
Hope ſpurs them forward, Valour draws the blade,
And Freedom, like a fair reward for all,
Stands reaching forth her hands, and ſeems to call.
On t' other ſide, and almoſt o'er the plain,
Proud Siſera, Jabin's captain, brings his men,
As thick as locuſts on the vintage fly,
As thick as ſcatter'd leaves in autumn lie,
Bold with ſucceſs againſt a nation try'd,
And proud of numbers, and ſecure in pride.
Now ſounds the trumpet, now my fancy warms,
And now methinks I view their toils in arms,
The lively phantoms tread my boundleſs mind,
And no faint colours or weak ſtrokes deſign'd:
See where in diſtant conqueſt from afar,
The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war;
See where the lines with cloſer force engage,
And thruſt the ſpear, and whirl the ſword of rage;
Here break the files, and vainly ſtrive to cloſe,
There on their own repell'd aſſiſt their foes.
Here Deborah calls, and Jabin's ſoldiers fly,
There Barack fights, and Jabin's ſoldiers die,
But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
Expert their guiders, and their horſes ſtrong;
And Terror, rattling in their fierce array,
Bears down on Iſrael to reſtore the day.
Oh, Lord of battle, Oh, the danger's near!
Aſſiſt thine Iſrael, or they periſh here.
How ſwift is Mercy's aid, behold it fly
On ruſhing tempeſts through the troubled ſky;
With daſhing rain, with pelting hail they blow,
And ſharply drive them on the facing foe.
Thus bleſs'd with help, and only touch'd behind,
The favourite nation preſſes in the wind.
But heat of action now diſturbs the ſight,
And wild confuſion mingles all the fight;
Cold-whiſtling winds, and ſhrieks of dying men,
And groans and armour, ſound in all the plain.

The bands of Canaan fate no longer dare,
Oppreſs'd by weather, and deſtroy'd by war;
And, from his chariot whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
See where he flies, and ſee the victor near;
See rapid conqueſt in purſuit of fear.
See, ſee, they both make off, the work is o'er,
And fancy clear'd of viſion as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may ſeem to move
With ſome reſemblance of the ſkies above)
When wars are gathering in our hearts below,
We've ſeen their battles in ethereal ſhow:
The long diſtended tracts of opening ſky,
The phantoms azure field of fight ſupply;
The whitiſh clouds an argent armour yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent ſhield;
Young glittering comets point the level'd ſpear,
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,
And o'er the helms for gallant glory dreſt
Sit curls of air, and nod upon the creſt.
Thus arm'd, they ſeem to march, and ſeem to fight,
And ſeeming wounds of death delude the ſight,
The ruddy thunder-clouds look ſtain'd with gore,
And for the din of war within they roar.
Then flies aſide, and then aſide purſues,
Till in their motion all their ſhapes they looſe,
Diſperſing air concludes the mimic ſcene.
The ſky ſhuts up, and ſwiftly clears again.
But does their Siſera ſhare the common fate,
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
With ſuch inquiry near the palm repair,
Victorious honour knows and tells it there.
To that fair type of Iſrael's late ſucceſs,
Which nobly riſes as its weights depreſs,
To that fair type returns the joyful band,
Whoſe courage roſe to free their groaning land;
There ſtands the leader in the pomp of arms,
There ſtands the judge in beauty's awful charms;
And whilſt, reclin'd upon the reſting ſpear,
He pants with chace and breathes in calmer air,
Her thoughts are working with a backward view,
And would in ſong the great exploit renew.
She ſees an arm'd oppreſſion's hundred hands
Impoſe its fetters on the promis'd lands.
She ſees their nation ſtruggling in the chains,
And wars ariſing with unequal trains.
She ſees their fate in arms, the field imbrued,
The foe diſorder'd, and the foe purſued,
Till conqueſt, dreſt in rays of glory, come
With peace and freedom, brought in triumph home.
Then round her heart a beamy gladneſs plays,
Which, darting forward, thus converts to praiſe.
For Iſrael's late avengings on the foe,
When led by no compelling power below,
When each ſpring forward of their own accord,
For this, for all the mercy, praiſe the Lord.
Hear, O ye kings; ye neighbouring princes, hear;
My ſong triumphant ſhall inſtruct your fear:
My ſong triumphant bids your glory bow,
To God confeſs'd, the God of Jacob now.
O glorious Lord! when, with thy ſovereign hand,
Thou led'ſt the nation off from Edom's land,
Then trembled earth, and ſhook the heavens on high,
And clouds in drops forſook the melted ſky,
With tumbling waters, hills were heard to roar,
And felt ſuch ſhocks as Sinai felt before.
But fear abating, which by time decays,
The kings of Canaan roſe in Shamgar's days,
And ſtill continued ev'n in Jael's times,
Their empire fixing with ſucceſsful crimes.
Oppreſſion ravag'd all our loſt abodes,
Nor dare the people truſt the common roads;
But paths perplex'd and unfrequented choſe,
To ſhun the danger of perplexing foes.
Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
Unpeopled towns, and diſimprov'd the ground.
Till I, reſolving in the gap to ſtand,
I, Deborah, roſe a mother of the land,
Where others, ſlaves by ſettled cuſtom grown,
Could ſerve, and chooſe to ſerve, the gods unknown;
Where others ſuffer'd with a tame regret,
Deſtruction ſpilling blood in every gate,
And forty thouſand had not for the field
One ſpear offenſive, or defenſive ſhield.
O towards the leaders of my nation move,
O beat my warming heart with ſenſe of love,
Commend th' aſſerters on their own accord,
And bleſs the ſovereign cauſer, bleſs the Lord.
Speak ye, that ride with power return'd in ſtate,
Speak ye the praiſe, that rule the judgment-ſeat,
Speak ye the praiſe to God, that walk the roads,
While ſafety brings you to reſtor'd abodes.
The reſcued villagers, no more afraid
Of archers lurking in the faithleſs ſhade,
And ſudden death convey'd from ſounding ſtrings,
Shall ſafe approach the water's riſing ſprings;
And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,
Loitering in eaſe upon a moſſy ſeat,
Call all the bleſſings of the Lord to mind,
And ſing the Lord in all the bleſſings kind.
The townſmen reſcued from the tyrant's reign
Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
See juſtice in the gates the balance bear,
And none but her unſheath a weapon there.
Awake, O Deborah! O awake to praiſe!
Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
Ariſe, O Barack! be thy pomp begun,
Lead on thy triumph thou Abinoam's ſon;
Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
Made humbled princes ſtoop their necks to thee,
When he, the giver of ſucceſs in fight,
Advanc'd a woman o'er the ſons of might.
Againſt this Amaleck, of banded foes,
I, Deborah, root of all the war, aroſe,
From Ephraim ſprung, and leading Ephraim's line,
The next in riſing, Benjamin, was thine.
The ruling heads of half Manaſſeh's land,
To ſerve in danger, left their ſafe command.
The tribe of Zebulun's unactive men
For glorious arms forſook the peaceful pen.
The lords of Iſſachar with Deborah went,
The tribe with Barack to the vale was ſent,
Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
And ſhar'd the ſoldier's toil to raiſe their heart.

But Reuben's ſtrange diviſions juſtly wrought
Amongſt his brethren deep concern of thought.
Ah! while the nation in affliction lay,
How could'ſt thou, Reuben, by the ſheepfolds ſtay,
And let thy bleating flock divert thy days
That idly paſs'd thee with inglorious eaſe?
Divided tribe, without thy dangers free,
Deep were the ſearchings of our heart for thee.
Our Gilead too, by ſuch example ſway'd,
With unconcern beyond the river ſtay'd,
And Dan in ſhips at ſea for ſafety rode,
And frighten'd Aſher in its rock's abode.
Now ſing the field, the feats of war begun,
And praiſe thy Napthali with Zebulun,
To death expos'd, in poſts advanc'd they ſtood
With ſouls reſolv'd, and gallant rage of blood.
Then came the kings and fought, the gather'd kings
By waters ſtreaming from Megiddo's ſprings;
In Taanach vale ſuſtain'd the daring toil,
Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the ſpoil.
The ſkies, indulgent in the cauſe of right,
On Iſrael's ſide, againſt their army fight,
In evil aſpects, ſtars and planets range,
And by the weather in tempeſtuous change
Promote the dire diſtreſs, and make it known
That God has hoſts above to ſave his own.
The Kiſhon ſwell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
And roll'd them ſinking down its ſandy bed.
O river Kiſhon, river of renown!
And, O my ſoul, that trod their glory down!
The ſtony paths, by which diſorder'd flight
Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
With rugged points their horſes hoofs diſtreſs'd,
And broke them prancing in impetuous haſte.
Curſe, curſe ye Meroz, curſe the town abhorr'd,
(So ſpake the glorious angel of the Lord)
For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
To join that ſide on which the Lord declar'd.
But bleſs ye Jael, be the Kenite's name
Above our women's bleſs'd in endleſs fame.
The captain, faint with ſore fatigue of flight,
Implor'd for water to ſupport his might,
And milk ſhe pour'd him, while he water ſought,
And in her lordly diſh her butter brought.
With courage well-deſerving to prevail,
One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
And him, reclin'd to ſleep, ſhe boldly ſlew,
She ſmote, ſhe pierc'd, ſhe ſtruck the temples through.
Before her feet, reluctant on the clay,
He bow'd, he fell; he bow'd, he fell, he lay;
He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By ſuch degrees
As thrice ſhe ſtruck, each ſtroke's effect ſhe ſees.
His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes;
And, grown impatient, through the lattice cries,
Why moves the chariot of my ſon ſo ſlow?
Or what affairs retard his coming ſo?
Her ladies anſwer'd—but ſhe would not ſtay,
(For pride had taught what flattery meant to ſay)
They've ſped, ſhe ſays, and now the prey they ſhare,
For each a damſel, or a lovely pair,
For Siſera's part a robe of gallant grace,
Where diverſe colours rich embroidery trace,
Meet for the necks of thoſe who win the ſpoil
When triumph offers its reward for toil.
Thus periſh all whom God's decrees oppoſe,
Thus, like the vanquiſh'd, periſh all thy foes;
But let the men that in thy name delight
Be like the ſun in heavenly glory bright,
When mounted on the dawn he poſts away,
And with full ſtrength encreaſes on the day.
'Twas here the propheteſs reſpir'd from ſong,
Then loudly ſhouted all the cheerful throng,
By freedom gain'd, by victory complete,
Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
The frowns of ſorrow gave their ancient place
To pleaſure, drawn in ſmiles of every face.
The groans of ſlavery were no longer wrung,
But thoughts of comfort from the bleſſing ſprung.
And as they ſhouted from the breezy weſt,
Amongſt the plumes that deck the ſinger's creſt,
The ſpirit of applauſe itſelf convey'd
On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd:
Such was the caſe (or ſuch ideas flow
From thought repleniſh'd with triumphant ſhow).
What rais'd their joy their love could alſo raiſe,
And each contended in the words of praiſe,
And every word proclaim'd the wonders paſt,
And God was ſtill the firſt, and ſtill the laſt;
Deep in their ſouls the fair impreſſion lay,
Deep trac'd, and never to be worn away.
From hence the reſcued generation ſtill
Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,
And fear'd the puniſhment for ill abhorr'd,
And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.
From hence in all their days the Lord was kind,
His face ſerene with ſettled favour ſhin'd,
Fair baniſh'd Order was recall'd in ſtate,
The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate,
Peace cheer'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with Peace,
Gay blooming Plenty roſe with large increaſe,
Sweet Mercy thoſe who thought on mercy bleſt,
And ſo for forty years the land had reſt.
Reſt, happy land, a while; ah longer ſo,
Didſt thou thine happineſs ſincerely know!
But ſoon thy quiet with thy goodneſs paſt,
And in the ſong alone obtain'd to laſt.
Live, ſong triumphant, live in fair record,
And teach ſucceeding times to fear the Lord;
For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,
And wins the mind with images of good.
Touch'd with a ſacred rage and heavenly flame,
I ſtrive to ſing thine univerſal aim,
To quit the ſubject, and in lays ſublime,
The moral fit for any point of time.
Then go, my verſes, with applying ſtrain,
Go form a triumph not aſcrib'd to men.
Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
And ſtorms of trouble drive along the ſky,
Then humbled Piety thine accents raiſe,
For prayer will prove the powerful charm of eaſe.
Lo, now my ſoul has ſpoke its beſt deſires,
How bleſſings anſwer what the prayer requires!
Before thy ſighs the clouds of grief retreat,
The ſtorms of trouble by thy tears abate,
And radiant glory, from her upper ſphere,
Looks down and glitters in relented air.

Riſe, lovely Piety, from earthy bed,
The parted flame deſcends upon thine head,
This wondrous mitre, fram'd by ſacred love,
And for thy triumph ſent thee from above,
In two bright points with upper rays aſpires,
And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
Riſe, lovely Piety, with pomp appear,
And thou, kind Mercy, lend thy chariot here;
On either ſide, fair Fame and Honour place,
Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace;
While Irreligion, muttering horrid ſound,
With fierce and proud Oppreſſion backward bound,
Drag by the wheels along the duſty plain,
And gnaſhing lick the ground, and curſe with pain.
Now come, ye thouſands, and more thouſands yet,
With order join to fill the train of ſtate,
Souls tun'd for praiſing to the temple bring,
And thus amidſt the ſacred muſic ſing:
Hail, Piety! triumphant goodneſs, hail!
Hail, O prevailing, ever O prevail!
At thine entreaty, Juſtice leaves to frown,
And wrath appeaſing lays the thunder down;
The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,
Love aſks a bleſſing, and the Lord returns.
In his great name that heaven and earth has made,
In his great name alone we find our aid;
Then bleſs the Name, and let the world adore,
From this time forward, and for evermore.

HANNAH.

Now crowds move off, retiring trumpets ſound,
On echoes dying in their laſt rebound;
The notes of fancy ſeem no longer ſtrong,
But ſweetening cloſes fit a private ſong.
So when the ſtorms forſake the ſea's command,
To break their forces in the winding land,
No more their blaſts tumultuous rage proclaim,
But ſweep in murmurs o'er a murmuring ſtream.
Then ſeek the ſubject, and its ſong be mine,
Whoſe numbers, mixt in ſacred ſtory, ſhine:
Go, brightly working thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hovering pinions lie,
And beat with ſtronger force, to make thee riſe
Where beauteous Hannah meets the ſearching eyes.
There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords,
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's.
Carv'd pillars, filleted with ſilver, rear,
To cloſe the curtains in an outward ſquare,
But thoſe within it, which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold.
Here Eli comes to take the reſting ſeat,
Slow moving forward with a reverend gait:
Sacred in office, venerably ſage,
And venerably great in ſilver'd age.
Here Hannah comes, a melancholy wife,
Reproach'd for barren in the marriage life;
Like ſummer mornings ſhe to ſight appears,
Bedew'd and ſhining in the midſt of tears.
Her heart in bitterneſs of grief ſhe bow'd,
And thus her wiſhes to the Lord ſhe vow'd:
If thou thine handmaid with compaſſion ſee,
If I, my God! am not forgot by thee;
If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,
The child I wiſh for all his days be thine;
His life devoted, in thy courts be led,
And not a razor come upon his head.
So, from receſſes of her inmoſt ſoul,
Through moving lips her ſtill devotion ſtole:
As ſilent waters glide through parted trees,
Whoſe branches tremble with a riſing breeze.
The words were loſt becauſe her heart was low,
But free deſire had taught the mouth to go;
This Eli mark'd, and with a voice ſevere,
While yet ſhe multiply'd her thoughts in prayer,
How long ſhall wine, he cries, diſtract thy breaſt?
Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by reſt.
Ah! ſays the mourner, count not this for ſin,
It is not wine, but grief, that works within;
The ſpirit of thy wretched handmaid know,
Her prayer's complaint, and her condition woe.
Then ſpake the ſacred prieſt, in peace depart,
And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart!
His bleſſing thus pronounc'd with awful ſound,
The votary bending leaves the ſolemn ground,
She ſeems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
And cheerful hope the tears of trouble dries,
And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll,
With joy that dawns in thought upon the ſoul.
Now let the town, and tent, and court remain,
And leap the time till Hannah comes again.
As painted proſpects ſkip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently ſeen,
And leave their intervals that ſink below,
In deep retreat, and unexpreſs'd to ſhow.
Behold! ſhe comes (but not as once ſhe came,
To grieve, to ſigh, and teach her eyes to ſtream);
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and ſmiling kind of grace;
Her little Samuel in her arms ſhe bears,
The wiſh of long deſire, and child of prayers;
And as the ſacrifice ſhe brought begun,
To reverend Eli ſhe preſents her ſon.
Here, cries the mother, here my Lord may ſee
The woman come, who pray'd in grief by thee:
The child I ſued for, God in bounty gave;
And what he granted, let him now receive.
But ſtill the votary feels her temper move,
With all the tender violence of love,
That ſtill enjoys the gift, and inly burns
To ſearch for larger, or for more returns.
Then, fill'd with bleſſings which allure to praiſe,
And rais'd by joy to ſoul-enchanting lays,
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
In ſweet effuſions of the grateful mind:
My lifting heart, with more than common heat,
Sends up its thanks to God on every beat,
My glory, rais'd above the reach of ſcorn,
To God exalts its highly planted horn;
My mouth enlarg'd, mine enemies defies,
And finds in God's ſalvation full replies.
Oh, bright in holy beauty's power divine,
There's none whoſe glory can compare with thine!
None ſhare thine honours, nay, there's none beſide,
No rock on which thy creatures can confide.
Ye proud in ſpirits, who your gift adore,
Unlearn the faults, and ſpeak with pride no more;

No more your words in arrogance be ſhown,
Nor call the works of Providence your own,
Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
And, as he wills, his acts of power diſpoſe.
The ſtrong, whoſe ſinewy forces arch'd the bow,
Have ſeen it ſhatter'd by the conquering foe;
The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
And new-ſprung vigour in the limbs encreaſe.
The full, whom vaſy'd taſkes of plenty fed,
Have let their labour out to gain their bread.
The poor, that languiſh'd in a ſtarving ſtate,
Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat.
The barren womb, no longer barren now,
(Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow!)
In pleaſure wonders at a mothers pain,
And ſees her offspring, and conceives again;
While ſhe that glory'd in her numerous heirs,
Now broke by feebleneſs, no longer bears.
Such turns their riſing from the Lord derive,
The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;
He brings by ſickneſs down to gaping graves,
And, by reſtoring health, from ſickneſs ſaves.
He makes the poor by keeping back his ſtore,
And makes the rich by bleſſing men with more;
He ſinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.
He takes the beggar from his humble clay,
From off the dunghill where deſpis'd he lay,
To mix with princes in a rank ſupreme,
Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:
For all the pillars of exalted ſtate,
So nobly firm, ſo beautifully great,
Whoſe various orders bear the rounded ball,
Which would without them to confuſion fall,
All are the Lord's, at his diſpoſure ſtand,
And prop the govern'd world at his command.
His mercy, ſtill more wonderfully ſweet,
Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet,
While, through the darkneſs of the wicked ſoul,
Amazement, dread, and deſperation roll;
While envy ſtops their tongues, and hopeleſs grief,
That ſees their fears, but not their fears relief.
And they their ſtrength as unavailing view,
Since none ſhall truſt in that and ſafety too.
The foes of Iſrael, for Iſrael's ſake,
God will to pieces in his anger break;
His bolts of thunder, from an open'd ſky,
Shall on their heads, with force unerring, fly.
His voice ſhall call, and all the world ſhall hear,
And all for ſentence at his ſeat appear.
But mount to gentler praiſes, mount again,
My thoughts, prophetic of Meſſiah's reign;
Perceive the glories which around him ſhine,
And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.
'Tis here the numbers find a bright repoſe,
The vows accepted, and the votary goes.
But thou, my ſoul, upon her accents hung,
And ſweetly pleas'd with what ſhe ſweetly ſung,
Prolong the pleaſure with thine inward eyes,
Turn back thy thoughts, and ſee the ſubject riſe.
In her peculiar caſe, the ſong begun,
And for a while through private bleſſings run,
As through their banks the curling waters play,
And ſoft in murmurs kiſs the flowery way,
With force encreaſing then ſhe leaps the bounds,
And largely flows on more extended grounds;
Spreads wide and wider, till vaſt ſeas appear,
And boundleſs views of Providence are here.
How ſwift theſe views along her anthem glide,
As waves on waves puſh forward in the tide!
How ſwift thy wonders o'er my fancy ſweep,
O Providence, thou great unfathom'd deep!
Where reſignation gently dips the wing,
And learns to love and thank, admire and ſing;
But bold preſumptuous reaſonings, diving down
To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.
Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praiſe,
But from himſelf his happineſs derives,
And thanks his wiſdom, when by thine he thrives;
His limbs at eaſe in ſoft repoſe he ſpreads,
Bewitch'd with vain delights, on flowery beds;
And, while his ſenſe the fragrant breezes kiſs,
He meditates a waking dream of bliſs;
He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near;
He thinks of glories, and their rays appear;
He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
Serenely ſmiles in every taking grace;
He thinks of riches, and their heaps ariſe,
Diſplay their glittering forms, and fix his eyes;
Thus drawn with pleaſures in a charming view,
Riſing he reaches, and would fain purſue.
But ſtill the fleeting ſhadows mock his care,
And ſtill his fingers graſp at yielding air;
Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
It is not man's to take, but God's to grant.
If then, perſiſting in the vain deſign,
We look for bliſs without an help divine,
We ſtill may ſearch, and ſearch without relief,
Nor only want a bliſs, but find a grief.
That ſuch conviction may to ſight appear,
Sit down, ye ſons of men, ſpectators here;
Behold a ſcene upon your folly wrought,
And let this lively ſcene inſtruct the thought.
Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble riſe,
Then caſt it off to float upon the ſkies;
Still ſwell its ſides with breath—O beauteous frame!
It grows, it ſhines: be now the world thy name!
Methinks creation forms itſelf within,
The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are ſeen;
The ſkies above preſent an azure ſhow,
And lovely verdure paints an earth below.
I'll wind myſelf in this delightful ſphere,
And live a thouſand years of pleaſure there;
Roll'd up in bliſſes, which around me cloſe,
And now regal'd with theſe, and now with thoſe.
Falſe hope, but falſer words of joy, farewell,
You've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,
My bubbles burſt, my proſpects diſappear,
And leave behind a moral and a tear.
If at the type our dreaming ſouls awake,
And Hannah's ſtrains their juſt impreſſion make,
The boundleſs power of Providence we know,
And fix our truſt on nothing here below.
Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatneſs own,
Looks down ſerenely from his ſtarry throne,
And bids the bleſſed days our prayers have won
Put on their glories, and prepare to run.

For which our thanks be juſtly ſent above,
Enlarg'd by gladneſs, and inſpir'd with love:
For which his praiſes be for ever ſung,
O ſweet employment of the grateful tongue!
Burſt forth, my temper, in a godly flame,
For all his bleſſings laud his holy name:
That, ere mine eyes ſaluted cheerful day,
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
O could I prove in life like Samuel too!
That all my frame is exquiſitely wrought,
The world enjoy'd by ſenſe, and God by thought;
That living ſtreams through living channels glide,
To make this frame by Nature's courſe abide;
That, for its good, by Providence's care,
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
That mercy's ever-inexhauſted ſtore
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promiſe more;
And all the proffers ſtream with grace divine,
And all the promiſes with glory ſhine.
O praiſe the Lord, my ſoul, in one accord,
Let all that is within me praiſe the Lord;
O praiſe the Lord, my ſoul, and ever ſtrive
To keep the ſweet remembrances alive.
Still raiſe the kind affections of thine heart,
Raiſe every grateful word to bear a part,
With every word the ſtrains of love deviſe,
Awake thine harp, and thou thyſelf ariſe;
Then, if his mercy be not half expreſs'd,
Let wondering ſilence magnify the reſt.

DAVID.

My thought, on views of admiration hung,
Intently raviſh'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
Here mov'd with praiſe, and mov'd with glory there;
The joys entrancing, and the mute ſurpriſe,
Half fix the blood, and dim the moiſtening eyes;
Pleaſure and praiſe on one another break,
An exclamation longs at heart to ſpeak;
When thus my genius on the work deſign'd,
Awaiting cloſely, guides the wandering mind.
If, while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,
A bright aſtoniſhment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper would attempt to ſing,
Another's quill ſhall imp thy feebler wing;
Behold the name of royal David near,
Behold his muſic, and his meaſures hear,
Whoſe harp devotion in a rapture ſtrung,
And left no ſtate of pious ſouls unſung.
Him to the wondering world but newly ſhewn,
Celeſtial poetry pronounc'd her own;
A thouſand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;
Fair blooming innocence, with tender years,
And native ſweetneſs for the raviſh'd ears,
Prepar'd to ſmile within his early ſong,
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains along:
Majeſtic honour, at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
Reach'd forth the ſceptre of her royal fate,
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great,
Undaunted courage, deck'd with manly charms,
With waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,
Diſplay'd the glories and the toils of fight,
Demanded fame, and call'd him forth to write.
To perfect theſe, the ſacred Spirit came,
By mild infuſion of celeſtial flame,
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breaſt,
And breath'd his graces over all the reſt.
Ah! where the daring flights of men aſpire,
To match his numbers with an equal fire;
In vain they ſtrive to make proud Babel riſe,
And with an earth-born labour touch the ſkies;
While I the glittering page reſolv'd to view,
That will the ſubject of my lines renew;
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd ſhade,
Around my beating temples fears to fade;
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
And David's God muſt help, or elſe I ſink.
As rolling rivers in their channels flow,
Swift from aloft, but on the level flow:
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So juſt, ſo copious, move the Pſalmiſt's ſtrains;
So ſweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
So gently clear, or ſo ſublimely great;
While Nature's ſeen in all her forms to ſhine,
And mix with beauties drawn from Truth divine;
Sweet beauties (ſweet affection's endleſs rill)
That in the ſoul like honey drops diſtil.
Hail, Holy Spirit, hail Supremely Kind,
Whoſe inſpiration thus enlarg'd the mind;
Who taught him what the gentle ſhepherd ſings,
What rich expreſſions ſuit the port of kings;
What daring words deſcribe the ſoldier's heat,
And what the prophet's ecſtaſies relate;
Nor let his worſt condition be forgot,
In all this ſplendour of exalted thought,
On one thy different ſorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equal force in all;
And while from heavenly courts he feels a flame,
He ſings the place from whence the bleſſing came;
And makes his inſpirations ſweetly prove
The tuneful ſubject of the mind they move.
Immortal Spirit, light of life inſtill'd,
Who thus the boſom of a mortal fill'd,
Though weak my voice, and though my light be dim,
Yet fain I'd praiſe thy wondrous gifts in him
Then, ſince thine aid's attracted by deſire,
And they that ſpeak thee right muſt feel thy fire,
Vouchſafe a portion of thy grace divine,
And raiſe my voice, and in my numbers ſhine:
I ſing of David, David ſings of thee,
Aſſiſt the Pſalmiſt, and his work in me.
But now, my verſe, ariſing on the wing,
What part of all thy ſubject wilt thou ſing?
How fire thy firſt attempt? in what reſort
Of Paleſtina's plains, or Salem's court;
Where, as his hands the ſolemn meaſure play'd,
Curs'd fiends with torment and confuſion fled;
Where, at the roſy ſpring of cheerful light,
(If pious fame record tradition right)
A ſoft afflation of celeſtial fire
Came like a ruſhing breeze, and ſhook the lyre,
Still ſweetly giving every trembling ſtring
So much of ſound, as made him wake to ſing?

Within my view the country firſt appears,
The country firſt enjoy'd his youthful years;
Then frame thy ſhady landſcapes in my ſtrain,
Some conſcious mountain, or accuſtom'd plain;
Where by the waters, on the graſs reclin'd,
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his mind;
For through the paths of rural life I'll ſtray,
And in his pleaſures paint a ſhepherd's day.
With grateful ſentiments, with active will,
With voice exerted, and enlivening ſkill,
His free return of thanks he duly paid,
And each new day new beams of bounty ſhed.
Awake, my tuneful harp; awake, he cries;
Awake, my lute, the ſun begins to riſe;
My God, I'm ready now! then takes a flight,
To pureſt Piety's exalted height:
From thence his ſoul, with heaven itſelf in view,
On humble prayers and humble praiſes flew.
The praiſe as pleaſing, and as ſweet the prayer,
As incenſe curling up through morning air.
When towards the field with early ſteps he trod,
And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,
Perhaps, in ſweet melodious words of praiſe,
He drew the proſpect which adorn'd his ways;
The ſoil, but newly viſited with rain,
The river of the Lord with ſpringing grain,
Jolarge, encreaſe the ſoften'd furrow bleſt,
The year with goodneſs crown'd, with beauty dreſt.
And ſtill to power divine aſcribe it all,
From whoſe high paths the drops of fatneſs fall;
Then in the ſong the ſmiling ſights rejoice,
And all the mute creation finds a voice;
With thick returns delightful echoes fill
The paſtur'd green, or ſoft aſcending hill,
Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumber'd ſheep,
To boaſt their glories in the crowds they keep.
And corn, that's waving in the weſtern gale,
With joyful ſound proclaims the cover'd vale.
Whene'er his flocks the lovely ſhepherd drove,
To neighbouring waters, to the neighbouring grove;
To Jordan's flood, refreſh'd by cooling wind,
Or Cedron's brook, to moſſy banks confin'd;
In eaſy notes, and guiſe of lowly ſwain, [train:
'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the liſtening
The Lord's my ſhepherd, bountiful and good,
I cannot want, ſince he provides me food;
Me for his ſheep along the verdant meads,
Me, all too mean, his tender mercy leads,
To taſte the ſprings of life, and taſte repoſe
Wherever living paſture ſweetly grows.
And as I cannot want, I need not fear,
For ſtill the preſence of my ſhepherd's near;
Through darkſome vales, where beaſts of prey reſort,
Where death appears with all his dreadful court,
His rod and hook direct me when I ſtray,
He calls to fold, and they direct my way.
Perhaps, when ſeated on the river's brink,
He ſaw the tender ſheep at noon-day drink,
He [illegible] land where milk and honey glide,
And fattening plenty rolls upon the tide.
Or, fix'd within the freſhneſs of a ſhade,
Whoſe boughs diffuſe their leaves around his head
He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
Then ſung the righteous in their happy ſtate,
And how, by providential care, ſucceſs
Shall all their actions in due ſeaſon bleſs:
So firm they ſtand, ſo beautiful they look,
As planted trees aſide the purling brook:
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain:
The leaves ſprout forth, the riſing branches ſhoot,
And ſummer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.
But if the flowery field, with varied hue,
And native ſweetneſs, entertain'd his view;
The flowery field with all the glorious throng
Of lively colours roſe, to paint his ſong;
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,
And ſpake the life of tranſitory man.
As graſs ariſes by degrees unſeen
To deck the breaſt of earth with lovely green,
Till Nature's order brings the withering days,
And all the ſummer's beauteous pomp decays;
So, by degrees unſeen, doth man ariſe,
So blooms by courſe, and ſo by courſe he dies.
Or as her head the gaudy floweret heaves,
Spreads to the ſun, and boaſts her ſilken leaves,
Till accidental winds their glory ſhed,
And then they fall before the time to fade;
So man appears, ſo falls in all his prime,
Ere age approaches on the ſteps of time.
But thee, my God! thee ſtill the ſame we find,
Thy glory laſting, and thy mercy kind;
That ſtill the juſt, and all his race, may know
No cauſe to mourn their ſwift account below.
When from beneath he ſaw the wandering ſheep
That graz'd the level, range along the ſteep,
Then roſe, the wanton ſtragglers home to call,
Before the pearly dews at evening fall;
Perhaps new thoughts the riſing ground ſupply,
And that employs his mind which fills his eye.
From pointed hills, he cries, my wiſhes tend,
To that great hill from whence ſupports deſcend:
The Lord's that hill, that place of ſure defence,
My wants obtain their certain help from thence.
And as large hills projected ſhadows throw,
To ward the ſun from off the vales below,
Or for their ſafety ſtop the blaſt above,
That, with raw vapours loaded, nightly rove;
So ſhall protection o'er his ſervants ſpread,
And I repoſe beneath the ſacred ſhade,
Unhurt by rage, that, like a ſummer's day,
Deſtroys and ſcorches with impetuous ray;
By waſting ſorrows, undepriv'd of reſt,
That fall, like damps by moon-ſhine, on the breaſt,
Here from the mind the proſpects ſeem to wear,
And leave the couch'd deſign appearing bare;
And now no more the ſhepherd ſings his hill,
But ſings the ſovereign Lord's protection ſtill.
For as he ſees the night prepar'd to come,
On wings of evening he prepares for home;
And in the ſong thus adds a bleſſing more,
To what the thought within the figure bore:
Eternal goodneſs manifeſtly ſtill
Preſerves my ſoul from each approach of ill;
Ends all my days, as all my days begin,
And keeps my goings, and my comings-in.

Here think the ſinking ſun deſcends apace,
And, from thy firſt attempt, my fancy ceaſe;
Here bid the ruddy ſhepherd quit the plain,
And to the fold return his flocks again.
Go, leſt the lion, or the ſhagged bear,
Thy tender lambs with ſavage hunger tear;
Though neither bear nor lion match thy might,
When in their rage they flood reveal'd to fight;
Go, leſt thy wanton ſheep returning home,
Should, as they paſs, through doubtful darkneſs roam.
Go, ruddy youth, to Bethlem turn thy way,
On Bethlem's road conclude the parting day.
Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
And ſees the creſcent riſe with ſilver light;
His words conſider all the ſparkling ſhow
With which the ſtars in golden order glow.
And what is man, he cries, that thus thy kind,
Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?
For him they glitter, him the beaſts of prey,
That feare my ſheep, and theſe my ſheep obey.
O Lord, our Lord, with how deſerv'd a fame,
Does earth record the glories of thy name!
Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
And finds the road has finiſh'd with the ſong,
He ſings, with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
Be this, my God, an evening ſacrifice.
But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whiſper'd breeze ſerenely roves,
Leave all the coarſe of working fancy clear,
Or only grace another ſubject here;
For in my purpoſe new deſigns ariſe,
Whoſe brightening images engage mine eyes.
Then here, my verſe, thy louder accents raiſe,
Thy theme through lofty paths of glory trace;
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs,
And ſtrive to touch his more exalted ſongs.
While yet in humble vales his harp he ſtrung,
While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
Eternal Wiſdom choſe him for his own,
And from the flock audvanc'd him to the throne;
That there his upright heart, and prudent hand,
With more diſtinguiſh'd ſkill, and high command,
Might act the ſhepherd in a noble ſphere,
And take his nation into regal care.
He could of mercy then, and juſtice ſing,
Thoſe radiant virtues that adorn a king,
That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
Beyond thoſe gems whoſe ſplendour decks a crown:
That fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,
Make plains abound, and barren mountains bare.
To thee, to whom theſe attributes belong,
To thee, my God, he cry'd, I ſend my ſong;
To thee, from whom my regal glory came,
I ſing the forms in which my court I frame;
Aſſiſt the models of imperfect ſkill,
O come, with ſacred aid, and fix my will.
A wiſe behaviour in my private ways,
And all my ſoul diſpos'd to public peace,
Shall daily ſtrive to let my ſubjects ſee
A perfect pattern how to live, in me.
Still will I think, as ſtill my glories riſe,
To ſet no wicked thing before mine eyes,
Nor will I chooſe the favourites of ſtate,
Among thoſe men that have incurr'd thine hate,
Whoſe vice but makes them ſcandalouſly great;
'Tis time that all, whoſe froward rage of heart
Would vex my realm, ſhall from my realm depart;
'Tis time that all, whoſe private ſlandering lie
Leads judgment falſely, ſhall by judgment die.
And time the great, who looſe the reins to pride,
Shall with neglect and ſcorn be laid aſide;
But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
I'll ſend my light, with ſharp diſarming ray,
Through dark retreats, where humble minds abide,
Through ſhades of peace, where modeſt tempers hide;
To find the good that may ſupport my ſtate,
And, having found them, then to make them great.
My voice ſhall raiſe them from the lonely cell,
With me to govern, and with me to dwell.
My voice ſhall flattery and deceit diſgrace,
And in their room exalted virtue place;
That, with an early care, and ſtedfaſt hand,
The wicked periſh from the faithful land.
When on the throne he ſate in calm repoſe,
And with a royal hope his offspring roſe,
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
Their deep concernment for the public weal;
Upon a good forecaſted thought they run,
For common bleſſings in the king begun:
For righteouſneſs and judgment ſtrictly fair,
Which from the king deſcends upon his heir.
So when his life and all his labour ceaſe,
The reign ſucceeding, brings ſucceeding peace;
So ſtill the poor ſhall find impartial laws,
And orphans ſtill a guardian of their cauſe;
And ſtern oppreſſion have its galling yoke,
And rabid teeth of prey, to pieces broke.
Then, wondering at the glories of his way,
His friends ſhall love, his daunted foes obey:
For peaceful commerce neighbouring kings apply,
And with great preſents court the grand ally.
For him rich gums ſhall ſweet Arabia bear,
For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare;
Him Tharſis, him the foreign iſles ſhall greet,
And every nation bend beneath his feet.
And thus his honours far-extended grow,
The type of great Meſſiah's reign below.
But worldly realms, that in his accents ſhine,
Are left beneath the full advanc'd deſign;
When thoughts of empire in the mind increaſe
O'er all the limits that determine place,
If thus the monarch's riſing fancy move
To ſearch for more unbounded realms above,
In which celeſtial courts the king maintains,
And o'er the vaſt extent of nature reigns;
He then deſcribes, in elevated words,
His Iſrael's ſhepherd, as the Lord of Lords.
How bright between the cherubims he ſits,
What dazzling luſtre all his throne emits;
How righteouſneſs, with judgment join'd, ſupport
The regal ſeat, and dignify the court;
How faireſt honour, and majeſtic ſtate,
The preſence grace, and ſtrength the beauty wait;
What glittering miniſters around him ſtand,
To fly like winds, or flames, at his command

How ſure the beams, on which his palace riſe,
Are ſet in waters, rais'd above the ſkies,
How wide the ſkies, like outſpread curtains, fly
To veil majeſtic light from human eye;
Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above,
Where ſtorms are bounded, though they ſeem to rove;
Where fire, and hail, and vapour, ſo fulfil
The wiſe intentions of their Maker's will;
How well 'tis ſeen the great eternal mind
Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind.
O, wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories ſhine
The heavens declare, for what they boaſt is thine;
And yon blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
In all its handy-work diſplays thy might.
Again the monarch touch'd another ſtrain,
Another province claim'd his verſe again,
Where goodneſs infinite has fix'd a ſway,
Whoſe outſtretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
Beneath this empire of extended air,
Yet ſtill in reach of Providence's care,
God plac'd the rounded earth with ſtedfaſt hand,
And bid the baſis ever firmly ſtand:
He bid the mountains from confuſion's heaps
Exalt their ſummits, and aſſume their ſhapes.
He bid the waters like a garment ſpread,
To form large ſeas, and, as he ſpake, they fled.
His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey.
And forward haſten, till they form'd the ſea;
Then, left with lawleſs rage the ſurges roar,
He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with ſhore,
He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling ſteal
Through winding hills, along the flowery vale;
To which the beaſts, that graze the vale, retreat
For cool refreſhings in the ſummer's heat;
While, perch'd in leaves upon the tender ſprays,
The birds around their ſinging voices raiſe.
He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,
Forſake the chambers of the clouds on high,
And golden harveſt, rich with ears of grain
And ſpiry blades of graſs, adorn the plain;
And grapes luxuriant cheer the ſoul with wine,
And ointment ſhed, to make the viſage ſhine.
Through trunks of trees fermenting ſap proceeds,
To feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds:
So ſhoots the fir, where airy ſtorks abide,
So cedar, Lebanon's aſpiring pride,
Whoſe birds, by God's appointment, in their neſt,
With green ſurrounded, lie ſecure of reſt;
Where ſmall increaſe the barren mountains give,
There kines, adapted to the feeding, live;
There flocks of goats in healthy paſtures browſe,
And, in their rocky entrails, rabbits houſe.
Where foreſts, thick with ſhrubs, entangled ſtand,
Untrod the roads, and deſolate the land,
There cloſe in coverts hide the beaſts of prey,
Till heavy darkneſs creeps upon the day,
Then roar with hunger's voice, and range abroad,
And, in their method, ſeek their meat from God;
And, when the dawning edge of eaſtern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.
Man, next ſucceeding, from the ſweet repoſe
Of downy beds, to work appointed goes.
When firſt the morning ſees the riſing ſun,
He ſees their labours both at once begun;
And, night returning with its ſtarry train,
Perceives their labours done at once again.
O! manifold in works ſupremely wiſe,
How well thy gracious ſtore the world ſupplies!
How all thy creatures on thy goodneſs call,
And that beſtows a due ſupport for all!
When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich bounty ſtoops to viſit us below;
When from thy hand no more thy favours ſtream,
Back to the duſt we turn, from whence we came;
And when thy ſpirit gives the vital heat,
A ſure ſucceſſion keeps the kinds complete;
The propagated ſeeds their forms retain,
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.
Thus, as you've ſeen th' effect reveal the cauſe,
Is Nature's Ruler known in Nature's laws;
Thus ſtill his power is o'er the world diſplay'd,
And ſtill rejoices in the world he made.
The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is king;
Let nations praiſe, and praiſes learn to ſing.
My verſes here may change their ſtyle again,
And trace the Pſalmiſt in another ſtrain;
Where all his ſoul the ſoldier's ſpirit warms,
And to the muſic fits the ſound of arms;
Where brave diſorder does in numbers dwell,
And artful number ſpeaks diſorder well.
Ariſe, my genius, and attempt the praiſe
Of dreaded power, and perilous eſſays;
And where his accents are too nobly great,
Like diſtant echoes, give the faint repeat:
For who, like him, with enterpriſing pen,
Can paint the Lord of hoſts in wrath with men?
Or with juſt images of tuneful lay,
Set all his terrors in their fierce array?
He comes! The tumult of diſcording ſpheres,
The quivering ſhocks of earth confeſs their fears;
Thick ſmoke precede, and blaſts of angry breath,
That kindle dread devouring flames of death.
He comes! the firmament, with diſmal night,
Bows down, and ſeems to fall upon the light:
The darkling miſts enwrap his head around,
The waters deluge, and the tempeſts ſound;
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
And plants his black pavilion in the ſkies.
He comes! the clouds remove; the rattling hail,
Deſcending, bounds, and ſcatters o'er the vale:
His voice is heard, his thunder ſpeaks his ire,
His lightning blaſts with blue ſulphureous fire;
His brandiſh'd bolts with ſwift commiſſion go,
To puniſh man's rebellious acts below.
His ſtern rebukes lay deepeſt ocean bare,
And ſolid earth, by wide eruption, tear.
Then glares the naked gulf with diſmal ray,
And then the dark foundations ſee the day:
O God! let mercy this thy war aſſuage!
Alas! no mortal can ſuſtain thy rage.
While I but ſtrive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confuſing paſſions in my boſom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled ſoul:
Remorſe with pity, fear with ſorrow blend,
And I but ſtrive in vain; my verſe, deſcend,

To leſs aſpiring paths direct thy flight,
Though ſtill the leſs may more than match thy
might;
While I to ſecond agents tune the ſtrings,
And Iſrael's warrior Iſrael's battles ſings;
Great warrior he, and great to ſing of war,
Whoſe lines (if ever lines prevail'd ſo far)
Might pitch the tents, compoſe the ranks anew,
To combat ſound, and bring the toil to view.
O nation moſt ſecurely rais'd in name,
Whoſe fair records he wrote for endleſs fame;
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conqueſts, and thy thanks he ſhows;
For thus he ſung the realms that muſt be thine,
And made thee thus confeſs an aid divine.
When mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its ſway,
And Iſrael paſs'd the deep divided ſea.
When Mercy ſpake it, haughty Pharaoh's hoſt,
And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were toſt.
When Mercy led us through the deſert ſand,
We reach'd the borders of the promis'd land:
Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,
And all thoſe kings by Mercy's help we fought:
There, with their monarch, Amor's people bleed,
For God was gracious, and the tribes ſucceed.
There monſtrous Ogg was fell'd on Baſan's plain,
For God was gracious to the tribes again.
At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
And Iſrael ſings that God is gracious ſtill.
Nor has the warlike prince alone inroll'd
The wondrous feats their fathers did of old;
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
Theſe too may challenge juſt returns of praiſe.
My God! he cries, my ſureſt rock of might,
My truſt in dangers, and my ſhield in fight;
Thy matchleſs bounties I with gladneſs own,
Nor find aſſiſtance but from thee alone:
Thy ſtrength is armour, and my path ſucceſs,
No power like thee can thus ſecurely bleſs.
When troops united would arreſt my courſe,
I break their files, and through their order force;
When in their towns they keep, my ſiege I form,
And leap the battlements, and lead the ſtorm;
And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
As ſwift as hinds in chace I bound on high;
My ſtrenuous arms thou teacheſt how to kill,
And ſnap in ſunder temper'd bows of ſteel;
My moving footſteps are enlarg'd by thee,
And kept from ſnares of planned ambuſh free;
And when my foes forſake the field of fight,
Then, fluſh'd with conqueſt, I purſue their flight;
In vain their fears, that almoſt reach deſpair,
The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
As ſwift as fear briſk warmth of conqueſt goes,
And at my feet dejects the wounded foes;
For help they call, but find their helper's gone,
For God's againſt them, and I drive them on
As whirling duſt in airy tumult fly,
Before the tempeſt that involves the ſky.
And, in my rage's unavoided ſway,
I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.
The warrior thus in ſong his deeds expreſs'd,
Nor vainly boaſted what he but confeſs'd;
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
That all their praiſes ſhould refer to God.

And here, to make this bright deſign ariſe,
In fairer ſplendour to the nation's eyes,
From private valour he converts his lays,
For yet the public claim'd attempts of praiſe;
And public conqueſts where they jointly fought,
Thus ſtand recorded by reflecting thought;
God ſent his Samuel from his holy ſeat
To bear the promiſe of my future ſtate,
And I, rejoicing, ſee the tribes fulfil
The promis'd purpoſe of almighty will;
Subjected Sichem, ſweet Samaria's plain,
And Succoth's valleys, have confeſs'd my reign;
Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
Manaſſeh's parted ſands accept my ſway; [mine
Strong Ephraim's ſons and Ephraim's ports are
And mine the throne of princely Judah's line;
Then ſince my people with my ſtandard go,
To bring the ſtrength of adverſe empire low,
Let Moab's ſoil, to vile ſubjection brought,
With groans declare how well our ranks have
fought;
Let vanquiſh'd Edom bow its humbled head,
And tell how pompous on its pride I tread;
And now, Philiſtia, with thy conquering hoſt,
Diſmay'd and broke, of conquer'd Iſrael boaſt;
But if a Seer or Rabbah yet remain
On Johemaan's hill, or Amon's plain,
Lead forth our armies, Lord, regard our pray'r;
Lead, Lord of battles, and we'll conquer there.
As this the warrior ſpake, his heart aroſe,
And thus, with grateful turn, perform'd the cloſe;
Though men to men their beſt aſſiſtance lend,
Yet men alone will but in vain befriend;
Through God we work exploits of high renown,
'Tis God that treads our great oppoſers down.
Hear now the praiſe of well-diſputed fields,
The beſt return victorious honour yields;
'Tis common good reſtor'd, when lovely Peace
Is join'd with righteouſneſs in ſtrict embrace;
Hear, all ye victors, what your ſword ſecures,
Hear, all ye nations; for the cauſe is yours;
And when the joyful trumpets loudly ſound,
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,
When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
And broken ſhafts and batter'd armour bear;
When painted arches acts of war relate,
When ſlow proceſſion's pomps augment the ſtate;
When fame relates their worth among the throng,
Thus take from David their triumphant ſong:
Oh, clap your hands together! oh, rejoice
In God with melody's exalted voice;
Your ſacred pſalm within his dwelling raiſe,
And, for a pure oblation, offer praiſe;
For the rich goodneſs plentifully ſhows
He proſpers our deſign upon our foes.
Then, hither, all ye nations, hither run,
Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
Behold, with what a mind, the heap of ſlain,
He ſpreads the ſanguine ſurface of the plain;
He makes the wars, that mad confuſion hurl'd,
Be ſpent in victories, and leave the world.
He breaks the bended bows, the ſpears of ire,
And burns the ſhatter'd chariots in the fire,
And bids the realms be ſtill, the tumults ceaſe,
And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace.

Now may the tender youth in goodneſs riſe,
Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,
And tall young poplars, when the ranger's nigh,
To watch their riſings, leſt they ſhoot awry.
Now may the beauteous daughters, bred with care,
In modeſt rules, and pious acts of fear,
Like poliſh'd corners of the temple be,
So bright, ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo fit for thee.
Now may the various ſeaſons bleſs the ſoil,
And plenteous gardeners pay the ploughman's toil;
Now ſheep and kine, upon the flowery meads,
Increaſe in thouſands, and ten thouſand heads;
And now no more the ſound of grief complains
For thoſe that fall in fight, or live in chains;
Here, when the bleſſings are proclaim'd aloud,
Join all the voices of the thankful crowd;
Let all that feel them thus confeſs their part,
Thus own their worth, with one united heart;
Happy the realm which God vouchſafes to bleſs
With all the glories of a bright ſucceſs!
And happy thrice the realm, if thus he pleaſe
To crown thoſe glories with the ſweets of eaſe;
From warfare finiſh'd on a chain of thought,
To bright attempts of future rapture wrought;
Yet ſtronger, yet thy pinions ſtronger raiſe,
O Fancy, reigning in the power of lays.
For Sion's hill thine airy courſes hold,
'Twas there thy David propheſy'd of old;
And there devout in contemplation ſit,
In holy viſion, and ecſtatic fit.
Methinks I ſeem to feel the charms begin,
Now ſweet contentment tunes my ſoul within;
Now wondrous ſoft ariſing muſic plays,
And now full ſounds upon the ſenſe increaſe;
Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move,
To court the ſpirit from the realms above;
And, pleas'd to come where holineſs attends,
The courted ſpirit from above deſcends.
Hence on the lyre and voice new graces reſt,
And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breaſt;
Hence firm decrees his myſtic hymns relate,
Affix'd in heaven's adamantine gate,
The glories of the moſt important age,
And Chriſt's bleſt empire ſeen by ſure preſage.
When, in a diſtant view, with inward eyes,
He ſees the Son deſcending from the ſkies,
To take the form of man for mankind's ſake,
'Tis thus he makes the great Meſſiah ſpeak:
It is not, Father, blood of bullocks ſlain
Can cleanſe the world from univerſal ſtain;
Such offerings are not here requir'd by thee,
But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
To perfect which, as ſervants ears they drill,
In ſign of opening to their maſter's will;
Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
My ſign of miniſtry, the body there,
Prophetic volumes of our ſtate aſſign
The world's redemption as an act of mine;
And lo! with cheerful and obedient heart,
I come, my Father, to perform my part.
So ſpake the Son, and left his throne above,
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by love;
When with their Monarch, on the great deſcent,
Sweet humbleneſs and gentle patience went;
Fair ſiſters both, both bleſs'd in his eſteem,
And both appointed here to wait on him.
But now, before the Prophet's raviſh'd eyes,
Succeeding proſpects of his life ariſe;
And here he teaches all the world to ſing
Thoſe ſtrains in which the nations own'd him King.
When boughs as at an holy feaſt they bear,
To ſhow the Godhead manifeſted there;
And garments, as a mark of glory, ſtrow'd,
Declar'd a prince proclaim'd upon the road:
This day the Lord hath made, we will employ
In ſongs, he cries, and conſecrate the joy.
Hoſannah, Lord, Hoſannah, ſhed thy peace;
Hoſannah, long-expecting nations grace;
Oh, bleſs'd in honour's height triumphant thou,
That waſt to come, oh, bleſs thy people now.
'Twere eaſy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
And much the ſweet engagement of the ſight;
But fleeting viſions each on other throng,
And change the muſic, and demand the ſong:
Ah! muſic chang'd by ſadly moving ſhow:
Ah! ſong demanded in exceſs of woe!
For what was all the gracious Saviour's ſtay,
Whilſt here he trod in life's encumber'd way,
But troubled patience, perſecuted breath,
Neglected ſorrows, and afflicting death;
Approach, ye ſinners; think the garden ſhows
His bloody ſweet of full ariſing throws;
Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain,
Through David's perſon, and in David's ſtrain.
Oh, ſave me, God, thy floods about me roll,
Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my ſoul:
I come at length where riſing waters drown,
And ſink in deep affliction, deeply down.
Deceitful ſnares, to bring me to the dead,
Lie ready plac'd in every path I tread;
And hell itſelf, with all that hell contains,
Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains;
To daunt firm will, and croſs the good deſign'd,
With ſtrong temptations faſten on the mind;
Such grief, ſuch ſorrows, in amazing view,
Diſtracted fears and heavineſs purſue.
Ye ſages, deeply read in human frame,
The paſſions' cauſes, and their wild extreme;
Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliſs,
What other agony could equal his?
The muſic ſtill proceeds with mournful airs,
And ſpeaks the dangers, as it ſpeaks the fears.
Oh, ſacred Preſence, from the Son withdrawn:
Oh, God, my Father, whether art thou gone?
Oh, muſt my ſoul bewail tormenting pain,
And all my words in anguiſh fall in vain?
The trouble's near, in which my life will end;
But none is near, that will aſſiſtance lend;
Like Baſhan's, bulls, my foes againſt me throng,
So proud, inhuman, numberleſs, and ſtrong.
Like deſert lions, on their prey they go,
So much their fierce deſire of blood they ſhow:
As ploughers wound the ground, they tore my back,
And long deep furrows manifeſt the tract.
They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,
And caus'd ſharp pangs, where nerves in numbers meet;

Rich ſtreams of life forſake my rended veins,
And fall like water ſpill'd upon the plains;
My bones, that us'd in hollow ſeats to cloſe,
Diſjoint with anguiſh of convulſive throes;
My mourning heart is melted in my frame,
As wax diſſolving runs before a flame;
My ſtrength dries up, my fleſh the moiſture leaves,
And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves:
Alas! I thirſt; alas! for drink I call;
For drink they give me vinegar and gall.
To ſportful game the ſavage ſoldiers go,
And for my veſture, on my veſture throw;
While all deride, who ſee me thus forlorn,
And ſhoot their lips, and ſhake their heads in ſcorn.
And, with deſpiteful jeſt, Behold, they cry,
The great peculiar darling of the ſky;
He truſted God would ſave his ſoul from woe,
Now God may have him, if he loves him ſo.
But to the duſt of death, by quick decay,
I come; O Father, be not long away.
And was it thus, the Prince of Life was ſlain?
And was it thus he dy'd for worthleſs men?
Yes, bleſſed Jeſus; thus, in every line,
The ſufferings which the prophet ſpake were thine.
Come, Chriſtian, to the corpſe, in ſpirit come,
And with true ſigns of grief ſurround the tomb.
Upon the threſhold ſtone let ſin be ſlain,
Such ſacrifice will beſt avenge his pain.
Bring thither then repentance, ſighs, and tears,
Bring mortify'd deſires, bring holy fears;
And earneſt prayer expreſs'd from thoughts that roll
Through broken mind, and groanings of the ſoul;
Theſe ſcatter'd on his hearſe, and ſo prepare
Thoſe obſequies the Jews deny'd him there;
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
To dreſs the vault, like lamps in ſacred urn.
There oft, my ſoul, in ſuch a grateful way,
Thine humbleſt homage, with the godly pay.
But David ſtrikes the ſounding chords anew,
And to thy firſt deſign recals thy view;
From life to death, from death to life he flies,
And ſtill purſues his object in his eyes;
And here recounts, in more enliven'd ſong,
The ſacred preſence, not abſented long:
The fleſh not ſuffer'd in the grave to dwell,
The ſoul not ſuffer'd to remain in hell;
But as the conqueror, fatigu'd in war,
With hot purſuit of enemies afar,
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
Then lifts his looks to repoſſeſs the ſky;
So bow'd the Son, in life's uneaſy road,
With anxious toil and thorny danger ſtrow'd;
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
But taſte the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;
So when he taſted theſe, he rais'd his head,
And left the ſable manſions of the dead,
Ere mouldering time conſum'd the bones away,
Or ſlow corruption's worms had work'd decay:
Here faith's foundations all the ſoul employ
With ſpringing graces, ſpringing beams of joy;
Then paus'd the voice, where nature's ſeen to pauſe,
And for a time ſuſpend her ancient laws.

From hence ariſing as the glories riſe,
That muſt advance above the lofty ſkies,
He runs with ſprightly fingers o'er the lyre,
And fills new ſongs with new celeſtial fire:
In which he ſhews, by fair deſcription's ray,
The Chriſt's aſcenſion to the realms of day;
When juſtice, pleas'd with life already paid,
Unbends her brows, and ſheaths her angry blade;
And meditates rewards, and will reſtore
What mercy woo'd him, to forſake before.
When on a cloud, with gilded edge of light,
He roſe above the reach of human ſight,
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air,
To make his honours more exceeding fair;
See, cries the prophet, how the chariots wait
To bear him upwards, in triumphant ſtate,
By twenty thouſands in unnumber'd throng,
And angels draw the glittering ranks along.
The Lord amongſt them ſits in glory dreſs'd,
Nor more the preſence, Sinai mount confeſt.
And now the chariots have begun to fly,
The triumph moves, the Lord aſcends on high,
And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
While, as he goes, ſeraphic circles ſing
The wondrous conqueſt of their wondrous King;
With ſhouts of joy their heavenly voices raiſe,
And with ſhrill trumpets manifeſt his praiſe;
From ſuch a point of ſuch exceeding height,
A while my verſes ſtoop their airy flight,
And ſeem for reſt on Olivet to breathe,
And charge the two that ſtand in white beneath;
That as they move, and join the moving rear
Within their honour'd hands aloft they bear
The crown of thorns, the croſs on which he dy'd,
The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the ſpear his ſide;
Then, where kind mercy lays the thunder by,
Where peace has hung great Michael's arms on high;
Let theſe adorn his magazine above,
And hang the trophies of victorious love;
Leſt man, by ſuperſtitious mind entic'd,
Should idolize whatever touch'd the Chriſt.
But ſtill the prophet in the ſpirit ſoars
To new Jeruſalem's imperial doors;
There ſees and hears the bleſs'd angelic throng,
There feels their muſic, and records their ſong:
Or, with the viſion warm'd, attempts to write,
For thoſe inhabitants of native light,
And teaches harmony's diſtinguiſh'd parts,
In ſweet reſpondence of united hearts;
For thus without might warbling angels ſing
Their courſe containing on the flutter'd wing.
Eternal gates! your ſtately portals rear,
Eternal gates! your ways of joy prepare;
The King of Glory for admittance ſtays;
He comes, he'll enter, O prepare your ways;
Then bright archangels, that attend the wall,
Might thus upon the beauteous order call:
Ye fellow-miniſters, that now proclaim
Your King of Glory, tell his awful name.
At which the beauteous order will accord,
And ſound of ſolemn notes pronounce the Lord:
The Lord endued with ſtrength, renown'd for might,
With ſpoils returning from the finiſh'd fight.

Again with lays they charm the ſacred gates,
And graces double, while the ſong repeats;
Again within the ſacred guardians ſing,
And aſk the name of their victorious king;
And then again, the Lord's the name rebounds
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.

New thrones and powers appear to lift the gate,
And David ſtill purſues their enter'd ſtate.
Oh, prophet! father! whither would'ſt thou fly?
Oh, myſtic Iſrael's chariot for the ſky;
Thou, ſacred ſpirit! what a wondrous height,
By thee ſupported, ſoars his airy flight!
For glimpſe of Majeſty divine is brought,
Among the ſhifted proſpects of the thought:
Dread, ſacred ſight! I dare not gaze for fear,
But ſit beneath the ſinger's feet, and hear;
And hold each ſound that interrupts the mind,
Thus in a calm by power of verſe confin'd.

Ye dreadful miniſters of God, diſpleas'd,
In blaſting tempeſts be no longer rais'd!
Ye deep-mouth'd thunders, leave your direful groan,
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne.
The ſtill ſmall voice more juſtly will expreſs
How great Jehovah did the Lord addreſs.
And you bright-feather'd choirs of endleſs peace,
A while from tuneful Hallelujah's ceaſe;
A while ſtand fix'd, with deep attentive care,
You'll have the time to ſing for ever there.
The royal Prophet will the ſilence break,
And in his words Almighty goodneſs ſpeak.
He ſpake (and ſmil'd to ſee the buſineſs done),
Thou art my firſt, my great begotten Son,
Here on the right of Majeſty ſit down,
Enjoy thy conqueſt, and receive thy crown,
While I thy worſhip and renown complete,
And make thy foes the foot-ſtool of thy feet;
For I'll pronounce the long-reſolv'd decree,
My ſacred Sion be reſerv'd for thee.
From thence thy peaceful rod of power extend,
From thence thy Meſſenger of mercy ſend,
And teach thy vanquiſh'd enemies to bow,
And rule where hell has fix'd an empire now.
Then ready nations to their rightful king
The free-will offerings of their hearts ſhall bring,
In holy beauties for acceptance dreſs'd,
And ready nations be with pardon bleſs'd;
Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,
Enlighten'd ſubjects ſhall encreaſe the ſway;
With ſuch a ſplendid and unnumber'd train,
As dews in morning fill the graſſy plain.
This by myſelf I ſwore; the great intent
Has paſt my ſanction, and I can't repent:
Thou art a king, and prieſt of peace below,
Like Salem's monarch, and for ever ſo.
Aſk what thou wilt, 'tis thine the Gentiles' claim;
For thy poſſeſſion take the world's extreme.
The kings ſhall rage, the parties ſtrive in vain,
By perſecuting rage, to break thy reign;
Thou art my Chriſt, and they that ſtill can be
Rebellious ſubjects be deſtroy'd by thee.
Bring, like the potter, to ſevere decay,
Thy worthleſs creatures, found in humble clay;
Then hear, ye monarchs, and ye judges hear,
Rejoice with trembling, ſerve the Lord with fear;
In his commands with ſigns of homage move,
And kiſs the gracious offers of his love:
Ye ſurely periſh if his anger flame,
And only they be bleſs'd that bleſs his name.
Thus does the Chriſt in David's anthems ſhine,
With full magnificence of art divine;
Then on his ſubjects gifts of grace beſtow,
And ſpread his image on their hearts below;
As when our earthly kings receive the globe,
The ſacred unction, and the purple robe,
And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
They ſcatter medals of themſelves around;
There heavenly ſingers clap their vary'd wings,
And lead the choir of all created things.
Relate his glory's everlaſting prime,
His fame continued with the length of time;
While, ere the ſun ſhall dart a gilded beam,
Or changing moons diffuſe the ſilver'd gleam;
Where-e'er the waves of rolling ocean ſent,
Encompaſs land with arms of wide extent.
Hail, full of mercy: ready nations cry!
Hail, oh, for ever, ever bleſs'd on high!
Hail, oh, for ever on thy beauteous throne!
Thou Lord that workeſt wondrous things alone!
Still let thy glory to the world appear,
And all the riches of thy goodneſs hear.

But thou, fair church, in whom he fixes love,
Thou queen accepted of the Prince above;
Behold him, fairer than the ſons of men;
Embrace his offer'd heart, and ſhare his reign;
In Moſes' laws they bred thy tender years;
But now to new commands incline thine ears,
Forget thy people, bear no more in mind
Thy father's houſehold, for thy ſpouſe is kind.
Within thy ſoul let vain affections die,
Him only worſhip, and with him comply.
So ſhall thy ſpouſe's heart with thine agree,
So ſhall his fervour ſtill encreaſe for thee.
Come, while he calls, ſupremely-favour'd queen,
In heavenly glories dreſs thy ſoul within;
With pious actions to the throne be brought,
In cloſe connection of the virtues wrought;
Let theſe around thee for a garment ſhine,
And be the work to make them pleaſing thine:
Come, lovely queen, advance with ſtately port:
Thy good companions ſhall complete thy court,
With joyful ſouls their joyful entrance ſing,
And fill the palace of your gracious king;
What though thy Moſes and the prophets ceaſe,
What though the prieſthood leaves the ſettled race,
The father's place their offspring well ſupplies,
When at thy ſpouſe's miniſtry they riſe;
When thy bleſs'd houſehold on his orders go,
And rule for him where-e'er he reigns below.
Come, queen exalted, come; my laſting ſong
To future ages ſhall thy fame prolong.
The joyful nations ſhall thy praiſe proclaim,
And, for their ſafety, crowd beneath thy name.
Oh, bounteous Saviour! ſtill thy mercy kind,
Still what thy David ſung thy ſervants find;
Still what thy David ſung thy ſervants ſee,
From thee ſent down, and ſent again to thee.
They ſee the words of thanks, and love divine
In ſtrains myſterious intermingled ſhine,

As ſweet and rich unite in coſtly waves,
When purling gold the purpled web receives;
And ſtill the church he ſhadow'd hears the lays,
In daily ſervice, as an aid to praiſe.
At theſe her temper good devotion warms,
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms:
Then, as ſhe ſtrives to reach the lofty ſky,
Bids gratitude aſſiſt her will to fly;
In theſe our gratitude becomes on fire,
Then feels its flames improv'd by ſtrong deſire;
Then feels deſire in eager wiſhes move,
And wiſh determine in the point of love.
  Such hymns to regulate, and ſuch to raiſe,
Approach, ye ſounding inſtruments of praiſe:
'Tis fit you tune for him whoſe holy love,
In wiſh aſpiring to the choir above,
And fond to practiſe ere his time to go,
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;
There, where he plac'd you, with your ſolemn ſound,
For God's high glory, fill the ſacred ground,
And there, and every-where, his wondrous name
Within his firmament of power proclaim.
Soft pleaſing lutes with eaſy ſweetneſs move,
To touch the ſentiments of heavenly love;
Aſſiſt the lyre and voice, to tell the charms
That gently ſtole him from the father's arms;
Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,
Aſſiſt the loud Hoſannah rais'd on earth;
When on an aſs he meekly rides along,
And multitudes are heard within the ſong.
Full-tenor'd pſaltery join the doleful part,
In which his agony poſſeſt his heart;
And ſeem to feel thyſelf, and ſeem to ſhow,
A riſing heavineſs and ſigns of woe.
Sonorous organ, at his paſſion moan,
And utter forth thy ſympathizing groan,
In big ſlow murmurs anxious ſorrow ſpeak,
While melancholy winds thine entrails ſhake.
As when he ſuffer'd, with complaining ſound,
The ſtorms in vaulted caverns ſhook the ground;
Swift cheerful cymbals give an airy ſtrain,
When, having bravely broke the doubled chain
Of death and hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
And roſe to viſit thoſe he dy'd to ſave,
And as he mounts in ſong, and angels ſing,
With grand proceſſion, their returning king,
Triumphant trumpets raiſe their notes on high,
And make them ſeem to mount, and ſeem to fly,
Then all at once conſpire to praiſe the Lord,
In muſic's full conſent, and juſt accord:
Ye ſons of art, in ſuch melodious way,
Conclude the ſervice which you join to pay,
While nations ſing Amen, and yet again
Hold forth the note, and ſing aloud Amen.
  Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
Now ſoftly pacing o'er the graſſy meads;
Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear
The gilded ſpires of palaces in air;
Now ſhooting thence, upon the level flight,
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
Anon with utmoſt ſtretch aſcending far,
Beyond the region of the farthеſt ſtar;
As ſharpeſt-ſighted eagles towering fly,
To weather their broad ſails in open ſky,
At length on wings half-cloſ'd ſlide gently down,
And one attempt ſhall all my labours crown,
In others' verſe the reſt be better ſhewn,
But this is more, or ſhould be more, thine own.
  If then the ſpirit that ſupports my lines
Have prov'd unequal to my large deſigns,
Let others riſe from earthly paſſion's dream,
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.
Let others round the world in rapture rove,
Or with ſtrong feathers fan the breeze above,
Or walk the duſky ſhades of death, and dive
Down hell's abyſs, and mount again alive.
But, Oh, my God! may theſe unartful rhymes
In ſober words of woe bemoan my crimes.
'Tis fit the ſorrows I for ever vent
For what I never can enough repent;
'Tis fit, and David ſhews the moving way,
And with his prayer inſtructs my ſoul to pray.
Then, ſince thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
And ſince my troubles ſhould with thine agree,
O Muſe, to glories in affliction born!
May thy humility my ſoul adorn.
For humbleſt prayers are moſt affecting ſtrains,
As mines lye rich in lowly planted veins;
Such aid I want, to render mercy kind,
And ſuch an aid as here I want, I find:
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
Ah, thought! ah, voice of inward dole begun!
  My God, whoſe anger is appeas'd by tears,
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my ſins for juſtice call,
But mercy's ears are manifold for all.
Thoſe ſweet celeſtial windows open wide,
And in full ſtreams let ſoft compaſſion glide;
There waſh my ſoul, and cleanſe it yet again,
O throughly cleanſe it from the guilty ſtain;
For I my life with inward anguiſh ſee,
And all its wretchedneſs confeſs to thee.
The large indictment ſtands before my view,
Drawn forth by conſcience, moſt amazing true;
And fill'd with ſecrets hid from human eye,
When, fooliſh man, thy God ſtood witneſs by.
Then, oh, thou majeſty divinely great,
Accept the ſad confeſſions I repeat,
Which clear thy juſtice to the world below,
Should diſmal ſentence doom my ſoul to woe.
When in the ſilent womb my ſhape was made,
And from the womb to lightſome life convey'd,
Curs'd ſin began to take unhappy root,
And through my veins its early fibres ſhoot;
And then, what goodneſs didſt thou ſhew, kill
The riſing weeds, and principles of ill;
When to my breaſt, in fair celeſtial flame,
Eternal truth and lovely wiſdom came,
Bright gift, by ſimple nature never got,
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot.
This wondrous help which mercy pleas'd to grant,
Continue ſtill, for ſtill thine aid I want;
And, as the men whom leproſies invade,
Or they that touch the carcaſe of the dead,
With hyſop ſprinkled, and by water clean'd,
Their former pureneſs in the law regain'd;
So purge my ſoul, diſeas'd, alas! within,
And much polluted with dead works of ſin.

For ſuch bleſs'd favours at thine hand I ſue,
Be grace thine hyſop, and thy water too.
Then ſhall my whiteneſs for perfection vie
With blanching ſnows that newly leave the ſky.
Thus, through my mind, thy voice of gladneſs
ſend,
Thus ſpeak the joyful word, I will be clean'd;
That all my ſtrength, conſum'd with mournful
pain,
May, by thy ſaving health, rejoice again:
And now no more my foul offences ſee,
O turn from theſe, but turn thee not from me;
Or, leſt they make me too deform'd a ſight,
Oh, blot them with oblivion's endleſs night.
Then further pureneſs to thy ſervant grant,
Another heart, or change in this, I want.
Create another, or the change create,
For now my vile corruption is ſo great,
It ſeems a new creation to reſtore
Its fall'n eſtate to what it was before.
Renew my ſpirit, raging in my breaſt,
And all its paſſions in their courſe arreſt;
Or turn their motions, widely gone aſtray,
And fix their footſteps in thy righteous way;
When this is granted, when again I'm whole,
Oh ne'er withdraw thy preſence from my ſoul;
There let it ſhine, ſo let me be reſtor'd
To preſent joy, which conſcious hopes afford.
There let it ſweetly ſhine, and o'er my breaſt
Diffuſe the dawning of eternal reſt;
Then ſhall the wicked this compaſſion ſee,
And learn thy worſhip, and thy works, from me.
For I, to ſuch occaſions of thy praiſe,
Will tune my lyre, and conſecrate my lays.
Unſeal my lips, where guilt and ſhame have hung,
To ſtop the paſſage of my grateful tongue,
And let my prayer and ſong aſcend, my prayer
Here join'd with ſaints, my ſong with angels there;
Yet neither prayer I'd give, nor ſongs alone,
If either offerings were as much thy own:
But thine's the contrite ſpirit, thine's an heart
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, broke with inward ſmart;
That at thy footſtool in confeſſion ſhews,
How well its faults, how well the judge it knows;
That ſin with ſober reſolution flies,
This gift thy mercy never will deſpiſe.
Then in my ſoul a myſtic altar rear,
And ſuch a ſacrifice I'll offer there.
There ſhall it ſtand, in vows of virtue bound,
There falling tears ſhall waſh it all around;
And ſharp remorſe, yet ſharper edg'd by woe,
Deſerv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;
There ſhall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
Inſtead of incenſe, to perfume the ſky,
And thence my willing heart aſpires above,
A victim panting in the flames of love.

SOLOMON.

As through the Pſalms, from theme to theme
I chang'd,
Methinks like Eve in Paradiſe I rang'd;
And every grace of ſong I ſeem'd to ſee,
As the gay pride of every ſeaſon ſhe;
She, gently treading all the walks around,
Admir'd the ſpringing beauties of the ground,
The lily, gliſtering with the morning dew,
The roſe in red, the violet in blue,
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
And tulips colour'd in a thouſand ſhows:
Then here and there perhaps ſhe pull'd a flower,
To ſtrew with moſs, and paint her leafy bower;
And here and there, like her, I went along,
Choſe a bright ſtrain, and bid it deck my ſong.
But now the ſacred ſinger leaves mine eye,
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high;
Ere this devotion bore his heavenly Pſalms,
And now himſelf bears up his harp and palms.
Go, ſaint triumphant, leave the changing ſight,
So fitted out, you ſuit the realms of light;
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
Thoſe realms have robes of more effulgent ſhow;
It flies, it falls, the fluttering ſilk I ſee;
Thy ſon has caught it, and he ſings like thee,
With ſuch election of a theme divine,
And ſuch ſweet grace, as conquers all but thine.
Hence every writer o'er the fabled ſtreams,
Where frolic fancies ſport with idle dreams;
Or round the ſight enchanted clouds diſpoſe,
Whence wanton Cupids ſhoot with gilded bows,
A nobler writer, ſtrains more brightly wrought,
Themes more exalted, fill my wondering thought:
The parted ſkies are track'd with flames above,
As love deſcends to meet aſcending love;
The ſeaſons flouriſh where the ſpouſes meet,
And earth in gardens ſpreads beneath their feet;
This freſh-bloom proſpect in the boſom throngs,
When Solomon begins his ſong of ſongs,
Bids the wrapt ſoul to Lebanon repair,
And lays the ſcene of all his actions there;
Where as he wrote, and from the bower ſurvey'd
The ſcenting groves, or anſwering knots he made,
His ſacred art the ſights of nature brings,
Beyond their uſe, to figure heavenly things.
Great Son of God! whoſe goſpel pleas'd to throw
Round thy rich glory veils of earthly ſhow;
Who made the vineyard oft thy church deſign,
Who made the marriage-feaſt a type of thine;
Aſſiſt my verſes, which attempt to trace
The ſhadow'd beauties of celeſtial grace,
And with illapſes of ſeraphic fire
The work which pleas'd thee once, once more in-
ſpire.
Look, or illuſion's airy viſions draw,
Or now I walk the gardens which I ſaw,
Where ſilver waters feed a flowering ſpring,
And winds ſalute it with a balmy wing.
There, on a bank, whoſe ſhades directly riſe,
To ſcreen the ſun, and not exclude the ſkies,
There ſits the ſacred church; methinks I view
The ſpouſe's aſpect, and her enſigns too.
Her face has features where the virtues reign,
Her hands the book of ſacred love contain,
A light (truth's emblem) on her boſom ſhines,
And at her ſide the meekeſt lamb reclines:
And oft on heavenly lectures in the book,
And oft on heaven itſelf ſhe caſts a look,
Sweet, humble, fervent zeal, that works within,
At length burſts forth, and raptures thus begin;

Let him, that him my ſoul adores above,
In cloſe communions breathe his holy love;
For theſe bleſs'd words his pleaſing lips impart,
Beyond all cordials, cheer the fainting heart.
As rich and ſweet the precious ointments ſtream,
So rich thy graces flow, ſo ſweet thy name
Diffuſes ſacred joy; 'tis hence we find
Affection rais'd in every virgin mind;
For this we come, the daughters here, and I,
Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;
I fly through mercy, when my king invites,
To tread his chambers of ſincere delights;
There, join'd by myſtic union, I rejoice,
Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,
And celebrate thy joys, ſupremely more
Than earthly bliſs; thus upright hearts adore.
Nor you, ye maids, who breathe of Salem's air,
Nor you refuſe that I conduct you there;
Though clouding darkneſs hath eclips'd my face,
Dark as I am, I ſhine with beams of grace,
As the black tents, where Iſhmael's line abides,
With glittering trophies dreſs their inward ſides;
Or as thy curtains, Solomon, are ſeen,
Whoſe plaits conceal a golden throne within.
'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal ſight,
And yet my viſage was by nature white;
But fiery ſuns, which perſecute the meek,
Found me abroad, and ſcorch'd my roſy cheek.
The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
They made me dreſs a vineyard not my own,
Among their rites (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
And in the mean employ my beauty fell;
By frailty loſt, I gave my labour o'er,
And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
Behold I turn; O ſay, my ſoul's deſire,
Where doſt thou feed thy flock, and where retire
To reſt that flock, when noon-tide heats ariſe?
Shepherd of Iſrael, teach my dubious eyes
To guide me right; for why ſhould thine abide
Where wandering ſhepherds turn their flocks aſide?

So ſpake the church, and ſigh'd: a purple light
Sprung forth, the Godhead ſtood reveal'd to ſight.
And heaven and nature ſmil'd; as white as ſnow
His ſeamleſs veſture looſely fell below:
Sedate and pleas'd, he nodded; round his head
The pointed glory ſhook, and thus he ſaid:
If thou, the loveliеſt of the beauteous kind,
If thou canſt want thy ſhepherd's walk to find,
Go by the foot-ſteps where my flocks have trod,
My ſaints, obedient to the laws of God;
Go, where their tents my teaching ſervants rear,
And feed the kids, thy young believers there.
Should thus my flocks increaſe, my fair delight,
I view their numbers, and compare the ſight
To Pharaoh's horſes when they take the field,
Beat plains to duſt, and make the nations yield.
With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck,
And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
For ſo like gems the riches of my grace,
And ſo deſcending glory, cheers thy face:
Gay bridal robes a flowering ſilver ſtrows,
Bright gold engrailing on the border glows.
He ſpake; the ſpouſe admiring heard the ſound,
Then, meekly bending on the ſacred ground,
She cries, Oh preſent to my raviſh'd breaſt,
This ſweet communion is an inward feaſt,
There ſits the king, while all around our heads
His grace, my ſpikenard, pleaſing odours ſheds
About my ſoul, his holy comfort flies;
So cloſely treaſur'd in the boſom lies
The bundled myrrh, ſo ſweet the ſcented gale
Breathes all En-gedi's aromatic vale.
Now, ſays the king, my love, I ſee thee fair,
Thine eyes, for mildneſs, with the dove's compare.
No, thou, belov'd, art fair, the church replies,
(Since all my beauties but from thee ariſe;)
All fair, all pleaſant, theſe communions ſhow
Thy counſels pleaſant, and thy comforts ſo.
And as at marriage feaſts they ſtrow the flowers,
With nuptial chaplets hang the ſummer bowers,
And make the rooms of ſmelling cedars fine,
Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline;
I dreſs my ſoul with ſuch exceeding care,
With ſuch, with more, to court thy preſence there.
Well haſt thou prais'd, he ſays; the Sharon roſe
Through flowery fields a pleaſing odour throws,
The valley lilies raviſh'd ſenſe regale,
And with pure whiteneſs paint their humble vale;
Such names of ſweetneſs are thy lover's due,
And thou, my love, be thou a lily too,
A lily ſet in thorns; for all I ſee,
All other daughters, are as thorns to thee.
Then ſhe; the trees that pleaſing apples yield,
Surpaſs the barren trees that clothe the field;
So you ſurpaſs the ſons with worth divine,
So ſhade, and fruit as well as ſhade, is thine.
I ſat me down, and ſaw thy branches ſpread,
And green protection flouriſh o'er my head;
I ſaw thy fruit, the ſoul's celeſtial food,
I pull'd, I taſted, and I found it good.
Hence in the ſpirit to the bliſsful ſeats,
Where love, to feaſt, myſteriouſly retreats,
He led me forth; I ſaw the banner rear,
And love was pencil'd for the motto there.
Prophets and teachers in your care combine,
Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine,
The cordial promiſes of joys above,
For hope deferr'd has made me ſick with love.
Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond deſire,
His hands ſupport me, leſt my life expire;
As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waiſt.
Here ceas'd the church, and lean'd her languid head,
Bent down with joy; when thus the lover ſaid:
Behold, ye daughters of the realm of peace,
She ſleeps, at leaſt her thoughts of ſorrow ceaſe.
Now, by the bounding roes, the ſkipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the graſſy lawns,
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my ſacred grove,
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I would not have her wake but when ſhe will.
So reſt the church and ſpouſe: my verſes ſo
Appear to languiſh with the flames you ſhew,
And pauſing reſt; but not the pauſe be long,
For ſtill thy Solomon purſues the ſong.
Then keep the place in view; let ſweets more rare
Than earth produces fill the purpled air;

Let ſomething ſolemn overſpread the green,
Which ſeems to tell us, Here the Lord has been!
But let the virgin ſtill in proſpect ſhine,
And other ſtrains of her's enliven mine.
She wakes, ſhe riſes: bid the whiſpering breeze
More ſoftly whiſper in the waving trees,
Or fall with ſilent awe; bid all around,
Before the church's voice, abate their ſound;
While thus her ſhadowy ſtrains attempt to ſhew
A future advent of the ſpouſe below;
Hark! my beloved's voice! behold him too!
Behold him coming in the diſtant view:
No clambering mountains make my lover ſtay,
(For what are mountains in a lover's way?)
Leaping he comes, how like the nimble roe
He runs the paths his prophets us'd to ſhow!
And now he looks from yon partition-wall,
Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall,
And now he's nearer in the promiſe ſeen,
Too faint the ſight—'tis with a glaſs between:
From hence I hear him as a lover ſpeak,
Who near a window calls a fair to wake.
Attend, ye virgins, while the words that trace
An opening ſpring deſign the day of grace.
Hark! or I dream, or elſe I hear him ſay,
Ariſe, my love; my fair-one, come away;
For now the tempeſts of thy winter end,
Thick rains no more in heavy drops deſcend;
Sweet painted flowers their ſilken leaves uncloſe,
And dreſs the face of earth with varied ſhows;
In the green wood the ſinging birds renew
Their chirping notes, the ſilver turtle coo:
The trees that yield the fig already ſhoot,
And knit their bloſſoms for their early fruit;
With fragrant ſcents the vines refreſh the day,
Ariſe, my love; my fair one, come away.
O come, my dove, forſake thy cloſe retreat,
For cloſe in ſafety haſt thou fix'd thy ſeat,
As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
And ſafe the clefts their tender charges hide.
Now let thy looks with modeſt guiſe appear,
Now let thy voice ſalute my longing ear,
For in thy looks a humble mind I ſee,
Prayer forms thy voice, and both are ſweet to me.
To ſave the bloomings of my vineyard, haſte,
Which foxes (falſe deluding teachers) waſte;
Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there,
Our grapes are tender, and demand thy care.
Thus ſpeaks my love: ſurpriſing love divine!
I thus am his, he thus for ever mine.
And, till he comes, I find thy preſence ſtill,
Where ſouls attentive ſerve his holy will;
Where down in vales unſpotted lilies grow,
White types of innocence, in humble ſhow.
Oh, till the ſpicy breath of heavenly day,
Till all thy ſhadows fleet before the ray;
Turn, my beloved, with thy comforts here,
Turn in thy promiſe, in thy grace appear,
Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
To ſave themſelves, as thou to cheer thine own;
Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound,
Before the ſtretches of the fleeteſt hound;
Skim the plain chace of lofty Bether's head,
And make the mountain wonder if they tread.

But long expectance of a bliſs delay'd
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the ſacred maid;
Then miſts ariſing ſtrait repel the light,
The colour'd garden lies diſguis'd in night;
A pale-horn'd creſcent leads a glimmering throng,
And groans of abſence jar within the ſong.
By night, ſhe cries, a night which blots the mind,
I ſeek the lover, whom I fail to find:
When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
I ſearch, and vainly ſearch, with reaſon's eye;
Riſe, fondly riſe, thy preſent ſearch give o'er,
And aſk if others knew thy lover more.
Dark as it is, I riſe; the moon that ſhines
Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines:
I range the wandering road, the winding ſtreet,
And aſk, but aſk in vain, of all I meet,
Till, toil'd with every diſappointing place,
My ſteps the guardians of the temple trace,
Whom thus my wiſh accoſts: Ye ſacred guides,
Ye prophets, tell me where my love reſides?
'Twas well I queſtion'd; ſcarce I paſs'd them by,
Ere my rais'd ſoul perceives my lover nigh;
And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
How faſt I'll hold thee, till I make thee mine!
My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
Long-waiting Iſrael wants thy preſence there.
The lover ſmiles to ſee the virgin's pain;
The miſts roll off, and quit the flowery plain.
Yes, there I come, he ſays, thy ſorrow ceaſe;
And guard her, daughters of the realms of peace,
By all the bounding roes and ſkipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the graſſy lawns;
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my ſacred grove:
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I'll have her feel my comforts while ſhe will.
Here, hand in hand, with cheerful heart they go,
When wandering Salem ſees the ſolemn ſhow,
Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again,
And thus her daughters ſing th' approaching ſcene
Who from the deſert, where the waving clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
For Sion's hill her ſober pace ſhe bends,
As grateful incenſe from the dome aſcends.
It ſeems the ſweets, from all Arabia ſhed,
Curl at her ſide, and hover o'er her head.
For her the king prepares a bed of ſtate,
Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
All myſtic Iſrael's ſons, 'tis there they quell
The foes within, the foes without repel.
The guard his miniſtry, their ſwords of fight,
His ſacred laws, her preſent ſtate of night.
He forms a chariot too, to bring her there,
Not the carv'd frame of Solomon ſo fair;
Sweet ſmells the chariot as the temple ſtood,
The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood;
High wreaths of ſilver'd columns prop the door,
Fine gold engrail'd adorns the figur'd floor,
Deep fringing purple hangs the roof above,
And ſilk embroidery paints the midſt with love.
Go forth, ye daughters; Sion's daughters, go;
A greater Solomon exalts the ſhow,
If crown'd with gold, and by the queen beſtow'd,
To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode;

A crown of glory from the King Divine,
To grace theſe nuptials, makes the Saviour ſhine;
While the bleſs'd pair expreſs'd in emblem ride,
Meſſiah Solomon, his church the bride.
Ye kind attendants, who, with wondering eyes,
Saw the grand entry, what you ſaid ſuffice;
You ſung the lover with a loud acclaim,
The lover's fondneſs longs to ſing the dame.
He ſpeaks, admiring nature ſtands around,
And learns new muſic, while it hears the ſound.
Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties ſhow,
Behold how more, how moſt extremely ſo!
How ſtill to me thy conſtant eyes incline,
I ſee the turtle's when I gaze on thine;
Sweet through the lids they ſhine with modeſt care,
And ſweet and modeſt is a virgin's air.
How bright thy locks! how well their number paints
The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!
So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head;
All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteneſs clouds,
And the rich maſter glories in the crowds.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each anſwering each, whilſt all the public aid;
Theſe lovely graces in my church I find,
This candor, order, and accorded mind:
Thus when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
His ſheep, new ſhorn, within the cryſtal wave;
Waſh'd they return, in ſuch unſully'd white,
Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How pleaſe thy lips adorn'd with native red!
Art vainly mocks them in the ſcarlet thread!
But, if they part, what muſic wafts the air!
So ſweet thy praiſes, and ſo ſoft thy prayer.
If through thy looſen'd curls, with honeſt ſhame,
Thy lovely temples fine complexion flame,
Whatever crimſon granate bloſſoms ſhow,
'Twas never theirs ſo much to pleaſe and glow.
But what's thy neck, the poliſh'd form I ſee,
Whoſe ivory ſtrength ſupports thine eyes to me!
Fair type of firmneſs, when my ſaints aſpire
The ſacred confidence that lifts deſire,
As David's turret, on the ſtately frame,
Upheld its thouſand conquering ſhields of fame.
And what thy breaſts! they ſtill demand my lays,
What image wakes to charm me whilſt I gaze!
Two lovely mountains each exactly round,
Two lovely mountains with the lily crown'd;
While two twin roes, and each on either breed,
Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.
Let this reſemblance ſpotleſs virtues ſhow,
And in ſuch lilies feed my young below.
But now, farewell, till night's dark ſhades decay,
Farewell, my virgin, till the break of day;
Swift for the hills of ſpice and gums I fly,
To breathe ſuch ſweets as ſcent a purer ſky;
Yet, as I leave thee, ſtill, above compare,
My love, my ſpotleſs, ſtill I find thee fair.
Here reſt, celeſtial maid; for if he go,
Nor will he part, nor is the promiſe flow,
Nor flow my fancy move; diſpel the ſhade,
Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
Ariſe, fair ſun, the church attends to ſee
The ſun of righteouſneſs ariſe in thee;

Ariſe, fair ſun; and bid the church adore;
'Tis then he'll court her, whom he prais'd before.
As thus I ſing, it ſhines; there ſeems a ſound
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground:
I ſee their meeting, ſee the flowery ſcene,
And hear the myſtic love purſued again.
Now to the mount, whoſe ſpice perfumes the day.
'Tis I invite thee; come, my ſpouſe, away;
Come, leave thy Lebanon: is aught we ſee
In all thy Lebanon, compar'd to me?
Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wiſhful ſight,
From Hermon's, Sheniar's, and Amana's height;
There dwells the leopard, there aſſaults the bear;
This world has ills, and ſuch may find thee there.
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, O thy wondrous art,
Which through my boſom drew my raviſh'd heart!
Won by one eye, my raviſh'd heart is gone,
For all thy ſeeing guides conſent as one.
Drawn by one chain, which round thy body plies,
For all thy members one bleſs'd union ties.
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, O the charm to pleaſe,
When love repaid returns my boſom eaſe!
Strongly thy love, and ſtrongly wines reſtore,
But wines muſt yield, thy love enflames me more.
Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) ſmell.
Not altar-ſpices pleaſe thy king ſo well.
How ſoft thy doctrine on thy lips reſides!
From thoſe two combs the drooping honey glides;
All pure without, as all within ſincere,
Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.
Ah, while thy graces thus around thee ſhine,
The charms of Lebanon muſt yield to thine!
His ſpring, his garden, every ſcented tree,
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, all I find in thee.
Thee, for myſelf, I ſence, I ſhut, I ſeal;
Myſterious ſpring, myſterious garden, hail!
A ſpring, a font, where heavenly waters flow,
A grove, a garden, where the graces grow.
There riſe my fruits, my cypreſs, and my fir,
My ſaffron, ſpikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh;
Perpetual fountains for their uſe abound,
And ſtreams of favour feed the living ground.
Scarce ſpake the Chriſt, when thus the Church replies
(And ſpread her arms where'er the ſpirit flies);
Ye cooling northern gales, who freſhly ſhake
My balmy reeds; ye northern gales, awake.
And thou the regent of the ſouthern ſky,
O ſoft inſpiring, o'er my garden fly;
Unlock and waft my ſweets, that every grace,
In all its heavenly life, regale the place.
If thus a paradiſe thy garden prove,
'Twere beſt prepar'd to entertain my love;
And, that the pleaſing fruits may pleaſe the more,
O think my proffer was thy gift before.
At this, the Saviour cries, behold me near,
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter; O behold me here;
To gather fruits, I come at thy requeſt,
And, pleas'd, my ſoul accepts the ſolemn feaſt;
I gather myrrh, with ſpice to ſcent the treat,
My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;
I drink my ſweetening milk, my lively wine
(Theſe words of pleaſure mean thy gifts divine):

To ſhare my bliſs, my good elect I call,
The church (my garden) muſt include them all;
Now ſit and banquet; now, belov'd, you ſee
What gifts I love, and prove theſe fruits with me;
O might this ſweet communion ever laſt!
But with the ſun the ſweet communion paſt.
The Saviour parts, and on oblivion's breaſt
Benumb'd and ſlumbering lies the church to reſt,
Paſs the ſweet alleys while the duſk abides,
Seek the fair lodge in which the maid reſides;
Then, Fancy, ſeek the maid at night again,
The Chriſt will come, but comes, alas, in vain.
I ſleep, ſhe ſays, and yet my heart awakes
(There's ſtill ſome feeling while the lover ſpeaks);
With what fond fervour from without he cries,
Ariſe, my love; my undefil'd, ariſe!
My dove, my ſiſter, cold the dews alight,
And fill my treſſes with the drops of night;
Alas, I'm all unrob'd, I waſh'd my feet,
I taſted ſlumber, and I find it ſweet
As thus my words refuſe, he ſlips his hands
Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands;
What, though deny'd, ſo perſevering kind!
Who long denies a perſevering mind?
From my wak'd ſoul my ſlothful temper flies,
My bowels yearn; I riſe, my love, I riſe;
I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
Thy ſmelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
Now, where's my love?—what! haſt thou left the place,
O, to my ſoul repeat thy words of grace!
Speak in the dark, my love; I ſeek thee round,
And vainly ſeek thee, till thou wilt be found.
What, no return! I own my folly paſt,
I lay too liſtleſs, ſpeak, my love, at laſt.
The guards have found me—are ye guards indeed,
Who ſmite the ſad, who make the feeble bleed?
Dividing teachers, theſe; who wrong my name,
Rend my long veil, and caſt me bare to ſhame.
But you, ye daughters of the realm of reſt,
If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breaſt,
Tell my belov'd how languiſhing I lie,
How love has brought me near the point to die.
And what belov'd is this you would have found?
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around;
What wondrous thing? what charm beyond compare?
Say, what's thy lover, faireſt o'er the fair?
His face is white and ruddy, ſhe replies,
So mercy, join'd to juſtice, tempers dies;
His lofty ſtature, where a myriad ſhine,
O'ertops, and ſpeaks a majeſty divine.
Fair honour crowns his head, the raven-black,
In buſhy curlings, flows adown his back:
Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
White like the milk, and with a mildneſs grac'd;
As the ſweet doves, whene'er they fondly play
By running waters in a glittering day.
Within his breath what pleaſing ſweetneſs grows!
'Tis ſpice exhal'd, and mingled in the roſe.
Within his words what grace with goodneſs meets!
So beds of lilies drop with balmy ſweets.
What rings of eaſtern price his fingers hold!
Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!
His ivory ſhape adorns a coſtly veſt,
Work paints the ſkirts, and gems enrich the breaſt;
His limbs beneath, his ſhining ſandals caſe
Like marble columns on a golden baſe.
Nor boaſts that mountain, where the cedar-tree
Perfumes our realm, ſuch numerous ſweets as he.
O, lovely all! what could my king require
To make his preſence more the world's deſire?
And now, ye maids, if ſuch a friend you know,
'Tis ſuch my longings look to find below.
While thus her friend the ſpouſe's anthem ſing,
Deck'd with the thummim, crown'd a ſacred king;
The daughters' hearts the fine deſcription drew,
And that which rais'd their wonder, aſk'd their view.
Then where, they cry, thou faireſt o'er the fair,
Where goes thy lover? Tell the virgins where.
What flowering walks invite the ſteps aſide?
We'll help to ſeek him, let thoſe walks be try'd.
The ſpouſe reſolving here the grand deſcent,
'Twas that he promis'd, there, ſhe cries, he went;
He keeps a garden where the ſpices breathe,
Its bowering borders kiſs the vale beneath;
'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells,
And binds his flowerets to unite the ſmells.
O, 'tis my height of love that I am his!
O, he is mine, and that's my height of bliſs!
Deſcend, my virgins; well I know the place,
He feeds in lilies, that's a ſpotleſs race.
At dawning day the bridegroom leaves a bower,
And here he waters, there he props a flower,
When the kind damſel, ſpring of heavenly flame,
With Salem's daughters to the garden came.
Then thus his love the bridegroom's words repeat
(The ſmelling borders lent them both a ſeat):
O, great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place,
O, fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace;
Whoſe aſpect, awful to the wondering eye,
Appears like armies when the banners fly;
O turn, my ſiſter, O my beauteous bride,
Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aſide;
How bright thy locks, how well their number paints
The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!
So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each anſwering each, while all the public aid;
As when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
His ſheep, new ſhorn, within the ſilver wave:
Waſh'd, they return in ſuch unſully'd white,
So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How ſweet thy temples! not pomegranates know,
With equal modeſt look, to pleaſe and glow.
If Solomon his life of pleaſure leads,
With wives in numbers, and unnumber'd maids,
In other paths, my life of pleaſure ſhown,
Admits my love, and undefil'd alone.
Thy mother, Iſrael, ſhe dame who bore
Her choice, my dove, my ſpotleſs, owns no more;
The Gentile queens, at thy appearance, cry,
Hail, queen of nations! hail, the maids reply;

And thus they ſing thy praiſe: what heavenly dame
Springs like the morning, with a purple flame?
What riſes like the morn with ſilver light?
What, like the ſun, aſſiſts the world with ſight?
Yet awful ſtill, though thus ſerenely kind,
Like hoſts with enſigns rattling in the wind?
I grant I left thy ſight, I ſeem'd to go,
But was I abſent when you fancy'd ſo?
Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal;
Where blown pomegranates, there I went to ſee
What knitting bloſſoms white the bearing tree:
View the green buds, recall the wandering ſhoots,
Smell my gay flowerets, taſte my flavour'd fruits;
Raiſe the curl'd vine, refreſh the ſpicy beds,
And joy for every grace my garden ſheds.
The Saviour here, and here the church ariſe,
And am I thus reſpected, thus ſhe cries!
I mount for heaven, tranſported on the winds,
My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds.
As, rapt with comfort, thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where ſhe flew;
And O! return, they cry, for thee we burn,
O maid of Salem; Salem's ſelf return.
And what's in Salem's maid we covet ſo?
Hear, all ye nations—'tis your bliſs below;
That glorious viſion, by the patriarch ſeen,
When ſky-born beauties march'd the ſcented green;
There the met ſaints and meeting angels came,
Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name.
Again the maid reviews her ſacred ground;
Solemn ſhe ſits, the damſels ſing around.
O, prince's daughter! how with ſhining ſhow,
Thy golden ſhoes prepare thy feet below!
How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be,
With all its gems and art, preferr'd to thee?
In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
Still flow the riches of abounding grace;
Pure, large, refreſhing, as the waters fall
From the carv'd navels of the ciſtern-wall.
In thee the lover finds his race divine,
You teem with numbers, they with virtues ſhine;
So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite,
The wheat's unnumber'd, and the lilies white;
Like tender roes, thy breaſts appear above,
Two types of innocence, and twins of love.
Like ivory turrets ſeems thy neck to rear,
O, ſacred emblem, upright, firm, and fair!
As Heſhbon-pools, which, with a ſilver ſtate,
Diffuſe their waters at their city-gate,
For ever ſo thy virgin-eyes remain,
So clear within, and ſo without ſerene:
As through ſweet fir the royal turret ſhows,
Whence Lebanon ſurveys a realm of foes;
So through thy lovely curls appear thy face,
To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful race.
The richeſt colours flowery Carmel wears,
Red fillets, croſs'd with purple, braid thy hairs;
Yet, not more ſtrictly theſe thy locks reſtrain,
Than thou thy king, with ſtrong affection's chain;
When from this palace he enjoys thy ſight,
O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!
Strait is thy goodly ſtature, firm, and high,
As palms aſpiring in the brighter ſky;
Thy breaſts the cluſter (if thoſe breaſts we view,
As late for beauty, now for profit too)
Woo'd to thine arms, thoſe arms that oft extend,
In the kind poſture of a waiting friend;
Each mind of Salem cries, I'll mount the tree,
Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.
O, more than grapes, thy fruit delights the maids,
Thy pleaſing breath excels the citron ſhades:
Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
From thoſe ſweet lips with more refreſhment flow,
Their powerful graces ſlumbering ſouls awake,
And cauſe the dead, that hear thy voice, to ſpeak.
This anthem ſung, the glorious ſpouſe aroſe,
Yet thus inſtructs the daughters ere ſhe goes.
If aught, my damſels, in the ſpouſe ye find
Deſerving praiſes, think the lover kind;
To my belov'd theſe marriage-robes I owe,
I'm his deſire, and he would have it ſo.
Scarce ſpake the ſpouſe, but ſee the lover near!
Her humble temper brought the preſence here;
Then, rais'd by grace, and ſtrongly warm'd by love,
No ſecond languor lets her lord remove;
She flies to meet him, zeal ſupplies the wings,
And thus her haſte to work his will ſhe ſings;
Come, my beloved, to the fields repair,
Come, where another ſpot demands our care;
There in the village we'll to reſt recline,
Mean as it is, I try to make it thine.
When the firſt rays their cheering crimſon ſhed,
We'll riſe betimes to ſee the vineyard ſpread;
See vines luxuriant verdur'd leaves diſplay,
Supporting tendrils curling all the way.
See young unpurpled grapes in cluſters grow,
And ſmell pomegranate-bloſſoms as they blow:
There will I give my loves, employ my care,
And, as my labours thrive, approve me there:
Scarce have we paſs'd my gate, the ſcent we meet,
My covering jaſmines now diffuſe their ſweet;
My ſpicy flowerets, mingled as they fly,
With doubling odours crowd a balmy ſky.
Now all the fruits, which crown the ſeaſon, view,
Theſe nearer fruits are old, and thoſe are new;
And theſe, and all of every loaded tree,
My love, I gather, and reſerve for thee.
If then thy ſpouſe's labour pleaſe thee well,
Oh! like my brethren, with thy ſiſter dwell;
No blameleſs maid, whoſe fond careſſes meet
An infant-brother in the public ſtreet,
Clings to its lips with leſs reſerve than I
Would hang on thine, where'er I found thee nigh:
No ſhame would make me from thy ſide remove,
No danger make me not confeſs thy love.
Strait to my mother's houſe, thine Iſrael ſhe
(And thou my monarch wouldſt arrive with me);
'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to ſtay,
Till thou, by her, inſtruct my ſoul to pray;
There ſhalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,
And feel my joy, to find me wholly thine.
Oh! while my ſoul were ſick, through fond deſire,
Thine hands ſhould hold me leſt my life expire;
As round a child the parents' arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waiſt.

So cast thy cares on me, the lover cry'd,
Lean to my bosom, lean, my lovely bride;
And now, ye daughters of the realm of blifs,
Let nothing discompose a love like this;
But guard her rest from each approach of ill;
I caus'd her languor, guard her while she will.
Here pause the lines, but soon the lines renew,
Once more the pair celestial come to view;
Ah! seek them once, my ravish'd fancy, more,
And then thy songs of Solomon are o'er:
By yon green bank pursue their orb of light,
The sun shines out, but shines not half so bright.
See Salem's maids, in white, attend the King,
They greet the spouses—hark, to what they sing.
Who, from the desert, where the wandering clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
'Tis she, the spouse! Oh! favour'd o'er the rest!
Who walks reclin'd by such a lover's breast.
The spouse, rejoicing, heard the kind salute,
And thus address'd him—all the rest were mute.
Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,
I went, my much-belov'd, in search of thee;
For thee, like one in pangs of travail, strove;
Hence, none may wonder if I gain thy love.
As seals their pictures to the wax impart,
So let my picture stamp thy gentle heart;
As fix'd the signets on our hands remain,
So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again:
For love is strong as death; whene'er they strike;
Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike;
Both dread to lose, Love, mix'd with jealous dread!
As soon the marble tomb resigns the dead.
Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
The fire intense, and thine the most of all;
To slack the points no chilling floods are found,
Nay, should afflictions roll like floods around,
Were wealth of nations offer'd, all would prove
Too small a danger, or a price for love.
If then with love this world of worth agree,
With soft regard our little sister see;
How far unapt, as yet, like maids that own
No breasts at all, or breasts but hardly grown;
Her part of proselyte is scarce a part,
Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
Her day draws nearer; what have we to do,
Lest she be ask'd, and prove unworthy too?
Despair not spouse, he cries; we'll find the means,
Her good beginnings ask the greater pains.
Let her but stand, she thrives; a wall too low
Is not rejected for the standing so;
What fails is only lost, we'll build her high,
Till the rich palace glitters in the sky.
The door that's weak (what need we spare the cost?)
If 'tis a door, we need not think it lost;
The leaves she brings us, if those leaves be good,
We'll close in cedar's uncorrupting wood.
Wrapt with the news, the spouse converts her eyes,
And, oh! companions to the maids, she cries,
What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day,
Which calls our sister!—Hark, I hear her say,
Yes, I'm a wall; lo! she that boasted none,
Nor boasts of breasts unmeasurably grown;
Large towery buildings, where securely rests
A thousand thousand of my lover's guests;
The vast increase affords his heart delight,
And I find favour in his heavenly sight.
The lover here, to make her rapture last,
Thus adds assurance to the promise past.
A spacious vineyard in Baal-Hamon vale,
The vintage set, by Solomon, to sale,
His keepers took; and every keeper paid
A thousand purses for the gains he made.
And I've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
A large increase, but my return exceeds.
Let Solomon receive his keeper's pay,
He gains his thousand, their two hundred they;
Mine is mine own, 'tis in my presence still,
And shall increase the more, the more she will.
My love, my vineyard, oh the future shoots
Which fill my garden-rows with sacred fruits!
I saw the listening maids attend thy voice,
And in their listening saw their eyes rejoice;
A due success thy words of comfort met,
Now turn to me—'tis I would hear thee yet.
Say, dove, and spotless, for I must away,
Say, spouse, and sister, all you wish to say.
He spake; the place was bright with lambent fire,
(But what is brightness, if the Christ retire?
Gold-bordering purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the spouse address'd the prayer:
Desire of nations! if thou must be gone,
Accept our wishes, all compris'd in one;
We wait thine advent! Oh, we long to see
I and my sister both as one in thee.
Then leave thy heaven, and come and dwell below;
Why said I leave?—'tis heaven where'er you go.
Haste, my belov'd, thy promise haste to crown,
The form thou'lt honour waits thy coming down;
Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown
To save themselves, as thine to save thine own.
Haste, like the nimblest harts that lightly bound
Before the stretches of the swiftest hound;
With reaching feet devour a level way,
Across their backs their branching antlers lay,
In the cool dews their bending body ply,
And brush the spicy mountains as they fly.

JONAH.

Thus sung the king——Some angel reach a bough
From Eden's tree to crown the wisest brow.
And now thou fairest garden ever made,
Broad bank of spices, blossom'd walks of shade,
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
Since I must leave thee, Lebanon, farewell!
Swift from my soul the fair idea flies,
A wilder sight the changing scene supplies;
Wide seas come rolling to my future page,
And storms stand ready, when I call, to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding shore,
The prophet Jonah just arrives before;
He sees a ship unmooring, soft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the vessel sails.
Ah, wouldst thou fly thy God? rash man, forbear,
What land so distant but thy God is there?

Weak reaſon, ceaſe thy voice.—They run the deep,
And the tir'd prophet lays his limbs to ſleep.
Here God ſpeaks louder, ſends a ſtorm to ſea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;
Strong blaſts come whiſtling, by degrees they roar,
And ſhove big ſurges tumbling on to ſhore;
The veſſel bounds, then rolls, and every blaſt
Works hard to tear her by the groaning maſt;
The ſailors, doubling all their ſhouts and cares,
Furl the white canvas, and caſt forth the wares;
Each ſeek the god their native regions own,
In vain they ſeek them, for thoſe gods were none.
Yet Jonah ſlept the while, who ſolely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true.
To whom the pilot: Sleeper, riſe and pray,
Our gods are deaf; may thine do more than they!
But thus the reſt: Perhaps we waft a foe
To heaven itſelf, and that's our cauſe of woe;
Let's ſeek by lots, if heaven be pleas'd to tell;
And what they fought by lots, on Jonah fell:
Then, whence he came, and who, and what, and why
Thus rag'd the tempeſt, all confus'dly cry;
Each preſs'd in haſte to get his queſtion heard,
When Jonah ſtops them with a grave regard.
An Hebrew man, you ſee, who God revere,
He made this world, and makes this world his care;
His the whirl'd ſky, theſe waves that lift their head,
And his yon land, on which you long to tread
He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,
And to their face denounce his ſentence there:
Go, ſaid the viſion, prophet, preach to all.
Yet forty days, and Nineveh ſhall fall.
But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
And much my zeal abhorr'd the bad ſhould live;
And if they turn, they live; then what were I
But ſome falſe prophet, when they fail to die?
Or what, I fancied, had the Gentiles too
With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do?
Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my ſoil I run,
I fled his preſence, and the work's undone.
The ſtorm increaſes as the prophet ſpeaks,
O'er the toſt ſhip a foaming billow breaks;
She riſes pendant on the lifted waves,
And thence deſcries a thouſand watery graves;
Then, downward ruſhing, watery mountains hide
Her hulk beneath, in deaths on every ſide.
O, cry the ſailors all, thy fact was ill,
Yet, if a prophet, ſpeak thy maſter's will;
What part is ours with thee? can aught remain.
To bring the bleſſings of a calm again?
Then Jonah: Mine's the death will beſt atone
(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own);
Ariſe, and caſt me forth, the wind will ceaſe,
The ſea ſubſiding wear the looks of peace,
And you ſecurely ſteer. For well I ſee
Myſelf the criminal, the ſtorm for me.
Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe reſulting from a prophet's name;
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die;
Fear pleads againſt him, leſt they power defy:
If then to aid the flight abets the ſin,
They think to land him where they took him in.
Perhaps, to quit the cauſe, might end the woe,
And, God appeaſing, let the veſſel go.
For this they fix their oars, and ſtrike the main,
But God withſtands them, and they ſtrike in vain.
The ſtorm increaſes more with want of light,
Low blackening clouds involve the ſhip in night;
Thick battering rains fly through the driving ſkies,
Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
A dreadful picture night-born horror drew,
And his, or their's, or both their fates, they view.
Then thus to God they cry: Almighty power
Whom we ne'er knew till this deſpairing hour,
From this devoted blood thy ſervants free,
To us he's innocent, if ſo to thee;
In all the paſt we ſee thy wond'rous hand,
And that he periſh, think it thy command.
This prayer perform'd, they caſt the prophet o'er;
A ſurge receives him, and he mounts no more;
Then ſtill's the thunder, ceaſe the flames of blue,
The rains abated, and the winds withdrew;
The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,
Through every breaking ſhoots a cheerful day;
The ſea, which rag'd ſo loud, accepts the prize,
A while it rolls, then all the tempeſt dies;
By gradual ſinking, flat the ſurface grows,
And ſafe the veſſel with the ſailors goes.
The lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,
If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
Then ſalls his hunger, all his roarings end;
Murmuring a while, to reſt his limbs he lays,
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at eaſe.
Bleſs'd with the ſudden calm, the ſailors own
That wretched Jonah worſhipp'd right alone;
Then make their vows, the victim ſheep prepare,
Bemoan the prophet, and the God revere.
Now, though you fear to loſe the power to breathe,
Now, though you tremble, fancy, dive beneath;
What worlds of wonders in the deep are ſeen!
But this the greateſt—Jonah lives within!
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
Strange as the crime, has found a dungeon too.
God ſent a monſter of the frothing ſea,
Fit, by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
And lodge him ſtill alive; this hulk receives
The falling prophet, as he daſh'd the waves.
There, newly wak'd from fancied death, he lies,
And oft again in apprehenſion dies:
While three long days and nights, depriv'd of ſleep,
He turn'd and toſs'd him up and down the deep,
He thinks the judgment of the ſtrangeſt kind,
And much he wonders what the Lord deſign'd;
Yet, ſince he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
That's time for prayer, and thus a ground for praiſe;
From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
(This new contrivance of a hell to me)
To thee, my God, I cry'd; my full diſtreſs
Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my ſoul redreſs.

Caſt to the deep I fell, by thy command,
Caſt in the midſt, beyond the reach of land;
Then to the midſt brought down, the ſeas abide
Beneath my feet, the ſeas on every ſide;
In ſtorms the billow, and in calms the wave,
Are moving coverings to my wandering grave.
Forc'd by deſpair, I cry'd, How to my coſt
I fled thy preſence, Oh, for ever loſt!
But hope revives my ſoul, and makes me ſay,
Yet tow'rds thy temple ſhall I turn and pray;
Or, if I know not here where Salem lies,
Thy temple's heaven, and faith has inward eyes.
Alas! the waters, which my whale ſurround,
Have through my ſorrowing ſoul a paſſage found;
And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
New thoughts of danger all his paths ſupply.
The laſt of deeps affords the laſt of dread,
And wraps its funeral weeds around my head:
Now o'er the ſand his rollings ſeem to go,
Where the big mountains root their baſe below;
And now to rocks and clefts their courſe they take,
Earth's endleſs bars, too ſtrong for me to break;
Yet, from th' abyſs my God! thy grace divine
Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.
Still, as I toſs'd, I ſcarce retain'd my breath,
My ſoul was ſick within, and faint to death.
'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
And to thy temple flew the prayers I made.
The men, whom lying vanity enſnares,
Forſake thy mercy, that which might be theirs.
But I will pay—my God! my King! receive
The ſolemn vows my full affection gave,
When in thy temple, for a pſalm, I ſing
Salvation only from my God, my king.
Thus ends the prophet; firſt from Canaan ſent,
To let the Gentiles know they muſt repent:
God hears, and ſpeaks; the whale, at God's command,
Heaves to the light, and caſts him forth to land.
With long fatigue, with unexpected eaſe,
Oppreſs'd a while, he lies aſide the ſeas;
His eyes, though glad, in ſtrange aſtoniſh'd way
Stare at the golden front of cheerful day;
Then, ſlowly rais'd, he ſees the wonder plain,
And what he pray'd, he wrote, to ſing again.
The ſong recorded brings his vow to mind;
He muſt be thankful, for the Lord was kind;
Strait to the work he ſhunn'd he flies in haſte
(That ſeems his vow, or ſeems a part at leaſt);
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all,
Yet forty days, and Nineveh ſhall fall.
Fear ſeiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes;
All faſt with penitence, and God forgives.
Nor yet of uſe the prophet's ſuffering fails,
Hell's deep black boſom more than ſhews the whale's,
But ſome reſemblance brings a type to view,
The place was drak, the time proportion'd too.
A race, the Saviour cries, a ſinful race,
Tempts for a ſign the powers of heavenly grace,
And let them take the ſign! as Jonah lay,
Three days and nights within the fiſh of prey;
So ſhall the Son of Man deſcend below,
Earth's opening entrails ſhall retain him ſo.
My ſoul, now ſeek the ſong, and find me there
What heaven has ſhewn thee to repel deſpair;
See, where from hell ſhe breaks the crumbling ground,
Her hairs ſtand upright, and they ſtare around;
Her horrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
Lean ſharpening looks deform her livid face;
Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below,
With fire and blood two wandering eye-balls glow;
Fill'd are her arms with numerous aids to kill,
And God ſhe fancies but the judge of ill.
Oh, fair-eye'd Hope! thou ſee'ſt the paſſion nigh,
Daughter of promiſe, oh forbear to fly!
Aſſurance holds thee, fear would have thee go,
Cloſe thy blue wings, and ſtand thy deadly foe;
The judge of ill is ſtill the Lord of Grace,
As ſuch behold him in the prophet's caſe,
Caſt to be drown'd, devour'd within the ſea,
Sunk to the deep, and yet reſtor'd to day.
Oh, love the Lord, my ſoul, whoſe parent care
So rules the world he puniſhes to ſpare.
If heavy grief my downcaſt heart oppreſs,
My body danger, or my ſtate diſtreſs,
With low ſubmiſſion in thy temper bow,
Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
With hopes of comfort kiſs the chaſtening rod,
And, ſhunning mad deſpair, repoſe in God;
Then, whatſoe'er the prophet's vow deſign,
Repentance, thanks, and charity, be mine.

HEZEKIAH.

From the bleak beach, and broad expanſe of ſea,
To lofty Salem, thought, direct thy way;
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.
How ſwiftly thought has paſs'd from land to land,
And quite out-run time's meaſuring-glaſs of ſand!
Great Salem's walls appear, and I reſort
To view the ſtate of Hezekiah's court.
Well may that king a pious verſe inſpire,
Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,
Pleas'd with the ſervice David fix'd before,
That heavenly muſic might on earth adore.
Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites ſtand
With cymbals, harps, and pſalteries in their hand;
He gave the prieſts their trumpets, prompt to raiſe
The tuneful ſoul, by force of ſound, to praiſe.
A ſkilful maſter for the ſong he choſe,
The ſongs were David's theſe, and Aſaph's thoſe;
Then burns their offering, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his inſtrument to join the voice;
The trumpets ſounded, and the ſingers ſung,
The people worſhipp'd, and the temple rung.
Each, while the victim burns, preſents his heart,
Then the prieſt bleſſes, and the people part.
Hail! ſacred Muſic! ſince you know to draw
The ſoul to heaven, the ſpirit to the law,
I come to prove thy force, thy warbling ſtring
May tune my ſoul to write what others ſing.

But is this Salem? this the promis'd bliſs,
Theſe ſighs and groans! what means the realm by this?
What ſolemn ſorrow dwells in every ſtreet?
What fear confounds the downcaſt looks I meet?
Alas! the king! whole nations ſink with woe,
When righteous kings are ſummon'd hence to go;
The king lies ſick; and thus, to ſpeak his doom,
The prophet, grave Iſaiah, ſtalks the room:
Oh, prince, thy ſervant, ſent from God, believe;
Set all in order, for thou canſt not live.
Solemn he ſaid, and ſighing left the place;
Deep prints of horror furrow'd every face;
Within their minds appear eternal glooms,
Black gaping marbles of their monarchs' tombs;
A king belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,
And wars deſtructive, ere they fix the throne.
Strait to the wall he turn'd, with dark deſpair,
('Twas tow'rds the temple, or for private prayer,)
And thus to God the pious monarch ſpoke,
Who burn'd the groves, the brazen ſerpent broke:
Remember, Lord, with what a heart for right,
What care for truth, I walk'd within thy ſight.
'Twas thus with terror, prayers, and tears, he toſs'd,
When the mid-court the grave Iſaiah croſs'd,
Whom, in the cedar columns of the ſquare,
Meets a ſweet angel, hung in glittering air.
Seiz'd with a trance, he ſtopp'd, before his eye
Clears a rais'd arch of viſionary ſky,
Where, as a minute paſs'd, the greater light
Purpling appear'd, and ſouth'd and ſet in night;
A moon ſucceeding leads the ſtarry train,
She glides, and ſinks her ſilver horns again!
A ſecond fancied morning drives the ſhades,
Clos'd by the dark, the ſecond evening fades,
The third bright dawn awakes, and ſtrait he ſees
The temple riſe, the monarch on his knees.
Pleas'd with the ſcene, his inward thoughts rejoice;
When thus the guardian angel form'd a voice:
Now tow'rds the captain of my people go,
And, ſeer, relate him what thy viſions ſhow;
The Lord has heard his words, and ſeen his tears,
And through fifteen extends his future years.
Here, to the room prepar'd with diſmal black,
The prophet turning, brought the comfort back.
Oh, monarch, hail, he cry'd; thy words are heard,
Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;
God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a day
Shews the round ſun, within the temple pray.
When thrice the day! ſurpriz'd, the monarch cries,
When thrice the ſun! what power have I to riſe!
But, if thy comfort's human or divine,
'Tis ſhort to prove it—give thy prince a ſign.
Behold, the prophet cry'd (and ſtretch'd his hands),
Againſt yon lattice, where the dial ſtands;
Now ſhall the ſun a backward journey go
Through ten dfawn lines, or leap to ten below.
'Tis eaſier poſting nature's airy track,
Replies the monarch: let the ſun go back.
Attentive here he gaz'd, the prophet pray'd,
Back went the ſun, and back purſued the ſhade.
Cheer'd by the ſign, and by the prophet heal'd,
What ſacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd!
As ſickly ſwallows, when a ſummer ends,
Who miſs'd the paſſage with their flying friends,
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,
While all who find them think the ſleepers dead;
If yet their warmth new days of ſummer bring,
They wake, and joyful flutter up to ſing:
So far'd the monarch, ſick to death he lay,
His court deſpair'd, and watch'd the laſt decay;
At length new favour ſhines, new life he gains,
And rais'd he ſings; 'tis thus the ſong remains:
I ſaid, my God, when in the loth'd diſeaſe
Thy prophet's words cut off my future days,
Now to the grave, with mournful haſte, I go,
Now death unbars his ſable gates below.
How might my years by courſe of nature laſt!
But thou pronounc'd it, and the proſpect paſs'd.
I ſaid, my God, thy ſervant now no more
Shall in thy temple's ſacred courts adore;
No more on earth with living man converſe,
Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearſe.
My life, like tents which wandering ſhepherds raiſe;
Proves a ſhort dwelling, and removes at eaſe.
My ſins purſue me; ſee the deadly hand!
My God, who ſees them, cuts me from the land;
As when a weaver finds his labour ſped,
Swift from the beam he parts the faſtening thread.
With piſing ſickneſs all from night to day,
From day to night, he makes my ſtrength decay:
Reckoning the time, I roll with reſtleſs groans,
Till, with a lion's force, he cruſh my bones;
New morning dawns, but, like the morning paſt,
'Tis day, 'tis night, and ſtill my ſorrows laſt.
Now, ſcreaming like the crane, my words I ſpoke,
Now, like the ſwallow, chattering quick, and broke;
Now, like the doleful dove, when on the plains
Her mourning tone affects the liſtening ſwains.
To heaven, for aid, my wearying eyes I throw,
At length they're weary'd quite, and ſink with woe.
From death's arreſt, for ſome delays, I ſue;
Though, Lord, who judg'd me, thou reprieve me, too.
Rapture of joy! what can thy ſervant ſay?
He ſent his prophet to prolong my day;
Through my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
Thus ſaid the Lord, and this himſelf has done.
Soft ſhall I walk, and, well ſecur'd from fears,
Poſſeſs the comforts of my future years.
Keep ſoft, my heart, keep humble, while they roll,
Nor e'er forget my bitterneſs of ſoul.
'Tis by the means they ſacred words ſupply,
That mankind live, but in peculiar I;
A ſecond grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
And my rais'd ſpirits doubly ſeem to live.
Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,
'Twas then I felt my ſtroke of humbling pain;
Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to ſink,
God lov'd my ſoul, and ſnatch'd me from the brink.

He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
As men who paſs accounts, and caſt them by.
What mouth has death, which can thy praiſe proclaim?
What tongue the grave, to ſpeak thy glorious name?
Or will the ſenſeleſs dead exult with mirth,
Mov'd to their hope by promiſes on earth?
The living, Lord, the living only praiſe,
The living only fit to ſing thy lays:
Theſe feel thy favours, theſe thy temple ſee;
Theſe raiſe the ſong, as I this day to thee.
Nor will thy truth the preſent only reach,
This the good fathers ſhall their offspring teach;
Report the bleſſings which adorn my page,
And hand their own, with mine, from age to age.
So, when the Maker heard his creature crave,
So kindly roſe his ready will to ſave,
Then march we ſolemn tow'rds the temple-door,
While all our joyful muſic ſounds before;
There, on this day, through all my life appear,
When this comes round in each returning year;
There ſtrike the ſtrings, our voices jointly raiſe,
And let his dwellings hear my ſongs of praiſe.
Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay
Deſign'd for public, when he went to pray;
I'll think the perfect compoſition runs,
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's ſons.
Then, ſince the time arrives the Seer foretold,
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,
With thankful zeal, recover'd prince, prepare
To lead thy nation to the dome of prayer.
My fancy takes her chariot once again,
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;
She ſees the ſingers reach Moriah's hill,
The minſtrels follow, then the porches fill;
She wakes the numerous inſtruments of art,
That each perform its own adapted part;
Seeks airs expreſſive of thy grateful ſtrains,
And, liſtening, hears the vary'd tune ſhe feigns.
From a grave pitch, to ſpeak the monarch's woe.
The notes flow down, and deeply ſound below;
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of eaſe
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
Here intermix'd with diſcord, when the crane
Screams in the notes, through ſharper ſenſe of pain;
There, run with deſcant on, and taught to ſhake,
When pangs repeated force the voice to break:
Now like the dove they murmur, till it ſighs
They fall, and languiſh with the failing eyes:
Then ſlowly ſlackening, to ſurpriſe the more,
From a dead pauſe his exclamations ſoar,
To meet briſk health the notes aſcending fly,
Live with the living, and exult on high:
Yet ſtill diſtinct in parts the muſic plays,
'Till prince and people both are call'd to praiſe;
Then all, uniting, ſtrongly ſtrike the ſtring,
Put forth their utmoſt breath, and loudly ſing;
The wide-ſpread chorus fills the ſacred ground,
And holy tranſport ſcales the clouds with ſound.
Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.
This ſtory known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
Drawn by the ſign obſerv'd, or mov'd by fame;
Theſe aſk the fact for Hezekiah done,
And much they wonder at their God the ſun,
That thrice he drove, through one extent of day,
His gold-ſhod horſes in etherial way:
Then vainly ground their gueſs on nature's laws;
The ſoundeſt knowledge owns a greater cauſe.
Faith knows the fact tranſcends, and bids me find
What help for practice here incites the mind:
Strait to the ſong, the thankful ſong, I move;
May ſuch the voice of every creature prove!
If every creature meets its ſhare of woe,
And for kind reſcues every creature owe,
In public ſo thy Maker's praiſe proclaim,
Nor what you begg'd with tears, conceal with ſhame.
'Tis there the miniſtry thy name repeat,
And tell what mercies were vouchſaf'd of late;
Then joins the church, and begs, through all our days,
Not only with our lips, but lives, to praiſe.
'Tis there our ſovereigns, for a ſignal day
The feaſt proclaim'd, their ſignal thanks repay.
O'er the long ſtreets we ſee the chariots wheel,
And, following, think of Hezekiah ſtill,
In the bleſs'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,
In whoſe ſweet notes our raviſh'd ſouls aſpire;
Side anſwering ſide, we hear, and bear a part,
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
Or raiſe the ſong, where meeting keys rejoice,
And teach the baſe to wed the treble voice;
Art's ſoftning echoes in the muſic ſound,
And, anſwering nature's, from the roof rebound.
Here cloſe my verſe, the ſervice aſks no more,
Bleſs thy good God, and give the tranſport o'er.

HABAKKUK.

Now leave the porch, to viſion now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat;
Now change the time, and change the temple-ſcene,
The following ſeer forewarns a future reign.
To ſome retirement, where the prophet' ſons
Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs;
Some ſacred college, built for praiſe and prayer,
And heavenly dream, ſhe ſeeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's ſin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;
Or ſees the viſion, fram'd with angels' hands,
And dreads the judgments of revolted lands;
Or holds a converſe, if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.
This deep receſs portends an act of weight,
A meſſage labouring with the work of fate.
Methinks the ſkies have loſt their lovely blue,
A ſtorm rides fiery, thick the clouds enſue.
Fall'n to the ground, with proſtrate face I lie:
Oh! 'twere the ſame in this to gaze and die!
But hark the prophet's voice; my prayers complain
Of labour ſpent, of preaching urg'd in vain.
And muſt, my God, thy ſorrowing ſervant ſtill
Quit my lone joys, to walk this world of ill?

Where ſpoiling rages, ſtriſe and wrong command,
And the ſlack'd laws no longer curb the land?
At this a ſtrange and more than human ſound
Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling ground.
Behold, ye Gentiles; wondering all behold,
What ſcarce ye credit, though the work be told;
For, lo, the proud Chaldean troops I raiſe,
To march the breadth, and all the region ſeize;
Fierce as the prowling wolves, at cloſe of day,
And ſwift as eagles in purſuit of prey.
As eaſtern winds to blaſt the ſeaſon blow,
For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe;
Leads the ſad captives, countleſs as the ſand,
Derides the princes, and deſtroys the land.
Yet theſe, triumphant grown, offend me more,
And only thank the gods they choſe before.
Art thou not holieſt, here the prophet cries;
Supreme, eternal, of the pureſt eyes;
And ſhall thoſe eyes the wicked realms regard,
Their crimes be great, yet victory their reward?
Shall theſe ſtill ravage more and more to reign,
Draw the full net, and caſt to fill again?
As watchmen ſilent ſit, I wait to ſee
How ſolves my doubt, what ſpeaks the Lord to me.
Then go, the Lord replies, ſuſpend thy fears,
And write the viſion for a term of years:
Thy foes will feel their turn when thoſe are paſt,
Wait, though it tarry; ſure it comes at laſt.
'Tis for their rapine, luſts, and thirſt of blood,
And all their unprotecting gods of wood,
The Lord is preſent on his ſacred hill,
Ceaſe thy weak doubts, and let the world be ſtill.
Here terror leaves me; with exalted head,
I breathe fine air, and find the viſion fled;
The ſeer withdrawn, inſpir'd, and urg'd to write,
By the warm influence of the ſacred ſight.
His writing finiſh'd, prophet-like array'd,
He brings the burden on the region laid;
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
The tablet threatenings, and the volume prayer;
Both for the temple, where, to ſhun decay,
Enroll'd the works of inſpiration lay.
And awful, oft he ſtops, or marches ſlow,
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.
Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
He fix'd his table on the ſacred wall.
'Twas large inſcrib'd, that thoſe who run might read:
"Habakkuk's burden, by the Lord decreed;
"For Judah's ſins her empire is no more,
"The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."
Next to the prieſt his volume he reſign'd,
'Twas prayer, with praiſes mix'd, to raiſe the mind;
'Twas facts recounted, which their fathers knew,
'Twas power in wonders manifeſt to view;
'Twas comfort, rais'd on love already paſt,
And hope, that former love returns at laſt.
The prieſts within the prophecy convey'd,
The ſingers' tunes to join his anthem made.
I hear, and attend the words: and, holy thou
That help'd the prophet, help the poet now.
O, Lord, who rul'ſt the world, with mortal ear
I've heard thy judgments, and I ſhake for fear.
O, Lord, by whom their number'd years we find
Ev'n in the midſt receive the drooping mind;
Ev'n in the midſt thou canſt—then make it known
Thy love, thy will, thy power, to ſave thine own.
Remember mercy, though thine anger burn,
And ſoon to Salem bid thy flock return.
O, Lord, who gav'ſt it with an outſtretch'd hand,
We well remember how thou gav'ſt the land.
God came from Teman, ſouthward ſprung the flame,
From Paron-mount the one that's holy came;
A glittering glory made the deſert blaze,
High heaven was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praiſe.
Dazzling the brightneſs, not the ſun ſo bright,
'Twas here the pure ſubſtantial fount of light;
Shot from his hand and ſide in golden ſtreams,
Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams:
Thus ſhone his coming, as ſublimely fair
As bounded nature has been fram'd to bear;
But all his further marks of grandeur hid,
Nor what he could was known, but what he did.
Dire plagues before him ran at his command,
To waſte the nations in the promis'd land.
A ſcorching flame went forth where'er he trod,
And burning fevers were the coals of God.
Fix'd on the mount he ſtood, his meaſuring reed
Marks the rich realms for Jacob's ſeed decreed:
He looks with anger, and the nations fly
From the fierce ſparklings of his dreadful eye;
He turns, the mountain ſhakes its awful brow;
Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
How glory there, how terror here, diſplays
His great unknown, yet everlaſting ways!
I ſee the ſable tents along the ſtrand
Where Cuſhan wander'd, deſolately ſtand;
And Midian's high pavilions ſhake with dread,
While the tam'd ſeas thy reſcued nation tread.
What burſt the path? what made the Lord engage?
Could waters anger, ſeas incite thy rage,
That thus thine horſes force the foaming tide,
And all the chariots of ſalvation ride?
Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy ſwore;
Thoſe oaths, that promiſe, Iſrael had before.
The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
The wondering deſert lends them beds below.
Thy might the mountain's heaving ſhocks confeſs'd,
High ſhatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the reſt.
Great Jordan paſs'd its nether waters by,
Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high:
Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall,
Curling aroſe, and had no leave to fall.
The ſun effulgent, and the moon ſerene,
Stopt by thy will, their heavenly courſe refrain:
The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
Till wars completed cloſe the lengthen'd day.
Thy glittering ſpears, thy rattling darts prevail,
Thy ſpears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.
'Twas thou that march'd againſt their heathen band,
Rage in thy viſage, and thy flail in hand;
'Twas thou that went before to wound their head,
The captain follow'd where the Saviour led;

Torn from their earth, they feel the desperate wound,
And power unfounded fails for want of ground.
With village-war thy tribes, where'er they go,
Distress the remnant of the scatter'd foe;
Yet mad they rush'd, as whirling wind descends,
And deem'd for friendless those the Lord befriends.
Thy trampling horse from sea to sea subdue,
The bounding ocean left no more to do.
O, when I heard what thou vouchsaf'st to win,
With works of wonder must be lost for sin;
I quak'd through fear, the voice forsook my tongue,
Or, at my lips, with quivering accent hung;
Dry leanness entering to my marrow came,
And every loosening nerve unstrung my frame.
How shall I rest, in what protecting shade,
When the day comes, and hostile troops invade?
Though neither blossoms on the fig appear,
Nor vines with clusters deck the purpling year;
Though all our labours olive-trees belie,
Though fields the substance of the bread deny;
Though flocks are sever'd from the silent fold,
And the rais'd stalls no lowing cattle hold;
Yet shall my soul be glad, in God rejoice,
Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice;
Yet to my Saviour still my temper sings,
What David set to instruments of strings: [feet,
The Lord's my strength, like hinds he makes my
Yon mount's my refuge, I as safely fleet;
Or (if the song's apply'd) he makes me still
Expect returning to Moriah's hill.
In all this hymn what daring grandeur shines,
What darting glory rays among the lines:
What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and smokes are seen,
What ambient fires conceal the Lord within;
What working wonders give the promis'd place,
And lead the conduct of a stubborn race!
In all the work a lively fancy flows,
O'er all the work sincere affection glows:
While truth's firm rein the course of fancy guides,
And o'er affection zeal divine presides.
Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
Amongst eternal attributes on high:
And here I touch at love supremely fair,
And now at power, anon at mercy there;
So, like a warbling bird, my tunes I raise,
On those green boughs the tree of life displays;
Whose twelve fair fruits, each month by turns receives,
And, for the nations' healing, ope their leaves.
Then be the nations heal'd, for this I sing,
Descending softly from the prophet's wing.
Thou, world, attend the case of Israel; see
'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee,
If love be shewn thee, turn thine eyes above,
And pay the duties relative to love;
If power be shewn, and wonderfully so,
Wonder and thank, adore, and bow below.
If power that led thee, now no longer lead,
But brow bent justice draws the flaming blade;
When love is scorn'd, when sin the sword provokes,
Let tears and prayers avert, or heal the strokes;
If justice leaves to wound, and thou to groan,
Beneath new lords, in countries not thine own
Know this for mercy's act, and let your lays,
Grateful in all, recount the cause of praise:
Then love returns, and while no sins divide
The firm alliance, power will shield thy side.
See the grand round of Providence's care,
See realms assisted here, and punish'd there;
O'er the just circle cast thy wondering eyes,
Thank while you gaze, and study to be wise.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

See the star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below;
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night;
From an heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground;
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun:
Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air;
The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business, with industrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

HYMN FOR NOON.

The sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky;

Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, alſo with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead deſire.
And make the ſacred love of thee,
Within my ſoul, a ſun to me.
Let it ſhine ſo fairly bright,
That nothing elſe be took for light;
That worldly charms be ſeen to fade,
And in its luſtre find a ſhade.
Let it ſtrongly ſhine within,
To ſcatter all the clouds of ſin,
That drive when guſts of paſſion riſe,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the ſun that lights the ſky:
Let it ſwiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there;
And ſoar, with more aſpiring flight,
To realms of everlaſting light.
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wiſh to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my ſoul I ſend my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whoſe propitious ſway
The world was taught to ſee the day;
Who ſpake the word, and earth begun,
And ſhew'd its beauties in the ſun;
With pleaſure I thy creatures view,
And would, with good affection too;
Good affection ſweetly free,
Looſe from them, and move to thee;
O, teach me, due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days ſhall ſhine the more,
Or paſs more bleſſed than before.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

The beam-repelling miſts ariſe,
And evening ſpreads obſcurer ſkies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itſelf be ſoon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of glory now,
To fill thy breaſt, or deadly ſin
May cauſe a blinder night within.
And whether pleaſing vapours riſe,
Which gently dim the cloſing eyes;
Which make the weary members bleſs'd,
With ſweet refreſhment in their reſt;
Or whether ſpirits in the brain
Diſpel their ſoft embrace again;
And on my watchful bed I ſtay,
Forſook by ſleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forſake me too;
But ſtill as day concludes in night,
To break again with new born light;
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With ſtill a more enlighten'd mind;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me;
Grace that will from heaven inſpire,
Love that ſeals it in deſire;
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with encreaſing flames.
Thou that haſt thy palace far
Above the moon and every ſtar,
Thou that ſitteſt on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me bleſs'd,
By kindly granting its requeſt.
If thoughts on thee my ſoul employ,
My darkneſs will afford me joy,
Till thou ſhalt call, and I ſhall ſoar,
And part with darkneſs evermore.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

With kind compaſſion hear me cry,
O, Jeſu, Lord of life, on high!
As when the ſummer's ſeaſons beat,
With ſcorching flame and parching heat;
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirſty gaps in earth are made:
My thoughts of comfort languiſh ſo,
And ſo my ſoul is broke by woe.
Then on thy ſervant's drooping head
Thy dews of bleſſing ſweetly ſhed;
Let thoſe a quick refreſhment give,
And raiſe my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endleſs hell beneath:
My ſenſe of ſorrow for my ſin,
To ſpringing comfort, change within;
Change all my ſad complaints for eaſe,
To cheerful notes of endleſs praiſe:
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But ſuch as owe their birth to joy;
Joy tranſporting, ſweet, and ſtrong,
Fit to fill and raiſe my ſong;
Joy that ſhall reſounded be,
While days and nights ſucceed for me:
Be not as a judge ſevere,
For ſo thy preſence who may bear?
On all my words and actions look,
(I know they're written in thy book;)
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with mercy's gracious eye;
What needs my blood, ſince thine will do,
To pay the debt to juſtice due?
O, tender mercy's art divine!
Thy ſorrow proves the cure of mine!
Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful ſmart
Allay the bleedings of my heart;
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Reſtores my ſoul to life again.
Guide me then, for here I burn,
To make my Saviour ſome return.
I'll riſe (if that will pleaſe him, ſtill,
And ſure I've heard him own it will);
I'll trace his ſteps, and bear my croſs,
Deſpiſing every grief and loſs;

Since he, deſpiſing pain and ſhame,
Firſt took up his, and did the ſame.

THE HAPPY MAN.

How bleſs'd the man, how fully ſo,
As far as man is bleſs'd below,
Who, taking up his croſs, eſſays
To follow Jeſus all his days;
With reſolution to obey,
And ſteps enlarging in his way.
The Father of the ſaints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his boſom throughly ſhine
With wondrous ſtores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his ſoul above employ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a ſon.
Ah me! the ſweet infus'd deſires,
The fervid wiſhes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and ſuch be mine.
From hence deſpiſing all beſides
That earth reveals, or ocean hides;
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he ſets his eyes.
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his ſafety ſpringe,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the ſtreams of comfort flow.
He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of mercy, Lord of love;
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy ſmile, and love deſcend,
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And though the wicked earth diſplay
Its terrors in their fierce array;
Or gape ſo wide that horror ſhows
Its hell replete with endleſs woes;
Such ſuccour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntleſs ſtill.
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidſt an ocean ſtands;
So bears, without a trembling dread,
The tempeſt beating round its head;
And with its ſide repels the wave,
Whoſe hollow ſeems a coming grave:
The ſkies, the deeps, are heard to roar;
The rock ſtands ſettled as before.
I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which bleſſes you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye deſigñing end;
Its knowing real intereſt lies
On the bright ſide of yonder ſkies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to care.
While he that ſeeks for pleaſing days,
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or ſame,
(Though happy be the ſpacious name)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conſpicuous wretch of ſtate.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miſerable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the paſſions make their flight
At empty ſhadows of delight,
No more in paths of error ſtray,
The Lord thy Jeſus is the way,
The ſpring of happineſs, and where
Should men ſeek happineſs but there!
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldneſs, run with ſpeed,
For he forſook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aſide his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirſt and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itſelf below;
And he, that ſuffer'd theſe alone
For all the world, deſpiſes none.
To bid the ſoul, that's ſick, be clean,
To bring the loſt to life again;
To comfort thoſe that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodneſs ſtill.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only ſon,
So kind a love his mercies ſhow,
So kind and more extremely ſo.
Thrice happy men! (or find a phraſe
That ſpeaks your bliſs with greater praiſe)
Who moſt obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleaſures, leaving all,
With heart, with ſoul, with ſtrength incline,
O ſweeteſt Jeſu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, obſerve thy ways,
And in thy ſervice ſpend their days:
Ev'n death, that ſeems to ſet them free,
But brings them cloſer ſtill to thee.

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

Blessed light of ſaints on high,
Who fill the manſions of the ſky;
Sure defence, whoſe mercy ſtill
Preſerves thy ſubjects here from ill;
Oh, my Jeſus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.
As the fond ſheep that idly ſtrays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And paſſing there, and turning here,
He will, for reſt, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wiſh'd to ſhun.
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:
'Twas thus from ſin to ſin I flew,
And thus I might have periſh'd too;

But mercy dropt the likeneſs here,
And ſhew'd, and ſav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darkneſs of my mind
The ſacred ſpirit purely ſhin'd,
And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlaſting day;
And broke the thickening clouds of ſin,
And fix'd the light of love within.
From hence my raviſh'd ſoul aſpires,
And dates the riſe of its deſires.
From hence to thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wiſhes ſay I burn;
I burn, thy glorious face to ſee,
And live in endleſs joy with thee.
There's no ſuch ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame;
Nor ſuch affection parents bear
To their young and only heir,
Though, join'd together, both conſpire,
And boaſt a doubled force of fire,
My tender heart, within its ſeat,
Diſſolves before the ſcorching heat;
As ſoftening wax is taught to run
Before the warmneſs of the ſun.
Oh, my flame, my pleaſing pain,
Burn and purify my ſtain,
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away;
Till at the laſt I throughly ſhine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

Propitious Son of God, to thee,
With all my ſoul, I bend my knee;
My wiſh I ſend, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart:
For, as an abſent parent's ſon,
Whoſe ſecond year is only run,
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit, and void of fear,
With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he ſtrays;
So, ſhould my ſoul's eternal guide,
The ſacred Spirit he deny'd,
Thy ſervant ſoon the loſs would know,
And ſink in ſin, or run to woe.
O, Spirit bountifully kind,
Warm, poſſeſs, and fill my mind;
Diſperſe my ſins with light divine,
And raiſe the flames of love with thine;
Before thy pleaſures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honour be deſpis'd;
And let the Father's glory be
More dear than life itſelf to me.
Sing of Jeſus! Virgins, ſing
Him, your everlaſting King!
Sing of Jeſus! cheerful youth,
Him, the God of love and truth!
Write, and raiſe a ſong divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son eternal, Word ſupreme,
Who made the univerſal frame,
Heaven, and all its ſhining ſhow,
Earth, and all it holds below:
Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we ſing thy praiſes here;
Son Eternal, ever-bleſs'd,
Reſting on the Father's breaſt,
Whoſe tender love for all provides,
Whoſe power over all preſides;
Bow with pity, bow thine ear;
While we ſing thy praiſes, hear!
Thou, by pity's ſoft extreme,
Mov'd, and won, and ſet on flame,
Aſſum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains, to reſcue man from hell;
How bright thine humble glories riſe,
And match the luſtre of the ſkies,
From death and hell's dejected ſtate
Ariſing, thou reſum'd thy ſeat,
And golden thrones of bliſs prepar'd
Above, to be thy ſaints' reward.
How bright thy glorious honours riſe,
And with new luſtre grace the ſkies!
For thee, the ſweet ſeraphic choir
Raiſe the voice, and tune the lyre,
And praiſes with harmonious ſound
Through all the higheſt heaven rebound.
O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bleſs the ſouls that ſing of thee!
To thee the churches here rejoice,
The ſolemn organs aid the voice:
To ſacred roofs the ſound we raiſe,
The ſacred roofs reſound thy praiſe:
And while our notes in one agree,
O! bleſs the church that ſings to thee!

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

The morning opens, very freſhly gay,
And life itſelf is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flowerets with a thouſand colours more;
Then falls to weaving that, and ſpreading theſe,
And ſoftly ſhakes them with an eaſy breeze.
With golden fruit adorns the bending ſhade,
Or trails a ſilver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle water, ſtill more gently by,
While in this ſummer-bower of bliſs I lie,
And ſweetly ſing of ſenſe-delighting flames,
And nymphs and ſhepherds, ſoft invented names
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praiſe their fruit, diffuſing ſprightly wine;
Or find new pleaſures in the world to praiſe,
And ſtill with this return adorn my lays;
"Range round your gardens of eternal ſpring,
"Go, range my ſenſes, while I ſweetly ſing:"
In vain, in vain, alas! ſeduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will!
I tell my ſoul, it will be conſtant May,
And charm a ſeaſon never made to ſtay;

My beauteous arbour will not ſtand a ſtorm,
The world but promiſes, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye leaves; and wither, all ye flowers;
I'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers;
But ſadly mourn, in melancholy ſong,
The vain conceits that held my ſoul ſo long.
The luſts that tempt us with deluſive ſhow,
And ſin brought forth for everlaſting woe.
Thus ſhall the notes to ſorrow's object riſe,
While frequent reſts procure a place for ſighs;
And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen cloſing every ſtrain:
Return, my ſenſes; range no more abroad;
He'll only find his bliſs who ſeeks for God.

ECSTACY.

The fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unperforming ſhow;
The wiſh that makes our happier life complete,
Nor graſps the wealth nor honours of the great,
Nor looſely ſails on pleaſure's eaſy ſtream;
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame;
Weak man, whoſe charms to theſe alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.
From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
Make day that's endleſs, infinitely bright;
Thence, heavenly Father! thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightneſs to my longing heart.
Dawn through the mind, drive error's clouds away,
And ſtill the rage in paſſion's troubled ſea;
That the poor baniſh'd ſoul ſerene and free,
May riſe from earth, to viſit heaven and thee:
Come, peace divine! ſhed gently from above,
Inſpire my willing boſom, wondrous love;
Thy purpled pinions to my ſhoulders tie,
And point the paſſage where I want to fly.
But whither, whither now! what powerful fire
With this bleſs'd influence equals my deſire?
I riſe (or love, the kind deluder, reigns,
And acts in fancy ſuch enchanted ſcenes);
Earth leſſening flies, the parting ſkies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
And now the ſun and now the ſtars are gone,
Yet ſtill methinks the ſpirit bears me on,
Where tracts of æther purer blue diſplay,
And edge the golden realm of native day.
Oh, ſtrange enjoyment of a bliſs unſeen!
Oh, raviſhment! Oh, ſacred rage within!
Tumultuous pleaſure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, exceſſive, from the world refin'd!
I ſee the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
I hear the words, that iſſuing thence proclaim,
"Let God's attendants praiſe his awful name!"
Then heads unnumber'd bend before the ſhrine,
Myſterious ſeat of Majeſty divine!
And hands unnumber'd ſtrike the ſilver ſtring,
And tongues unnumber'd hallelujah ſing.
See, where the ſhining ſeraphims appear,
And ſink their decent eyes with holy fear.
See flights of angels all their feathers raiſe,
And range the orbs, and, as they range, they praiſe;
Behold the great apoſtles! ſweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure æther ſet.
Behold the prophets, full of heavenly fire,
With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the martyrs' tune, and all around
The church triumphant makes the region ſound.
With harps of gold, with boughs of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are ſeen;
Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
And all is muſic, and exceſs of joy.
Charm'd with the ſight, I long to bear a part;
The pleaſure flutters at my raviſh'd heart.
Sweet ſaints and angels of the heavenly choir,
If love has warm'd you with celeſtial fire,
Aſſiſt my words, and, as they move along,
With hallelujahs crown the burthen'd ſong.
Father of all above, and all below,
O great, and far beyond expreſſion ſo;
No bounds thy knowledge, nour thy power confine,
For power and knowledge in their ſource are thine;
Around thee glory ſpreads her golden wing:
Sing, glittering angels, halielujah ſing.
Son of the Father, firſt begotten Son,
Ere the ſhort meaſuring line of time begun,
The world has ſeen thy works, and joy'd to ſee
The bright effulgence manifeſt in thee.
The world muſt own thee love's unfathom'd ſpring;
Sing, glittering angels, hallelujah ſing.
Proceeding ſpirit, equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections ſhine,
With various graces, comforts unexpreſs'd,
With holy tranſports you refine the breaſt;
And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,
Sing, glittering angels, hallelujah ſing.
But where's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
What interruption makes my bliſs retreat?
This world's got in, the thoughts of t' other's croft,
And the gay picture's in my fancy loſt.
With what an eager zeal the conſcious ſoul
Would claim its ſeat, and, ſoaring, paſs the pole!
But our attempts theſe chains of earth reſtrain,
Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
So from the ground aſpiring meteors go,
And, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
But their own bodies ſink them in the ſky,
When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE;

BY MEDITATING ON

THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

Holy Jeſus! God of love!
Look with pity from above;
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy ſide;

Let thy ſtreams of comfort roll,
Let them pleaſe and fill my ſoul.
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladneſs, full of thee.
This, for which my wiſhes pine,
Is the cup of love divine;
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the joys of ſenſe;
Bleſſed philtre! how we find
Its ſacred worſhips! how the mind,
Of all the world forgetful grown,
Can deſpiſe an earthly throne;
Raiſe its thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and ſing of love.
  Love celeſtial, wondrous heat,
O, beyond expreſſion great!
What reſiſtleſs charms were thine,
In thy good, thy beſt deſign!
When God was hated, ſin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid,
From the ſeats of endleſs peace
They brought the Son, the Lord of Grace;
They taught him to receive a birth,
To clothe in fleſh, to live on earth;
And after, lifted him on high,
And taught him on the croſs to die.
  Love celeſtial, ardent fire,
O, extreme of ſweet deſire!
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Through and over all my frame;
Let it warm me, let it burn,
Let my corpſe to aſhes turn;
And, might thy flame thus act with me
To ſet the ſoul from body free,
I next would uſe thy wings, and fly
To meet my Jeſus in the ſky.

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE.

WRITTEN IN DECEMBER 1712.

MOTHER of plenty, daughter of the ſkies,
Sweet peace, the troubled world's deſire, ariſe;
Around thy poet weave thy ſummer ſhades,
Within my fancy ſpread thy flowery meads;
Amongſt thy train ſoft eaſe and pleaſure bring,
And thus indulgent ſooth me whilſt I ſing.
  Great Anna claims the ſong; no brighter name
Adorns the liſt of never-dying fame;
No fairer ſoul was ever form'd above;
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with ſpeed
To ſing ſuch lines as Bolingbroke may read,
On war diſpers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.
And, if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write,
"So fell the lines which ſtrove for endleſs fame,
"Yet fell, attempting on the nobleſt theme."
  Now twelve revolving years has Britain ſtood,
With loſs of wealth, and vaſt expence of blood,
Europa's guardian; ſtill her gallant arms
Secur'd Europa from impending harms.
Fair honour, full ſucceſs, and juſt applauſe,
Purſued her marches, and adorn'd her cauſe;
Whilſt Gaul, aſpiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own;
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies ſlain,
And ſunk the thought of univerſal reign.
  When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
The fears which rack'd the nations juſtly die;
Power finds its balance, giddy motions ceaſe
In both the ſcales, and each inclines to peace.
This fair occaſion Providence prepares,
To anſwer pious Anna's hourly prayers,
Which ſtill on warm devotion's wings aroſe,
And, reaching heaven, obtain'd the world's repoſe,
  Within the vaſt expanſion of the ſky,
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
A glorious palace ſhines, whoſe ſilver ray,
Serenely flowing, lights the milky way;
The road of angels. Here, with ſpeedy care,
The ſummon'd guardians of the world repair.
When Britain's angel, on the meſſage ſent,
Speaks Anna's prayers, and Heaven's ſupreme intent;
That war's deſtructive arm ſhould humble Gaul,
Spain's parted realms to different monarchs fall;
The grand alliance crown'd with glory ceaſe,
And joyful Europe find the ſweets of peace.
He ſpoke: the ſmiling hopes of man's repoſe,
The joy that ſprings from certain hopes aroſe,
Diffuſive o'er the place; complacent airs,
Sedately ſweet, were heard within the ſpheres;
And, bowing, all adore the ſovereign mind,
And fly to execute the work deſign'd.
  This done, the guardian on the wing repairs,
Where Anna ſate, revolving public cares
With deep concern of thought. Unſeen he ſtood,
Preſenting peaceful images of good;
On fancy's airy ſtage, returning trade,
A ſunk exchequer fill'd, an army paid:
The fields with men, the men with plenty bleſs'd,
The towns with riches, and the world with reſt.
Such pleaſing objects on her boſom play,
And give the dawn of glory's golden day;
When all her labours at their harveſt ſhown
Shall, in her ſubjects' joy, complete her own.
Then breaking ſilence; 'Tis enough, ſhe cries,
That war has rag'd to make the nations wiſe.
Heaven proſpers armies whilſt they fight to ſave,
And thirſt of further fame deſtroys the brave;
The vanquiſh'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
And but eſcap'd the chains they meant to give.
Now let the powers be ſtill'd, and each poſſeſs'd
Of what ſecures the common ſafety beſt.
  So ſpake the queen; then, fill'd with warmth divine,
She call'd her Oxford to the grand deſign;
Her Oxford, prudent in affairs of ſtate,
Profoundly thoughtful, manifeſtly great
In every turn, whoſe ſteady temper ſteers
Above the reach of gold, or ſhock of fears;
Whom no blind chance, but merit underſtood,
By frequent trials, power of doing good,
And will to execute, advanc'd on high;
  Oh, ſoul created to deſerve the ſky!

And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see,
How much it rais'd itself by raising thee!
Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast,
The long alliance, crown'd with lasting rest,
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
And fix the separate interests of the cause!
  These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends;
Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight,
And yet its swiftness ne'er obscures its sight:
When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part,
None serves his country with a nobler heart;
Just thoughts of honour all his mind controul,
And expedition wings his lively soul.
On such a patriot to confer the trust,
The monarch knows it safe, as well as just.
  Then next proceeding in her agents' choice,
And ever pleas'd that worth obtains the voice,
She, from the voice of high-distinguish'd fames,
With pious Bristol, gallant Strafford names:
One form'd to stand a church's firm support,
The other fitted to adorn a court:
Both vers'd in business, both of fine address,
By which experience leads to great success:
And both to distant lands the monarch sends,
And, to their conduct, Europe's peace commends.
  Now ships unmoor'd, to waft her agents o'er,
Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore;
The foreign agents reach th' appointed place,
The congress opens, and it will be peace.
Methinks the war, like stormy winter, flies,
When fairer months unveil the bluish skies;
A flowery world the sweetest season spreads,
And doves, with branches, flutter round their heads.
  Half-peopled Gaul, whom numerous ills destroy,
With wishful heart, attends the promis'd joy.
For this prepares the duke—ah, sadly slain,
'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,
For verse can only grant a life in fame;
Yet could my praise, like spicy odours shed,
In everlasting song embalm the dead;
To realms that weeping heard the loss I'd tell,
What courage, sense, and faith, with Brandon fell!
  But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
And polish'd Talbot to the charge succeeds;
Whose far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
Like glasses, draw their distant objects near.
Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
And stores of learning, grace his ample mind;
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
And honour gilds them with a thousand rays.
To serve his nation, at his queen's command,
He parts, commission'd for the Gallic land;
With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore,
And learns to love the name she fear'd before.
  Once more aloft, there meet for new debates,
The guardian angels of Europa's states:
And mutual concord shines in every face,
And every bosom glows with hopes of peace;
While Britain's steps, in one consent, they praise,
Then gravely mourn their other realms delays;
Their doubtful claims, through seas of blood pursued,
Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdued;
And all the reasonings which attempt to show
That war should ravage in the world below.
" Ah, fall'n estate of man! can rage delight,
" Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the " sight!
" Ambition make unlovely mischief fair!
" Or ever pride be Providence's care!
" When stern oppressors range the bloody field,
" 'Tis just to conquer, and unsafe to yield:
" There save the nations; but no more pursue,
" Nor in thy turn become oppressor to."
  Our rebel angels for ambition fell,
And, war in heaven produc'd a fiend in hell.
Thus, with a soft concern for man's repose,
The tender guardians join to moan our woes;
Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,
To find what fury, 'scap'd the den of night,
The pleasing labours of their love withstands,
And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands.
Their glittering pinions sound in yielding air,
And watchful Providence approves the care.
In Flandria's soil, where camps have mark'd the plain,
The fiend, impetuous discord, fix'd her reign;
A tent her royal seat. With full resort
Stern shapes of horror throng'd her busy court;
Blind mischief, ambush close concealing ire,
Loud threatenings, ruin arm'd with sword and fire;
Assaulting fierceness, anger wanting breath,
High reddening rage, and various forms of death;
Dire imps of darkness, whom with gore she feeds,
When war beyond its point of good proceeds.
In Gallic armour, call'd with alter'd name
Great love of empire, to the field she came;
Now, still supporting feud, she strives to hide
Beneath that name, and only change the side:
But, as she whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground
(A sullen joyless sport); with searching eye,
The shining chiefs regard her as they fly;
Then, hovering, dart their beams of heavenly light:
She starts, the fury stands confess'd to sight;
And grieves to leave the soil, and yells aloud,
Her yells are answer'd by the sable crowd;
And all on bat-like wings (if fame be true)
From Christian lands to northern climates flew.
  But rising murmurs from Britannia's shore
With speed recall her watchful guardian o'er.
He spreads his pinions, and, approaching near,
These hints, in scatter'd words, assault his ear:
The people's power—The grand alliance cross'd,
The peace is separate—Our religion's lost.
Led by the blatant voice along the skies,
He comes, where faction over cities flies;
A talking fiend, whom snaky locks disgrace,
And numerous mouths deform her dusky face;
Whence lies are utter'd, whisper softly sounds,
Sly doubts amaze, or inuendo wounds.
Within her arms are heaps of pamphlets seen,
And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the queen;
Associate vices; thus with tongue and hand,
She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.

Now vex'd that diſcord, and the baneful train
That tends on diſcord, fled the neighbouring plain,
She rag'd to madneſs; when the guardian came,
And downwards drove her with a ſword of flame.
A mountain, gaping to the nether hell,
Receiv'd the fury, railing as ſhe fell:
The mountain cloſing o'er the fury lies,
And ſtops her paſſage, where ſhe means to riſe;
And when ſhe ſtrives, or ſhifts her ſide for eaſe,
All Britain rocks amidſt her circling ſeas.
Now peace, returning after tedious woes,
Reſtores the comforts of a calm repoſe;
Then bid the warriors ſheathe their ſanguin'd arms,
Bid angry trumpets ceaſe to ſound alarms:
Guns leave to thunder in the torrur'd air,
Red ſtreaming colours furl around the ſpear;
And each contending realm no longer jar,
But, pleas'd with reſt, unharneſs all the war.
She comes, the bleſſing comes; where'er ſhe moves
New-ſpringing beauty all the land improves:
More heaps of fragrant flowers the field adorn,
More ſweet the birds ſalute the roſy morn;
More lively green refreſhes all the leaves,
And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.
She comes, the bleſſing comes in eaſy ſtate,
And forms of brightneſs all around her wait:
Here ſmiling ſafety, with her boſom bare,
Securely walks, and cheerful plenty there;
Here wondrous ſciences with eagles' ſight:
There liberal arts, which make the world polite;
And open traffic, joining hand in hand,
With honeſt induſtry, approach the land.
O, welcome, long-deſir'd, and lately found!
Here fix thy ſeat upon the Britiſh ground;
Thy ſhining train around the nation ſend,
While by degrees the loading taxes end:
While caution calm, yet ſtill prepar'd for arms,
And foreign treaties, guard from foreign harms:
While equal juſtice, hearing every cauſe,
Makes every ſubject join to love the laws.
Where Britain's patriots in council meet,
Let public ſafety reſt at Anna's feet:
Let Oxford's ſchemes the path to plenty ſhow,
And through the realm increaſing plenty go.
Let arts and ſciences in glory riſe,
And pleas'd the world has leiſure to be wiſe;
Around their Oxford and their St. John ſtand,
Like plants that flouriſh by the maſter's hand:
And ſafe in hope the ſons of learning wait,
Where learning's ſelf has fix'd her fair retreat.
Let traffic, cheriſh'd by the ſenate's care,
On all the ſeas employ the waſting air:
And induſtry, with circulating wing,
Through all the land the goods of traffic bring.
The bleſſings ſo diſpos'd will long abide,
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preſide,
Great Ormond's arms the ſword of caution wield,
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting ſhield;
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat,
By fair diſpatch, with every foreign ſtate;
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably ſhown,
Makes juſtice call his firm decrees her own.

Thus all that poets fancied heaven of old,
May for the nation's preſent emblem hold;
That Jove imperial ſway'd; Minerva wiſe,
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the ſkies;
On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right:
All mortals, once beneficently great,
(As fame reports) and rais'd in heavenly ſtate;
Yet, ſharing labours, ſtill they ſhunn'd repoſe,
To ſhed the bleſſings down by which they roſe.
Illuſtrious queen, how Heaven hath heard thy prayers!
What ſtores of happineſs attend thy cares!
A church in ſafety fix'd, a ſtate in reſt,
A faithful miniſtry, a people bleſs'd;
And kings, ſubmiſſive at thy foot-ſtool thrown,
That others rights reſtore, or beg their own.
Now rais'd with thankful mind; and rolling flow,
In grand proceſſion to the temple go,
By ſnow-white horſes drawn; while ſounding fame
Proclaims thy coming, praiſe exalts thy name;
Fair honour, dreſs'd in robes, adorns thy ſtate,
And on thy train the crowded nations wait;
Who, preſſing, view with what a temper'd grace
The looks of majeſty compoſe thy face;
And mingling ſweetneſs ſhines, or how thy dreſs,
And how thy pomp, an inward joy confeſs;
Then, fill'd with pleaſures to thy glory due,
With ſhouts, the chariot moving on, purſue.
As when the Phœnix from Arabia flown
(If any Phœnix were by Anna known)
His ſpice at Phœbus' ſhrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their monarch cut his airy way;
The gathering birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his ſhape, and much his hue:
The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head,
His ſpacious train with golden feathers ſpread
His gilded boſom, deck'd with purple pride,
And both his wings in glofſy purple dy'd:
He ſtill purſues his way; with wondering eyes
The birds attend, and follow where he flies.
Thrice happy Britons, if at laſt you know
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to want a foe;
That triumphs ſtill are made for war's decreaſe,
When men, by conqueſt, riſe to views of peace:
That over toils for peace in view we run,
Which gain'd, the world is pleas'd, and war is done.
Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble feat,
Blaregni's deſperate act of gallant heat,
Or woundrous Winendale, are war purſued,
By wounds and deaths, through plains with blood embrued;
But good deſign, to make the world be ſtill,
With human grace adorns the needful ill.
This end obtain'd, we cloſe the ſcenes of rage,
And gentler glories deck the riſing age.
Such gentler glories, ſuch reviving days,
The nation's wiſhes, and the ſtateſman's praiſe:
Now pleas'd to ſhine, in golden order throng,
Demand our annals, and enrich our ſong.
Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the ſkies
(The fame of Albion ſo deſerves to riſe);
And, deep engrav'd for time, till time ſhall ceaſe,
Upon the ſtones their fair inſcription place.

Iberia rent, the power of Gallia broke,
Batavia reſcued from the threaten'd yoke;
The royal Auſtrian rais'd, his realms reſtor'd;
Great Britain arm'd, triumphant and ador'd;
Its ſtate enlarg'd, its peace reſtor'd again,
Are bleſſings all adorning Anna's reign.

TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of friendſhip's ſacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all thoſe offſprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment ſolid as in wit refin'd,
Reſolv'd I ſing. Though labouring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Through contemplation's airy fields I rove;
Where powerful fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter ſky;
Freſh paints the meadows, bids green ſhades aſcend,
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
Then fills its landſcape through the varied parts
With virtues, graces, ſciences, and arts:
Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more ſerenely fair.
Of theſe two chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conſpire to raiſe thee to the point of fame.
Ye future times, I heard the ſilver ſound!
I ſaw the graces form a circle round!
Each, where ſhe fix'd, attentive ſeem'd to root,
And all, but eloquence herſelf, was mute.
High o'er the reſt I ſee the goddeſs riſe,
Looſe to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the paſſions burn,
And ſofter paſſions languiſh in their turn:
Upon her tongue perſuaſion or command,
And decent action dwells upon her hand.
From out her breaſt ('twas there the treaſure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms ſhe could inſpire,
And taught the liſtening audience to admire,
How ſtrong thy flight, how large thy graſp of thought,
How juſt thy ſchemes, how regularly wrought;
How ſure you wound when ironies deride,
Which muſt be ſeen, and feign to turn aſide.
'Twas thus exploring ſhe rejoic'd to ſee
Her brighteſt features drawn ſo near by thee:
"Then here," ſhe cries, "let future ages dwell,
"And learn to copy, where they can't excel."
She ſpake. Applauſe attended on the cloſe:
Then poeſy, her ſiſter art, aroſe;
Her fairer ſiſter, born in deeper eaſe,
Not made ſo much for buſineſs, more to pleaſe.
Upon her cheek ſits beauty, ever young;
The ſoul of muſic warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleaſing ardour glows,
And from her heart the ſweeteſt temper flows:
A laurel wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:
She ſhakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the ſpheres, ſhe takes a pitch to ſing.
Thrice happy genius his, whoſe works have hit
The lucky point of buſineſs and of wit.
They ſeem like ſhowers, which April months prepare
To call their flowery glories up to air:
The drops, deſcending, take the painted bow,
And dreſs with ſunſhine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In ſlowly waſting care and biting grief:
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eaſes care and grief in others too.
Ye fondly grave, be wiſe enough to know,
"Life, ne'er unbent, were but a life of woe."
Some, full in ſtretch for greatneſs, ſome for gain,
On his own rack each puts himſelf to pain.
I'll gently ſteal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with ſcents ambroſial play;
Where, on the banks as cryſtal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amaranths to grow:
Then, from the mild indulgence of the ſcene,
Reſtore your tempers ſtrong for toils again.
She ceas'd. Soft muſic trembled in the wind,
And ſweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
The little ſmiles, which ſtill the goddeſs grace,
Sportive aroſe, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the virtues bleſs)
A gentle band their eager joys expreſs:
Here, friendſhip aſks, and love of merit longs
To hear the goddeſſes renew their ſongs;
Here great benevolence to man is pleas'd;
Theſe own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.
You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign ſuperior graces in his heart.
O Swift! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have eſteem'd it ſo);
Thou canſt not wholly die. Thy works will ſhine
To future times, and life in fame be thine.

ON BISHOP BURNET'S BEING SET ON FIRE IN HIS CLOSET.

FROM that dire æra, banc to Sarum's pride,
Which broke his ſchemes, and laid his friends aſide,
He talks and writes that Popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himſelf was almoſt fairly prov'd:
(Oh, far from Britain be the reſt remov'd!)
For, as of late he meant to bleſs the age,
With flagrant prefaces of party rage,
O'erwrought with paſſion, and the ſubject's weight,
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-ſeat;
Down fell the candle; greaſe and zeal conſpire,
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their fire.
Here crawls a preface on its half-burn'd maggots,
And there an introduction brings its faggots:
Then roars the prophet of the northern nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming ſpeech on moderation.
Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
Thou Briton vaunting in thy ſecond-ſight!
In ſuch a miniſtry you ſafely tell,
How much you'd ſuffer, if religion fell.

ELYSIUM.

In airy fields, the fields of bliſs below,
Where woods of myrtle, ſet by Maro, grow;
Where graſs beneath, and ſhade diffus'd above,
Refreſh the ſevers of diſtracted love:
There, at a ſolemn tide, the beauties, ſlain
By tender paſſion, act their fates again,
Through gloomy light, that juſt betrays the grove,
In orgies, all diſconſolately rove:
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies ſweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of ſleep,
By lakes ſubſiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a ſilent pace;
Where kings and ſwains, by ancient authors ſung,
Now chang'd to flowerets o'er the margin hung;
The ſelf-admirer, white Narciſſus, ſo
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below:
In bells of azure, Hyacinth aroſe;
In crimſon painted, young Adonis glows;
The fragrant Crocus ſhone with golden flame,
And leaves inſcrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
A ſad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And, with their paſſion, makes their tears renew;
Unwinds the years, and lays the former ſcene,
Where, after death, they live for deaths again.
Loſt by the glories of her lover's ſtate,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate;
And runs, and ſeems to burn, the flames ariſe,
And fan with idle fury as ſhe flies.
The lovely Cænis, whoſe transforming ſhape
Secur'd her honour from a ſecond rape,
Now moans the firſt, with ruffled dreſs appears,
Feels her whole ſex return, and bathes with tears.
The jealous Procris wipes a ſeeming wound
Whoſe trickling crimſon dyes the buſhy ground;
Knows the ſad ſhaft, and calls before ſhe go,
To kiſs the favourite hand that gave the blow.
Where Ocean feigns a rage, the Sellian fair
Holds a dim taper from a tower of air;
A noiſeleſs wind aſſaults the wavering light,
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.
Where curling ſhades for rough Leucate roſe,
With love diſtracted tuneful Sappho goes;
Sings to mock clifts a melancholy lay,
And with a lover's leap affrights the ſea.
The ſad Eryphile retreats to moan,
What wrought her huſband's death, and caus'd her own;
Surveys the glittering veil, the bribe of fate,
And tears the ſhadow, but ſhe tears too late.
In thin deſign, and airy picture, fleet
The tales that ſtain the royal houſe of Crete;
To court a lovely bull, Paſiphae flies,
The ſnowy phantom feeds before her eyes.
Loſt Ariadne raves, the thread ſhe bore
Trails on unwinding, as ſhe walks the ſhore;
And Phædra, deſperate, ſeeks the lonely groves,
To read her guilty letter while ſhe roves;
Red ſhame confounds the firſt, the ſecond wears
A ſtarry crown, the third a halter bears.
Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of love defrauded by the thirſt of fight;
Yet, for another as deluſive cries,
And, dauntleſs, ſees her heroe's ghoſt ariſe.
Here Thiſbe, Canace, and Dido, ſtand,
All arm'd with ſwords, a fair, but angry band:
The ſword a lover own'd; a father gave
The next; a ſtranger chanc'd the laſt to leave.
And there, ev'n ſhe, the goddeſs of the grove,
Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove,
As once, for Latmos, ſhe forſook the plain,
To ſteal the kiſſes of a ſlumbering ſwain:
Around her head a ſtarry fillet twines,
And at the front a ſilver creſcent ſhines.
Theſe, and a thouſand, and a thouſand more,
With ſacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afreſh, and aſk relief,
Or ſooth the wound with ſoftening words of grief.
At ſuch a tide, unheedful love invades
The dark receſſes of the madding ſhades;
Through long deſcent he fans the fogs around;
His purple feathers, as he flies, reſound.
The nimble beauties, crowding all to gaze,
Perceive the common troubler of their eaſe;
Though dulling miſts and dubious day deſtroy
The fine appearance of the fluttering boy,
Though all the pomp that glitters at his ſide,
The golden belt, the claſp and quiver hide;
And though the torch appear a gleam of white,
That faintly ſpots, and moves in hazy night,
Yet ſtill they know the god, the general foe,
And threatening lift their airy hands below.
From hence they lead him where a myrtle ſtood,
The ſaddeſt myrtle in the mournful wood;
Devote to vex the gods, 'twas here before
Hell's awful empreſs ſoft Adonis bore,
When the young hunter ſcorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his ſhadow there.
Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind;
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For beauty, ſtill relenteleſs, acts in hate.
Though no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love muſt be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial paſſion led,
To ſhift their follies on another's head.
Now ſharp reproaches ring their ſhrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandiſh all their arms;
And every heroine makes it her decree,
That Cupid ſuffer juſt the ſame as ſhe.
To fix the deſperate halter one eſſay'd,
One ſeeks to wound him with an empty blade.
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
They fall in fancy, and he feels deſpair.
Some toſs the hollow ſeas around his head
(The ſeas that want a wave afford a dread).
Or ſhake the torch, the ſparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.
The mournful Myrrha burſts her rended womb,
And drowns his viſage in a moiſt perfume.
While others, ſeeming mild, adviſe to wound
With humorous pains by ſly deriſion found.
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roſes firſt begin to glow;
Or in their flames, to ſinge the boy prepare,
That all ſhould chooſe by wanton fancy where.
The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breaſt,
She too ſecurely through the circle preſt,

Forgot the parent, urg'd his haſty fate,
And ſpurr'd the female rage beyond debate;
O'er all the ſcenes of fraiſty ſwiftly runs,
Abſolves herſelf, and makes the crime her ſon's,
That claſp'd in chains with Mars ſhe chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing ſky;
That, from her love's intemperate heat, began
Sicanian Eryx, born a ſavage man;
The looſe Priapus, and the monſter-wight,
In whom the ſexes ſhamefully unite.
Nor words ſuffice the goddeſs of the fair,
She ſnaps the roſy wreath that binds her hair;
Then on the God, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands, unpitying, dealt the frequent blow:
From all his tender ſkin a purple dew
The dreadful ſcourges of the chaplet drew,
From whence the roſe, by Cupid ting'd before,
Now, doubly tinging, flames with luſtre more.
Here ends their wrath, the parent ſeems ſevere,
The ſtroke's unfit for little Love to bear;
To ſave their foe the melting beauties fly,
And, cruel mother, ſpare thy child, they cry.
To love's account they plac'd their death of late,
And now transfer the ſad account to fate:
The mother, pleas'd, beheld the ſtorm aſſwage,
Thank'd the calm mourners, and diſmiſs'd her rage,
Thus fancy, once in duſky ſhade expreſs'd,
With empty terrors work'd the time of reſt.
Where wretched love endur'd a world of woe,
For all a winter's length of night below.
Then ſoar'd, as ſleep diſſolv'd, unchain'd away,
And through the port of ivory reach'd the day.
As, mindleſs of their rage, he ſlowly ſails
On pinions cumber'd in the miſty vales;
(Ah, fool to light!) the nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to ſway:
Caſt in a deepen'd ring they cloſe the plain,
And ſeize the god, reluctant all in vain.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Where waving pines the brows of Ida ſhade,
The ſwain, young Paris, half ſupinely laid,
Saw the looſe flocks through ſhrubs unnumber'd rove,
And, piping, call'd them to the gladded grove.
'Twas there he met the meſſage of the ſkies,
That he, the judge of beauty, deal the prize.
The meſſage known; one love with anxious mind,
To make his mother guard the time aſſign'd,
Drew forth her proud white ſwans, and trac'd the pair
That wheel her chariot in the purple air:
A golden bow behind his ſhoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his ſide depends;
Pointing to theſe he nods, with fearleſs ſtate,
And bids her ſafely meet the grand debate.
Another love proceeds, with anxious care,
To make his ivory ſleek the ſhining hair;
Moves the looſe curls, and bids the forehead ſhow,
In full expanſion, all its native ſnow.
A third enclaſps the many-colour'd veſt,
And, rul'd by fancy, ſets the ſilver veſt;
When, to her ſons, with intermingled ſighs,
The goddeſs of the roſy lips applies:
'Tis now, my darling boys, a time to ſhow
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe:
Yet, would we think that any dar'd to ſtrive
For charms, when Venus and her love's alive?
Or ſhould the prize of beauty be deny'd,
Has beauty's empreſs aught to boaſt beſide?
And, ting'd with poiſon, pleaſing while it harms,
My darts I truſted to your infant arms;
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
The world's great Ruler, bending, owns the blow,
Let no contending form invade my due,
Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas' eyes of blue.
But, grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian ſhore
Your Venus bears the palms of conqueſt o'er;
And joyful ſee my hundred altars there,
With coſtly gums perfume the wanton air.
While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian dame,
The groves reſounded where a goddeſs came.
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty ſtride,
Her ſhield forgot, her helmet laid aſide.
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And peace, or ſomething like, her viſage ſhew'd;
So, with her eyes ſerene, and hopeful haſte,
The long-ſtretch'd alleys of the wood ſhe trac'd;
But, where the woods a ſecond entrance found,
With ſcepter'd pomp and golden glory crown'd,
The ſtately, Juno ſtalk'd, to reach the ſeat,
And hear the ſentence in the laſt debate;
And long, ſeverely long, reſent the grove;
In this, what boots it ſhe's the wife of Jove?
Arm'd with a grace at length, ſecure to win,
The lovely Venus, ſmiling, enters in;
All ſweet and ſhining, near the youth ſhe drew,
Her roſy neck ambroſial odours threw;
The ſacred ſcents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves
The charms, ſo amorous all, and each ſo great,
The conquer'd judge no longer keeps his ſeat;
Oppreſs'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
And fears he ſhould be thought to doubt the prize

ON

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR

LEAVING LONDON.

From town fair Arabella flies:
The beaux unpowder'd grieve;
The rivers play before her eyes;
The breezes, ſoftly breathing, riſe;
The ſpring begins to live.

Her lovers ſwore, they muſt expire:
Yet quickly find their eaſe;
For, as ſhe goes, their flames retire,
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Eſteem by diſtant rays.

Yet ſoon the fair-one will return,
When ſummer quits the plain:
Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn;
Ye breezes, ſadly ſighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again.

'Tis conſtancy enough in love
That nature's fairly ſhewn:
To ſearch for more, will fruitleſs prove;
Romances, and the turtle dove,
The virtue boaſt alone.

A RIDDLE.

Upon a bed of humble clay,
In all her garments looſe,
A proſtitute my mother lay,
To every comer's uſe.

Till one gallant, in heat of love,
His own peculiar made her;
And to a region far above,
And ſofter beds, convey'd her.

But, in his abſence, to his place
His rougher rival came;
And, with a cold conſtrain'd embrace,
Begat me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view
A creature wondrous bright;
But ſhortly periſhable too,
Inconſtant, nice, and light.

On feathers not together faſt
I wildly flew about,
And from my father's country paſs'd
To find my mother out.

Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
With me enamour'd grew,
And I, that was my mother's child,
Brought forth my mother too.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. VINER.

Is Viner dead? and ſhall each Muſe become
Silent as death, and as his muſic dumb?
Shall he depart without a poet's praiſe,
Who oft to harmony has tun'd their lays?
Shall he, who knew the elegance of ſound,
Find no one voice to ſing him to the ground?
Muſic and poetry are ſiſter arts,
Shew a like genius, and conſenting hearts:
My ſoul with his is ſecretly ally'd,
And I am forc'd to ſpeak, ſince Viner dy'd.
Oh, that my Muſe, as once his notes, could ſwell!
That I might all his praiſes fully tell;
That I might ſay with how much ſkill he play'd,
How nimbly four extended ſtrings ſurvey'd;
How bow and fingers, with a noble ſtrife,
Did raiſe the vocal fiddle into life;
How various ſounds, in various order rang'd,
By unobſerv'd degrees minutely chang'd,
Through a vaſt ſpace could in diviſions run,
Be all diſtinct, yet all agree in one:
And how the fleeter notes could ſwiftly paſs,
And ſkip alternately from place to place;
The ſtrings could with a ſudden impulſe bound,
Speak every touch, and tremble into ſound.
The liquid harmony, a tuneful tide,
Now ſeem'd to rage, anon would gently glide;
By turns would ebb and flow, would riſe and fall,
Be loudly daring, or be loftly ſmall:
While all was blended in one common name,
Wave puſh'd on wave, and all compos'd a ſtream.
The different tones melodiouſly combin'd,
Temper'd with art, in ſweet confuſion join'd;
The ſoft, the ſtrong, the clear, the ſhrill, the deep,
Would ſometimes ſoar aloft, and ſometimes creep;
While every ſoul upon his motions hung,
As though it were in tuneful concert ſtrung.
His touch did ſtrike the fibres of the heart,
And a like trembling ſecretly impart;
Where various paſſions did by turns ſucceed,
He made it cheerful, and he made it bleed;
Could wind it up into a glowing fire,
Then ſhift the ſcene, and teach it to expire.
Oft have I ſeen him, on a public ſtage,
Alone the gaping multitude engage;
The eyes and ears of each ſpectator draw,
Command their thoughts, and give their paſſions law;
While other muſic, in oblivion drown'd,
Seem'd a dead pulſe, or a neglected ſound.
Alas! he's gone, our great Apollo's dead,
And all that's ſweet and tuneful with him fled;
Hibernia, with one univerſal cry,
Laments the loſs, and ſpeaks his elegy.
Farewell, thou author of refin'd delight,
Too little known, too ſoon remov'd from ſight;
Thoſe fingers, which ſuch pleaſure did convey,
Muſt now become to ſtupid worms a prey:
Thy grateful fiddle will for ever ſtand
A ſilent mourner for its maſter's hand;
Thy art is only to be match'd above,
Where muſic reigns, and in that muſic love:
Where thou wilt in the happy chorus join,
And quickly thy melodious ſoul refine
To the exalted pitch of harmony divine.

EPIGRAM.

" Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
" Res anguſta domi—"

The greateſt gifts that nature does beſtow,
Can't unaſſiſted to perfection grow:
A ſcanty fortune clips the wings of fame,
And checks the progreſs of a riſing name:
Each daſtard virtue drags a captive's chain,
And moves but ſlowly, for it moves with pain:
Domeſtic cares ſit hard upon the mind, [confin'd:
And cramp thoſe thoughts which ſhould be un-
The cries of poverty alarm the ſoul,
Abate its vigour, its deſigns control:
The ſtings of want inflict the wounds of death,
And motion always ceaſes with the breath.
The love of friends is found a languid fire,
That glares but faintly, and will ſoon expire;
Weak is its force, nor can its warmth be great,
A feeble light begets a feeble heat.

Wealth is the fuel that muſt feed the flame,
It lies in rags, and ſcarce deſerves a name.

ON THE

CASTLE OF DUBLIN. 1715.

This houſe and inhabitants both well agree,
And reſemble each other as near as can be;
One half is decay'd, and in want of a prop,
The other new-built, but not finiſh'd at top.

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

To ſtifle paſſion, is no eaſy thing;
A heart in love is always on the wing;
The bold betrayer flutters ſtill,
And fans the breath prepar'd to tell:
It melts the tongue, and tunes the throat,
And moves the lips to form the note;
And when the ſpeech is loſt,
It then ſends out its ghoſt,
A little ſigh,
To ſay we die. [prove;
'Tis ſtrange the air that cools, a flame ſhould
But wonder not, it is the air of love.

Yet, Chloris, I can make my love look well,
And cover bleeding wounds I can't conceal;
My words ſuch artful accents break,
You think I rather act than ſpeak:
My ſighs enliven'd through a ſmile,
Your unſuſpecting thoughts beguile;
My eyes are vary'd ſo,
You can't their wiſhes know:
And I'm ſo gay,
You think I play.
Happy contrivance! ſuch as can't be priz'd,
To live in love, and yet to live diſguis'd!

CHLORIS APPEARING IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

Oft have I ſeen a piece of art,
Of light and ſhade the mixture fine,
Speak of all the paſſions of the heart,
And ſhew true life in every line.

But what is this before my eyes,
With every feature, every grace,
That ſtrikes with love and with ſurpriſe,
And gives me all the vital face!

It is not Chloris: for, behold,
The ſhifting phantom comes and goes;
And when 'tis here, 'tis pale and cold,
Nor any female ſoftneſs knows.

But 'tis her image, for I feel
The very pains that Chloris gives;
Her charms are there, I know them well,
I ſee what in my boſom lives.

Oh, could I but the picture ſave!
'Tis drawn by her own matchleſs ſkill;
Nature the lively colours gave,
And ſhe need only look to kill.

Ah! fair one, will it not ſuffice,
That I ſhould once your victim lie;
Unleſs you multiply your eyes,
And ſtrive to make me doubly die?

ON A LADY WITH FOUL BREATH.

Art thou alive? It cannot be,
There's ſo much rottenneſs in thee,
Corruption only is in death;
And what's more putrid than thy breath?
Think not you live becauſe you ſpeak,
For grave ſuch hollow ſounds can make;
And reſpiration can't ſuffice,
For vapours do from caverns riſe:
From ſuch the noiſome ſtenches come,
Thy mouth betrays thy breaſt a tomb.
Thy body is a corpſe that goes,
By magic rais'd from its repoſe;
A peſtilence, that walks by day,
But falls at night to worms and clay.
But I will to my Chloris run,
Who will not let me be undone:
The ſweets her virgin-breath contains
Are fitted to remove my pains;
There will I healing nectar ſip,
And, to be ſav'd, approach her lip,
Though, if I touch the matchleſs dame,
I'm ſure to burn with inward flame.
Thus, when I would one danger ſhun,
I'm ſtraight upon another thrown:
I ſeek a cure, one ſore to eaſe,
Yet in that cure's a new diſeaſe:
But love, though fatal, ſtill can bleſs,
And greater dangers hide the leſs;
I'll go where paſſion bids me fly,
And chooſe my death, ſince I muſt die;
As doves, purſued by birds of prey,
Venture with milder man to ſtay.

ON THE NUMBER THREE.

Beauty reſts not in one fix'd place,
But ſeems to reign in every face;
'Tis nothing ſure but fancy then,
In various forms, bewitching men;
Or is its ſhape and colour fram'd,
Proportion juſt, and woman nam'd?
If fancy only rul'd in love,
Why ſhould it then ſo ſtrongly move?
Or why ſhould all that look agree,
To own its mighty power in three?

In three it ſhews a different face,
Each ſhining with peculiar grace.
Kindred a native likeneſs gives,
Which pleaſes, as in all it lives;
And, where the features diſagree,
We praiſe the dear variety.
Then beauty ſurely ne'er was yet,
So much unlike itſelf, and ſo complete.

ESSAY

ON

THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF POETRY.

TO HENRY LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

" —Vetibus addere calcar,
" Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem."
HOR. Ep. ii. 1.

Allegory is in itſelf ſo retir'd a way of writing, that it was thought proper to ſay ſomething before hand concerning this piece, which is entirely framed upon it. The deſign, therefore, is to ſhow the ſeveral ſtyles which have been made uſe of by thoſe who have endeavoured to write verſe. The ſcheme, by which it is carried on, ſuppoſes an old Grecian poet couching his obſervations or inſtructions within an allegory; which allegory is wrought out upon the ſingle word flight, as in the figurative way it ſignifies a thought above the common level: Here wit is made to be Pegaſus, and the poet his rider, who flies by ſeveral countries where he muſt not touch, by which are meant ſo many vicious ſtyles, and arrives at laſt at the ſublime. This way of writing is not only very engaging to the fancy, whenever it is well performed, but it has been thought alſo one of the firſt that the poets made uſe of. Hence aroſe many of thoſe ſtories concerning the heathen gods, which at firſt were invented to inſinuate truth and morality more pleaſingly, and which afterwards made poetry itſelf more ſolemn, when they happened to be received into the heathen divinity. And indeed, there ſeems to be no likelier way by which a poetical genius may yet appear as an original, than that he ſhould proceed with a full compaſs of thought and knowledge, either to deſign his plan, or to beautify the parts of it, in an allegorical manner. We are much beholden to antiquity for thoſe excellent compoſitions by which writers at preſent form their minds; but it is not ſo much required of us to adhere merely to their fables, as to obſerve their manner. For, if we preclude our own invention, poetry will conſiſt only in expreſſion, or ſimile, or the application of old ſtories; and the utmoſt character to which a genius can arrive will depend on imitation, or a borrowing from others, which we muſt agree together not to call ſtealing, becauſe we take only from the ancients. There have been poets amongſt ourſelves, ſuch as Spenſer and Milton, who have ſucceſsfully ventured further. Theſe inſtances may let us ſee that invention is not bounded by what has been done before: they may open our imaginations, and be one method of preſerving us from writing without ſchemes. As for what relates any further particularly to this poem, the reader will obſerve, that its aim is inſtruction. Perhaps a repreſentation of ſeveral miſtakes and difficulties, which happen to many who write poetry may deter ſome from attempting what they have not been made for: and perhaps the deſcription of ſeveral beauties belonging to it may afford hints towards forming a genius for delighting and improving mankind. If either of theſe happen, the poem is uſeful; and upon that account its faults may be more eaſily excuſed.

I HATE the vulgar with untuneful mind;
Hearts uninſpir'd, and ſenſes unrefin'd.
Hence, ye profane: I raiſe the ſounding ſtring,
And Bolingbroke deſcends to hear me ſing.
When Greece could truth in myſtic fable ſhroud,
And with delight inſtruct the liſtening crowd,
An ancient poet (time has loſt his name)
Deliver'd ſtrains on verſe to future fame.
Still, as he ſung, he touch'd the trembling lyre,
And felt the notes a riſing warmth inſpire.
Ye ſweetening graces, in the muſic throng,
Aſſiſt my genius, and retrieve the ſong
From dark oblivion. See, my genius goes
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the poem roſe,
" Wit is the Muſe's horſe, and bears on high
The daring rider to the Muſes' ſky:
Who, while his ſtrength to mount aloft he tries,
By regions varying in their nature flies.
At firſt, he riſeth o'er a land of toil,
A barren, hard, and undeſerving ſoil,
Where only weeds from heavy labour grow,
Which yet the nation prune, and keep for ſhow;
Where coupling jingling on their accent run,
Whoſe point of epigram is ſunk to pun;
Where † wings by fancy never feather'd fly,
Where lines in meaſure form'd in hatchets lie;
Where altars ſtand, erected porches grape, [ſhape;
And ſenſe is cramp'd while words are par'd to
Where mean acroſtics, labour'd in a frame
On ſcatter'd letters, raiſe a painful ſcheme;
And, by confinement in their work, controul
The great enlargings of the boundleſs ſoul;
Where if a warrior's elevated fire
Would all the brighteſt ſtrokes of verſe require,
Then ſtraight in anagram a wretched crew
Will pay their undeſerving praiſes too;
While on the rack his poor diſjointed name,
Muſt tell its maſter's character to fame.
And (if my fire and fears aright preſage)
The labouring writers of a future age
Shall clear new ground, and grots and caves repair
To civilize the babbling echoes there.
Then, while a lover treads a lonely walk,
His voice ſhall with its own reflection talk,
The cloſing ſounds of all the vain device
Select by trouble frivolouſly nice,

† Theſe, and the like conceits, of putting poems into ſeveral ſhapes, by the different lengths of lines, are frequent in old poets of moſt languages.

Refound through verſe, and with a falſe pretence
Support the dialogue, and paſs for ſenſe.
Can things like theſe to laſting praiſe pretend?
Can any muſe the worthleſs toil befriend?
Ye ſacred virgins, in my thoughts ador'd,
Ah, be for ever in my lines deplor'd,
If tricks on words acquire an endleſs name,
And trifles merit in the court of fame!"
At this the poet ſtood concern'd a while,
And view'd his objects with a ſcornful ſmile:
Then other images of different kind,
With different workings, enter'd on his mind;
At whoſe approach, he felt the former gone,
And ſhiver'd in conceit, and thus went on:
"By a cold region next the rider goes,
Where all lies cover'd in eternal ſnows;
Where no bright genius drives the chariot high,
To glitter on the ground, and gild the ſky.
Bleak level realm, where frigid ſtyles abound,
Where never yet a daring thought was found,
But counted feet is poetry defin'd:
And ſtarv'd conceits, that chill the reader's mind,
A little ſenſe in many words imply,
And drag in loitering numbers ſlowly by.
Here dry ſententious ſpeeches, half aſleep,
Prolong'd in lines, o'er many pages creep;
Nor ever ſhow the paſſions well expreſs'd,
Nor raiſe like paſſions in another's breaſt.
Here flat narrations fair exploits debaſe,
In meaſures void of every ſhining grace;
Which never arm their hero for the field,
Nor with prophetic ſtory paint the ſhield,
Nor fix the creſt, nor make the feathers wave,
Nor with their characters reward the brave;
Undeck'd they ſtand, and unadorn'd with praiſe,
And fail to profit, while they fail to pleaſe.
Here forc'd deſcription is ſo ſtrangely wrought,
It never ſtamps its image on the thought;
The lifeleſs trees may ſtand for ever bare,
And rivers ſtop, for aught the readers care:
They ſee no branches trembling in the woods,
Nor hear the murmurs of increaſing floods,
Which near the roots with ruffled waters flow,
And ſhake the ſhadows of the boughs below.
Ah, ſacred verſe, replete with heavenly flame,
Such cold endeavours would invade thy name!
The writer fondly would in theſe ſurvive,
Which, wanting ſpirit, never ſeem'd alive:
But, if applauſe or fame attend his pen,
Let breathleſs ſtatues paſs for breathing men."
Here ſeem'd the ſinger touch'd at what he ſung,
And grief a while delay'd his hand and tongue:
But ſoon he check'd his fingers, choſe a ſtrain,
And flouriſh'd ſhrill, and thus aroſe again:
"Paſs the next region which appears to ſhow;
'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low;
No noble flights of elevated thought,
No nervous ſtrength of ſenſe naturely wrought,
Poſſeſs this realm, but common turns are there,
Which idly ſportive move with childiſh air.
On callow wings, and like a plague of flies,
The little fancies in a poem riſe,
The jaded reader every where to ſtrike,
And move his paſſions every where alike.
There all the graceful nymphs are forc'd to p'a
Where any water bubbles in the way:
There ſhaggy ſatyrs are oblig'd to rove
In all the fields, and over all the grove:
There every ſtar is ſummon'd from its ſphere,
To dreſs one face, and make Clorinda fair:
There Cupids fling their darts in every ſong,
Whilſt nature ſtands neglected all along:
Till the teaz'd hearer, vex'd at laſt to find
One conſtant object ſtill aſſault the mind,
Admires no more at what's no longer new,
And haſtes to ſhun the perſecuting view.
There bright ſurpriſes of poetic rage
(Whoſe ſtrength and beauty, more confirm'd in age
For having laſted, laſt the longer ſtill)
By weak attempts are imitated ill,
Or carried on beyond their proper light,
Or with refinement flouriſh'd out of ſight,
There metaphors on metaphors abound,
And ſenſe by differing images confound:
Strange injudicious management of thought,
Not born to rage, nor into method brought.
Ah, ſacred Muſe! from ſuch a realm retreat,
Nor idly waſte the influence of thy heat
On ſhallow ſoils, where quick productions riſe,
And wither as the warmth that rais'd them dies."
Here o'er his breaſt a ſort of pity roll'd,
Which ſomething labouring in the mind controll'd,
And made him touch the loud reſounding ſtrings,
While thus with muſic's ſtronger tones he ſings:
"Mount higher ſtill, ſtill keep thy faithful ſeat
Mind the firm reins, and curb thy courſers heat;
Nor let him touch the realms that next appear,
Whoſe hanging turrets ſeem a fall to fear;
And ſtrangely ſtand along the tracts of air,
Where thunder rolls, and bearded comets glare.
The thoughts that moſt extravagantly ſoar,
The words that ſound as if they meant to roar;
For rant and noiſe are offer'd here to choice,
And ſtand elected by the public voice.
All ſchemes are ſlighted which attempt to ſhine
At once with ſtrange and probable deſign;
'Tis here a mean conceit, a vulgar view,
That bears the leaſt reſpect to ſeeming true;
While every trifling turn of things is ſeen
To move by gods deſcending in machine.
Here ſwelling lines with ſtalking ſtrut proceed,
And in the clouds terrific rumblings breed;
Here ſingle heroes deal grim deaths around,
And armies periſh in tremendous ſound;
Here fearful monſters are preſerv'd to die,
In ſuch a tumult as affrights the ſky;
For which the golden ſun ſhall hide with dread,
And Neptune lift his ſedgy-matted head,
Admire the roar, and dive with dire diſmay,
And ſeek his deepeſt chambers in the ſea.
To raiſe their ſubject thus the lines deviſe,
And falſe extravagance would fain ſurpriſe;
Yet ſtill, ye gods, ye live untouch'd by fear,
And undiſturb'd at bellowing monſters here:
But with compaſſion guard the brain of men,
If thus they bellow through the poets pen:
So will the reader's eyes diſcern aright
The rafheſt folly from the nobleſt flight,

And find that only boaſt and ſound agree
To ſeem the life and voice of majeſty,
When writers rampant on Apollo call,
And bid him enter and poſſeſs them all,
And make his flames afford a wild pretence
To keep them unreſtrain'd by common ſenſe.
Ah, ſacred verſe! leſt reaſon quit thy ſeat,
Give none to ſuch, or give a gentler heat."
'Twas here the ſinger felt his temper wrought
By fairer proſpects, which aroſe to thought;
And in himſelf a while collected ſat,
And much admir'd at this, and much at that;
Till all the beauteous forms in order ran,
And then he took their track, and thus began:
" Above the beauties, far above the ſhow
In which weak nature dreſſes here below,
Stands the great palace of the bright and fine,
Where fair ideas in full glory ſhine;
Eternal models of exalted parts,
The pride of minds, and conquerors of hearts,
Upon the firſt arrival here, are ſeen
Rang'd walks of bay, the Muſes' ever-green,
Each ſweetly ſpringing from ſome ſacred bough,
Whoſe circling ſhade adorn'd a poet's brow,
While through the leaves, in unmoleſted ſkies,
The gentle breathing of applauſes flies,
And flattering ſounds are heard within the breeze,
And pleaſing murmur runs among the trees,
And falls of water join the flattering ſounds,
And murmur ſoftening from the ſhore rebounds.
The warbled melody, the lovely ſights,
The calms of ſolitude inſpire delights,
The dazzled eyes, the raviſh'd ears, are caught,
The panting heart unites to purer thought,
And grateful ſhiverings wander o'er the ſkin,
And wondrous ecſtacies ariſe within,
Whence admiration overflows the mind,
And leaves the pleaſure felt, but undefin'd.
Stay, daring rider, now no longer rove;
Now paſs to find the palace through the grove:
Whate'er you ſee, whate'er you feel, diſplay
The realm you ſought for; daring rider, ſtay.
Here various fancy ſpreads a varied ſcene,
And judgment likes the ſight, and looks ſerene,
And can be pleas'd itſelf, and helps to pleaſe,
And joins the work, and regulates the lays.
Thus, on a plan deſign'd by double care,
The building riſes in the glittering air,
With juſt agreement fram'd in every part,
And ſmoothly poliſh'd with the niceſt art.
Here laurel-boughs, which ancient heroes wore,
Now not ſo fading as they prov'd before,
Wreath round the pillars which the poets rear,
And ſlope their points to make a foilage there.
Here chaplets, pull'd in gently-breathing wind,
And wrought by lovers innocently kind,
Hung o'er the porch, their fragrant odours give,
And freſh in laſting ſong for ever live.
The ſhades, for whom with ſuch indulgent care
Fame wreaths the boughs, or hangs the chaplets there,
To deathleſs honours thus preſerv'd above,
For ages conquer, or for ages love.
Here bold deſcription paints the walls within,
Her pencil touches, and the world is ſeen:
The fields look beauteous in their flowery pride,
The mountains rear aloft, the vales ſubſide;
The cities riſe, the rivers ſeem to play,
And hanging rocks repel the foaming ſea;
The foaming ſeas their angry billows ſhow,
Curl'd white above, and darkly roll'd below,
Or ceaſe their rage, and, as they calmly lie,
Return the pleaſing pictures of the ſky;
The ſkies, extended in an open view,
Appear a lofty diſtant arch of blue,
In which deſcription ſtains the painted bow,
Or thickens clouds, and feathers out the ſnow,
Or mingles bluſhes in the morning ray,
Or gilds the noon, or turns an evening gray.
Here, on the pedeſtals of war and peace,
In different rows, and with a different grace,
Fine ſtatues proudly ride, or nobly ſtand,
To which narration with a pointing hand
Directs the ſight and makes examples plain
By boldly venturing to dilate in praiſe;
While choſen beauties lengthen out the ſong,
Yet make her hearers never think it long.
Or if, with cloſer art, with ſprightly mein,
Scarce like herſelf, and more like Action ſeen,
She bids their facts in images ariſe,
And ſeem to paſs before the reader's eyes,
The words like charms inchanted motion give,
And all the ſtatues of the palace live.
Then hoſts embattled ſtretch their lines afar,
Their leader's ſpeeches animate the war,
The trumpets ſound, the feather'd arrows fly,
The ſword is drawn, the lance is toſs'd on high,
The brave preſs on, the fainter forces yield,
And death in different ſhapes deforms the field
Or, ſhould the ſhepherds be diſpos'd to play,
Amintor's jolly pipe beguiles the day,
And jocund echos daily with the ſound,
And nymphs in meaſures trip along the ground,
And, ere the dews have wet the graſs below,
Turn homewards ſinging all the way they go.
Here, as on circumſtance narrations dwell,
And tell what moves, and hardly ſeem to tell
The toil of heroes on the duſty plains,
Or on the green the merriment of ſwains
Reflection ſpeaks: then all the forms that roſe
In life's inchanted ſcene themſelves compoſe;
Whilſt the grave voice, controlling all the ſpells,
With ſolemn utterance, thus the moral tells:
" So public worth its enemies deſtroys,
" Or private innocence itſelf enjoys."
Here all the paſſions, for their greater ſway,
In all the power of words themſelves array;
And hence the ſoft pathetic gently charms,
And hence the bolder fills the breaſt with arms.
Sweet love in numbers finds a world of darts,
And with deſirings wounds the tender hearts.
Fair hope diſplays its pinions to the wind,
And flutters in the lines, and lifts the mind.
Briſk joy with tranſport fills the riſing ſtrain,
Breaks in the notes, and bounds in every vein.
Stern courage, glittering in the ſparks of ire,
Inflames thoſe lays that ſet the breaſt on fire.
Averſion learns to fly with ſwifter will,
In numbers taught to repreſent an ill.

By frightful accents fear produces fears;
By ſad expreſſion ſorrow melts to tears:
And dire amazement and deſpair are brought
By words of horror through the wilds of thought.
'Tis thus tumultuous paſſions learn to roll;
Thus, arm'd with poetry, they win the ſoul.
  Paſs farther through the dome, another view
Would now the pleaſures of thy mind renew,
Where oft deſcription for the colours goes,
Which raiſe and animate its native ſhows;
Where oft narration ſeeks a florid grace
To keep from ſinking ere 'tis time to ceaſe;
Where eaſy turns reflection looks to find,
When morals aim at dreſs to pleaſe the mind;
Where lively figures are for uſe array'd,
And theſe an action, thoſe a paſſion, aid.
  There modeſt metaphors in order ſit,
With unaffected, undiſguiſing wit,
That leave their own, and ſeek another's place,
Not forc'd, but changing with an eaſy pace,
To deck a notion faintly ſeen before,
And truth preſerves her ſhape, and ſhines the more.
  By theſe the beauteous ſimiles reſide,
In look more open, in deſign ally'd,
Who, fond of likeneſs, from another's face
Bring every feature's correſponding grace,
With near approaches in expreſſion flow,
And take the turn their pattern loves to ſhow;
As in a glaſs the ſhadows meet the fair,
And dreſs and practiſe with reſembling air.
Thus truth by pleaſure doth her aim purſue,
Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled view.
  There repetitions one another meet,
Expreſsly ſtrong, or languiſhingly ſweet,
And raiſe the ſort of ſentiment they pleaſe,
And urge the ſort of ſentiment they raiſe.
  There cloſe in order are the queſtions plac'd,
Which march with art conceal'd in ſhows of haſte,
And work the reader till his mind be brought
To make its anſwers in the writer's thought.
For thus the moving paſſions ſeem to throng,
And with their quickneſs force the ſoul along;
And thus the ſoul grows fond they ſhould prevail,
When every queſtion ſeems a fair appeal;
And if by juſt degrees of ſtrength they fear,
In ſteps as equal each affects the more.
  There ſtrange commotion, naturally ſhown,
Speaks on regardleſs that ſhe ſpeaks alone,
Nor minds if they to whom ſhe talks be near,
Nor cares if that to which ſhe talks can hear.
The warmth of anger dares an abſent foe;
The words of pity ſpeak to tears of woe;
The love that hopes, on errands ſends the breeze;
And love deſpairing moans to naked trees.
  There ſtand the new creations of the muſe,
Poetic perſons; whom the writers uſe
Whene'er a cauſe magnificently great
Would fix attention with peculiar weight.
'Tis hence that humble provinces are ſeen
Transform'd to matrons with neglected mien,
Who call their warriors in a mournful ſound,
And ſhew their crowns of turrets on the ground,
While over urns reclining rivers moan
They ſhould enrich a nation not their own.
'Tis hence the virtues are no more confin'd
To be but rules of reaſon in the mind;
The heavenly forms ſtart forth, appear to breathe,
And in bright ſhapes converſe with men beneath;
And, as a god in combat valour leads,
In council prudence as a goddeſs aids.
  There exclamations all the voice employ
In ſudden fluſhes of concern or joy:
Then ſeem the ſluices, which the paſſions bound,
To burſt aſunder with a ſpeechleſs ſound;
And then with tumult and ſurpriſe they roll,
And ſhew the caſe important in the ſoul.
  There riſing ſentences attempt to ſpeak,
Which wonder, ſorrow, ſhame, or anger break;
But ſo the part directs to find the reſt,
That what remains behind is more than gueſs'd.
Thus fill'd with eaſe, yet leſt unfiniſh'd too,
The ſenſe looks large within the reader's view:
He freely gathers all the paſſion means,
And artful ſilence more than words explains,
Methinks a thouſand graces more I ſee,
And I could dwell—but when would thought be free?
Engaging method ranges all the band,
And ſmooth tranſition joins them hand in hand;
Around the muſic of my lays they throng,
Ah, too deſerving objects of my ſong!
Live, wondrous palace, live ſecure of time,
To ſenſes harmony, to ſouls ſublime,
And juſt proportion all, and great deſign,
And lively colours, and an air divine.
  'Tis here that, guided by the Muſes' fire,
And fill'd with ſacred thought, her friends retire,
Unbent to care, and unconcern'd with noiſe,
To taſte repoſe and elevated joys,
Which in a deep untroubled leiſure meet,
Serenely raviſhing, politely ſweet.
From hence the charms that moſt engage they chooſe,
And, as they pleaſe, the glittering objects uſe;
While to their genius, more than art, they truſt,
Yet art acknowledges their labours juſt.
From hence they look, from this exalted ſhow,
To chooſe their ſubject in the world below,
And where an hero well deſerves a name,
They conſecrate his acts in ſong to fame;
Or, if a ſcience unadorn'd they find,
They ſmooth its look to pleaſe and teach the mind;
And where a friendſhip's generouſly ſtrong,
They celebrate the knot of ſouls in ſong;
Or, if the verſes muſt inflame deſire,
The thoughts are melted, and the words on fire:
But, when the temples deck'd with glory ſtand,
And hymns of gratitude the gods demand,
Their boſoms kindle with celeſtial love,
And then alone they caſt their eyes above.
  Hail, ſacred verſe! ye ſacred Muſes, hail!
Could I your pleaſures with your fire reveal,
The world might then be taught to know you right,
And court your rage, and envy my delight.
But, whilſt I follow where your pointed beams
My courſe directing ſhoot in golden ſtreams,

The bright appearance dazzles fancy's eyes,
And weary'd-out the fix'd attention lies;
Enough, my verſes, have you work'd my breaſt,
I'll ſeek the ſacred grove, and ſink to reſt."
No longer now the raviſh'd poet ſung,
His voice in eaſy cadence left the tongue;
Nor o'er the muſic did his fingers fly,
The ſounds ran tingling, and they ſeem'd to die.
O, Bolingbroke! O favourite of the ſkies,
O born to gifts by which the nobleſt riſe,
Improv'd in arts by which the brighteſt pleaſe,
Intent to buſineſs, and polite for eaſe;
Sublime in eloquence, where loud applauſe
Hath ſtyl'd thee patron of a nation's cauſe,
'Twas there the world perceiv'd and own'd thee great,
Thence Anna call'd thee to the reins of ſtate;
"Go, ſaid the greateſt queen, with Oxford go,
And ſtill the tumults of the world below,
Exert thy powers, and proſper; he that knows
To move with Oxford, never ſhould repoſe."
She ſpake: the patriot overſpread thy mind,
And all thy days to public good reſign'd.
Elſe might thy ſoul, ſo wonderfully wrought
For every depth and turn of curious thought,
To this the poet's ſweet recеſs retreat,
And thence report the pleaſures of the ſeat,
Deſcribe the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breaſt a vein of fancy glows,
Deſcribe his buſineſs while he works the mine,
Deſcribe his temper when he ſees it ſhine,
Or ſay, when readers eaſy verſe inſnares,
How much the writer's mind can act on theirs:
Whence images, in charming numbers ſet,
A ſort of likeneſs in the ſoul beget,
And what fair viſions oft we fancy nigh
By fond deluſions of the ſwimming eye,
Or further pierce through nature's maze to find
How paſſions drawn give paſſions to the mind.
Oh, what a ſweet confuſion! what ſurpriſe!
How quick the ſhifting views of pleaſure riſe!
While, lightly ſkimming, with a tranſient wing,
I touch the beauties which I wiſh to ſing.
Is verſe a ſovereign regent of the ſoul,
And fitted all its motions to control?
Or are they fifters, tun'd at once above,
And ſhake like uniſons if either move?
For, when the numbers ſing an eager fight,
I've heard a ſoldier's voice expreſs delight;
I've ſeen his eyes with crowding ſpirits ſhine,
And round his hilt his hand unthinking twine.
When from the ſhore the fickle Trojan flies,
And in ſweet meaſures poor Eliza dies,
I've ſeen the book forſake the virgin's hand,
And in her eyes the tears but hardly ſtand.
I've known her bluſh at ſoft Corinna's name,
And in red characters confeſs a flame:
Or wiſh ſucceſs had more adorn'd his arms,
Who gave the world for Cleopatra's charms.
Ye ſons of glory, be my firſt appeal,
If here the power of lines theſe lines reveal.
When ſome great youth has with impetuous thought
Read o'er atchievements which another wrought,
And ſeen his courage and his honour go
Through crowding nations in triumphant ſhow,
His ſoul, enchanted by the words he reads,
Shines all impregnated with ſparkling ſeeds,
And courage here, and honour there, appears
In brave deſign that ſoars beyond his years;
And this a ſpear, and that a chariot lends,
And war and triumph he by turns attends;
Thus gallant pleaſures are his waking dream,
Till ſome fair cauſe have call'd him forth to fame.
Then, form'd to life on what the poet made,
And breathing ſlaughter, and in arms array'd,
He marches forward on the daring foe,
And emulation acts in every blow.
Great Hector's ſhade in fancy ſtalks along,
From rank to rank amongſt the martial throng;
While from his acts he learns a noble rage,
And ſhines like Hector in the preſent age.
Thus verſe will raiſe him to the victor's bays;
And verſe, that rais'd him, ſhall reſound his praiſe.
Ye tender beauties, be my witneſs too,
If ſong can charm, and if my ſong be true.
With ſweet experience oft a fair may find
Her paſſions mov'd by paſſions well deſign'd;
And then ſhe longs to meet a gentle ſwain,
And longs to love, and to be lov'd again.
And if by chance an amorous youth appears,
With pants and bluſhes ſhe the courtſhip hears;
And finds a tale that muſt with theirs agree,
And he's Septimius, and his Acme ſhe:
Thus loſt in thought her melted heart ſhe gives,
And the rais'd lover by the poet lives.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

Containing

THE DISPENSARY,	PROLOGUES,
CLARENMONT,	EPILOGUES,
EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Let GARTH with ſharp, but ſalutary ſpleen,
As muſic gentle, but as lightning keen,
In *phyſic's mock ſolemnity* appear,
Or with *correct deſcription* charm your ear.

ANON. EPISTLE TO A LADY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF GARTH.

SAMUEL GARTH was of a good family in Yorkſhire; but the year and place of his birth are not certainly known.

From ſome ſchool in his own county, he was ſent to Peter-Houſe College in Cambridge, where he reſided till he commenced Doctor of Phyſic, July 7. 1691.

He now repaired to London, where he reſolved to ſettle in the practice of his profeſſion, and was examined before the College of Phyſicians 12th March 1691-2, and admitted a Fellow 26th June 1693.

He was ſoon ſo much diſtinguiſhed by his converſation and accompliſhments, as to obtain very extenſive practice, and had the favour and confidence of the Whigs, as Radcliffe had of the Tories.

In 1696, he acted a conſpicuous part in the famous diſſenſion in the College of Phyſicians, concerning the obſervance of an edict, paſſed 28th July 1687, requiring all the Fellows, Candidates, and Licentiates to give gratuitous advice to the neighbouring poor.

He is always mentioned as a man of benevolence; and, on this occaſion, he concurred, with a majority of the College, in enforcing the obſervance of the edict, and in adopting a propoſition for a ſubſcription among the members, to accommodate the poor with medicines at prime coſt, by preparing them in a proper diſpenſatory for that purpoſe.

This work of charity having expoſed him and the phyſicians with whom he acted to a malignant oppoſition from ſome members of the College, and the Society of Apothecaries, he reſolved to expoſe their envy and reſentment in a proper ſatire.

He was not long in executing his purpoſe with peculiar ſpirit and vivacity, in his admirable burleſque poem, intituled *The Diſpenſary*, which came out *flagrante bello*, and co-operating with the paſſions and prejudices then prevalent, was univerſally and liberally applauded. It was on the ſide of charity, againſt the intrigues of intereſt; and of regular learning, againſt licentious uſurpation of medical authority; and was therefore naturally favoured by thoſe who read and can judge of poetry.

It was dedicated to Anthony Henley, Eſq., and had commendatory verſes before it, by Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, Colonel Codrington, Thomas Cheek, Eſq., and Colonel Blunt; and bore three impreſſions in a few months.

In 1697, he ſpoke the *Harveian Oration*, before the College in Warwick-Lane, "to the great ſatisfaction of the auditors, and his own honour," as it is expreſſed in the regiſter of the College.

The applauſe with which it was received by the College, was confirmed by the public, who, in this inſtance, teſtified almoſt an equal admiration of the poet, who expoſed, in the genteeleſt ſatire, the mean-ſpirited intrigues of the falſe brethren of the Faculty, and of the orator, who ridiculed, with a juſt ſpirit and inimitable humour, the miſchievous knavery of the multifarious claſſes of quacks.

In the *Harveian Oration*, he introduced an animated apoſtrophe to King William, " Ad te nunc coronidis loco convertimur Gulielme Auguſte," &c., and an eloquent encomium on the bleſſings of the Revolution.

On the death of Dryden, in 1701, he performed a memorable act of generoſity and tenderneſs, in providing a ſuitable interment to his ſhamefully abandoned corpſe; which he cauſed to be brought to the College of Phyſicians, propoſed and encouraged a ſubſcription for defraying the expence of a funeral, pronounced a proper oration over the great poet's remains, and afterwards attended the ſolemnity from Warwick Lane to Weſtminſter Abbey.

For this one pious action, the memory of Garth will be regarded with everlaſting honour and gratitude, by the admirers of the great father of genuine Engliſh poetry.

In 1702, he was elected one of the cenſors of the College of Phyſicians.

Being an active and zealous Whig, he was an original member of the Kit-Kat Club, eſtabliſhed in 1703, which conſiſted of about thirty noblemen and gentlemen, diſtinguiſhed by a warm zeal for the ſucceſſion in the Houſe of Hanover.

It received its name from one Chriſtopher Kat, a paſtry-cook, near the tavern in King-Street, Weſtminſter, where they met, who often ſerved them with tarts, and other things in his way.

Old Jacob Tonſon, the bookſeller, was their ſecretary; and the portraits of all the original members of the club, painted by Kneller, were long in the poſſeſſion of his family at Barn-elms, and are now the property of Richard Baker, Eſq., and are at his houſe in Hill-Street, Berkley Square, London.

In concert with Halifax, and other members of the Club, who recommended loyalty and liberty, by the powerful influence of wit and pleaſantry, Garth furniſhed extempore epigrams on the moſt celebrated Whig beauties, which were inſcribed on their drinking glaſſes.

He was familiarly known to all the great men of the Whig party, and enjoyed, with great moderation, the ſunſhine of court-favour during Godolphin's adminiſtration, and attended the diſmiſſion of that miniſter, in 1710, with a ſhort poem, which is an unequivocal teſtimony of his gratitude, and the ſteadineſs and ſincerity of his attachment.

There were ſome to whom this teſtimony of gratitude was diſpleaſing, and the poem was ſeverely criticiſed by Prior, in " The Examiner," a paper engaged in defence of the new miniſtry, and ſucceſsfully vindicated by Addiſon, in " The Whig-Examiner," who conferred additional honour on the poet and the verſes, by his admirable vindication.

In 1711, he wrote a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius, to the Elector of Hanover, which is remarkable for its elegant Latinity.

At the acceſſion of that prince to the Britiſh throne, his merits were acknowledged and rewarded: He was knighted with the ſword of Marlborough, and was made Phyſician in Ordinary to the King, and Phyſician-general to the Army.

In 1715, he publiſhed a poem, intituled *Claremont*, addreſſed to the Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcaſtle, on his giving that name to his beautiful and magnificent villa, near Eſher, in Surrey.

He then undertook an edition of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, tranſlated by ſeveral hands, to which he contributed a verſion of the fourteenth book, and prefixed a critical and recommendatory preface.

This was his laſt work. His health now viſibly declined, which cauſed a general concern. Granville, afterwards Lord Lanſdowne, though of a different party, teſtified his ſenſibility in ſtrains worthy of Waller:

" Machaon ſick! in every face we find,
His danger is the danger of mankind," &c.

He died 18th January 1717-18, and was buried in the church of Harrow on the Hill. He left an only daughter, who was married to Colonel Boyle.

The perſonal character of Garth ſeems to have been very amiable. He was a good poet, a good phyſician, and an honeſt man, and more than merely and paſſively ſo. His benevolence was as active as it was extenſive. His hand and heart went together; a circumſtance more valuable than all the luſtre that genius can confer. He communicated himſelf through a very wide extent of acquaintance; and though firm in a party, yet he imparted his kindneſs to thoſe who were not ſuppoſed to favour his principles. He buried Dryden. He was an early encourager of Pope.

Well-natur'd Garth, inflamed with early praiſe.

In the conflict of parties, he was careſſed by the firſt wits on either ſide. He was at once the friend of Addiſon and of Granville.

"The beſt natured of men," ſays Pope, in one of his letters "Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a ſaint or a philoſopher famous. But ill tongues, and worſe hearts, have branded his laſt moments as wrongfully, as they did his life with irreligion. You muſt have heard many tales upon this ſubject: but if ever there was a good Chriſtian, without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. Garth."

His poems were collected and printed by Tonſon, among "The Works of the Minor Poets," in 2 volumes, 12mo., 1749. The *Diſpenſary* and *Claremont* are generally known and admired, particularly the *Diſpenſary*, of which it is ſufficient commendation to ſay, that it is only inferior in humour, diſcrimination of character, and poetical ardour, to the "Rape of the Lock." His *Claremont* is in the manner of Ovid, and has many of the beauties and defects of his favourite author. His *Tranſlations* and petty pieces have nothing in them remarkable.

"His poetry," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "has been praiſed at leaſt equally to its merit. In the *Diſpenſary* there is a ſtrain of ſmooth and free verſification; but few lines are eminently elegant. The general deſign is perhaps open to criticiſm; but the compoſition can ſeldom be charged with inaccuracy or negligence. The author never ſlumbers in ſelf indulgence, his full vigour is always erected, ſcarce a line is left unfiniſhed; nor is it eaſy to find an expreſſion uſed by conſtraint, or a thought imperfectly expreſſed. It was remarked by Pope, that the *Diſpenſary* had been corrected in every edition, and that every change was an improvement. It appears, however, to want ſomething of poetical ardour, and ſomething of general delectation; and therefore, ſince it has been no longer ſupported by accidental and extrinſic popularity, it has been ſcarcely able to ſupport itſelf."

THE DISPENSARY,

A POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS.

" —Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim."

HOR. de Arte Poet.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's bluſhes, is ſtill moſt diſcovered, when it labours moſt to be concealed.

It is hard, that to think well of you, ſhould be but juſtice, and to tell you ſo, ſhould be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modeſty, I muſt be wanting to your other virtues; and, to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thouſand.

The world generally meaſures our eſteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will ſcarce believe that ſo much zeal in the heart, can be conſiſtent with ſo much faintneſs in the expreſſion; but when they reflect on your readineſs to do good, and your induſtry to hide it; on your paſſion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a perſon, who even ſeems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I ſhould perſuade myſelf to be ſilent upon all occaſions; thoſe more polite arts, which till of late, have languiſhed and decayed, would appear under their preſent advantages, and own you for one of their generous reſtorers; inſomuch, that ſculpture now breathes, painting ſpeaks, muſic raviſhes; and as you help to refine our taſte, you diſtinguiſh your own.

Your approbation of this poem, is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to reliſh nothing ſo much as what you write yourſelf: but you are reſolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To ſay more, would be uneaſy to you; and to ſay leſs, would be unjuſt in

Your humble Servant.

PREFACE.

SINCE this following poem in a manner ſtole into the world, I could not be ſurpriſed to find it uncorrect: though I can no more ſay I was a ſtranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publiſher's precipitation in doing it: for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leiſure in reflection; ſo when we run the faſteſt, we ſtumble the ofteneſt. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but ſay the ſame of the defects of the author, he would need no juſtification againſt the cavils of ſome furious critics, who, I am ſure, would have been better pleaſed if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury diſeaſe is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of preſent writers: but though I had the authority of ſome Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel inſtances, to juſtify the deſign; yet that I might not introduce any thing that ſeemed inconſiſtent, or hard, I ſtarted this objection myſelf, to a gentleman, very remarkable in this ſort of criticiſm, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Diſeaſe is repreſented a fury as well as Envy: ſhe is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her receſs; and, to be revenged on the exorciſt, mortifies him with an introduction of ſeveral perſons eminent in an accompliſhment he has made ſome advances in.

Nor is the compliment leſs to any great genius mentioned there; ſince a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confeſs how happily they have all ſucceeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monſieur Boileau. I muſt own, I am proud of the imputation; unleſs their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himſelf the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleſſe, Canto II. and in one in his firſt canto; the ſenſe of which line is entirely his, and I could wiſh it were not the only good one in mine.

I have ſpoke to the moſt material objections I have heard of, and ſhall tell theſe gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I will undertake to ſhew them two. One of theſe curious perſons does me the honour to ſay, he approves of the concluſion of it; but I ſuppoſe it is upon no other reaſon, but becauſe it is the concluſion. However, I ſhould not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amuſement I have very little practiſed hitherto, nor perhaps ever ſhall again.

Reputation of this ſort is very hard to be got, and very eaſy to be loſt; its purſuit is painful, and its poſſeſſion unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animoſities among the members of the College of Phyſicians increaſing daily (notwithſtanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy preſident to the contrary), I was perſuaded to attempt ſomething of this nature, and to endeavour to rally ſome of our diſaffected members into a ſenſe of their duty, who have hitherto moſt obſtinately oppoſed all manner of union; and have continued ſo unreaſonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College, to reinforce the obſervance of the ſtatutes by a bond, which ſome of them would not comply with, though none of them had refuſed the ceremony of the cuſtomary oath; like ſome that will truſt their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was ſorry to find there could be any conſtitution that was not to be cured without poiſon, and that there ſhould be a proſpect of effecting it by a leſs grateful method than reaſon and perſuaſion.

The original of this difference has been of ſome ſtanding, though it did not break out to fury and exceſs, until the time of erecting the Diſpenſary, being an apartment in the college, ſet up for the relief of the ſick poor, and managed ever ſince with an integrity and diſintereſt ſuitable to ſo charitable a deſign.

If any perſon would be more fully informed about the particulars of ſo pious a work, I refer him to a treatiſe, ſet forth by the authority of the preſident and cenſors, in the year 1697. It is called,

" A ſhort Account of the Proceedings of the " College of Phyſicians, London, in relation to " the ſick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the riſe and progreſs of this ſo public an undertaking, but alſo of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the beſt, as well as the moſt ancient members of the ſociety, notwithſtanding the vigorous oppoſition of a few men, who thought it their intereſt to defeat ſo laudable a deſign.

The intention of this preface is not to perſuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being cenſured for taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the ſatire may appear directed at any particular perſon, it is at ſuch only as are preſumed to be engaged in diſhonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, againſt the dignity of their own profeſſion. But if there be no ſuch, then theſe characters are but imaginary, and by conſequence ought to give nobody offence.

The deſcription of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Diſpenſary, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and ſome of the ſervants that attended there to diſpenſe the medicines; and is ſo far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope nobody will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himſelf, ought to be leſs ſevere upon the miſcarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular perſon: it is a reflection which I ſhould be ſorry ſhould give offence; being no more than what may be ſaid of any phyſician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the leaſt impreſſion, either upon the reader, or the perſon it is applied to; being one that I think in my conſcience a very able phyſician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but ſome worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing ſomething of their own.

I confeſs, thoſe ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they deſign an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themſelves; and by ſaying how much this ſmall performance exceeds ſome others, they convince the world how far it falls ſhort of theirs.

THE COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT,

SUBSCRIBED BY

THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR FELLOWS, CANDIDATES, &c. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,

IN RELATION TO THE SICK POOR.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines *gratis* to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent; as also proposals made by the said college to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, of London, in pursuance thereof; have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we therefore, whose names are here under-written, fellows and members of the said college, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the president and college declared in their comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, fellow and elect of the said college, the sum of ten pounds a-piece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall, in writing, be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals, this twenty-second day of December 1696.

Tho. Millington, Preses,
Tho. Burwell, Elect. and Censor.
Sam. Collins, Elect.
Edw. Browne, Elect.
Rich. Torless, Elect. and Censor.
Edw. Hulse, Elect.
Tho. Gill, Censor.
Will. Dawes, Censor.
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Tho. Colladon.
Martin Lister.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. le Feure.
P. Sylvestre.
Ch. Morton.
Rich. Robinson.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampson.
Thomas Gibson.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joseph Gaylard.
John Woollaston.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horseman.
Rich. Morton, jun.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
—— Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers names, is to shew, that the late undertaking has the sanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO DR. GARTH,

UPON THE

DISPENSARY.

On that some genius whose poetic vein
Like Montague's could a just piece sustain,
Would search the Grecian and the Latin store,
And thence present thee with the purest ore:
In lasting numbers praise thy whole design,
And manly beauty of each nervous line:
Shew how your pointed satire's sterling wit,
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who're gravely dull, *insipidly serene*,
And carry all their wisdom in their mien;
Whom thus expos'd, thus stripp'd of their disguise,
None will again admire, most will despise!
Shew in what noble verse Nassau you sing,
How such a poet's worthy such a king!
When Somers' charming eloquence you praise,
How loftily your tuneful voice you raise!
But my poor feeble muse is as unfit
To praise, as imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn, nor Dryden mend:
What must, writ with that fire and with that ease,
The beaux, the ladies, and the critics, please.

C. Boyle.

TO

MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not why I like, or damn;
I can be pleas'd; and I dare own I am.
I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
Must judge by rules what they want force to
tastes

I would a poet, like a mistress, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
But by some nameless power, to give me joy.
The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's
charms,
If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.
Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,
Some secret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the power divine.
Where all is just, is beauteous, and is fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar air.
Lost in our pleasure, we enjoy in you
Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montague.
And yet 'tis thought, some critics in this town,
By rules to all, but to themselves, unknown,
Will damn thy verse, and justify their own.
Why let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
Facetious Mirmil * and the city bard,
So near ally'd in learning, wit, and skill,
Should not have leave to judge, as well as kill?
Nay, let them write; let them their forces join,
And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
Safely despise their malice, and their toil,
Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will
defile.
Be it thy generous pride to please the best,
Whose judgment, and whose friendship, is a test.
With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmost mind;
Unite, restore your arts, and save mankind:
Whilst all the busy Mirmils of the town
Envy our health, and pine away their own.
Whene'er thou would'st a tempting muse engage,
Judicious Walsh can best direct her rage.
To Somers and to Dorset too submit,
And let their stamp immortalize thy wit.
Consenting Phœbus bows, if they approve,
And ranks thee with the foremost bards above.
Whilst these of right the deathless laurel send,
Be it my humble business to commend
The faithful, honest man, and the well-natur'd
friend.

Chr. Codrington.

* Dr. Gibbons.

TO

MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

To praiſe your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give, prevents the poet's pen.
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the town.
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire:
Which its diffuſive virtue does diſpenſe,
In flowing verſe, and elevated ſenſe.
The town, which long has ſwallow'd fooliſh [verſe,
Which poetaſters every where rehearſe,
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taſte,
And gather up th' applauſe they threw in waſte.
The play-houſe ſhan't encourage falſe ſublime,
Abortive thoughts, with *decoration-rhyme.*
The ſatire of vile ſcribblers ſhall appear
On none, except upon themſelves, ſevere:
While yours contemns the gall of vulgar ſpite;
And when you ſeem to ſmile the moſt, you bite.

THO. CREEK.

TO

MY FRIEND,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving ſun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they ſee the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:
Thus we, who lately, as of ſummer's heat,
Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
Once fear'd, Apollo would return no more
From warmer climes to an ungrateful ſhore.
But you, the favourite of the tuneful nine,
Have made the god in his full luſtre ſhine;
Our night have chang'd into a glorious day;
And reach'd perfection in your firſt eſſay.
So the young eagle, that his force would try,
Faces the ſun, and towers it to the ſky.
Others proceed to art by ſlow degrees,
Aukward at firſt, at length they faintly pleaſe;
And ſtill, whate'er their firſt efforts produce,
'Tis an abortive, or an infant muſe:
Whilſt yours, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
Steps out full-grown, with nobleſt pace to move.
What ancient poets to their ſubjects owe,
Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
You found it little, but have made it great,
They could deſcribe, but you alone create.
Now let your muſe riſe with expanded wings,
To ſing the fate of empires and of kings;
Great William's victories ſhe'll next rehearſe,
And raiſe a trophy of immortal verſe:
Thus to your art proportion the deſign,
And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
A ſecond Namur, or a future Boyne.

H. BLOUNT.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, goddeſs! ſince 'tis thou that beſt canſt tell,
How ancient leagues to modern diſcord fell;
And why phyſicians were ſo cautious grown
Of others' lives, and laviſh of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elyſian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again.
  Not far from that moſt celebrated place,
Where angry * juſtice ſhews her awful face;
Where little villains muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate;
There ſtands a † dome, majeſtic to the ſight,
And ſumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful ſkill,
Seems, to the diſtant ſight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a uſe as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd ſociety decline
The propagation of that great deſign;
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And, as ſhe diſappear'd, their ſearch purſued. (a)
Wrapt in the ſhade of night the goddeſs lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark diſguiſe,
But ſhuns the groſs acceſs of vulgar eyes.
  Now ſhe unfolds the faint and dawning ſtrife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And ſlender trains of twiſting fibres makes;
And how the viſcous ſeeks a cloſer tone,
By juſt degrees to harden into bone;
While the more looſe flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple ſtreams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps ariſe,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each ſluice a gentle torrent pours,
To ſlake a feveriſh heat with ambient ſhowers;
Whence their mechanic powers the ſpirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the ſame nerves are faſhion'd to ſuſtain
The greateſt pleaſure and the greateſt pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in ſilver currents run;
How the dim ſpeck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and ſtretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæſar, and the great Naſſau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft' transforms with wan diſguiſe,
And why gay mirth ſits ſmiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarſdale rages to ſurvive deſire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick's ſhown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane; (b)
How matter, by the vary'd ſhape of pores,
Or ideots frames, or ſolemn ſenators.
  Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cauſe to find,
How body acts upon impaſſive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Paſt hopes revive, and preſent joys inſpire;
Why our complexions oft' our ſoul declare,
And how the paſſions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony ariſe between
Corporeal figure, and a form unſeen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every ſummons of the will;
With mighty truths, myſterious to deſcry,
Which in the womb of diſtant cauſes lie.
  But now no grand inquiries are deſcry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge ſhould preſide,
Feuds are increaſ'd, and learning laid aſide.

VARIATIONS.

(a) —— they ſtill purſued.
They find her dubious now, and then as plain,
Here ſhe's too ſparing; there profuſely vain.

(b) Why Atticus polite, Brutus ſevere,
Why Methwin muddy, Montague why clear.

* Old Bailey. † College of Phyſicians.

Thus ſynods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings ſhew a zeal:
The drooping ſciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading luſtre ſhine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in ſweats complains
That nothing there but ſullen ſilence reigns.
This place, ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The god of ſloth for his aſylum choſe;
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills, and whiſpering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant diſpenſe
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain:
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in eaſe, and ſlumbering life away;
A ſpiteful noiſe his downy chains unties,
Haſtes forward, and increaſes as it flies.
First; ſome to cleave the ſtubborn * flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it ſparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, ſome ſpacious veſſels move;
Theſe furnaces erect, and thoſe approve;
Here phials in nice diſcipline are ſet,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you ſpy:
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted peſtles, brand-ſh'd in the air,
Deſcend in peals, and civil wars declare. [rend,
Loud ſtrokes, with pounding ſpice, the fabric
And aromatic clouds in ſpires aſcend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils ſweat,
And ſwelling ſinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos grods eruptions riſe,
And curling ſheets of ſmoke obſcure the ſkies.
The ſlumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice ſtrove to riſe, and thrice ſunk down again,
Liſtleſs he ſtretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and ſighs:
How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly ſhare
A grateful negligence, and eaſe from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
The northern monarchs from the duſty field!
How I have kept the Britiſh fleet at eaſe,
From tempting the rough dangers of the ſeas!
Hibernia owns the mildneſs of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I ſwains to ſylvan ſolitudes convey,
Where, ſtretch'd on moſſy beds, they waſte away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've ſhown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Baſks in their eyes, and ſparkles in their face.
How ſleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they ſtrut behind a double chin!

* The building of the diſpenſary.

Each faculty in blandiſhments they lull,
Aſpiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates moleſt their downy trance,
Or diſcompoſe their pompous ignorance;
But, undiſturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and bloſſom in decay;
Deep ſunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air, [prayer.
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of
Urim † was civil, and not void of ſenſe,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So ſpruce he moves, ſo gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd roſe declares him orthodox:
He paſs'd his eaſy hours, inſtead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillyſing the fair;
Conſtant at feaſts, and each decorum knew,
And, ſoon as the deſert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.
But ſee how ill-miſtaken parts ſucceed:
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controverſy, wrangled well!
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation diſagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming ſoon
A wretched ſcribbler, of a rare buffoon.
Mankind my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I aſk are ſhades and ſilent bowers,
To paſs in ſoft forgetfulneſs my hours.
Oft' have my fears ſome diſtant villa choſe,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doſe,
And lull their cough and conſcience to repoſe:
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore, (c)
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
The peals of * Naſſau's arms theſe eyes uncloſe,
Mine he moleſts, to give the world repoſe.
That eaſe I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the ſkies.
Nor climes nor ſeaſons his reſolves controul,
Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms reſiſtleſs o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the ſkies.
But, as the ſlothful god to yawn begun,
He ſhook off the dull miſt, and thus went on:

* See Boileau's Lutrin. † Dr. Atterbury.

VARIATIONS.

(c) Sometimes among the Caſpian cliffs I creep,
Where ſolitary bats and ſwallows ſleep;
Or, if ſome cloiſter's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers ſnore,
Still Naſſau's arms a ſoft repoſe deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly;
Since he has bleſs'd the weary world with peac
And with a nod has bid Bellona ceaſe;
I fought the covert of ſome peaceful cell,
Where ſilent ſhades in harmleſs raptures dwell;
That reſt might paſt tranquillity reſtore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

'Twas in this reverend dome I ſought repoſe,
Theſe walls were that aſylum I had choſe. (*d*)
Here have I rul'd long undiſturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With eaſy inſignificance of thought.
But now ſome buſy, enterpriſing brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to diſſolve my eaſy reign.
With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this meſſage falls:

Since mortals will diſpute my power, I'll try
Who has the greateſt empire, they or I.
Find envy out, ſome prince's court attend,
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd fiend; (*e*)
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where ſtale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unleſs ſhe ſtrait inclines
To blaſt their hopes, and baffle their deſigns.
More he had ſpoke, but ſudden vapours riſe,
And with their ſilken cords tie down his eyes.

VARIATIONS.

(*d*) Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowſy beetles buzzing round,
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and duſt the floors,
And midnight ſilence guards the noiſeleſs doors.

(*e*) Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyleſs confer,
Or in the ſenate-houſe at Weſtminſter.

CANTO II.

Soon as the evening veil'd the mountains heads
And winds lay huſh'd in ſubterranean beds;
Whilſt ſickening flowers drink up the ſilver dew,
And beaux for ſome aſſembly dreſs anew;
The city ſaints to prayers and play-houſe haſte;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to reſt:
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To ſlide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft' he attempts the ſummit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of ſome blaſted oak;
At length approaching where bleak envy lay;
The hiſſing of her ſnakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the graſs with ſickly ſweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with ſpiteful woes,
When Accius has applauſe, Dorſennus ſhews.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forſook,
And baſiliſks ſate brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool raiſ'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order ſate
Foul bawling infamy, and bold debate;
Gruff diſcontent, through ignorance miſled,
And clamorous faction at her party's head;
Reſtleſs ſedition ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly hypocriſy with pious leer.

Glouting with ſullen ſpite the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where fame the acts of demi-gods enrols;
And, as the rent-records in pieces fell,
Each ſcrap did ſome immortal action tell.
This ſhow'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus ſtood,
That, the fam'd paſſage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings diſplay,
And there, like ſetting ſtars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's ſurges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Perſians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light meſſenger the fury ſpy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confuſion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, aſſuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he ſhrunk into a ſhade.
The hag lay long revolving what might be
The bleſt event of ſuch an embaſſy:
Then blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting ſtorm. (*f*)

VARIATIONS.

(*f*) Then ſhe: Alas! how long in vain have I
Aim'd at theſe noble ills the fates deny?
Within this iſle for ever muſt I find
Diſaſters to diſtract my reſtleſs mind?

Thus ſhe—Mankind are bleſt, they riot ſtill
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devaſtation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten moſt when famine reigns;
For ſickly ſeaſons the phyſicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of ſtate;
The lover's eaſy when the fair-one ſighs,
And gods ſubſiſt not but by ſacrifice.
Each other being ſome indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My preſent pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine ſhall Albion's ſceptre bear,
With arms ſhall vanquiſh earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency ſhall ſhower,
And only to preſerve exert her power.
Tyrants ſhall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterpriſes of the great,
I'll calmly ſtoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd ſnakes have teeth or ſtings.
She ſaid; and ſtraight ſhrill Colon's * perſon took,
In morals looſe, but moſt preciſe in look.
Black-friars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of apothecaries-hall;
And, when ſo dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics eaſe, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling ſhow his tinſel talent lies;
And form the want of intellects ſupplies.
In aſpect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren ſuperfluity of words; (g)

VARIATIONS.

Good Teniſon's celeſtial piety
At laſt has rais'd him to the ſacred ſee;
Somers does ſickening equity reſtore,
And helpleſs orphans are oppreſs'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endleſs bleſſings brings.
He ſpoke; and peace clapp'd her triumphant wings.
Great Ormond ſhines illuſtriouſly bright
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal ſire
Inſpires the generous breaſt of Devonſhire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.
Like Leda's radiant ſons divinely clear,
Portland and Jerſey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemiſphere.
Worth in diſtreſs is rais'd by Montague;
Auguſtus liſtens if Mæcenas ſue;
And Vernon's vigilance no ſlumber takes,
Whilſt faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.

(g) In haſte he ſtrides along, to recompenſe
The want of buſineſs with its vain pretence.

* Lee, an apothecary.

The patient's ears remorſeleſs he aſſails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.
The fury thus aſſuming Colon's grace,
So ſlung her arms, ſo ſhuffl'd in her pace.
Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoſcope * invokes th' infernal gods;
And reach'd the manſion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This viſionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wiſe.
By uſeful obſervations he can tell
The ſacred charms that in true ſterling dwell;
How gold makes a patrician of a ſlave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Therſites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds ſenſe in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.
So truly Horoſcope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies ſuch bright heraldry can prove,
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to preſcribe, and buſy to apply.
His ſhop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domeſtic toys.
Here mummies lay moſt reverendly ſtale;
And there the tortoiſe hung her coat of mail;
Not far from ſome huge ſhark's devouring head
The flying fiſh their finny pinions ſpread;
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were ſtrung,
And near, a ſcaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in muſty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous ſhoals
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes ſtand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage, in velvet chair, here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees;
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhame reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of, foretels.
One aſks how ſoon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire when courteous fates will ſtrike them off.
Some, by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſion keep too long.
And ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon:
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philters chooſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, botch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame;
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot-houſe he prefers to Julia's arms,

* Dr. Barnard.

And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.
  Bleak envy theſe dull frauds with pleaſure ſees,
And wonders at the ſenſeleſs myſteries.
In Colon's voice ſhe thus calls out aloud
On Horoſcope environ'd by the crowd:
  Forbear, forbear, thy vain amuſements ceaſe,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile releaſe;
And to that dire misfortune liſten well,
Which thou ſhould'ſt fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever waſt eſteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble ſcorn reſolv'd to eaſe
Ourſelves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of ſcavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didſt expreſs,
Nought could be equal, but the great ſucceſs.
Now call to mind thy generous proweſs paſt,
Be what thou ſhould'ſt, by thinking what thou waſt:
The faculty of Warwick-lane deſign,
It not to ſtorm, at leaſt to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thouſand night-caps crowd,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they ſhould once unmaſk our myſtery,
Each nurſe, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye;
And none, in complaiſance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right t'aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn apothecaries ſtraight?
Prevent it, gods! all ſtratagems we try,
To crowd with new inhabitants your ſky.
'Tis we who wait the deſtinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the college inſolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's ſtreams.
Our manufactures now they meanly ſell,
And their true value treacherouſly tell;
Nay, they diſcover too, their ſpite is ſuch,
That health, that crowns more valued, coſts not much;
Whilſt we muſt ſteer our conduct by theſe rules,
To cheat as tradeſmen, or to ſtarve as fools. (a)
  At this fam'd Horoſcope turn'd pale, and ſtraight
In ſilence tumbled from his chair of ſtate:
The crowd in great confuſion ſought the door,
And left the magus fainting on the floor;
Whilſt in his breaſt the fury breath'd a ſtorm,
Then ſought her cell, and re-aſſum'd her form.
Thus from the ſore although the inſect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in diſguiſe.
  Officious Squirt * in haſte forſook his ſhop,
To ſuccour the expiring Horoſcope.
Oft' he eſſay'd the magus to reſtore,
By ſalt of ſuccinum's prevailing power;
Yet ſtill ſupine the ſolid lumber lay,
An image of ſcarce-animated clay;
Till fates, indulgent when diſaſters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
The wight no ſooner did the ſtream receive,
But rouz'd, and bleſs'd the ſtale reſtorative.
The ſprings of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utenſil.
  So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the ſea-weed ſcent, and th' azure goddeſs own'd.

VARIATIONS.

(a) Whilſt we, at our expence, muſt perſevere,
And for another world, be ruin'd here.

* Dr. Barnard's man.

CANTO III.

All night the ſage in penſive tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more
Of what ſhrill Colon ſaid the day before.
Cowſlips and poppies o'er his eyes he ſpread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But thoſe bleſs'd opiates ſtill in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breaſt,
And thus his anxious thoughts the ſage expreſt.
  Oft has this planet roll'd around the ſun,
Since to conſult the ſkies I firſt begun:
Such my applauſe, ſo mighty my ſucceſs,
Some granted my predictions more than gueſs.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no miſtake in gain.
For the dull world muſt honour pay to thoſe,
Who on their underſtanding moſt impoſe.
Firſt man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himſelf;
He lothes the ſubſtance, and he loves the ſhow;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himſelf is ſo:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And ſtill the only pleaſure's the deceit.

So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no exiſtence has, but in the eye.
As diſtant proſpects pleaſe us, but when near
We find but deſert rocks and fleeting air;
From ſtratagem to ſtratagem we run,
And he knows moſt, who lateſt is undone.
Mankind one day ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, ſullen, and ſevere;
New paſſions new opinions ſtill excite;
And what they like at noon they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe;
And health, for want of change, becomes diſeaſe,
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear.
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive;
And though they're cozen'd ſtill, they ſtill believe.
So falſe their cenſure, fickle their eſteem,
This hour they worſhip, and the next blaſpheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating ſight
Inſpect the ſprings that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd ſearches hourly pierce
The dark receſſes of the univerſe;
Be aw'd, if punny emmets would oppreſs;
Or fear their fury, or their name carcſs?
If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign
Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain,
That proſpect, the diſpenſary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies.
The ſavage kind in foreſts ceaſe to roam,
And ſots, o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the ſlumbering pair,
Whilſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair;
Light's cheerful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread,
And miſs from inns of court bolts out unpaid;
The ſage, tranſported at th' approaching hour,
Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had acceſs,
His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs.
To him thus Horoſcope:
My kind compaſſion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, ſince you aſſume a ſhare;
Fly with what haſte you us'd to do of old,
When clyſter was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
To ſummon all the company to th' hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial ſteams of hearts-horn riſe.
The magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to ſome infernal power,
And draws myſterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring ſpright.
Aſcends, to blaſt the tender bloom of light.
No myſtic ſounds from hell's detected womb
In duſky exhalations upwards come.
And now to raiſe an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Diſeaſe:
Then flowers in caniſters he haſtes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted ſpring;
With cold ſolanum from the Pontic ſhore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore;
The griper ſenna, and the puker rue,
The ſweetener ſaſſafras, are added too;
And on the ſtructure next he heaps a load
Of ſulphur, turpentine, and maſtic wood;
Gums, foſſils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the eaſt;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with preſcriptions lights the ſolemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumſy wings aſpire,
And ſmothering fogs of ſmoke benight the fire.
With ſorrow he beheld the ſad portent,
Then to the hag theſe oriſons he ſent:
Diſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious power,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour!
Thou well canſt boaſt thy numerous pedigree, (a)
Begot by ſloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your ſway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-ſtreet end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound
Behold this poor libation with a ſmile,
And let auſpicious light break through the pile.
He ſpoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay-leaves and vipers-hearts, and thus he ſaid:
As theſe conſume in this myſterious fire,
So let the curs'd diſpenſary expire!
And as thoſe crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its veſſels burſt, and glaſſes fly!
But a ſiniſter cricket ſtraight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering diſappear'd.
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch deſcends in ſable ſtream
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames;
There ſtands a ſtructure on a riſing hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in theſe dreadful ſhambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æſon's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hyſteric matrons ſtill with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in ſacred plants, and health reſtore;
How ſanguine ſwains their amorous hours repent,
When pleaſure's paſt, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft', by abortion, aim
To looſe a ſubſtance, to preſerve a name.

VARIATIONS.

(a) Thou that wouldſt lay whole ſtates and regions waſte,
Sooner than we thy cormorants ſhould faſt.

Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The assembly Diasenna * thus address'd:
My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some more safe design,
And on no other business but to dine;
The faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And interest then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
Know, when these feuds, like those at law, were past,
The winners will be losers at the last.
Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown;
To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes,
That juggler which another's sleight will show,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When dear as Burgundy, ptisans were sold;
When patients chose to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill;
And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.
Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
Juries were sway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns.
And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect (*b*),
And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the faculty to be our friend;
Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end,
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power
Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus * paus'd, and foam'd with spite.
Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim;
Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
Or nose should redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the power.
Thus he—Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the springs of nature start,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the sight of thee,
A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy,
Could'st thou propose, that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Russel †, as we please, or starves or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consolation scarce can kill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth-street, Versailles with riding-hoods!
The sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the gravel-pits for Kentish air!
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought th' insults of death defy:
The fools through blest insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.
Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
Our force increases, as our funds grow less;
And what requir'd such industry to raise,
We'll scatter into nothing as we please,
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no less wondrous power than to create.
We'll raise our numerous cohorts, and oppose
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to Doctor Case.
Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest prize.
Such poor supports serve only like a stay;
The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.

* Dare, an apothecary.
† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

* Gilltrop, an apothecary.

VARIATIONS.

(*b*) But now late jars our practices detect,
For mines, when once discover'd, lose th' effect.
Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the faculty to be our friend.
As he revolving stood to say the rest,
Rough Colocynthus thus his rage expresst.

So patriots, in time of peace and eaſe,
Forget the fury of the late diſeaſe:
On dangers paſt ſerenely think no more,
And curſe the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!
To this the ſeſſion ſeem'd to give conſent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing difference to compoſe,
Two brothers, nam'd Aſcarides *, aroſe.
Both had the volibility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion ſtrong.
To ſpeak they both aſſum'd alike pretence;
The elder gain'd his juſt pre-eminence.
Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cauſe,
Firſt know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the baſe, 'tis courted by the brave;
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's ſlave;
Born in the noiſy camp, it lives on air,
And both exiſts by hope and by deſpair;
Angry whene'er a moment's eaſe we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his ſafety he conſults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we diſclaim
Reſt, health, and eaſe, for nothing but a name.
Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterpriſe approve.
Suppoſe th' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, through wiſer conduct, would conceal:
Is't reaſon we ſhould quarrel with the glaſs
That ſhows the monſtrous features of our face?

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Or grant ſome grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent what raſhly they begun:
Though projects pleaſe, projectors are undone.
All novelties muſt this ſucceſs expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
If reaſon could direct, ere now each gate
Had borne ſome trophy of triumphal ſtate;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Naſſau.
Then, ſince no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Moſt, as it blindly roſe, as vilely end.
Some members of the faculty there are,
Who intereſt prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendſhip, with feign'd airs, they poorly court (*c*),
And boaſt, their politics are our ſupport
Them we'll conſult about this enterpriſe,
And boldly execute what they adviſe.
But from below, while ſuch reſolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric ſhook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their ſafety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring ſtrove
To ſcale the ſkies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the aſs of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confuſion fled.

VARIATIONS.

(*c*) If things of uſe were valued, there had been
Some workhouſe where the monument is ſeen.

CANTO IV.

Not far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buſkins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread:
Where Bentley *, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briſcoe * lately was undone by new;
There triumphs a phyſician of renown,
To none, but ſuch as ruſt in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgeſs deafens all the liſtening preſs
With peals of moſt ſeraphic emptineſs;
Or when myſterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his pariſh to a lethargy;
This Æſculapius waits hard by, to eaſe
The martyrs of ſuch Chriſtian cruelties.

* Two bookſellers.

Long has this darling quarter of the town
For lewdneſs, wit, and gallantry, been known.
All ſorts meet here, of whatſo'er degree,
To blend and juſtle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author ſcan,
And praiſe or cenſure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely taſteleſs, ſo correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnaſſus prate,
And poets canvaſs the affairs of ſtate;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and ſtock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
Firſt find a ſpark, and after loſe a noſe.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloiſter penſive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackeny comes, and then retreats;

And if th' ungenerous nymph a ſhaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a ſparkling eye,
Mirmillo *, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room ſupply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they ſurfeit there,
Whilſt the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterpriſe to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And ſtern Mirmillo in theſe words begun:
'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I muſt ſhare.
'Tis plain, my intereſt you've advanc'd ſo long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have ſtrove to rend
Thoſe ſtatutes, which on oath I ſhould defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great ſervices as great returns ſhould find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandiſh arms as well as urinals.
Oxford and all her paſſing bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilſt others meanly aſk'd whole months to ſlay,
I oft diſpatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I puſh'd to that degree,
I ſcarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and ſome by ſteel,
And death in ambuſh lay in every pill.
For, ſave or ſlay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit ſuffers, the reward's the ſame.
What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that deſigns it leaſt, is moſt a friend.
Into the right we err, and muſt confeſs
To overſights we often owe ſucceſs.
Thus Beſſus got the battle in the play;
His glories cowardice reſtor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its deſert
To chance, and not the labour'd ſtrokes of art.
Phyſicians, if they're wiſe, ſhould never think
Of any arms but ſuch as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expence, ſhall find
When honour calls, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.
He ſaid; and ſeal'd th' engagement with a kiſs,
Which was return'd by younger Aſcaris *;
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has ſomething killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundleſs friendſhip owe,
Our files can ſpeak, and your preſcriptions ſhow.
Your ink deſcends in ſuch exceſſive ſhowers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilſt poor pretenders puzzle o'er a caſe,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium firſt Achaian fury felt!
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his ſtream with ſlain;
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raiſe;
Their ten years toil, you'd finiſh'd in ten days.
Fate ſmiles on your attempts; and, when you liſt,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave reſiſt.

Then let us arm, we need not fear ſucceſs;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military enſigns we'll diſplay;
Conqueſt purſues, where courage leads the way.
To this deſign ſhrill Querpo † did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His ſire's pretended pious ſteps he treads,
And where the doctor fails, the ſaint ſucceeds.
A conventicle fleſh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour ſhares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus ‡ next diſcover'd his intent,
With painful pauſes muttering what he meant.
His ſparks of life, in ſpite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chill veins the ſluggiſh puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his ſable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him preſs;
His province is, loſt reaſon to redreſs.
So when perfumes their fragrant ſcent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, reſtore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books beſieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their ſurpriſe,
And, deaf to reaſon, ſtill conſult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak ſtate by wiſe diſtruſt inclines
To numerous ſtores, and ſtrength in magazines.
So fools are always moſt profuſe of words,
And cowards never fail of longeſt ſwords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to duſt and worms retreat.
Here dregs and ſediment of auctions reign,
Refuſe of fairs, and gleanings of Duck lane.
And up theſe walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiſs philoſophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endleſs reams of Blome.
Where would the long neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhould refuſe to buy?
But each vile ſcribbler's happy on this ſcore:
He'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er,
Nor muſt we the obſequious Umbra § ſpare,
Who ſoft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when ſome rival power invades a right,
Flies ſet on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Elſe courteous Umbra to the laſt had been
Demurely meek, inſipidly ſerene.
With him, the preſent ſtill ſome virtues have;
The vain are ſprightly; and the ſtupid, grave;
The ſlothful, negligent; the foppiſh, neat;
The lewd, are airy, and the ſly diſcreet;
A wren, an eagle; a baboon, a beau;
Colt ‖, a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, Rowe ¶.
Heroic ardour now th' aſſembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the ſcheme is laid,
Fam'd with Horoſcope thus offers to diſſuade:
Since of each enterpriſe th' event's unknown,
We'll quit the ſword, and hearken to the gown.

* Dr. Gibbons. † Mr. Parrot.
‡ Dr. Tyſon. § Dr. Gould.
‖ Sir H. Dutton Colt. ¶ Mr. Anthony Rowe.

Nigh lives Vagellius *, one reputed long
For ſtrength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cauſe,
The worſt has merits, and the beſt has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
And ten to-morrow wipe the ſtain away.
Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide;
Cato pernicious, Catiline a ſaint,
Orford ſuſpected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius and our money ſhall ſucceed.
Know, when I firſt invok'd diſeaſe by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the ſacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot aſcend.
As Horoſcope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard †;
In vain your magic myſteries you uſe
Such ſounds the Sibyl's ſacred ears abuſe.
Theſe lines the pale divinity ſhall raiſe,
Such is the power of ſound, and force of lays.
" § Arms meet with arms, fauchions with fau-
" chions claſh,
" And ſparks of fire ſtruck out from armour flaſh.
" Thick clouds of duſt contending warriors raiſe,
" ‖ And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
" Some raging ram with huge Herculean clubs,
" Some maſſy balls of braſs, ſome mighty tubs
" Of cinders bore —
" ¶ Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
" Affright the ſkies, and fry the ocean's back."
As he went rumbling on, the fury ſtraight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could ſcarce ſupport her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips theſe accents found:
Mortal, how dar'ſt thou with ſuch lines addreſs
My awful ſeat, and trouble my receſs?
In Eſſex marſhy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And ſhivering quartans ſhake the ſickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, ſome ſilent hours I paſs,
And ſubſtitute phyſicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearſe
The diſſonance of ſuch untuneful verſe;
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe, and ſink in ſound.
Harſh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the fancy, who offend the ear.
In ſenſe and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, conſider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy ſhine!
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorſet's ſprightly Muſe but touch the lyre,
The ſmiles and graces melt in ſoft deſire,
And little loves confeſs their amorous fire. (a)

After (a) theſe lines are omitted:
The Tiber now no gentle Gallus ſees,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

The gentle Iſis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addiſon.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural ſtrains,
Pan quits the woods, the liſtening fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, ſince Pauſanias * was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior ſings;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention ſhew,
And ſilver Sequana forgets to flow.
Such juſt examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling; without ſtraining, ſoar.
Oft' though your ſtrokes ſurpriſe, you ſhould not chooſe
A theme ſo mighty for a virgin Muſe.
Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
His Alexander was his laſt deſign.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone muſt prove,
None but a Phidias ſhould attempt a Jove.
The fury paus'd, till with a frightful ſound (b)
A riſing whirlwind burſt th' unhallow'd ground.
Then ſhe—The deity we fortune call,
Though diſtant, rules and influences all.
Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embaſſies aſk wings of air. [ſou
Each wondering ſtood; but Horoſcope's grea
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with bluſhes warms the air,
The ſteer reſigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refreſh the earth below.
The bat with ſooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds ſcarce ruſtle, nor the aſpines move.
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Through the tranſparent region of the ſkies,
Swift as a wiſh, the miſſionary flies:
With wonder he ſurveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors ſporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light;
How riſing ſteams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or ſoft in ſhowers deſcend;
Or, if the ſtubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luſcious ſweats adorn;
How heat and moiſture mingle in a maſs,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruſcations ſtrike the eye,
And bold tornados bluſter in the ſky;

VARIATIONS.

(b) The fury ſaid; and vaniſhing from ſight,
Cry'd out, To arms; ſo left the realms of light.
The combatants to th' enterpriſe conſent,
And the next day ſmil'd on the great event.

* Sir Barth. Shower.
§ King Arthur, p. 207.
¶ Prince Arthur, p. 130.
† Sir Richard Blackmore.
‖ King Arthur, p. 347.

Pauſanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living ſhower deſcends;
How vapours hanging on the towering hills
In breezes ſigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river gods their thirſty urns ſupply.
The wondering ſage purſues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholeſome damps of night:
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To ſettle ſeaſons here, and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus ſtill forbid the ſeas,
The ſtormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The ſhining lyre with ſtrains attracting more
Heaven's glittering manſions now than hell's before;
Glad Caſſiopeia circling in the ſky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
Aurora, on Eteſian breezes borne,
With bluſhing lips breathes out the ſprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their ſhort-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion ſleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he diſcerns majeſtic Atlas riſe,
And bend beneath the burden of the ſkies;
His towering brows aloft no tempeſts know,
Whilſt lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Diſtant from hence beyond a waſte of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy noſtrils glow,
As from his ſides he ſhakes the fleecy ſnow.
Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
His ſubject iſlands raiſe their verdant heads;
The waves ſo gently waſh each riſing hill,
The land ſeems floating, and the ocean ſtill.
Eternal ſpring with ſmiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From cryſtal rocks tranſparent rivulets flow;
The tuberoſe ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undreſs'd her ſwelling cluſters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Bloſſoms and fruit at once the citron ſhews,
And, as ſhe pays, diſcovers ſtill ſhe owes.
The orange to her ſun her pride diſplays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blaſt e'er diſcompoſe the peaceful ſky,
The ſprings but murmur, and the winds but ſigh.
The tuneful ſwans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And ſcatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilſt birds from woodbine bowers and jaſmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild ſeaſons, riſing hills, and ſilent dales,
Cool grottos, ſilver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy ſhrubs, in pomp appear,
And ſcent with gales of ſweets the circling year.
Theſe happy iſles, where endleſs pleaſures wait,
Are ſtyl'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarſe winds nor clouds reſort,
The hoodwink'd goddeſs keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of amethyſt ſhe ſits,
Gives and reſumes, and ſmiles and frowns by fits.
In this ſtill labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and ſchemes of palmiſtry:
A ſigil in this hand the gipſy bears,
In th' other a prophetic ſieve and ſheers.
The dame, by divination, knew that ſoon
The Magus would appear—and then begun:
Hail ſacred ſeer! thy embaſſy I know:
Wars muſt enſue, the fates will have it ſo.
Dread feats ſhall follow, and diſaſters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both ſides ſhall conquer, and yet both ſhall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, ſo mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wiſh, the rook's pretence,
The ſluggard's eaſe, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a ſupple ſmiling ſlave,
Looks lofty now, and inſolently grave;
Builds, ſettles, purchaſes, and has each hour
Caps from the rich and curſes from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table ſerv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tockay himſelf, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, miſtreſſes in ſtore,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.
Souls heavenly borne my faithleſs boons defy;
The brave is to himſelf a deity.
Though bleſt Aſtræa's gone, ſome ſoil remains
Where fortune is the ſlave, and merit reigns.
The Tiber boaſts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Naſſau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future ſway deſign'd,
Shall, for a Heſſe, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She loſt a hero, and ſhe found a god.

CANTO V.

When the ſtill night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had ſpread her ſhady pinions o'er the ground;
And ſlumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and ſtreams are the ſoft virgin's theme;

The ſurges gently daſh againſt the ſhore,
Flocks quit the plains, and gally-ſlaves the oar;
Sleep ſhakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no reſpite from his anxious grief;
Then ſeeks from this ſoliloquy relief.
Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppreſs'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
None e'er could die with due ſolemnity,
Unleſs his paſſport firſt was ſign'd by me.
My arbitary bounty's undeny'd;
I give reverſions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial ſtate ſupport,
But I, to make it eaſy, make it ſhort.
I ſet the diſcontented matrons free,
And ranſom huſbands from captivity.
Shall one of ſuch importance then engage
In noiſy riot and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour ſtraight a peace, and ſo
Preſerve my character, and perſon too.
But diſcord, that ſtill haunts with hideous mien
Thoſe dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguiſh; then begun
In peeviſh accents to expreſs her own:
Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy peace
From her dark ſolitude, and lov'd receſs?
Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obſcurity?
And does the faithful Ferguſon profeſs
His ardour ſtill for animoſities?
Have I, Britannia's ſafety to enſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be moſt ſecure?
Have I made parties oppoſite, unite,
In monſtrous leagues of amicable ſpite,
To curſe their country, whilſt the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim, the miniſtry?
And ſhall a daſtard's cowardice prevent
The war, ſo long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis reſolv'd, he either ſhall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.
With that, the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And, taking Querpo's meagre ſhape, ſhe ſaid:
At noon of night I haſten, to diſpel
Thoſe tumults in your penſive boſom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving ſighs,
Nay, ſaw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late diſorder flows,
That ſhakes your ſoul, and troubles your repoſe.
Miſtakes in practice ſcarce could give you pain;
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks diſcover, ſaid the homicide,
Would be a fruitleſs induſtry to hide.
My ſafety firſt I muſt conſult, and then
I'll ſerve our ſuffering party with my pen.
All ſhould, reply'd the hag, their talent learn;
The moſt attempting oft' the leaſt diſcern.
Let Peterborough ſpeak, and Vanburgh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such muſt ſucceed; but, when th'-enervate aim
Beyond their force, they ſtill contend for ſhame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Suffold of the town.
Aſſes and owls, unſeen, their kind betray,
If theſe attempt to hoot, or thoſe to bray.
Had Weſley never aim'd in verſe to pleaſe,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still cenſures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Codrus ſhould expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd,
To ſet off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a luſtre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.
Conſider well the talent you poſſeſs;
To ſtrive to make it more, would make it leſs:
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To thoſe whoſe party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your ſtars your magazine of ſenſe.
Haſpt in a tombril, aukward have you ſhin'd,
With one fat ſlave before, and none behind.
Then haſte and join your true intrepid friends, (a)
Succeſs on vigour and diſpatch depends.
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo ſtood; then ſaid
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain diſſuade;
What fool for noiſy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harveſts more would all I wiſh for give.
True man! reply'd the elf; by choice diſeas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A preſent good they ſlight, an abſent chooſe;
And what they have, for what they have not loſe.
Falſe proſpects all their true delights deſtroy,
Reſolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In reſtleſs hurries thoughtleſsly they live,
At ſubſtance oft' unmov'd, for ſhadows grieve.
Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the fame.
This Philip's ſon prov'd in revolving years;
And firſt for rattles, then for worlds ſhed tears. (a)
The fury ſpoke; then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breaſt with tempeſts, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo ſpent the night,
And frightful phantoms dant'd before his ſight,
Till the pale pleiads cloſ'd their eyes of light.
At length gray morn glows in the eaſtern ſkies,
The larks in raptures through the æther riſe,
The azure miſts ſcud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn deſcries,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their poſt;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the moſt.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.

VARIATIONS.

From (a)—(a) originally thus:
But ſoon what they've exalted they'll diſcard,
And ſet up Carus, or the city bard.
Alarm'd at this the hero courage took,
And ſtorms of terror threaten'd in his look.
My dread reſolves, he cry'd, I'll ſtraight purſue;
The fury, ſatisfy'd, in ſmiles withdrew.

Of temper'd ſtibium the bright ſhield was caſt,
And yet the work the metal far ſurpaſs'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves, [ceives
Graved round the brim, the wondering ſight de-
Around the centre fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, ſaws, inciſion-knives, and tools to ſlay.
Emboſt upon the field, a battle ſtood
Of leeches ſpouting hæmorrhoidal blood.
The artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn ſtate
Of grave phyſicians at a conſult met;
About each ſymptom how they diſagree,
But now unanimous in caſe of fee.
Whilſt each aſſaſſin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the ſick expires.
Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his ſhield a moon.
A peſtle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a cloſe-ſtool pan.
His creſt an Ibis, brandiſhing her beak,
And winding in looſe folds her ſpiral neck.
This when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurſe's breaſt the boy conceal'd;
Then, peept, and with the effulgent helm would play,
And as the monſter gap'd, would ſhrink away.
Thus ſometimes joy prevail'd, and ſometimes fear;
And tears and ſmiles alternate paſſions were.
As Querpo towering ſtood in martial might,
Pacific Carus ſparkled on the right.
An oran outang o'er his ſhoulders hung,
His plume confeſs'd the capon whence it ſprung.
His motley mail ſcarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tributes of the war:
Fam'd chiefs,
For preſent triumphs born, deſign'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be reſolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out deſtiny, and fate command.
Our foes in throngs ſhall hide the crimſon plain,
And their Apollo interpoſe in vain.
Though gods themſelves engage, a Diomed
With eaſe could ſhow a deity can bleed.
But war's rough trade ſhould be by fools profeſt,
The trueſt rubbiſh fills a trench the beſt.
Let quinſies throttle, and the quartan ſhake,
Or dropſies drown, and gout and cholics rack;
Let ſword and peſtilence lay waſte, while we
Wage bloodleſs wars, and fight in theory,
Who wants not merit, needs not arm or fame;
The dead I raiſe, my chivalry proclaim;
Diſeaſes baffled, and loſt health reſtor'd,
In fame's bright liſt my victories record.
More lives from me their preſervation own,
Than lovers loſe if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cures, ſhrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wiſely your miſcarriages conceal.
Zeno, a prieſt, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reaſon'd with Philopidas the bold:
Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the ſtate of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
That argues want of power and this of care.
Allow that wiſdom infinite muſt know;
Power infinite muſt act. "I grant it ſo."
Haſte ſtraight to Neptune's fane; ſurvey with zeal
The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.
Obſerve thoſe numerous throngs, in effigy,
The gods have ſav'd from the devouring ſea.
"'Tis true, their pictures that eſcap'd you keep,
"But where are theirs that periſh'd in the "deep?"
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your ſkill.
But, though unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
Our ſcouts have learn'd the poſture of the foe;
In war ſurpriſes ſureſt conduct ſhow.
But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendiſh, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's ſtrains;
But how at church and bar all gape and ſtretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.
Confuſion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor* firſt was heard:
His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent, (b)
Addreſſing thus the paſſive preſident:
Machaon†, whoſe experience we adore,
Great as your matchleſs merit, is your power:
At your approach, the baffled tyrant death
Breaks his keen ſhafts, and grinds his claſhing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vaſſals muſt obey.
If this dread enterpriſe you would decline,
We'll ſend to treat, and ſtifle the deſign.
But, if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die;
Our ſpite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern caſuiſts their talents try,
Uprightly for the ſake of truth to lie.
He had not finiſh'd, till th' out-guards deſcry'd (c)
Bright columns move in formidable pride;

VARIATIONS.

(b) True to extremes, yet to dull forms a ſlave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd a while, and thus addreſs'd the chair.

(c) What Stentor offer'd was by moſt approv'd;
But ſeveral voices ſeveral methods mov'd.
At length th' adventurous heroes all agree
T'expect the foe, and act defenſively.
Into the ſhop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the reſt approve.
Down from the walls they tear the ſhelves in haſte,
Which on their flank for paliſades are plac'd;

* Dr. Goodall.

† Sir Thomas Millington.

The paſſing pomp ſo dazzled from afar,
It ſeem'd a triumph, rather than a war.
Though wide the front, though groſs the phalanx grew,
It look'd leſs dreadful, as it nearer grew.
The adverſe hoſt for action ſtraight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their truſty ſquire reſigns the ſhield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would aſk the muſe that ſung the frogs in arms.
And now the ſignal ſummons to the fray;
Mock falchions flaſh, and paltry enſigns play.
Their patron god his ſilver bow-ſtrings twangs;
Tough harneſs ruſtles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing cauſtics ply their ſpiteful power;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics ſcour;
The deadly drugs in double doſes fly;
And peſtles peal a martial ſymphony.
Now from their level'd ſyringes they pour
The liquid volley of a miſſive ſhower.
Not ſtorms of ſleet, which o'er the Baltic drive
Puſh'd on by northern guſts, ſuch horror give.
Like ſpouts in ſouthern ſeas the deluge broke,
And numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous ſtroke.
So when Leviathans diſpute the reign
And uncontrol'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And iſles of ſea-weed on the waves are borne,
Such watery ſtores from their ſpread noſtrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is ſea, and which is ſky.
And now the ſtaggering braves, led by deſpair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare,
Each ſeizes for his ſhield a ſpacious ſcale,
And the braſs weights fly thick as ſhowers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilſt empty jars the dire defeat reſound.
Thus when ſome ſtorm its cryſtal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling ſhowers of ice deſcends;
Mount Athos ſhakes the foreſts on his brow,
Whilſt down his wounded ſides freſh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erſpread the vale below.
But now, all order loſt, promiſcuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's* arm a maſſy opiate flies,
And ſtraight a deadly ſleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon† great Sertorius Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like thoſe of death, was ſtung;

But with a dauntleſs and diſdainful mein
Hurl'd back ſteel pills, and hit him on the ſpleen.
Chiron* attack'd Talthibius with ſuch might,
One paſs had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who ſtraight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Pſylas‖ ſaw, and to the victor ſaid,
Thou ſhalt not long ſurvive th' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate ſhall follow; to confirm it, ſwore,
By the image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an eagle-ſtone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a ſilver cloud:
Great queen of night, and empreſs of the ſeas,
If faithful to thy midnight myſteries,
If, ſtill obſervant of my early vows,
Theſe hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throes,
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
He ſaid, and let the ponderous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Though the haranguing god ſurvey'd the war,
That day the muſes' ſons were not his care;
Two friends, adepts, the Triſmegiſts by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame;
As ſimpling near fair Tweed each ſung by turn,
The liſtening river would neglect his urn.
Thoſe lives they fail'd to reſcue by their ſkill,
Their muſe could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd inquiries after nature's ſtate
Diſſolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from its birth had ſlept unſeen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a ſimile expir'd.
And now the cohorts ſhake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confeſs the victory.
Stentor, undaunted ſtill, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onſet, the diſpute was great,
Both could not vanquiſh, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adverſary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and ſtav'd urinals.
On Stentor's creſt the uſual cryſtal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks;
But whilſt the champion, as late rumours tell,
Deſign'd a ſure deciſive ſtroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering o'er him ſtood,
With arms extended, thus the ſuppliant ſued:
When honour's loſt, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a ſure retreat from infamy.
But to the loſt if pity might be ſhown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy ſon;
Then pity mine, for ſuch an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compaſſion he'd create,
Or elſe lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Diſpenſary I reſign.

And then behind the compter rang'd they ſtand
Their front ſo well ſecur'd, t'obey command.
And now the ſcouts the adverſe hoſts deſcry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unreſiſted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

* Dr. Goodall againſt Dr. Tyſon.
† Dr. Birch.
* Dr. Gill againſt Dr. Ridley.
‖ Dr. Chamberlain.

At this the victors own ſuch extaſies,
As Memphian prieſts if their Oſiris ſneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or ſimpering prudes with ſprightly Nantz inſpir'd;
Or ſultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or faſting zealots when the ſermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly ſtroke declin'd,
And found compaſſion pleading in his mind.
But whilſt he view'd with pity the diſtreſs'd,
He ſpy'd Signetur† writ upon his breaſt. [head,
Then tow'rds the ſkies he toſs'd his threatening
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, ſaid:
Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge deſiſt, (*d*)
His Holineſs ſhall turn a Quieteſt;

VARIATIONS.

(*d*) Faith ſtand unmov'd through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for myſtery abandon ſenſe.

† Thoſe members of the college that obſerve a late ſtatute, are called by the apothecaries "*ſignetur* men."

Janſenius and the Jeſuits agree,
The inquiſition wink at hereſy,
Warm convocations own the church ſecure,
And more conſult her doctrine than her power.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the ſtill ſupplicating ſage.
But while his thoughts that fatal ſtroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The chief great Pæan's golden treſſes knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple-ſtairs we've ſeen
Two tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly diſpute ſome quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face beſmear'd in blood;
But, at the firſt appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The Hero ſo his enterprize recalls,
His fiſt unclinches, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the ſhrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auſpicious health appear'd on zephyr's wings;
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright,
More ſoft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm ſhe takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carliſle's ſhape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams diſpenſe,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams beſtow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal muſic falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddeſs calls:
Enough, th' atchievement of your arms you've ſhown,
You ſeek a triumph you ſhould bluſh to own.
Haſte to th' Elyſian fields, thoſe bleſt abodes,
Where Harvey ſits among the demi-gods.
Conſult that ſacred ſage, he'll ſoon diſcloſe
The method that muſt mollify theſe woes.
Let Celſus* for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the ſhades ſhall be my care.
Aghaſt the heroes ſtood diſſolv'd in fear,
A form ſo heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celſus, alone unmov'd, the ſight beheld,
The reſt in pale confuſion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marſhal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war againſt th' invading cranes;
The puppets to their bodkin ſpears repair,
And ſcatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his ſounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian ſquadron ſeeks the clouds.
And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddeſs with her ſacred wand
The pavement ſtrike; and ſtraight at her command
The willing ſurface opens, and deſcries
A deep deſcent that leads to nether ſkies.
Hygeia to the ſilent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge deſcends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inſpir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pancies trick themſelves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the baſhful roſe
Their virgin bluſhes to the morn diſcloſe;
Hence the chaſte lily riſes to the light,
Unveils her ſnowy breaſts, and charms the ſight;

* Dr. Bateman.

Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their ſhade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Naſſau.
The inſects here their lingering trance ſurvive:
Benumb'd they ſeem'd, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And ſtay for milder ſkies and ſofter air.
Down to theſe cells obſcener reptiles creep,
Where hateful nutes and painted lizards ſleep;
Where ſhivering ſnakes the ſummer ſolſtice wait:
Unfurl their painted folds, and ſlide in ſtate.
Here their new form the numb'd erucæ hide
Their numerous feet in ſlender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to riſe,
This upſtart race their native clod deſpiſe,
And proud of painted wings attempt the ſkies.
Now thoſe profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vaſt cakes of ore.
Here, ſullen to the ſight, at large is ſpread
The dull unwieldy maſs of lumpiſh lead.
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are ſeen
The light aſpiring ſeeds of ſprightly tin.
The copper ſparkles next in ruddy ſtreaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The ſilver then, with bright and burniſh'd grace,
Youth and a blooming luſtre in its face,
To th' arms of thoſe more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So cloſe they cling, ſo ſtubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chemiſt's fire.
Near theſe the delegate with wonder ſpies
Where floods of living ſilver ſerpentiſe;
Where richeſt metals their bright looks put on,
And golden ſtreams through amber channels run:
Where light's gay god deſcends, to ripen gems,
And lend a luſtre brighter than his beams.
Here he obſerves the ſubterranean cells,
Where wanton nature ſports in idle ſhells.
Some helicoeids, ſome conical appear:
Theſe, mitres emulate, thoſe turbans are.
Here marcaſites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic ſtate:
Till drops that from impending rocks deſcend
Their ſubſtance petrify, and progreſs end.
Nigh, livid ſeas of kindled ſulphur flow,
And whilſt enrag'd, their fiery ſurges glow,
Convulſions in the labouring mountains riſe,
And hurl their melted vitals to the ſkies.
He views with horror next the noiſy cave,
Where with hoarſe dins impriſon'd tempeſts rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celſus fear'd.
Andromeda ſo, whilſt her hero fought,
Shock for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddeſs with her charge deſcends,
Whilſt ſcarce one chearful glimpſe their ſteps befriends.
Here his forſaken ſeat old Chaos keeps;
And, undiſturb'd by form, in ſilence ſleeps;
A grifly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An awkward lump of ſhapeleſs anarchy.
With ſordid age his features are deface'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waſte.
To theſe dark realms much learned lumber creeps
There copious Morton ſafe in ſilence ſleeps;
Where muſhroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, ſoon as born, like other monſters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in theſe abodes,
Dull night, his melancholy conſort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waſte in barren joy.
Nigh this receſs, with terror they ſurvey
Where death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway.
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
Reſtleſs anxiety, forlorn deſpair,
And all the faded family of care;
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and diſtreſs,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws thoſe furies wait,
Which execute the harſh decrees of fate.
Febris is firſt: the hag relentleſs hears
The virgin's ſighs, and ſees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And reſtleſs ferments revel in each veign.
Then hydrops next appears amongſt the throng;
Bloated, and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along.
But, like a miſer, in exceſs ſhe's poor,
And pines for thirſt amidſt her watery ſtore.
Now loathſome lepra, that offenſive ſpright,
With foul eruptions ſtain'd, offends the ſight;
Still deaf to beauty's ſoft perſuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom ſecure.
Whilſt meagre Phthiſis gives a ſilent blow,
Her ſtrokes are ſure, but her advances ſlow:
No loud alarms, nor fierce aſſaults, are ſhown;
She ſtarves the fortreſs firſt, then takes the town.
Behind ſtood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vaſſals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celſus, with his glorious guide, invades
The ſilent region of the fleeting ſhades;
Where rocks and rueful deſerts are deſcry'd,
And ſullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then ſhows the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his paſſage to the further ſhore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, ſmiling, ſaid,
You need no paſſport to demand our aid.
Phyſicians never linger on this ſtrand:
Old Charon's preſent ſtill at your command.
Our awful monarch and his conſort owe
To them the peopling of the realms below.
Then in his ſwarthy hand he graſp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his gueſts aboard, and ſhov'd from ſhore.
Now, as the goddeſs and her charge prepare
To breathe the ſweets of ſoft Elyſian air,
Upon the left they ſpy a penſive ſhade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head;

Pale grief ſat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celſus ſpoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted ſhade, why ſighs
Burſt from your breaſt, and torrents from your eyes:
And who thoſe mangled manes are, which ſhow
A ſullen ſatisfaction at your woe?
Since, ſaid the ghoſt, with pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm Guaïcum †, once your firmeſt friend;
And on this barren beach in diſcontent
Am doom'd to ſtay, till th' angry powers relent.
Thoſe ſpectres, ſcam'd with ſcars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endleſs clamours my repoſe:
This wants his palate; that demands his noſe:
And here they execute ſtern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.
Then Celſus thus: O much-lamented ſtate!
How rigid is the ſentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah! how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Inſipid as your late ptiſans you lie,
That once were frightlier far than Mercury.
At the ſad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable ſouls aſleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But ſtill the offspring of your brain ſhall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works ſhall riſe
In rockets, till they reach the wondering ſkies.
If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful ſeats I'll ſend.
But, ſince no human arts the fates diſſuade,
Direct me how to find bleſs'd Harvey's ſhade.
In vain th' unhappy ghoſt ſtill urg'd his ſtay;
Then, riſing from the ground, he ſhew'd the way.
Nigh the dull ſhore a ſhapeleſs mountain ſtood,
That with a dreadful frown ſurvey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No friſking goats bound o'er the ridgy ſtone.
To gain the ſummit the bright goddeſs try'd;
And Celſus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' aſcent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high,
And taſte th' indulgence of a milder ſky.
Looſe breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant bloſſoms their chaſte odours pay,
And roſes bluſh their fragrant lives away.
Cool ſtreams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And, as they paſs, their painted banks they chide
Theſe bliſsful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and ſhrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride ſhe decks her head,
Robb'd in rich dye ſhe triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus riſes from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal ſhell,
And every grace unſung, the waves conceal.

† Dr. Morton.

The delegate obſerves, with wondering eyes,
Ambroſial dews deſcend, and incenſe riſe;
Then haſtens onward to the penſive grove,
The ſilent manſion of diſaſtrous love.
Here jealouſy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken ſlumbers, and fantaſtic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs ſings.
No winds but ſighs there are, no floods but tears:
Each conſcious tree a tragic ſignal bears.
Their wounded bark records ſome broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.
Olivia here in ſolitude he found,
Her downcaſt eyes fix'd on the ſilent ground:
Her dreſs neglected, and unbound her hair,
She ſeem'd the dying image of deſpair.
How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box, and ſparkle in the ring;
Till the green ſickneſs and love's force betray'd
To death's remorſeleſs arms th' unhappy maid!
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover ſtood,
The light forſook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;
An icy horror ſhiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he ſpoke:
Tell me, dear ſhade, from whence ſuch anxious care,
Your looks diſorder'd, and your boſom bare?
Why thus you languiſh like a drooping flower,
Cruſh'd by the weight of ſome relentleſs ſhower?
Your languid looks your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, inſtead of traſh, you'd taken ſteel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conſcious maid
Thus to her late inſulting lover ſaid:
When ladies liſten not to looſe deſire,
You ſtile our modeſty our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You ſtill find reaſons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peeviſh things we ſay.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unaſk'd ſhe grants, uninjur'd ſhe'll forſake:
But ſeveral Cælia's, ſeveral ages boaſt,
That like, where reaſon recommends the moſt.
Where heavenly truth and tenderneſs conſpire,
Chaſte paſſion may perſuade us to deſire.
Your ſex, he cry'd, as cuſtom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties ſuch haughty ſlaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulſes are but weak, where reaſon's ſtrong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that ſtartle at the name.
The lonely phœnix, though profeſs'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the ſun;
Thoſe tales of ſpicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her ſcorch'd deſires.
Then, as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd ſpectre flies,
And, as ſhe mov'd, ſhe chid him with her eyes.
They haſten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bleſs'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers ſimples, to beſtow
Immortal youth on heroes' ſhades below.

Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable ſage her preſence knew:
Thus he—
Hail, blooming goddeſs! thou propitious power,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals more than life implore!
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where thoſe appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Finds eaſe in chains, or anguiſh in a crown.
With juſt reſentments and contempt you ſee
The foul diſſenſions of the faculty;
How your ſad ſickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a ſcience, is become a trade.
Her ſons ne'er riffle her myſterious ſtore,
But ſtudy nature leſs, and lucre more.
Not ſo when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple, where devoted incenſe blaz'd.
Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire:
As the learn'd ſon is worſhipp'd like the fire;
The ſage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the ſame.
I ſhow'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the reſluent tide.
Then, Willis, why ſpontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the ſpirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cauſe.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Cliffort, lie
In the abyſs of blind obſcurity.
But now ſuch wondrous ſearches are foreborn,
And Pæan's art is by diviſions torn.
Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
How her loſt health your ſcience may regain.
Haſte, and the matchleſs Atticus addreſs,
From Heaven and great Naſſau he has the mace.
Th' oppreſs'd to his aſylum ſtill repair;
Arts he ſupports, and learning is his care,
He ſoftens the harſh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciouſly he caſts a pitying eye
On the ſad ſtate of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he ſpeaks, Heaven! how the liſtening throng
Dwells on the melting muſic of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though ſerene;
And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning ſtrikes you; there ſoft breezes ſigh.
To him you muſt your ſickly ſtate refer,
Your charter claims him as your viſiter.
Your wounds he'll cloſe, and ſovereignly reſtore
Your ſcience to the height it had before.
Then Naſſau's health ſhall be our glorious aim,
His life ſhall be as laſting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from deveſtations ſpring;
He condeſcends in pity to be king;
And, when amidſt his olives plac'd he ſtands,
And governs more by candour than commands;
Ev'n then not leſs a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears.
Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inſpire
Their ſacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in ſong that godlike power,
Which did the labouring univerſe reſtore:
Fair Albions cliffs would echo to the ſtrain,
And praiſe the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repoſe, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his bleſſings endleſs as they're great:
Whilſt malice and ingratitude confeſs
They've ſtrove for ruin long without ſucceſs.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile ſhall riſe
To bear the victor to the boundleſs ſkies,
A while the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a ſtar.
Near thee, Alcides, ſhall the hero ſhine;
His rays reſembling, as his labours, thine.
Had ſome fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preſerv'd the Latian liberties,
Aſpiring columns ſoon had reach'd the ſkies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had ſhook,
And all the ſtatues of the gods had ſpoke.
No more the ſage his raptures could purſue:
He paus'd; and Celſus with his guide withdrew.

POEMS.

CLAREMONT:

Addreſſed to the Right Honourable

THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

" —Dryadum ſylvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur
" Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa."
VIRGIL.

PREFACE.

THEY that have ſeen thoſe two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windſor-Foreſt; the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will ſhew a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The ſituation is ſo agreeable and ſurpriſing, that it inclines one to think ſome place of this nature put Ovid at firſt upon the ſtory of Narciſſus and Echo. It is probable he had obſerved ſome ſpring ariſing amongſt woods and rocks, where echoes were heard; and ſome flower bending over the ſtream, and by conſequence reflected from it. After reading the ſtory in the third book of the Metamorphoſis, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid hand diſpoſſeſſed her,

" —vox tantùm atque oſſa ſuperſunt,"

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare ſay the gentleman who is meant, would have been well pleaſed to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can ſay the ſame of: experience ſhews us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother ſhould ſucceed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconſiderable; upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their prieſts, may conſult Pliny, Ovid, and the other claſſic authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

WHAT frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our ſoil, or bards riſe in ſuch ſtore,
Their rich retaining patrons ſcarce are more.
The laſt indulge the fault the firſt commit;
And take of ſtill the offal of their wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnaſſus, and lay ſnares for praiſe.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a penſion or a place to give.
Great miniſters ne'er fail of great deſerts;
The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
Senſe is of courſe annex'd to wealth and power;
No muſe is proof againſt a golden ſhower.
Let but his lordſhip write ſome poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own:
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields, [fields.
Falſe fame cries—Athens; honeſt truth—Moor-
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full ſail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal pens ſo proſtitute the bays,
Their panegyric laſh; their ſatires praiſe,
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a ſaint.
Metius with thoſe fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs muſe muſt laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.
To form great works, puts fate itſelf to pain;
Ev'n nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens riſe but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipſe produc'd Alcmena's ſon.
The fire of gods o'er Phœbus caſt a ſhade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.

No bard of bribes ſhould proſtitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he ſhould arraign.
To grant big Thraſo valour, Phormio ſenſe,
Should indignation give, at leaſt offence.
I hate ſuch mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to reſcue poetry.
Apollo's ſons ſhould ſcorn the ſervile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulſome part.
What then—You'll ſay, Muſt no true ſterling paſs,
Becauſe impure allays ſome coin debaſe?
Yes, praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, ſcribble too.
The man who's honeſt, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Though earneſt, eaſy; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great good-nature errs;
Deteſting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he, my muſe's homage ſhould receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately thine.
When Pelham you reſign'd what could repair
A loſs ſo great, unleſs Newcaſtle's heir?
Hydaſpes, that the Aſian plains divides,
From his bright urn in pureſt cryſtal glides;
But, when new-gathering ſtreams enlarge his courſe,
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, beſtows.
Direct me, Clare, to name ſome nobler muſe,
That for her theme thy late receſs may chooſe;
Such bright deſcriptions ſhall the ſubject dreſs;
Such vary'd ſcenes, ſuch pleaſing images,
That ſwains ſhall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a ſeat like your's.
But ſay, who ſhall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dreſs from Vanburgh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aſpire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verſe thoſe riſing hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their ſilver rills;
Cloſe groves, and opening glades with verdure ſpread,
Flowers ſighing ſweets, and ſhrubs that balſam bleed;
With gay variety the proſpect crown'd,
And all the bright horizon ſmiling round.
Whilſt I attempt to tell how ancient fame
Records from whence the villa took its name.
In times of old, when Britiſh nymphs were known
To love no foreign faſhions like their own;
When dreſs was monſtrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad;
Of Spaniſh red unheard was then the name
(For cheeks were only taught to bluſh for ſhame);
No beauty, to increaſe her crowd of ſlaves,
Roſe out of waſh, as Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paſte;
No ſhape-ſmith ſet up ſhop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wiſe Providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty ſilkworms ſpun for times to come;
Bare limbs were then the marks of modeſty;
All like Diana were below the knee.
The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in ſhow, unfaſhion'd in addreſs;
Upright in actions, and in thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travel'd to return politely mad;
But ſtill what fancy wanted, reaſon had.
Whatever Nature aſk'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feaſts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd phyſicians' fees,
Nor ſerv'd up death in ſoups and fricaſees:
Their taſte was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.
Ere right and wrong, by turns, ſet prices bore;
And conſcience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd aſſuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty miniſters;
In thoſe good days of innocence, here ſtood
Of oaks, with heads unſhorn, a ſolemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to beſtow
Religious honours on the Miſſeltoe.
The naturaliſts are puzzled to explain
How trees did firſt this ſtranger entertain;
Whether the buſy birds ingraft it there;
Or elſe ſome deity's myſterious care,
As Druids thought; for, when the blaſted oak
By lightning falls, this plant eſcapes the ſtroke.
So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waſte,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So ſacred was the manſion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids choſe;
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars roſe.
To Hermes oft they paid their ſacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wiſe.
Good rules in mild perſuaſions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures ſaid.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they ſtudied, and profeſt
No politics but public intereſt.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitred prieſt did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his maſter claim ſupremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſeveral centuries obſcure.
None loſt their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none underſtood.
Nor ſimony, nor ſinecure, were known;
Nor would the bee work honey for the drone.
Nor was the way invented, to diſmiſs
Fair Abigails with fat pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land;

Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the ſeaſons travel'd with the ſun;
When his dim orb ſeem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-ſhot eye:
All their remarks on nature's laws require
More lines than would even Alpin's readers tire.
This ſect in ſacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian ſage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from theſe tenements to thoſe
For when the plaſtic particles are gone,
They rally in ſome ſpecies like their own;
The ſelf-ſame atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In ſeas be reſtleſs, and in earth be ſtill;
Can, in the truffle, furniſh out a feaſt,
And nauſeate, in the ſcaly ſquill, the taſte.
Thoſe falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other ſtems appear.
The ſap, that now forſakes the burſting bud,
In ſome new ſhoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jaſmine blows,
Will, when the ſeaſon offers, ſcent the roſe;
And thoſe bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a ſnow.
They hold that matter muſt be ſtill the ſame,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the ſoul not dies, but ſhifts her ſeat,
New rounds of life to run, or paſt repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous ceaſe to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again ſhall Romulus in Naſſau reign;
Great Namu, in a Brunſwick prince, ordain
Good laws; and Halcyon years ſhall huſh the world again.
The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods deſcending in a morning dream.
Paſs'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the ſhady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they ſpoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The ſtory of thy villa is their ſong.
The fair Montana, of the ſylvan race,
Was with each beauty bleſs'd, and every grace.
His ſire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a ſwift Naiad of the flood.
Her ſilver urn ſupply'd the neighbouring ſtreams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
Not lovelier ſeem'd Narciſſus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boaſt more fragrancy:
His ſkin might with the down of ſwans compare,
More ſmooth than pearl; than mountain-ſnow more fair:
In ſhape ſo poplars or the cedars pleaſe;
But thoſe are not ſo ſtraight, nor graceful theſe;
His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, perſuaſive was his tongue;
The haughtieſt fair ſcarce heard without a wound,
But ſunk to ſoftneſs at the melting ſound.
The fourth bright luſtre had but juſt begun
To ſhade his bluſhing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and ſpread the toils,
And knew no pleaſures but in ſylvan ſpoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleaſing grace;
Too cheap the quarry ſeem'd, too ſhort the chace;
For, though poſſeſſion be th' undoubted view,
To ſeize is far leſs pleaſure than purſue.
Thoſe nymphs, that yield too ſoon, their charms impair,
And prove at laſt but deſpicably fair.
His own undoing glutton love decrees;
And palls the appetite he meant to pleaſe:
His ſlender wants too largely he ſupplies;
Thrives on ſhort meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was, with hoary moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude ſhells, and arch'd with moulder-ing ſtone;
Sad ſilence reigns within the loneſome wall,
And weeping rills but whiſper as they fall;
The claſping ivies up the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drouſy beetle ſleep.
This cell ſad Echo choſe, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the ſylvan flies,
To ſhun the calenture of ſultry ſkies;
But feels a fiercer flame: love's keeneſt dart
Finds through his eyes a paſſage to his heart.
Penſive the virgin ſate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending luſtre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himſelf the pity he beſtows.
Oh whether of a mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair daughter of the diſtant ſkies;
That, in compaſſion, leave your cryſtal ſphere,
To guard ſome favour'd charge, and wander here;
Slight not my ſuit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not, ſee my ſuppliant tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb petitioners.
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor ſeeks from ſleep, or ſuſtenance, relief.
The lamp of life now caſts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his ſetting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapleſs lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
Haſte, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears repleniſh each exhauſted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a juſt victim to an injur'd ſhade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his tongue.
For him the graces their ſad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wiſh'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do, the mournful faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the ſylvan lies.
The rural powers the wondrous pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their different honours pay.
Th' aſcent with verdant herbage Pales ſpread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their ſhade.
Her ſtream a Naiad from the baſis pours;
And Flora ſtrows the ſummit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When ſilver Cynthia lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narciſſus her looſe flame before.
Her fleſh to ſinew ſhrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks ſhe hides her head.
Soon as the evening ſhews a ſky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the ſame;
With them ſhe joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her ſex's privilege ſhe yet retains;
And, though to nothing waſted, voice remains.
So ſung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphic god inſpir'd:
Ere twice ten centuries ſhall fleet away,
A Brunſwick prince ſhall Britain's ſceptre ſway.
No more fair liberty ſhall mourn her chains;
The maid is reſcu'd, her lov'd Perſeus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to reſtore;
Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.
Religion ſhall dread nothing but diſguiſe;
And juſtice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia ſmiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her ſafety to ſecure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's ſword.
Like him, ſhall his Auguſtus ſhine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes ſhe ſhall bleſs,
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then ſhall a Clare in honour's cauſe engage:
Example muſt reclaim a graceleſs age.
Where guides themſelves for guilty views miſlead;
And laws even by the legiſlators bleed;
His brave contempt of ſtate ſhall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For tyrants are but princes in diſguiſe,
Though ſprung by long deſcents from Ptolemies.
Right he ſhall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmeſt patriot, and the warmeſt friend.
Great Edward's order early he ſhall wear,
New light reſtoring to the ſully'd ſtar.
Oft will his leiſure this retirement chooſe,
Still finding future ſubjects for the muſe;
And, to record the ſylvan's fatal flame,
The place ſhall live in ſong, and Claremont be the name.

TO

THE LADY LOUISA LENOS:

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

In moving lines theſe few epiſtles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the ſucceſsful lovers burn,
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn.
The fair you'll find, when ſoft entreaties fail,
Aſſert their unconteſted right, and rail.
Too ſoon they liſten, and repent too late;
'Tis ſure they love, whene'er they ſtrive to hate.
Their ſex or proudly ſhuns, or poorly craves;
Commencing tyrants, and concluding ſlaves.
In different breaſts what differing paſſions glow!
One kindle quick, but yours extinguiſh ſlow.
The fire we boaſt, with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as appetite returns:
But yours, like incenſe, mounts by ſoft degrees,
And in a fragrant flame conſumes to pleaſe.
Your ſex, in all that can engage, excel;
And ours in patience, and perſuading well.
Imperial nature equally decrees:
You have your pride, and we our perjuries.
Though form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.
Though infant graces ſooth your gentle hours,
More ſoft than ſighs, more ſweet than breathing flowers;
Let raſh admirers your keen lightning fear;
'Tis bright at diſtance, but deſtroys if near.
The time ere long, if verſe preſage, will come,
Your charms ſhall open in full Brudenell bloom.
All eyes ſhall gaze, all hearts ſhall homage vow,
And not a lover languiſh but for you.
The muſe ſhall ſtring her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph ſhall ſicken at the ſound.
So, when Aurora firſt ſalutes the ſight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But, when with riper red ſhe warms the ſkies,
In circling throngs the wing'd muſicians riſe,
And the gay groves rejoice in ſymphonies.
Each pearly flower with painted beauty ſhines,
And every ſtar its fading fire reſigns.

TO

RICHARD EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

My Lord,
Our poet's rules, in eaſy numbers, tell,
He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Though angry Cæſar frown'd, the fair were kind.
More ills from love, than tyrants malice, flow;
Jove's thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than Cupid's bow.
Ovid both felt the pain, and found the eaſe:
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own diſeaſe.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies would liſten then, and lovers lie.
Who flatter'd moſt the fair were moſt polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly ſo aton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the fair one's ſake,
The ſex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhould take.
Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring;
The flowers ne'er fail to meet the blooming ſpring.
Though you poſſeſs all nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her ſnare.
On all that goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows;
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young Zephyrs ſigh with fragrant breath, ſoft gales
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails:

Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds;
Cares, fears, and anguish, hovering on the coast,
And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost.
When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
Let passion not persuade, but reason guide;
Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
She has most charms who is the most sincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but disease;
Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
'Tis for the sex' quiet, to believe.
Her air an easy confidence must show,
And shun to find what she would dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the Juliana of the age.

TO

THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL THE WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Cease rural conquests, and set free your swains,
To Dryads leave the groves, to nymphs the plains.
In pensive dales alone let echo dwell,
And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
Haste, let your eyes at Kent's pavillion * shine,
It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
Of late, fame only tells of yielding towns,
Of captive generals and protected crowns:
Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'er-run,
And all Alcides' labour sum'd in one.
The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
And English arms submit to English eyes:
In which bright list among the first you stand;
Though each a goddess, or a Sunderland.

TO

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

Go, mighty prince, and those great nations see,
Which thy victorious arms before made free;
View that fam'd column, where thy name engrav'd
Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd,
Point out that marble where thy worth is shown,
To every grateful country but thy own.
O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
Which strove to lessen him who made her great:
Which, pamper'd with success and rich in fame,
Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
Though all the fault's in the beholder's eye;
Yet he, untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
Flies from no danger but domestic jars,
Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes,
And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
Disdains in factious parties to contend,
And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.
So the great Scipio of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear, ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd.

* A gallery at St. James's

TO

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

Whilst weeping Europe bends beneath her ills,
And where the sword destroys not, famine kills;
Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
The pomp of peace, amidst the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labours long for our repose:
Such conduct, such integrity are shown,
There are no coffers empty, but your own.
From mean dependance, merit you retrieve,
Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give:
Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
No pomp, or grand appearance, you approve;
A people at their ease is what you love:
To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
Are all the grants your services would have.
Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
But moves in matchless order by your care;
Free from confusion, settled and serene;
And, like the universe, by springs unseen.
But now some star, sinister to our prayers,
Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs:
No anguish in your looks, or cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need,
To expiate their offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
The god of day, and your own lot's the same;
The vapours you have rais'd, obscure your flame;
But though you suffer, and awhile retreat,
Your globe of light looks larger as you set.

ON

HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

Near the vast bulk of that stupendous frame,
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name;
With grace divine, great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form that glads a nation's eyes;
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due reverence pay their homage there.

Britain and Ireland ſeem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a ſmiling face.
But France alone with downcaſt eyes is ſeen,
The ſad attendant of ſo good a queen:
Ungrateful country! to forget ſo ſoon,
All that great Anna for thy ſake has done:
When ſworn the kind defender of thy cauſe,
Spite of her dear religion, ſpite of laws;
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the terrors of her ſword,
For thee ſhe broke her general—and her word;
For thee her mind in doubtful terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could ſhe more?
She loſt the honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the trophies, which her arms had won
(Such Cæſar never knew, nor Philip's ſon);
Reſign'd the glories of a ten year's reign,
And ſuch as none but Marlborough's arm could gain.
For thee in annals ſhe's content to ſhine,
Like other monarchs of the Stuart line.

ON

THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degenerate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madneſs fly?
Are ſcenes of death, and ſervile chains ſo dear,
To ſue for blood and bondage every year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curſt,
To court a change—though certain of the worſt?
There is no climate which you have not fought,
Where tools of war, and vagrant kings, are bought;
O! noble paſſion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuſe of mankind.
As if the new Rome, which your ſchemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her aſylum openly provides
For every ruffian every nation hides.
Will you ſtill tempt the great avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loth to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you ſeek new Preſtons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loſes its effects ſo faſt,
Yet thoſe of mercy ſure—ſhould longer laſt.
Say, is it raſhneſs or deſpair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to theſe repeated ſtrokes?
Reply:—Behold, their looks, their ſouls declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep deſpair.
Hear then, you ſons of blood, your deſtin'd fate,
Hear, ere you ſin too ſoon—repent too late.
Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
And ſtem the ſtream of Providence in vain.
By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
The hand that gave it ſhall preſerve his throne.
As vain your hopes to diſtant times remove,
To try the ſecond, or the third from Jove;
For 'tis the nature of that ſacred line,
To conquer monſters, and to grow divine.

ON

THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, deſtructive to the Trojan line,
Raz'd the proud walls, though built by hands divine:
But love's bright goddeſs, with propitious grace,
Preſerv'd a hero, and reſtor'd the race.
Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, and by Anna roſe.

VERSES WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every muſe inſpire;
To Carliſle fill the glaſs, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of day ſhall crown
A wit and luſtre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the ſun and Carliſle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties ſhe beſtow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Eſſex fill the ſprightly wine;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair:
In her chaſte lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and ſmiles to ſee
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thouſand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew ſo mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offſpring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toaſting paſs'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bleſs'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feaſt.

PROLOGUE

DESIGNED FOR

TAMERLANE.

To-day a mighty hero comes, to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons, arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to ſave, and conquers to reſtore.
He ſtrains no text, nor makes dragoons perſuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade.
Born for mankind, they by his labour live;
Their property is his prerogative.
His ſword deſtroys leſs than his mercy ſaves,
And none, except his paſſions, are his ſlaves.
Such, Britons, is the prince that you poſſeſs,
In council greateſt, and in camps no leſs:
Brave, but not cruel; wiſe without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, diſdaining to be too ſecure,
Aſk his protection, and yet grudge his power.
With you a monarch's right is in diſpute;
Who give ſupplies, are only abſolute.
Britons, for ſhame! your factious feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line:
Aſſert loſt rights, an Auſtrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spaniſh throne.
A cauſe no leſs could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal:
He ſhows you your loſt honour to retrieve;
Our troops will fight, when once the ſenate give.
Quit your cabals and factions, and in ſpite
Of Whig and Tory in this cauſe unite.
One vote will then ſend Anjou back to France;
There let the meteor end his airy dance:
Elſe to the Mantuan ſoil he may repair,
Ev'n abdicated gods were Latium's care,
At worſt, he'll find ſome Corniſh borough here.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MUSIC-MEETING IN YORK-BUILDINGS.

Where muſic and more powerful beauties reign,
Who can ſupport the pleaſure and the pain?
Here their ſoft magic thoſe two Syrens try,
And if we liſten, or but look, we die.
Why ſhould we then the wondrous tales admire,
Of Orpheus' numbers, or Amphion's lyre;
Of walls erected by harmonious ſkill, [ſtill!
How mountains mov'd, and rapid ſtreams ſtood
Behold this ſcene of beauty, and confeſs
The wonder greater, and the fiction leſs.
Like human victims here we ſtand decreed
To worſhip thoſe bright altars where we bleed.
Who braves his fate in fields, muſt tremble here;
Triumphant love more vaſſals makes than fear.
No faction homage to the fair denies;
The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
That empire's fix'd, that's founded in deſire;
Thoſe flames, the veſtals guard, can ne'er expire.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE CORNISH SQUIRE, A COMEDY.

Who dares not plot in this good-natur'd age?
Each place is privileg'd except the ſtage;
There the dread phalanx of reformers come,
Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome;
Their ears ſo ſanctify'd, no ſcenes can pleaſe,
But heavy hymns, or penſive homilies:
Truths, plainly told, their tender nature wound,
Young rakes muſt, like old patriarchs, expound;
The painted punk the proſelyte muſt play,
And bawds, like *fille-devotes*, procure and pray.
How nature is inverted! ſoon you'll ſee
Senates unanimous, and ſects agree,
Jews at extortion rail, and monks at myſtery.
Let characters be repreſented true,
An airy ſinner makes an aukward prude.
With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
Though pulpits flatter, let the ſtage ſpeak plain.
If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
Call that the robber, this the paraſite,
Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl;
Cinna's a ſtateſman; Sydrophel a tool.
Our cenſurers with want of thought diſpenſe,
But tremble at the hideous ſin of ſenſe.
Who would not ſuch hard fate as ours bemoan,
Indicted for ſome wit, and damn'd for none?
But if, to-day, ſome ſcandal ſhould appear,
Let thoſe preciſe Tartuffs bind o'er Moliere.
Poet, and Papiſt too, they'll ſurely maul,
There's no indulgence at Hick's-hall.
Gold only can their pious ſpite allay,
They call none criminals that can but pay:
The heedleſs ſhrines with victims they invoke,
They take the fat, and give the gods the ſmoke.

PROLOGUE

Spoken at the opening of the Queen's Theatre, in the Hay-Market.

Such was our builder's art, that, ſoon as nam'd,
This fabric, like the infant world, was fram'd.
The architect muſt on dull order wait,
But 'tis the poet only can create.
None elſe, at pleaſure, can duration give:
When marble fails, the muſes' ſtructures live.
The Cyprian fane is now no longer ſeen,
Though ſacred to the name of love's fair queen.
Ev'n Athens ſcarce in pompous ruin ſtands,
Though finiſh'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands.
More ſure preſages from theſe walls we find.
By beauty * founded, and by wit deſign'd,
In the good age of ghoſtly ignorance,
How did cathedrals riſe, and zeal advance!
The merry monks ſaid oriſons at eaſe,
Large were their meals, and light their penances;
Pardons for ſins were purchas'd with eſtates,
And none but rogues in rags died reprobates.

* Lady Sunderland.

But, now, that pious pageantry's no more,
And ſtages thrive, as churches did before;
Your own magnificence you here ſurvey,
Mageſtic columns ſtand, where dunghills lay,
And carrs triumphal riſe from carts of hay.
Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here.
Deſcending goddeſſes adorn our ſcenes,
And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own.
Though to the ſon his towering eagles riſe,
They ſcarce could bear the luſtre of theſe eyes.

EPILOGUE
TO
THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

What odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you, when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chooſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we fell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Theſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings.
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains;
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

A SOLILOQUY, OUT OF ITALIAN.

Could he whom my diſſembled rigour grieves,
But know what torment to my ſoul it gives;
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
And want myſelf the pity he would claim,
Immortal gods! why has your doom decreed
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs ſhould bleed?
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,
Has join'd in love whom deſtiny divides;
Repent, ye powers, the injuries you cauſe,
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.
Unhappy partner of my killing pain,
Think what I feel the moment you complain.
Each ſigh you utter wounds my tendereſt part,
So much my lips miſrepreſent my heart.
When from your eyes the falling drops diſtil,
My vital blood in every tear you ſpill:
And all thoſe mournful agonies I hear,
Are but the echoes of my own deſpair.

AN
IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

Can you count the ſilver lights
That deck the ſkies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that ſtrow the vales,
When groves are ſtript by winter-gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with tranſparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miſer's cares,
Or gameſter's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlborough's acts, or ——n's charms?

ANACREONTIC EPISTTE TO MR. GAY,
ON HIS POEMS.

When fame did o'er the ſpacious plain
The lays ſhe once had learn'd repeat;
All liſten'd to the tuneful ſtrain,
And wonder'd who could ſing ſo ſweet.
'Twas thus. The graces held the lyre,
Th' harmonious frame the muſes ſtrung,
The love's and ſmiles compoſ'd the choir,
And Gay tranſcrib'd what Phœbus ſung.

TO THE MERRY POETASTER;
AT SADLERS-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

Unwieldy pedant, let thy aukward muſe
With cenſures praiſe, with flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy ſchool-boys, ſmart.
Then be adviſ'd, and ſcribble not again;
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a flail, and not a pen.

If B——l's immortal wit thou would'ſt decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry.
Thy feeble ſatire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN

TO

DR. GARTH,

UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE.

In return to the Doctor's Conſolatory Verſes to him, upon the Loſs of his Rod.

Thou, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
Could'ſt, with thy never-dying verſe, aſſuage;
Immortal verſe, ſecure to live as long
As that curs'd proſe that did condemn thy ſong:
Thou, happy bard, whoſe double gifted pen,
Alike can cure an aking corn, or ſpleen;
Whoſe lucky hand adminiſters repoſe
As well to breaking heart, as broken noſe;
Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
In recompence of thine, when I was ſad.
What though it comes from an unpractis'd muſe,
Bad at the beſt, grown worſe by long diſuſe;
In ſilence loſt, ſince once I did complain
Of Wiv—l's cold neglect in humble ſtrain;
When, check'd by ſlaviſh conſcience, ſhe deny'd
To throw aſide the niece, and act the bride:
Yet ſure I may be thought among the throng,
If not to ſing, to whiſtle out a ſong:
Then take the kind remembrance of my verſe,
While Dingle's loſs with ſorrow I rehearſe.
Dingle is loſt, the hollow caves reſound
Dingle is loſt, and multiply the ſound;
Till echo, chanting it by juſt degree,
Shortens it to Ding, then ſoftens it to D.
Dingle is loſt; where's now the parent's care,
The boaſted force of piety and prayer?
No more ſhall ſhe within thy ſpacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deſerted thus, no more ſhalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartoniſe the age.
Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early ſhe learnt to ſcorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her kind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her mind,
For Dingle thou didſt bleſs the nether ſkies,
In hopes a mingled race might once ariſe,
To ſooth thy hoary age, and cloſe thy dying eyes.
Learn, ye indulging parents, learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet ſhe, though that, and that alone, was preſs'd,
Regardleſs of your will, the fifth tranſgreſs'd.
But oh! my friend, conſider, though ſhe's gone,
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the univerſe, by ſprings unſeen;
And, though from thy inſtructions ſhe retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as ſhe ſets;
For nought could brighter make her luſtre ſhine,
Than to withdraw, and ſingle it from thine,
Then think of this; and pardon, when you ſee,
Thoſe virtues you ſo late admir'd in me.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

Now Glaucus, with a lover's haſte, bounds o'er
The ſwelling waves, and ſeeks the Latian ſhore.
Meſſena, Rhegium, and the barren coaſt
Of flaming Ætna, to his ſight are loſt:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene ſeas, and views
The hills where baneful philtres Circe brews;
Monſters in various forms around her preſs;
As thus the god ſalutes the ſorcereſs:
O Circe, be indulgent to my grief,
And give a love-ſick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To thoſe my figure and new fate I owe.
Againſt Meſſena, on th' Auſonian coaſt,
I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was loſt.
In tendereſt ſounds I ſued; but ſtill the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitileſs to prayer.
If numbers can avail, exert their power;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I aſk no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies, like mine.
No longer Circe could her flame diſguiſe,
But to the ſuppliant god Marine replies:
When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave thoſe that fly; but thoſe that like, purſue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the daughter of the ſun.
Sooner, ſaid Glaucus, ſhall the aſh remove
From mountains, and the ſwelling ſurges love;
Or humble ſea-weed to the hills repair;
E'er I think any but my Scylla fair.
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty ſhame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft' a ſpite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without averſion, hates.
To hurt her hapleſs rival, ſhe proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla Glaucus bleeds.
Some faſcinating beverage now ſhe brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.
At Rhegium ſhe arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from ſeas, and ſhaded from the ſkies:
This ſtation Scylla choſe; a ſoft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.

The vengeful forceress visits this recess;
Her charm infuses, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts.
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet she knows not who it is she fears;
In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun.
Oppress'd with grief the pitying God appears,
And swells the rising surges with his tears;
From the distressed forceress he flies;
Her art reviles, and her address denies:
Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks decrees
Destruction to those barks that beat the seas.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet;
But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian shore the Trojan stood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood:
He weather'd fell Charybdis: but ere-long
The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
Then to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er;
And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.
Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms th' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.
Æneas now sets sail, and, plying, gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns:
First to his sire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea;
Out-runs the islands where volcano's roar;
Gets clear of Syrens, and their faithless shore:
But loses Palinurus in the way;
Then makes Inarime, and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The gallics now by Pythecusa pass;
The name is from the natives of the place.
The father of the gods, detesting lies,
Oft', with abhorrence, heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beasts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat-nos'd, and furrow'd; with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in malice, and busy to no end;
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this species of their past retains;
Though lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now, on his right, he leaves Parthenope:
His left, Misenus jutting in the sea:
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;
Begs leave through black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his sire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
O thou, whose worth thy wondrous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Though great be thy request, yet shalt thou see
Th' Elysian fields, th' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's shade: this arm thy steps shall guide
To suppliant virtue nothing is deny'd.
She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
Seize that, she bids: he listens to the maid;
Then views the mournful mansions of the dead;
The shade of great Anchises, and the place
By fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus salutes the visionary dame:
O, whether some propitious deity,
Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky!
With grateful incense I shall style you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
'Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light;
To feel the breezes of congenial air,
And nature's blest benevolence to share.

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

I am no deity, reply'd the dame,
But mortal, and religious rites disclaim.
Yet had avoided death's tyrannic sway,
Had I consented to the God of day.
With promises he sought my love, and said,
Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.
I paus'd; then, pointing to a heap of sand,
For every grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth, and prime.
The smiling bloom, I boasted once, is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
The period of the years to finish still.
Who'll think, that Phœbus, dress in youth divine
Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?
This wither'd frame (so fates have will'd) shall waste
To nothing, but prophetic words, at last.
The Sibyl mounting now from nether skies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma rise.
He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta, from his nurse's name.
Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
To wise Ulysses, his long labours end.
Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And sudden thus his late associate greets:
Whence came you here, O friend, and whither bound?
All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground!
A Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found.

THE ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

THUS Achæmenides—With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I 'ſcap'd the Cyclops through the hero's aid,
Elſe in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When firſt your navy under ſail he found,
He rav'd, till Ætna labour'd with the ſound.
Raging he ſtalk'd along the mountain's ſide,
And vented clouds of breath at every ſtride.
His ſtaff a mountain aſh; and in the clouds
Oft', as he walks, his grifly front he ſhrouds.
Eyeleſs he grop'd about with vengeful haſte,
And juſtled promontories, as he paſs'd.
Then heav'd a rock's high ſummit to the main,
And bellow'd, like ſome burſting hurricane:
Oh! could I ſeize Ulyſſes in his flight,
How unlamented were my loſs of ſight!
Theſe jaws ſhould piece-meal tear each panting vein,
Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain.
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror ſhook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forſook.
I ſaw him once diſgorge huge morſels, raw,
Of wretches undigeſted in his maw.
From the pale breathleſs trunks whole limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I paſs'd in caves; my food
Was foreſt fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a ſail I waſted, and aboard
My fortune found an hoſpitable lord.
Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befel.

THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

THEN Macareus—There reign'd a prince of fame,
O'er Tuſcan ſeas, and Æolus his name.
A largeſs to Ulyſſes he conſign'd,
And in a ſteer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the ſwelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-ruſh'd a guſt, which backwards bore
Our gallies to the Læſtrigonian ſhore,
Whoſe crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
Some few commiſſion'd were with ſpeed to treat;
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
To friendly flight preſerv'd; the third was doom'd,
To be by thoſe curs'd cannibals conſum'd.
Inhumanly our hapleſs friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and deſtroy our fleet.
In time the wiſe Ulyſſes bore away,
And dropp'd his anchor in yon faithleſs bay.
The thoughts of perils paſt we ſtill retain,
And fear to land, till lots appoint the men.
Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myſelf, the lots aſſign.
Deſign'd for dangers, and reſolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

BEFORE the ſpacious front, a herd we find
Of beaſts, the fierceſt of the ſavage kind.
Our trembling ſteps with blandiſhments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their ſpecies, at our feet.
Within upon a ſumptuous throne of ſtate,
On golden columns rais'd, th' enchantreſs ſate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aſpect awful, and ſhe look'd a queen.
Her maids not mind the loom, nor houſehold care,
Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
But cull in caniſters diſaſtrous flowers,
And plants from haunted hearths, and fairy bowers.
With brazen ſickles reap'd at planetary hours.
Each doſe the goddeſs weighs with watchful eye:
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entering ſhe greets us with a gracious look,
And airs, that future amity beſpoke.
Her ready nymphs ſerve up a rich repaſt;
The bowl ſhe daſhes firſt, then gives to taſte.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her power we prove, and ſhew the ſorcery.
Soon, in a length of face, our head extends;
Our chin ſtiff briſtles bears, and forward bends.
A breadth of brawn new burniſhes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to ſpeak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taſte,
Nor to a beaſt obſcene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulyſſes haſtes (ſo fates command),
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
Unſheaths his ſcymitar, aſſaults the dame,
Preſerves his ſpecies, and remains the ſame.
The nuptial right this outrage ſtraight atones;
The dower deſir'd is his tranſform'd friends.
The incantation backwards ſhe repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what ſhe did defeats.
And now our ſkin grows ſmooth, our ſhape upright;
Our arms ſtretch up, our cloven feet unite.
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face;
Twelve ſilver moons in Circe's court we ſtay,
Whilſt there they waſte th' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I ſpy'd a youth in Parian ſtone;
His head a pecker bore; the cauſe unknown
To paſſengers. A nymph of Circe's train
The myſtery thus attempted to explain.

THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

PICUS, who once th' Auſonian ſceptre held,
Could rein the ſteed, and fit him for the field:
So like he was to what you ſee, that ſtill
We doubt if real, or the ſculptor's ſkill.
The graces in the finiſh'd piece, you find,
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four luſtres ſcarce the royal youth could name,
Till every love-ſick nymph confeſs'd a flame.
Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads ſu'd,
And every ſilver ſiſter of the flood:

Thoſe of Numicus, Albula, and thoſe
Where Almo creeps, and haſty Nar o'erflows:
Where ſedgy Anio glides through ſmiling meads,
Where ſhady Farfar ruſtles in the reeds:
And thoſe that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaſte goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
In vain each nymph her brighteſt charms put on,
His heart no ſovereign would obey but one:
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the faireſt of her line.
Nor did her face alone her charms confeſs,
Her voice was raviſhing, and pleas'd no leſs.
Whene'er ſhe ſung, ſo melting were her ſtrains,
The flocks unfed ſeem'd liſtening on the plains;
The rivers would ſtand ſtill, the cedars bend;
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The ſavage kind in foreſt-wilds grow tame;
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.
Hymen had now in ſome ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilſt their ſoft moments in delights they waſte,
And each new day was dearer than the paſt;
Picus would ſometimes o'er the foreſts rove,
And mingle ſports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chac'd,
His jewels ſparkling on his Tyrian veſt,
Laſcivious Circe well the youth ſurvey'd,
As ſimpling on the flowery hills ſhe ſtray'd.
Her wiſhing eyes their ſilent meſſage tell,
And from her lap the verdant miſchief fell.
As ſhe attempts at words, his courſer ſprings
O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wiſh outwings.
Thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me ſo, pronounc'd the dame,
If plants have power, and ſpells be not a name.
She ſaid—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That fought the covert with diſſembled fear.
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chace the viſionary prey.
Now ſhe invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices ſmear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or ſhade the golden luſtre of her ſire.
In filthy fogs ſhe hides the cheerful noon;
The guard at diſtance, and the youth alone:
By thoſe fair eyes, ſhe cries, and every grace
That finiſh all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the ſun's ſoft lineage ſue in vain.
Whoe'er thou art, reply'd the king, forbear,
None can my paſſion with my Canens ſhare.
She firſt my every tender wiſh poſſeſt,
And found the ſoft approaches to my breaſt.
In nuptials bleſt, each looſe deſire we ſhun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun.
Think not, ſhe cry'd, to ſaunter out a life
Of form, with that domeſtic drudge a wife;
My juſt revenge, dull fool, ere long, ſhall ſhow
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do;
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear ſucceſsful ſpite we hope for eaſe,
Nor fail to puniſh, where we fail to pleaſe.
Now twice to eaſt ſhe turns, as oft' to weſt;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm expreſt.
On the loſt youth her magic power ſhe tries;
Aloft he ſprings, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he ſeeks, and ſtill
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
The winds from drizling damps now purge the air,
The miſts ſubſide, the ſettling ſkies are fair:
The court their ſovereign ſeek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their lord demand.
Quick ſhe invokes the ſpirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd ſepulchre.
Now, ſtrange to tell, the plants ſweat drops of blood,
The trees are toſs'd from foreſts where they ſtood;
Blue ſerpents o'er the tainted herbage ſlide,
Pale glaring ſpectres on the æther ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns; rent rocks forſake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their ſtubborn heads.
The ſad ſpectators, ſtiffen'd with their fears,
She ſees, and ſudden every limb ſhe ſmears;
Then each of ſavage beaſts the figure bears.
The ſun did now to weſtern waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal huſband's ſtay;
Ill ſuits fond love with abſence, or delay:
Where ſhe commands, her ready people run;
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Reſtleſs in mind, and dying with deſpair,
Her breaſts ſhe beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights ſhe wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or ſleep, or ſuſtenance.
Tiber at laſt beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear;
Stretch'd on his banks, ſhe to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying ſtrains.
The ſickening ſwan thus hangs her ſilver wings,
And, as ſhe droops, her elegy ſhe ſings:
Ere-long ſad Canens waſtes to air; whilſt fame
The place ſtill honours with her hapleſs name.
Here did the tender tale of Picus ceaſe,
Above belief the wonder, I confeſs.
Again we ſail, but more diſaſters meet,
Foretold by Circe, to our ſuffering fleet.
Myſelf, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurſe's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and ſetting ſail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.
He ſteer'd at diſtance from the faithleſs ſhore
Where the falſe goddeſs reigns with fatal power;
And ſought thoſe grateful groves, that ſhade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majeſtic to the main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fair campain.

His kindred gods the hero's wiſhes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle ſtands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune ſhare;
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes ſeek ſupplies,
And embaſſies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he aſſerts, his cauſe approves.
The bold Rutilians, with an equal ſpeed,
Sage Venelus diſpatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
Theſe reaſons for neutrality aſſign'd:
Shall I, of one poor dotal town poſſeſt,
My people thin, my wretched country waſte;
An exil'd prince, and on a ſhaking throne;
Or riſk my patron's ſubjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harſhneſs of our hap to hear;
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finiſh'd what the ſword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, purſued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oileus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were puniſh'd for the brutal deed.
A ſtorm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the ſky;
Red ſheets of lightning o'er the ſeas are ſpread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at laſt ſucceed.
'Tis tedious our diſaſtrous ſtate to tell;
Even Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas ſav'd me from the ſwallowing main;
At home new wrongs to meet, as fates ordain,
Chac'd from my country, I once more repeat
All ſuffering ſeas could give, or war complete;
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities ſhould paſt ſucceed.
Agmon, impatient through ſucceſſive ills,
With fury, love's bright goddeſs thus reviles:
Theſe plagues in ſpite to Diomede are ſent;
The crime is his, but ours the puniſhment.
Let each, my friends, her puny ſpleen deſpiſe,
And dare that haughty harlot of the ſkies.
The reſt of Agmon's inſolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign.
About to anſwer, his blaſpheming throat
Contracts, and ſhrieks in ſome diſdainful note.
To his new ſkin a fleece of feathers clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak deſcend.
Some more experience Agmon's deſtiny;
And, wheeling in the air, like ſwans they fly.
Theſe thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes—Venulus withdraws;
Unſped the ſervice of the common cauſe.
Puteoli he paſſes, and ſurvey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful ſhade.
Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here ſtreams in gentle falls through windings ſtray,
And with a paſſing breath cool Zephyrs play.
The goat-herd god frequents the ſilent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the ſylvan race,
Till Appulus, with a diſhoneſt air,
And groſs behaviour, baniſh'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the gre:
Their motion mimicks, but with geſt obſcene.
Looſe language oft' he utters; but ere long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a baſe wild olive he remains;
The ſhrub the coarſeneſs of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

Meanwhile the Latians all their power prepare,
'Gainſt fortune and the foe to puſh the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they ſtain;
But, ſhort of ſuccours, ſtill contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-mann'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the ſtrand;
He thought; and ſtraight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what 'ſcap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, roſin, ſearwood, on red wings aſpire,
And Vulcan on the ſeas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the gods beheld,
Her towery crown ſhe ſhook, and ſtood reveal'd;
Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hovering o'er her favour'd fleet, ſhe ſaid;
Ceaſe Turnus, and the heavenly powers reſpect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.
Theſe gallies, once fair trees, on Ida ſtood,
And gave their ſhade to each deſcending god;
Nor ſhall conſume; irrevocable fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.
Straight peals of thunder heaven's high arches rend
The hail-ſtones leap, the ſhowers in ſpouts deſcend.
The winds with widen'd throats the ſignal give;
The cables break, the ſmoking veſſels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber ſoftens into fleſh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs deſign;
A trunk the hull; the ſlender keel, a ſpine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees
The gallies riſe green daughters of the ſeas.
Sometimes on coral beds they ſit in ſtate,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks, that beat the ſeas, are ſtill their care,
Themſelves remembering what of late they were

To ſave a Trojan ſail, in throngs they preſs,
But ſmile to ſee Alcinous in diſtreſs.
Unable were thoſe wonders to deter
The Latians from their unſucceſsful war.
Both ſides for doubtful victory contend;
And on their courage, and their Gods, depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great ſoul to war, like fair renown.
Venus at laſt beholds her godlike ſon
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus ſlain; ſtrong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame;
Her towers, that boaſted once a ſovereign ſway,
The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray.
A famiſh'd heron from the aſhes ſprings,
And beats the ruin with diſaſtrous wings;
Calamities of towns diſtreſt ſhe feigns,
And oft', with woeful ſhrieks, of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate:
And, by a ſure irrevocable doom,
Fix'd the immortal majeſty of Rome.
Fit for the ſtation of his kindred ſtars,
His mother goddeſs thus her ſuit prefers:
Almighty arbiter, whoſe powerful nod
Shakes diſtant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the goddeſs-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether ſkies.
Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
Where Juno in the ſhining ſenate ſits.
Remorſe for paſt revenge the goddeſs feels;
Then thundering Jove th' almighty mandate ſeals;
Allots the prince of his celeſtial line
An apothëoſis, and rights divine.
The cryſtal manſions echo with applauſe,
And, with her graces, love's bright queen withdraws;
Shoots in a blaze of light along the ſkies,
And, borne by turtle, to Laurentum flies;
Alights where through the reeds Numicius ſtrays,
And to the ſeas his watery tribute pays.
The god ſhe ſupplicates, to waſh away
The parts more groſs, and ſubject to decay,
And cleanſe the goddeſs-born from ſeminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention ſtands,
Then bids his ſtreams obey their ſire's commands.
His better parts by luſtral waves refin'd,
More pure, and nearer to etherial mind,
With gums of fragrant ſcent the goddeſs ſtrews,
And on his features breathes ambroſial dews.
Thus, deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, feſtivals; and ſtiles him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Ascanius now the Latian ſceptre ſways;
The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys.
Then young Latinus: Next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal power ſuſtain'd.
Next he who periſh'd on the Tuſcan flood,
And honour'd with his name the river god.
Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aſpir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota ſucceeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, renown,
To Aventinus well reſign'd his throne.
The mount on which he rul'd preſerves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-dryad flouriſh'd in theſe days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could ſo excel,
Or form the pliant ſouls of plants ſo well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The nymph frequented not the fluttering ſtream,
Nor meads, the ſubject of a virgin's dream;
But to ſuch joys her nurſery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook ſhe carry'd in her hand,
And taught the ſtragglers to obey command;
Left the licentious and unthrifty bough,
The too indulgent parent ſhou'd undo.
She ſhows, how ſtocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturaliſe a foreign race
To mend the ſalvage teint; and in its ſtead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.
Now hourly ſhe obſerves her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her ſtreaming ſluices, to ſupply
With flowing draughts her thirſty family.
Long had ſhe labour'd to continue free
From chains of love, and nuptial tyranny;
And, in her orchard's ſmall extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity ſhe ſtill ſecur'd.
Oft would looſe Pan, and all the luſtful train
Of ſatyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with ſtratagem
Of ſword, and ſomething elſe, too groſs to name.
Vertumnus too purſued the maid no leſs;
But, with his rivals, ſhar'd a like ſucceſs;
To gain acceſs, a thouſand ways he tries;
Oft', in the hind, the lover would diſguiſe,
The heedleſs lout comes ſhambling on, and ſeems
Juſt ſweating from the labour of his teems.
Then, from the harveſt, oft' the mimic ſwain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dreſſer of the vine he feigns,
And lawleſs tendrils to their bounds reſtrains.
Sometimes his ſword a ſoldier ſhews; his rod,
An angler; ſtill ſo various is the god.

Now, in a forehead cloth, ſome crone he ſeems,
A ſtaff ſupplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the ſtore
Of faireſt fruit; the fair poſſeſſor more;
Then greets her with a kiſs: Th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandame kiſs'd with ſuch a flame.
Now, ſeated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
If that fair elm, he cry'd, alone ſhould ſtand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or if that vine without her elm ſhould grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected ſhrub below.
Be then, fair nymph, by theſe examples led;
Nor ſhun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed.
Not ſhe for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boaſt ſuch heavenly charms.
And, if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct ſo well as I.
Though old, ſo much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair ſelf alone his breaſt inſpires
With ſofteſt wiſhes and unfoil'd deſires.
Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The god of ſeaſons only worth your love:
On my aſſurance well you may repoſe;
Vertumnus ſcarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looſer flames he flies;
Nor for new faces faſhionably dies.
The charms of youth, and every ſmiling grace
Bloom in his features, and the god confeſs.
Beſides, he puts on every ſhape at eaſe;
But thoſe the moſt that beſt Pomona pleaſe.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and averſions are the ſame.
Not the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice; yourſelf alone can prove
A fit reward for ſo refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph; and with a kind regret,
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE

STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Teucer's blood.
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright ſparkle kindled into flame.
Oft did he ſtruggle with a juſt deſpair,
Unfix'd to aſk, unable to forbear.
But love, who flatters ſtill his own diſeaſe,
Hopes all things will ſucceed, he knows will pleaſe.
Where'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there;
And ſeeks her confident with ſighs and pray'r;
Or letters he conveys, that ſeldom prove
Succeſsful meſſengers in ſuits of love.
Now ſhivering at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas,
Derides his prayers; inſults his agonies;
Arraigns of inſolence th' aſpiring ſwain;
And takes a cruel pleaſure in his pain.
Reſolv'd at laſt to finiſh his deſpair,
He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair:
O Anaxaretè, at laſt forget
The licence of a paſſion indiſcreet.
Now triumph, ſince a welcome ſacrifice
Your ſlave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I reſign;
That preſent beſt can pleaſe a pride like thine.
But, O! forbear to blaſt a flame ſo bright,
Doom'd never to expire, but with the light.
And you, great powers, do juſtice to my name;
The hours, you take from life, reſtore to fame.
Then o'er the poſts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal nooſe;
For death prepares; and, bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life, and love.
Ere long the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
Firſt, like ſome ghaſtly ſtatue ſhe appears:
Then bathes the breathleſs corſe in ſeas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now, as the throng
Proceed in ſad ſolemnity along,
To view the paſſing pomp, the cruel fair
Haſtes, and beholds her breathleſs lover there.
Struck with the ſight, inanimate ſhe ſeems;
Set are her eyes, and motionleſs her limbs:
Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, ſhe hardens into ſtone.
In Salamis the ſtatue ſtill is ſeen,
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
Warn'd by this tale, no longer then diſdain,
O nymph belov'd, to eaſe a lover's pain.
So may the froſts in ſpring your bloſſoms ſpare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear!
The ſtory oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then aſſum'd his heavenly form again.
Such looks and luſtre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The ſight ſo warms the fair admiring maid,
Like ſnow ſhe melts: ſo ſoon can youth perſuade.
Conſent, on eager winds, ſucceeds deſire:
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the fates, his ſon,
Mild Numitor ſucceeded to the crown.
But falſe Amulius, with a lawleſs power,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant iſſue, with the ſword,
Her parent re-enthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feaſt arrives;
He gives the word to ſeize the Sabine wives.

The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name.
This by the falſe Tarpeia was betray'd;
But death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.
The foe on this new-bought ſucceſs relies,
And ſilent march the city to ſurpriſe.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain deſign;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the ſprings preſide,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To ſend their ſuccours; every urn they drain,
To ſtop the Sabines progreſs, but in vain.
The Naiads now more ſtratagems eſſay;
And kindling ſulphur to each ſource convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations riſe,
Till from the ſcalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in ſhining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is ſpread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both ſides conſent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the ſceptre ſway.
But, Tatius by Lavinian fury ſlain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burniſh'd helm puts on,
And thus addreſſes Heaven's imperial throne:
Since the inferior world is now become
One vaſſal globe, and colony to Rome,
This grace, O Jove, for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the ſkies, from whence he came.
Long haſt thou promis'd an ethereal ſtate
To Mars's lineage; and thy word is fate.
The ſire, that rules the thunder, with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and diſmiſs'd the god.
Soon as the power armipotent ſurvey'd
The flaſhing ſkies, the ſignal he obey'd;
And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery courſers laſhing through the air.
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his ſon
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The ſcales of heavenly juſtice holding high,
With ſteady hand, and a diſcerning eye.
Then vaults upon his car, and to the ſphere,
Swift, as a flying ſhaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure in riſing are refin'd,
The groſs and periſhable lag behind.
His ſhrine in purple veſtments ſtands in view;
He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, ſends Iris in her ſtead
To ſad Herſilia—Thus the meteor maid:
Chaſte relict! in bright truth to heaven ally'd,
The Sabines' glory, and the Sex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of ſuch a ſpouſe as now reſides above;
Some reſpites to thy killing griefs afford;
And, if thou would'ſt once more behold thy lord,
Retire to yon' ſteep mount, with groves o'erſpread,
Which with an awful gloom, his temple ſhade.
With fear the modeſt matron lifts her eyes.
And to the bright ambaſſadreſs replies:
O goddeſs, yet to mortal eyes unknown!
But ſure thy various charms confeſs thee one:
O quick to Romulus thy votreſs bear!
With looks of love he'll ſmile away my care:
In whate'er orb he ſhines, my heaven is there.
Then haſtes with Iris to the holy grove,
And, up the Mount Quirnal as they move,
A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Herſilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they riſe,
And ſhoot a gleam of light along the ſkies.
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and preſs'd her to his ſide.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

Or as when Cippus in the current view'd
The ſhonting horn that on his forehead ſtood,
His temples firſt he feels, and with ſurpriſe
His touch confirms th' aſſurance of his eyes;
Straight to the ſkies his horned front he rears,
And to the gods directs theſe pious prayers:
If this portent be proſperous, O decree
To Rome th' event; if otherwiſe, to me.
An altar then of turf he haſtes to raiſe,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a myſtery.
Soon as the augur ſaw the holy fire,
And victims with preſaging ſigns expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with ſpeed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cry'd, Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,
Thoſe omens I behold preſage thy ſway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy ſovereign power as fate's decree.
He ſaid—and Cippus, ſtarting at th' event,
Spoke in theſe words his pious diſcontent:
Far hence, ye gods, this execration fend,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
Than e'er the capitol ſhould ſtile me lord.
This ſpoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head;
Then prays, the ſenate next convenes, and ſaid:

If augurs can foreſee, a wretch is come,
Deſign'd by deſtiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (moſt ſtrange to tell) his temples crown;
If e'er he paſs the walls, and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
And liberty muſt yield to lawleſs power.
Your gates he might have enter'd; but this arm
Seiz'd the uſurper, and with-held the harm.
Haſte, find the monſter out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the ſenate can decree;
Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown;
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.
The crowd ſuch murmurs utter as they ſtand,
As ſwelling ſurges breaking on the ſtrand:
Or as when gathering gales ſweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move.
Each with confuſion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then ſhakes his garland off, and cries,
The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.
The anxious throng look'd down, and, ſad in thought,
All wiſh'd they had not found the ſign they ſought:
In haſte with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to ſuch virtue was aſſign'd.
Then thus the ſenate: Hear, O Cippus, hear;
So god-like is thy tutelary care,
That, ſince in Rome thyſelf forbids thy ſtay,
For thy abode thoſe acres we convey
The plough-ſhare can ſurround, the labour of a day.
In deathleſs records thou ſhalt ſtand inroll'd,
And Rome's rich poſts ſhall ſhine with horns of gold.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

Containing

ODES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,

PROLOGUES,
TRANSLATIONS,
EPIGRAMS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this ſad ſhrine we truſt,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd buſt,
Oh! next him ſkill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler ſentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more diſdain'd a ſlave!
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt,
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt!
And bleſt that timely from our ſcene remov'd
Thy ſoul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON ROWE.

EDINBURGH:

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THE LIFE OF ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE, one of the greateſt names in the Engliſh drama, was born at Little Berkford, the ſeat of his grandfather Jaſper Edwards, Eſq. in Bedfordſhire, in the year 1673. His family had long poſſeſſed a conſiderable eſtate at Lamberton in Devonſhire; the anceſtor from whom he deſcended in a direct line, having received the arms borne by his deſcendents for his bravery in the Holy War. His father, John Rowe, Eſq. who was the firſt that left the frugal management of his paternal inheritance, to practiſe any art of profit, ſtudied the law in the Middle Temple, was called to the degree of Serjeant, and publiſhed Benlow's and Dalliſon's Reports, in the reign of James II., when, in oppoſition to the courtly claim of *diſpenſing power*, he ventured to remark how low his authors rated the prerogative, and to defend the liberty of the ſubject againſt the encroachments of the crown, as his anceſtors had done in all the changes of government. He died April 30. 1692, and was buried in the Temple Church.

Rowe was inſtructed in the rudiments of claſſical learning at a private ſchool at Highgate, from whence he was removed to Weſtminſter, and placed under the care of Dr. Buſby, and at the age of fifteen was choſen one of the King's ſcholars. He gave early proofs of a vigorous underſtanding and a lively imagination, which did not eſcape the diſcernment of Buſby, who ſuffered none of his ſcholars to let their powers lie uſeleſs; and his exerciſes in ſeveral languages are ſaid to have been written with uncommon degrees of excellence, and yet to have coſt him very little labour.

At ſixteen, his father, deſigning him for his own profeſſion, took him from ſchool, and entered him a ſtudent in the Middle Temple, where, for ſome time, he proſecuted the ſtudy of the law with a proficiency proportionate to the vigour of his mind, which was already ſuch that he endeavoured to comprehend law, not as a collection of ſtatutes, or a ſeries of precedents, but as a ſyſtem founded on right reaſon, and calculated for the good of mankind.

At nineteen, he was, by the death of his father, left more to his own direction, and though he was patroniſed by Lord Chief Juſtice Treby, and had the beſt opportunities of riſing to eminence in the law, from that time, probably, there appeared to him more charms in Euripides, Sophocles, Æſchylus, and Shakſpeare, than in Glanville, Bracton, Littleton, and Coke; and he ſuffered law gradually to give way to poetry.

At twenty-five, he produced his firſt tragedy, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, which was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and dedicated to the Earl of Jerſey. The deſign of the play ſeems to have been taken from the eſtabliſhment of Solomon on the throne of David by Bathſheba, Zadok, and Nathan, but the characters are made Perſian. "The purity of the language," ſays Dr. Welwood, "the juſtneſs of his characters, the noble elevation of the ſentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the play." The conduct of it may be objected to as injudicious; but it has an infinite deal of fire in it; the buſineſs is precipitate and the characters active; and it may be doubted whether he ever wrote another play with ſo much elevation.

Downes, in his "Roſcius Anglicanus" ſays, "the play anſwered the Company's expectation." It was received with ſo much favour, that he devoted himſelf from that time wholly to the cultivation of elegant literature, and the purſuit of poetical fame.

His next tragedy was *Tamerlane*, acted at the ſame theatre in 1702, and dedicated to the Marquis of Hartington. In this play, under the name of Tamerlane, he intended to characteriſe King William, and Lewis XIV. under Bajazet. This was the tragedy which Dr. Welwood ſays, "he valued the moſt," and which probably excited moſt applauſe; but it has for a long time been acted only once a year, on the 4th of November, in commemoration of the landing of King William, when an occaſional prologue is ſpoken.

The Fair Penitent, his next production, was acted at the ſame theatre in 1703, and dedicated to the Ducheſs of Ormond. The plan of it is borrowed from the "Fatal Dowry" of Maſſinger. It is, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, one of the moſt pleaſing tragedies on the ſtage, where it ſtill keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them; for there is ſcarcely any work of any poet at once ſo intereſting by the fable, and ſo delightful by the language. The ſtory is domeſtic, and therefore eaſily received by the imagination, and aſſimilated to common life; the diction is exquiſitely harmonious, and ſoft or ſpritely as occaſion requires.

It has been obſerved, that the title of the play does not ſufficiently correſpond with the behaviour of *Caliſta*, who, at laſt, ſhews no evident ſigns of repentance; but may be reaſonably ſuſpected of feeling pain from detection rather than from guilt, and expreſſes more ſhame than ſorrow, and more rage than ſham.

In 1706, he ventured on a comedy, and produced *The Biter*, which was acted at the ſame theatre, but met with no ſucceſs, and he tried at lighter ſcenes no more.

His next tragedy was *Ulyſſes*, which was acted the ſame year, at the theatre in the Hay-Market, and dedicated to Lord Godolphin. It met with ſucceſs, but is now generally neglected, probably becauſe the ſtory is mythological; for it has buſineſs, paſſion, and tragic propriety to recommend it. The character of Penelope is an excellent example of conjugal fidelity.

In 1708, *The Royal Convert* was acted at the ſame theatre, and dedicated to Lord Haliſax. It met with but ſmall ſucceſs, as appears from the motto to it, *laudatur et alget*, and is not often acted, though it highly deſerves to be ſo. The characters of Rhodogune and Ethelinda are finely contraſted, as are alſo thoſe of Hengiſt and Aribert. The incidents are intereſting, the language occaſionally ſpirited and tender, yet every where poetical, and the cataſtrophe affecting, and truly dramatic. "Rhodogune," Dr. Johnſon ſays, "is a perſonage truly tragical, of high ſpirit, and violent paſſions, great with tempeſtuous dignity, and wicked with a ſoul that would have been heroic if it had been virtuous."

Gibbon (Hiſtory of the Roman Empire, vol. III. p. 627.) ſays, that Procopius might have ſuggeſted to Rowe the character and ſituation of Rhodogune in this play.

In 1709, he undertook an edition of Shakſpeare's plays, to which he prefixed an account of his life, ſuch as tradition then almoſt expiring could ſupply. This edition, without the pomp of annotations, or the parade of emendatory criticiſm, at leaſt contributed to the popularity of Shakſpeare's dramas.

In 1714, the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, written *in imitation of Shakſpeare's ſtyle*, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and dedicated to the Duke of Queenſberry and Dover. This is a very excellent tragedy, and continually acted with great ſucceſs. "In what he thought himſelf an imitator of Shakſpeare, it is not," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "eaſy to conceive. The numbers, the diction, the ſentiments, and the conduct, every thing in which imitation can conſiſt, are remote in the utmoſt degree from the manner of Shakſpeare, whoſe dramas it reſembles only as it is an Engliſh ſtory, and as ſome of the perſons have their names in hiſtory. This play, conſiſting of domeſtic ſcenes and private diſtreſs, lays hold upon the heart. The wife is forgiven becauſe ſhe repents, and the huſband is honoured becauſe he forgives. This, therefore, is one of thoſe pieces which we ſtill welcome on the ſtage."

His laſt tragedy was *Lady Jane Gray*, acted at the ſame theatre in 1715, and dedicated to the Princeſs of Wales. This ſubject had been choſen by his friend Smith, whoſe papers were put into

his hand by Mr. Ducket, conſiſting of looſe hints of ſentiments, and ſhort ſketches of ſcenes, from which he borrowed one, in which Lord Guildford ſingly perſuades Lady Jane to take the crown, inſerted in the third act. This play is frequently acted with ſucceſs, though not abſolutely on the acting liſt of plays.

His attachment to poetry did not entirely unfit him for buſineſs. He was Under-Secretary for three years, when the Duke of Queenſberry was Secretary of State. After the Duke's death, the avenues to his preferment being ſtopped, he paſſed his time in retirement during the reſt of Queen Anne's reign.

A ſtory is told by Spence, of his applying to Harley for ſome public employment. Harley enjoined him to ſtudy Spaniſh, and when he came again and ſaid that he had maſtered it, diſmiſſed him with this congratulation. "Then, Sir, I envy you the pleaſure of reading Don Quixotte in the original."

The ſtory may be juſtly doubted; for Harley, who was deſirous to be thought a patron of literature, cannot be ſuppoſed to inſult a man of acknowledged merit; and Rowe, who was ſo zealous a Whig, that he did not willingly aſſociate with Tories, cannot be ſuppoſed to aſk preferment of the leader of the oppoſite party.

At the acceſſion of King George, he was made Poet-Laureat, in the room of Tate, who died in 1716, in the Mint, where he was forced to ſeek ſhelter from extreme poverty. He was likewiſe made one of the Land-ſurveyors of the Port of London. The Prince of Wales choſe him Clerk of his Council, and the Lord Chancellor Parker, as ſoon as he received the Seals, appointed him, unaſked, Secretary of Preſentations.

Having already tranſlated ſome part of *Lucan's Pharſalia*, which had been publiſhed in the Miſcellanies, he undertook a verſion of the whole work, which he lived to finiſh, but not to publiſh.

He died the 6th of December 1718, in the 45th year of his age, and was buried among the Poets in Weſtminſter Abbey.

He was twice married, firſt to a daughter of Mr. Auditor Parſons, and afterwards to a daughter of Mr. Deveniſh, of a good family in Devonſhire. By his firſt wife he had a ſon, and by the ſecond a daughter, married to Mr. Fane.

His character is given by Dr. Welwood with the fondneſs of a friend.

"His perſon was graceful and well made, his face regular and of a manly beauty. He had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compaſs of thought, with ſingular dexterity and eaſineſs in making his thoughts to be underſtood. He was maſter of moſt parts of polite learning, eſpecially the claſſical authors, both Greek and Latin, underſtood the French, Italian, and Spaniſh languages, and ſpoke the firſt fluently, and the other two tolerably well. He had a good taſte in philoſophy, and having a firm impreſſion of religion upon his mind, he took great delight in divinity and eccleſiaſtical hiſtory. He abhored the principle of perſecuting men upon account of their principles in religion, and being ſtrict in his own, he took it not upon him to cenſure thoſe of another perſuaſion. His converſation was pleaſant, witty, and learned, without the leaſt tincture of affectation or pedantry, and his inimitable manner of diverting the company, made it impoſſible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. He died like a Chriſtian and a philoſopher, in charity with all mankind, and with an abſolute reſignation to the will of God. He kept up his good humour to the laſt, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his laſt agony, with the ſame indifference for life as though he had been upon taking but a ſhort journey."

To this character may be added the teſtimony of Pope, who ſays, in a letter to Blount, "Mr. Rowe accompanied me and paſſed a week in the Foreſt. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I muſt acquaint you there is a vivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to him, which makes it impoſſible to part from him without that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures."

A leſs advantageous mention of his companion is reported by Warburton. "Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart." A converſation is added be-

tween Pope and Addiſon, in which Pope is reported to have mentioned the ſatisfaction which their common friend expreſſed at ſome juncture of Addiſon's advancement, and Addiſon is ſaid to have replied, "I do not ſuſpect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is ſuch, that he is ſtruck with any new adventure; and it would affect him juſt in the ſame manner if he heard that I was going to be hanged." But much ſtreſs is not to be laid on hyperbolical accuſations, and pointed ſentences, which were probably meant to be applauded rather than credited; for it is to be hoped that he who knew how to ſeize the hearts of others, did not want one himſelf.

Pope has left behind him a refutation of this cenſure, in his "Epitaph on Rowe," which contains a liberal encomium on his genius, his patriotiſm, and his ſenſibility. A more unqueſtionable teſtimony to the excellence of his heart, is to be found in the love and eſteem of men of the higheſt reputation for abilities and virtue among his contemporaries.

Enough for him that *Congreve* was his friend,
That *Garth*, and *Steele*, and *Addiſon* commend.

His "Poetical Works," conſiſting of his plays and miſcellaneous poems, were collected and printed by Tonſon, in 3 vols. 12mo, 1719. An account of his life was prefixed by the Rev. S. Hales, dated St. James's, December 28. 1718, with Verſes on his death by Mr. Beckingham, Mr. Amhurſt, Mrs. Centlivre, and Mr. Newcomb.

His tranſlation of *Lucan's Pharſalia* was publiſhed by Dr. Welwood, ſoon after his death; and dedicated to the King by his widow, at his deſire.

Rowe is chiefly diſtinguiſhed as a dramatiſt and a tranſlator. His occaſional poems and ſhort compoſitions, like thoſe of Shakſpeare and Otway, are rarely worthy of much praiſe or cenſure; for they ſeem the caſual effuſions of a mind ſeeking rather to amuſe its leiſure than to exerciſe its powers. His tranſlation of the *Golden Verſes of Pythagoras*, and of the firſt book of *Quillet's Callipædia*, is ſmooth and free; yet few lines are eminently elegant. The *Poem on the Succeſs of his Majeſty's Arms* is tedious. His beautiful ballad, intituled, *Colin's Complaint*, is the moſt popular of his little pieces. It may be ranked with the "Paſtoral Ballad" of Shenſtone, of which it was probably the model.

His admirable verſion of *Lucan* is not appended to this edition of his poems, in conſequence of an arrangement adopted by the proprietors of this publication, which is to give the entire tranſlations of the poetical authors of antiquity in a particular ſeries.

"I know not that there can be found in his plays," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "any deep ſearch into nature, any accurate diſcrimination of kindred qualities, or nice diſplay of paſſion in its progreſs; all is general and undefined. Nor does he much intereſt or affect the auditor, except in *Jane Shore*, who is always ſeen and heard with pity. *Æmilia* is a character of empty noiſe, with no reſemblance to real ſorrow, or to natural madneſs."

"Whence, then, has Rowe his reputation?—From the reaſonableneſs and propriety of ſome of his ſcenes, from the elegance of his diction, and the ſuavity of his verſe. He ſeldom moves either pity or terror, but he often elevates the ſentiments; he ſeldom pierces the heart, but he always delights the ear, and often improves the underſtanding."

"His verſion of Lucan is one of the greateſt productions of Engliſh poetry; for there is perhaps none that ſo completely preſerves the genius and ſpirit of the original. *Lucan* is diſtinguiſhed by a kind of dictatorial or philoſophic dignity; rather, as Quintilian obſerves, declamatory than poetical; full of ambitious morality and pointed ſentences compriſed in vigorous and animated lines. This character Rowe has very diligently and ſucceſsfully preſerved. His verſification, which is ſuch as his contemporaries practiſed, without any attempt at innovation or improvement, ſeldom wants either melody or force. His author's ſenſe is ſometimes a little diluted by additional infuſions, and ſometimes weakened by too much expanſion. But ſuch faults are to be expected in all tranſlations, from the conſtraint of meaſures and diſſimilitude of languages. The *Pharſalia* of Rowe deſerves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read will be more eſteemed."

POEMS.

THE

GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in tranſlating theſe verſes ſomewhat at large, without which it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have given any kind of turn in Engliſh poetry to ſo dry a ſubject. The ſenſe of the author is, I hope, no where miſtaken; and if there ſeems in ſome places to be ſome additions in the Engliſh verſes to the Greek text, they are only ſuch as may be juſtified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained ſenſe of the author's ſhort precept. I have in ſome few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as thoſe that ſhall give themſelves the trouble of a ſtrict compariſon will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greateſt this, and firſt of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, obſerve thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy juſt regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the ſtars preferr'd,
To light and endleſs life, their virtue's ſure reward.
Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
To every wiſe, to every pious ſhade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred ſhew:
For what concerns the reſt of human kind,
Chooſe out the man to virtue beſt inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy boſom bind.
Poſſeſt of ſuch a friend, preſerve him ſtill;
Nor thwart his counſels with thy ſtubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love;
Him from thy heart, ſo true, ſo juſtly dear,
Let no raſh word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canſt, ſtill with his failings ſtrive,
And to the utmoſt ſtill, and ſtill forgive;
For ſtrong neceſſity alone explores
The ſecret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itſelf unknown before, t'exert.
By uſe thy ſtronger appetites aſſwage,
Thy gluttony, thy ſloth, thy luſt, thy rage;
From each diſhoneſt act of ſhame forbear;
Of others, and thyſelf, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyſelf thy thoughts control,
And guard the ſacred temple of thy ſoul.
Let juſtice o'er thy word and deed preſide,
And reaſon ev'n thy meaneſt actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy paſt life ſhall ſtrictly be ſurvey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill moſt juſtly be repaid.
For wealth, the periſhing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no ſure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to paſs;
Revolve the getter's joy and loſer's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all thoſe ſorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee aſſign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls fortune is from God.
In what thou may'ſt, from wiſdom ſeek relief,
And let her healing hand aſſwage thy grief;
Yet ſtill whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cauſe ſoever multiplies thy pains,
Let not thoſe pains as ills be underſtood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reaſoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a ſure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore ſound and cool preſerve,
Nor lightly from thy reſolution ſwerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And ſweet perſuaſion wins the eaſy to believe.
When fools and liars labour to perſuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.

This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds expreſt,
Chooſe for thyself, and always chooſe the beſt.
Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Leſt folly ſhould the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitleſs labours with diſgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haſte,
Act without thought, and thoughtleſs words they waſte.
But thou, in all thou doſt with early cares
Strive to prevent at firſt a fate like theirs;
That ſorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor ſharp repentance make thee wiſe too late.
Beware thy meddling hand in ought to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But ſeek to know, and bend thy ſerious thought
To ſearch the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever ſhall increaſe,
Wiſdom ſhall crown thy labours, and ſhall bleſs
Thy life with pleaſure, and thy end with peace.
Nor let the body want its part, but ſhare
A juſt proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all ſupply'd.
Let ſober draughts refreſh, and wholeſome fare
Decaying nature's waſted force repair;
And ſprightly exerciſe the duller ſpirits cheer.
In all things ſtill which to this care belong,
Obſerve this rule, to guard thy ſoul from wrong.
By virtuous uſe thy life and manners frame,
Manly and ſimply pure, and free from blame.
Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curſe of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needleſs luxury to waſte
Thy wealth and ſubſtance with a ſpendthrift's haſte.
Yet flying theſe, be watchful, leſt thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to ſordid avarice inclin'd.
Diſtant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.
Be careful ſtill to guard thy ſoul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the ſtealing god of ſleep ſurpriſe,
Nor creep in ſlumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou doſt and righteouſly ſurvey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal ſtand,
And anſwer juſtly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I tranſgreſs'd?
What good or ill has this day's life expreſs'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myſelf I owe?
Inquire ſevere what-e'er from firſt to laſt,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has paſt.
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy ſoul with ſtrong remorſe be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy ſecret ſelf with pleaſure ſay,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.
These thoughts, and chiefly theſe thy mind ſhould move,
Employ thy ſtudy, and engage thy love.
Theſe are the rules which will to virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to trade.
This by his name I ſwear, whoſe ſacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the myſtic four,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power.
In all thou doſt firſt let thy prayers aſcend,
And to the gods thy labours firſt commend:
From them implore ſucceſs, and hope a proſperous end.
So ſhall thy abler mind be taught to ſoar,
And wiſdom in her ſecret ways explore;
To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So ſhalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
How univerſal nature is the ſame;
So ſhalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what ſhall never come to paſs.
Man, wretched man, thou ſhalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himſelf the inborne cauſe of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happineſs they dwell.
Depriv'd of ſenſe, they neither hear nor ſee;
Fetter'd in vice, they ſeek not to be free,
But ſtupid, to their own ſad fate agree:
Like ponderous rolling-ſtones, oppreſs with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on ſtill,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native ſtrife in every boſom reigns,
And ſecretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat ceaſe,
And every yielding paſſion ſue for peace.
Would'ſt thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
Reveal the dæmon for that taſk aſſign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods celeſtial eſſence part.
Nor ſacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her myſtic rules reveal'd.
Theſe if to know thou happily attain,
Soon ſhalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded ſoul to health thou ſhalt reſtore,
And free from every pain ſhe felt before.
Abſtain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, ſo free thy ſoul;
So rightly judge; thy reaſon ſo maintain;
Reaſon which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that beſt reaſon ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forſake,
And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,
Among the gods exalted ſhalt thou ſhine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death ſecurely ſhalt thou brave,
And ſcorn the dark dominion of the grave.

A POEM

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, &c.

Humbly Inſcribed to

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counſels wait,
And Anna truſts to thee the Britiſh ſtate;
While fame, to thee, from every foreign coaſt,
Flies with the news of empires won and loſt,
Relates whate'er her buſy eyes beheld,
And tells the fortune of each bloody field;
While, with officious duty, crowds attend,
To hail the labours of thy god-like friend,
Vouchſafe the muſe's humbler joy to hear;
For ſacred numbers ſhall be ſtill thy care;
Though mean the verſe, though lowly be the ſtrain,
Though leaſt regarded be the muſe, of all the tuneful train,
Yet riſe, neglected nymph, avow thy flame,
Aſſert th' inſpiring god, and greatly aim
To make thy numbers equal to thy theme.
From heaven derive thy verſe; to heaven belong
The counſels of the wiſe, and battles of the ſtrong.
To heaven the royal Anna owes, alone,
The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
Thence is her juſtice wretches to redreſs,
Thence is her mercy and her love of peace;
Thence is her power, her ſceptre uncontrol'd,
To bend the ſtubborn, and repreſs the bold;
Her peaceful arts fierce factions to aſſwage,
To heal their breaches, and to ſooth their rage;
Thence is that happy prudence, which preſides
In each deſign, and every action guides;
Thence is ſhe taught her ſhining court to grace,
And fix the worthieſt in the worthieſt place,
To truſt at home Godolphin's watchful care,
And ſend victorious Churchill forth to war.
Ariſe, ye nations reſcued by her ſword,
Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
Ariſe, and join the heroine to bleſs,
Behold ſhe ſends to ſave you from diſtreſs;
Rich is the royal bounty ſhe beſtows,
'Tis plenty, peace, and ſafety from your foes.
And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, diſdain
To wear enſlav'd the Gallic tyrant's chain.
For ſee! the Britiſh genius comes, to cheer
Thy fainting ſons, and kindle them to war.
With her own glorious fires their ſoul ſhe warms,
And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
Unhappy land! the foremoſt once in fame,
Once lifting to the ſtars thy noble name,
In arts excelling, and in arms ſevere,
The weſtern kingdoms' envy, and their fear:
Where is thy pride, thy conſcious honour, flown,
Thy ancient valour, and thy firſt renown?
How art thou ſunk among the nations now!
How haſt thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from thy brow.
Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,
But, oft, alternate, made the victors yield,
And prov'd their might in many a well-fought field;
Bold in defence of liberty they ſtood,
And doubly dy'd their croſs in Mooriſh blood:
Then in heroic arms their knights excell'd,
The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd.
Then every nobler thought their minds did move,
And thoſe who fought for freedom, figh'd for love.
Like one, thoſe ſacred flames united live,
At once they languiſh, and at once revive;
Alike they ſhun the coward and the ſlave,
But bleſs the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
Nor frown, ye fair, nor think my verſe untrue:
Though we diſdain that man ſhould man ſubdue, [you.
Yet all the free-born race are ſlaves alike to
Yet, once again that glory to reſtore,
The Britons ſeek the Celtiberian ſhore.
With echoing peals, at Anna's high command,
Their naval thunder wakes the drowſy land;
High at their head, Iberia's promis'd lord,
Young Charles of Auſtria, waves his ſhining ſword;
His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow,
Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe:
With joy he reads, in every warrior's face,
Some happy omen of a ſure ſucceſs;
Then leaps exulting on the hoſtile ſtrand,
And thinks the deſtin'd ſceptre in his hand.
Nor fate denies, what firſt his wiſhes name,
Proud Barcelona owns his juſter claim,
With the firſt laurel binds his youthful brows,
And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath beſtows.
But ſoon the equal of his youthful years,
Philip of Bourbon's haughty line appears;
Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grace,
(If glory can be in a tyrant's race)
In numbers proud, he threats no more from far,
But nearer draws the black impending war;
He views his hoſt, then ſcorns the rebel town,
And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.
Now fame and empire, all the nobler ſpoils
That urge the hero, and reward his toils,
Plac'd in their view, alike their hopes engage,
And fire their breaſts with more than mortal rage.
Not lawleſs love, not vengeance, nor deſpair,
So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,
As when ambition prompts the great to war;
As youthful kings, when, ſtriving for renown,
They prove their might in arms, and combat for a crown.
Hard was the cruel ſtrife, and doubtful long
Betwixt the chiefs ſuſpended conqueſt hung;
Till, forc'd at length, diſdaining much to yield,
Charles to his rival quits the fatal field.
Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
And ev'n the Britiſh valour ſeems to fail;
And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
Conſcious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
They vow the youthful monarch's fate to ſhare,
Above diſtreſs, unconquer'd by deſpair,
Still to defend the town and animate the war.

But, lo! when every better hope was paſt,
When every day of danger ſeem'd their laſt,
Far on the diſtant ocean, they ſurvey,
Where a proud navy plows its watery way.
Nor long they doubted, but with joy deſcry,
Upon the chief's tall top-maſts waving high,
The Britiſh croſs and Belgic lion fly.
Loud with tumultuous clamour, loud they rear
Their cries of ecſtaſy, and rend the air;
In peals on peals the ſhouts triumphant riſe,
Spread ſwift, and rattle through the ſpacious ſkies;
While, from below, old ocean groans profound,
The walls, the rocks, the ſhores, repel the ſound,
Ring with the deafening ſhock, and thunder all around.
Such was the joy the Trojan youth expreſs'd
Who, by the fierce Rutilian's ſiege diſtreſs'd,
Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd;
When young Aſcanius, then in arms firſt try'd,
Numbers and every other want ſupply'd,
And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd:
Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome.
But oh! what verſe, what numbers, ſhall reveal
Thoſe pangs of rage and grief the vanquiſh'd feel?
Who ſhall retreating Philip's ſhame impart,
And tell the anguiſh of his labouring heart!
What paint, what ſpeaking pencil ſhall expreſs
The blended paſſions ſtriving in his face!
Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorſe,
With thoughts of glory paſt, the loſer's greateſt curſe.
Fatal ambition! ſay what wondrous charms
Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms!
When all thy ſpoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of power, and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleaſure, pays not half thy pain.
All hail! ye ſofter, happier arts of peace,
Secur'd from harms, and bleſt with learned eaſe;
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unſkill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field;
But chief, thee, goddeſs muſe! my verſe would raiſe,
And to thy own ſoft numbers tune thy praiſe;
Happy the youth inſpir'd, beneath thy ſhade,
Thy verdant, ever-living laurels laid!
There, ſafe, no pleaſures, there no pains they know,
But thoſe which from thy ſacred raptures flow,
Nor wiſh for crowns, but what thy groves beſtow.
Me, nymph divine! nor ſcorn my humble prayer,
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler though more lowly, fate,
Nor wiſhing once, not knowing to be great;
Me, to thy peaceful haunts, inglorious bring,
Where ſecret thy celeſtial ſiſters ſing,
Paſt by their ſacred hill, and ſweet Caſtalian ſpring
But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raiſe his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better courſe of time rolls on,
And whiter days ſucceſſive ſeem to run.
From hence his kinder fortune ſeems to date
The riſing glories of his future ſtate,
From hence!—But oh! too ſoon the hero mourns.
His hopes deceiv'd, and war's inconſtant turns.
In vain, his echoing trumpets loud alarms
Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
Careleſs of fame, as of their monarch's fate,
In ſullen ſloth ſupinely proud they ſate;
Or to be ſlaves or free alike prepar'd,
And truſting heaven was bound to be their guard,
Untouch'd with ſhame, the noble ſtriſe beheld,
Nor once eſſay'd to ſtruggle to the field;
But fought in the cold ſhade, and rural ſeat,
An unmoleſted eaſe and calm retreat:
Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
Then with a lazy dull indifference [chance.
Turn'd to their reſt, and left the world to
So when, commanded by the wife of Jove,
Thaumantian Iris left the realms above,
And ſwift deſcending on her painted bow,
Sought the dull god of ſleep in ſhades below;
Nodding and ſlow, his drowſy head he rear'd,
And heavily the ſacred meſſage heard;
Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,
And ſunk to his firſt ſloth and indolence again.
But oh, my muſe! th' ungrateful toil forſake,
Some taſk more pleaſing to thy numbers take,
Nor chooſe in melancholy ſtrains to tell
Each harder chance the juſter cauſe befel.
Or rather turn, auſpicious turn thy flight,
Where Marlborough's heroic arms invite,
Where higheſt deeds the poet's breaſt inſpire
With rage divine, and fan the ſacred fire.
See! where at once Ramillia's noble field
Ten thouſand themes for living verſe ſhall yield,
See! where at once the dreadful objects riſe,
At once they ſpread before my wondering eyes,
And ſhock my labouring ſoul with vaſt ſurpriſe;
At once the wide-extended battles move,
At once they join, at once their fate they prove.
The roar aſcends promiſcuous; groans and cries,
The drums, the cannons' burſt, the ſhout, ſupplies
One univerſal anarchy of noiſe.
One din confus'd, ſound mixt and loſt in ſound,
Echoes to all the frighted cities round.
Thick duſt and ſmoke in wavy clouds ariſe,
Stain the bright day, and taint the purer ſkies;
While flaſhing flames like lightning dart between,
And fill the horror of the fatal ſcene.
Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
Hate, fury, and inſatiate ſlaughter roam;
Diſcord with pleaſure o'er the ruin treads,
And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds;
While fierce Bellona thunders in her car,
Shakes terrible her ſteely whip from far,
And with new rage revives the fainting war.
So when two currents, rapid in their courſe,
Ruſh to a point, and meet with equal force,
The angry billows rear their heads on high,
Daſhing aloft the foaming ſurges fly,
And riſing cloud the air with miſty ſpry;
The raging flood is heard from far to roar,
By liſtening ſhepherds on the diſtant ſhore,
While much they fear, what ills it ſhould portend,
And wonder why the watery gods contend.

High in the midſt, Britannia's warlike chief,
Too greatly bold, and prodigal of life,
Is ſeen to preſs where death and dangers call,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt fall,
He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul.
Like heat diffus'd, his great example warms,
And animates the ſocial warriors' arms,
Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
Makes the young heroes, and renews the old.
In forms divine around him watchful wait
The guardian genii of the Britiſh ſtate;
Juſtice and truth his ſteps unerring guide,
And faithful loyalty defends his ſide;
Prudence and fortitude their Marlborough guard,
And pleaſing liberty his labours cheer'd;
But chief, the angel of his queen was there,
The union-croſs his ſilver ſhield did bear,
And in his decent hand he ſhook a warlike ſpear.
While victory celeſtial ſoars above,
Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
Hangs o'er the chief, whom ſhe delights to bleſs,
And ever arms his ſword with ſure ſucceſs,
Dooms him the proud oppreſſor to deſtroy,
Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
Or ſuch the painter * did the hero feign,
Where ruſhing on, and fierce, he ſeems to ride,
With graceful ardor, and majeſtic pride,
With all the gods of Greece and fortune on his ſide.
Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
Labours the fight unequal to maintain;
He ſees 'tis doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
Shall ſhare the ſhame, and in one ruin fall;
Flies from the foe too oft in battle try'd,
And heaven contending on the victor's ſide;
Then mourns his raſh ambition's crime too late,
And yields reluctant to the force of fate.
So when Æneas, through night's gloomy ſhade,
The dreadful forms of hoſtile gods ſurvey'd,
Hopeleſs he left the burning town, and fled:
Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining Troy,
Or ſave what heaven had deſtin'd to deſtroy.
What vaſt reward, O Europe, ſhalt thou pay
To him who ſav'd thee on this glorious day!
Bleſs him, ye grateful nations, where he goes,
And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.
In every land, in every city freed
Let the proud column rear its marble head,
To Marlborough and liberty decreed;
Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raiſe,
To teach your wondering ſons the hero's praiſe!
To him your ſkilful bards their verſe ſhall bring,
For him the tuneful voice be taught to ſing,
The breathing pipe ſhall ſwell, ſhall ſound the trembling ſtring.
O happy thou! where peace for ever ſmiles,
Britannia! nobleſt of the ocean's iſles,
Fair queen! who doſt amidſt thy waters reign,
And ſtretch thy empire o'er the fartheſt main:
What tranſports in thy parent boſom roll'd,
When fame at firſt the pleaſing ſtory told!

How didſt thou lift thy towery front on high!
Not meanly conſcious of a mother's joy,
Proud of thy ſon as Crete was of her Jove,
How wert thou pleas'd heaven did thy choice approve,
And fixt ſucceſs where thou haſt fixt thy love!
How with regret his abſence didſt thou mourn!
How with impatience wait his wiſht return!
How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
How didſt thou chide the gods who rule the ſea,
And charge the Nereid nymphs to waft him on his way!
At length he comes, he ceaſes from his toil!
Like kings of old returning from the ſpoil;
To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
He comes, their joy and grateful thanks to ſhare;
Lowly he kneels before the royal ſeat,
And lays its proudeſt wreaths at Anna's feet.
While, form'd alike for labours or for eaſe,
In camps to thunder, or in courts to pleaſe,
Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,
In all his dangers, all his triumphs, ſhare.
Conquering he lends the well pleas'd fair new grace,
And adds freſh luſtre to each beauteous face;
Britain preſerv'd by his victorious arms,
With wondrous pleaſure each fair boſom warms,
Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their charms.
Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauty's ſtore
So rich, ſhe ſeem'd incapable of more,
Now ſhines with graces never known before.
Fierce with tranſporting joy ſhe ſeems to burn,
And each ſoft feature takes a ſprightly turn;
New flames are ſeen to ſparkle in her eyes,
And on her blooming cheeks freſh roſes riſe;
The pleaſing paſſion heightens each bright hue,
And ſeems to touch the finiſh'd piece anew,
Improves what nature's bounteous hand had given,
And mends the faireſt workmanſhip of heaven.
Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
But ſpreads to all the grateful people round;
Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil,
To tend the flocks and turn the mellow ſoil,
In homely guiſe their honeſt hearts expreſs,
And bleſs the warrior who protects the peace,
Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
The dreadful ravage of the waſting war.
No rude deſtroyer cuts the ripening crop,
Prevents the harveſt, and deludes their hope;
No helpleſs wretches fly with wild amaze,
Look weeping back, and ſee their dwellings blaze;
The victor's chain no mournful captives know,
Nor hear the threats of the inſulting foe,
But freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
The cheerful voice of mirth is heard to ſound,
And plenty doles her various bounties round.
The humble village, and the wealthy town,
Conſenting join their happineſs to own:
What heaven and Anna's gentleſt reign afford,
All is ſecur'd by Marlborough's conquering ſword.
O ſacred, ever honour'd name! O thou!
That wert our greateſt William once below!

* Le Brun.

What place foe'er thy virtues now poſſeſs
Near the bright ſource of everlaſting bliſs,
Where'er exalted to etherial height,
Radiant with ſtars, thou treadſt the fields of light,
Thy ſeats divine, thy heaven a-while forſake,
And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
Nor art thou chang'd, but ſtill thou ſhalt delight,
To hear the fortune of the glo ious fight,
How fail'd oppreſſion, and prevai'd the right.
What once below, ſuch ſtill thy pleaſures are,
Europe and liberty are ſtill thy care;
Thy great, thy generous, pure, immortal mind
Is ever to the public good inclin'd,
Is ſtill the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind.
Behold where Marlborough, thy laſt beſt gift,
At parting to thy native Belgia left,
Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
Thy watchful counſels, and laborious wars;
Like thee aſpires by virtue to renown,
Fights to ſecure an empire not his own,
Reaps only toil himſelf, and gives away a crown.
At length thy prayer, O pious prince! is heard,
Heaven has at length in its own cauſe appear'd;
At length Ramillia's field atones for all
The faithleſs breaches of the perjur'd Gaul;
At length a better age to man decreed,
With truth, with peace, and juſtice, ſhall ſucceed;
Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed.
One triumph yet, my muſe, remains behind,
Another vengeance yet the Caul ſhall find;
On Lombard plains, beyond his Alpine hills,
Louis the force of hoſtile Britain feels:
Swift to her friends diſtreſs'd her ſuccours fly,
And diſtant wars her wealthy ſons ſupply:
From ſlow or active courts, they grieve to hear
Eugene, a name to every Briton dear,
By tedious languiſhing delays is held
Repining, and impatient, from the field:
While factious ſtateſmen riot in exceſs,
And lazy prieſts whole provinces poſſeſs,
Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
And the ſtarv'd ſoldier ſues for bread in vain;
At once with generous indignation warm,
Britain the treaſure ſends, and bids the hero arm,
Straight eager to the field he ſpeeds away,
There vows the victor Gaul ſhall dear repay
The ſpoils of Calcinato's fatal day:
Cheer'd by the preſence of the chief they love,
Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
Reviv'd each ſoldier lifts his drooping head,
Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead;
Again their creſts the German eagles rear,
Stretch their broad wings, and fan the Latian air;
Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul.
The chief commands, and ſoon in dread array
Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
With hardy marches and ſucceſsful haſte,
O'er every barrier fortunate they paſs'd,
Which nature or the ſkilful foe had plac'd.
The foe in vain with Gallic arts attends,
To mark which way the wary leader bends,
Vainly in war's myſterious rules is wiſe,
Lurks where tall woods and thickeſt coverts riſe,
And meanly hopes a conqueſt from ſurpriſe.
Now with ſwift horſe the plain around them beats,
And oft advances, and as oft retreats;
Now fix'd to wait the coming force, he ſeems,
Secur'd by ſteepy banks and rapid ſtreams;
While rive-gods in vain exhauſt their ſtore;
From plenteous urns the guſhing torrents pour,
Riſe o'er their utmoſt margins to the plain,
And ſtrive to ſtay the warrior's haſte in vain;
Alike they paſs the plain and cloſer wood,
Explore the ford, and tempt the ſwelling flood,
Unſhaken ſtill purſue the ſtedfaſt courſe,
And where they want their way, they find it or force.
But anxious thoughts Savoy's great prince infeſt,
And roll ill-boding in his careful breaſt;
Oft he revolves the ruins of the great,
And ſadly thinks on loſt Bavaria's fate,
The hapleſs mark of fortune's cruel ſport,
An exile, meanly forc'd to beg ſupport
From the ſlow bounties of a foreign court.
Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his laſt retreat,
His glory once and empire's ancient ſeat,
He ſees from far where wide deſtructions ſpread,
And fiery ſhowers the goodly town invade,
Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd ſtate,
And curſe the unrelenting tyrant's hate.
But great Eugene prevents his every fear,
He had reſolv'd it, and he would be there;
Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
Nor all the Gallic powers his promis'd aid delay.
Like truth itſelf unknowing how to fail,
He ſcorn'd to doubt, and knew he muſt prevail.
Thus ever certain does the ſun appear,
Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
Thus conſtant to his courſe ſets out at morn,
Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is borne,
And to a moment keeps his fix'd return.
Straight to the town the heroes turn their care,
Their friendly ſuccour for the brave prepare,
And on the foe united bend the war.
O'er the ſteep trench and ramparts guarded height,
At once they ruſh, and drive the rapid flight;
With idle arms the Gallic legions ſeem
To ſtem the rage of the reſiſtleſs ſtream;
At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
Headlong are puſh'd and ſwept along the field;
Reſiſtance ceaſes, and 'tis war no more,
At once the vanquiſh'd own the victor's power;
Throughout the field, where'er they turn their flight,
'Tis all or conqueſt or inglorious flight;
Swift to their reſcued friends their joys they bear,
With life and liberty at once they cheer,
And ſave them in the moment of deſpair.
So timely to the aid of ſinking Rome,
With active haſte did great Camillus come:
So to the capitol he forc'd his way,
So from the proud Barbarians ſnatch'd his prey,
And ſav'd his country in one ſignal day.

From impious arms at length, O Louis, ceaſe!
And leave at length the labouring world in peace,
Leſt heaven diſcloſe ſome yet more fatal ſcene,
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
Leſt from thy hand thou ſee thy ſceptre torn,
And humbled in the duſt thy loſſes mourn:
Leſt urg'd at length thy own repining ſlave,
Though fond of burdens, and in bondage brave,
Purſue thy hoary head with curſes to the grave.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA.

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

Written by a Lady, her Friend.*

FLAVIA, to you with ſafety I commend
This verſe, the ſecret failing of your friend.
To your good nature I ſecurely truſt,
Who know, that to conceal, is to be juſt.
The muſe, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would run;
Conſcious of folly, fears attending ſhame,
Fears the cenſorious world, and loſs of fame.
Some confident by chance ſhe finds (though few
Pity the fools, whom love or verſe undo),
Whoſe fond compaſſion ſoothes her in the ſin,
And ſets her on to venture once again.
Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From heaven they both the gods beſt gifts were ſent,
Divinely perfect both, and innocent.
Then were bad poets and looſe loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might bluſh to own.
Beneath cool ſhades our happy fathers lay,
And ſpent in pure unacted joys the day:
Artleſs their loves, artleſs their numbers were,
While nature ſimply did in both appear,
None could the cenſor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what heaven beſtow'd,
Nor were too curious of the given good.
At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys,
We loſt being happy, to be thought more wiſe.
In one curs'd age, to puniſh verſe and ſin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the ſame ill fate,
And partial tyrants ſway'd in either ſtate.
Ill-natur'd cenſure would be ſure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bayes grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was ſuffer'd to write on in ſpite of ſenſe;
Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enſlave the free-born Engliſh ſong;
Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
And to four volumes let his plays run on;
Then a lewd tide of verſe, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.
The ſtage (whoſe art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleaſure mix'd, no more profeſt,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jeſt:
The ſhocking ſounds offend the bluſhing fair,
And drive them from the guilty theatre.
Ye wretched bards! from whom theſe ills have ſprung
Whom the avenging powers have ſpar'd too long,
Well may you fear the blow will ſurely come,
Your Sodom has no ten to avert its doom;
Unleſs the fair Ardelia will alone
To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can ten ſaints do more than ſuch a one.
Since ſhe alone of the poetic crowd
To the falſe gods of wit has never bow'd,
The empire which ſhe ſaves, ſhall own her ſway,
And all Parnaſſus her bleſs'd laws obey.
Say, from what ſacred fountain, nymph divine!
The treaſures flow, which in thy verſe do ſhine?
With what ſtrange inſpiration art thou bleſt,
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breaſt?
Our ſordid earth ne'er bred ſo bright a flame,
But from the ſkies, thy kindred ſkies, it came.
To numbers great like thine, th' angelic quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing, with pitying eyes, our cares with thee,
They wiſely own, that "All is vanity;"
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verſe the leaſt vain thing below.
If Pindar's name to thoſe bleſs'd manſions reach,
And mortal muſes may immortal teach,
In verſe like his, the heavenly nation raiſe
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praiſe.
Nor ſhall celeſtial harmony diſdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly ſtrain,
Whoſe fame ſecure, no rival e'er can fear,
But thoſe above, and fair Ardelia here.
She who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his ſacred heights purſue;
Safe through the Dithyrambic ſtream ſhe ſteer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;
Not ſo the reſt, who with ſucceſsleſs pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.
So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruſcans ſtruck with wonder ſtood:
Amidſt the waves her raſh purſuers dy'd,
The matchleſs dame could only ſtem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther ſide.
See with what pomp the antic maſque comes in!
The various forms of the fantaſtic ſpleen.
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
Falſe joy, bred by falſe hope, and falſer fears;
Each vice, each paſſion which pale nature wears,
In this odd monſtrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bayes's dance, confus'dly round they run,
Stateſman, coquet, gay fop, and penſive nun,
Spectres and heroes, huſbands and their wives,
With monkiſh drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire diſeaſe,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, eaſe:
The dancing verſe runs through my ſluggiſh veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.

* Anne Counteſs of Winchelſea.

Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haſte,
And to returning joy reſign my breaſt;
Then free from every pain I did endure,
I bleſs the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great muſician play'd,
The fallen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breaſt, to ſeek ſome ſafer ſhade.

SONG.

While Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Diſſolving in his arms.

Thus to themſelves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant, and all receive.

Like the twin-ſtars, ſo fam'd for friends,
Who ſet by turns, and riſe;
When one to Thetis' lap deſcends,
His brother mounts the ſkies.

With happier fate, and kinder care,
Theſe nymphs by turns do reign,
While ſtill the falling does prepare
The riſing to ſuſtain.

The joys of either ſex in love,
In each of them we read;
Succeſſive each to each does prove,
Fierce youth and yielding maid.

EPIGRAM

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708

Though in the Commons Houſe you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleeve Moore, and gentle Maſter Hale;
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
Burgeſs for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predeceſſors have been oddly fated;
Aſgill and Shippen have been both *tranſlated*.

VERSES MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

While at our houſe the ſervants brawl,
And raiſe an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary:
Till the ſmart dialogue grows rich,
In ſneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them ſilent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And ſcatters tempeſts brewing there:
Thus bullies ſometimes keep the peace,
And one ſcold makes another ceaſe.

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S

Firſt coming to the Houſe in the Hay-Market.

Amphion ſtrikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
To raiſe the Theban wall.
In emulation of his praiſe
Two Lation Signors come,
A ſinking theatre to raiſe
And prop Van's tottering dome.
But how this laſt ſhould come to paſs
Muſt ſtill remain unknown,
Since theſe poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither brick nor ſtone.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT;

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A COMEDY. BY MR. FARQUHAR.

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1703.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

From Fletcher's great original *, to-day
We took the hint of this our modern play:
Our author, from his lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free gallant:
With a gay ſoul, with ſenſe and will to rove,
With language, and with ſoftneſs fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.
Such forms on maids in morning ſlumbers wait,
When fancy firſt inſtructs their hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by ſome unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wiſe,
There's danger ſtill in darkneſs and ſurpriſe;
Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With eaſy freedom, and a gay addreſs,
A preſſing lover ſeldom wants ſucceſs:
Whilſt the reſpectful, like the Greek, ſits down,
And waſtes a ten years ſiege before one town.
For her own ſake let no forſaken maid,
Our wanderer for want of love, upbraid;
Since 'tis a ſecret, none ſhould e'er confeſs,
That they have loſt the happy power to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you've turn'd him off a week;
As princes when they reſty ſtateſmen doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn them out.
Whate'er you think, grave uſes may be made,
As much, ev'n for inconſtancy be ſaid.
Let the good man for marriage rites deſign'd,
With ſtudious care, and diligence of mind,
Turn over every page of womankind;

* See, The Wild Goose Chace.

Mark every ſenſe, and how the readings vary,
And when he knows the worſt on't—let him marry.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER.

A COMEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

As it was acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

If humble wives, that drag the marriage-chain
With curſed dogged huſbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for alimony ſue.
Know, we reſolve to make the caſe our own,
Between the plaintiff ſtage, and the defendant town.
When firſt you took us from our father's houſe,
And lovingly our intereſt did eſpouſe,
You kept us fine, careſs'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey moon held out above three year;
At length, for pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your ſprightly taſte;
And though at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to reſpect.
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You ſtopp'd, and call'd to ſee if we were well.
Now, quite eſtrang'd, this wretched place you ſhun,
Like bad wine, bus'neſs, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race?
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace?
And born you many chopping babes of grace?
Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curſe.
They were ſo like you, that you far'd the worſe;
For this to-night, we are not much in pain,
Look on't and if you like it, entertain:
If all the midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome features too like ſome of you:
For us, if you think fitting to forſake it,
We mean to run away, and let the pariſh take it.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Barry, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April 7. 1709, at her playing in "Love for Love" with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.

As ſome brave knight, who once with ſpear and ſhield
Had fought renown in many a well-fought field;
But now no more with ſacred fame inſpir'd,
Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd:
There, if by chance diſaſtrous tales he hears,
Of matrons wrongs, and captive virgins tears,
He feels ſoft pity urge his generous breaſt,
And vows once more to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
Buckled in mail, he ſallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again.
So we, to former leagues of friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful homes adieu,
To aid old Thomas, and to pleaſure you.
Like errant damſels, boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs ſtage.
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any ſhe ſhould hold his back;
But now, ſo age and frailty have ordain'd,
By two * at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd,
You ſee what failing nature brings man to;
And yet let none inſult, for ought we know,
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you.
Though old, yet find his ſtrength is not clean paſt,
But true as ſteel he's metal to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in days of yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his power;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?
What he has been, though preſent praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roſcius, and of Rome.
Had you withheld your favours on this night,
Old Shakſpeare's ghoſt had ris'n to do him right.
With indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs town;
Griev'd and repining, you had heard him ſay,
Why are the muſe's labours caſt away?
Why did I write what only he could play?
But ſince, like friends to wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on, and make the generous work complete:
Be true to merit, and ſtill own his cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare applauſe.
In juſt remembrance of your pleaſure paſt,
Be kind, and give him a diſcharge at laſt;
In peace and eaſe life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated buſkin† there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT:

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

Well—'twas a narrow 'ſcape my lover made,
That cup and meſſage—I was ſore afraid—
Was that a preſent for a new-made widow,
All in her diſmal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for ſomething good,
There was—oh! Gad! a naſty heart and blood‖
If the old man had ſhewn himſelf a father,
His bowl ſhould have inclos'd a cordial rather,

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle claſp him round the waiſt.

† Pointing to the top of the ſtage.

‖ This tragedy was founded upon the ſtory of Segiſmonda and Guiſcardo, one of Boccace's novels: wherein the heart of the lover is ſent by the father to his daughter, as a preſent.

Something to cheer me up amidſt my trance,
L'Eau de Barde—or comfortable Nants*!
He thought he paid it off with being ſmart,
And, to be witty, cry'd he'd ſend the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover
Were I our ſex's ſecrets to diſcover,
'Tis what we never look'd for in a lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miſs the heart does ſeldom diſappoint her.
Faith, for the faſhion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vileſt baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, ſo much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and ſtate;
When their falſe hearts were ſecretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of ſoul-inſurers,
The Tyburn tribe of ſpeech-making Non jurors;
Who, in new-fangled terms, old truths explaining,
Teach honeſt Engliſhmen, damn'd double-meaning.
Oh! would you loſt integrity reſtore,
And boaſt that faith your plain fore-fathers bore;
What ſurer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge† your monarch left behind!
See how his looks his honeſt heart explain,
And ſpeak the bleſſings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candour trace,
And read plain-dealing written in his face.

PROLOGUE TO THE NON-JUROR:

A COMEDY. BY MR. CIBBER.

As it was acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To NIGHT, ye Whigs and Tories, both be ſafe,
Nor hope at one another's coſt to laugh.
We mean to ſouſe old Satan and the Pope;
They've no relations here, nor friends, we hope.
A tool of theirs ſupplies the comic ſtage
With juſt materials for ſatiric rage:
Nor think our colours may too ſtrongly paint
The ſtiff Non-juring ſeparation ſaint.
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To thoſe who give the nation to the devil;
Who at our ſureſt, beſt foundation ſtrike,
And hate our monarch and our church alike:
Our church—which, aw'd with reverential fear,
Scarcely the muſe preſumes to mention here.
Long may ſhe theſe her worſt of foes defy.
And lift her mitred head triumphant to the ſky:
While theirs——but ſatire ſilently diſdains
To name, what lives not, but in madmen's brains.
Like bawds, each lurking paſtor ſeeks the dark,
And fears the juſtice's inquiring clerk.

* i. e. Citron water and good brandy.
† The Prince of Wales, then preſent.

In cloſe back-rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
There ſafe, he lets his thundering cenſures fly,
Unchriſtens, damns us, gives our laws the lie,
And excommunicates three ſtories high.
Why, ſince a land of liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this free-born ſtate?
Here, every hour, freſh, hateful objects riſe,
Peace and proſperity afflict their eyes;
With anguiſh, prince and people they ſurvey,
Their juſt obedience and his righteous ſway.
Ship off, ye ſlaves, and ſeek ſome paſſive land,
Where tyrants after your own hearts command.
To your Tranſalpine maſter's rule reſort,
And fill an empty abdicated court:
Turn your poſſeſſions here to ready rhino,
And buy ye lands and lordſhips at Urbino.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

I.

Do not, moſt fragrant earl, diſclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown:
But publicly eſpouſe the dame,
And ſay, G—— d—— the town.

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply ſmitten been,
Although right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounſlow ſeen,
And ſome who've been in Flanders.

III.

Did not baſe Greber's Peg* inflame
The ſober Earl of Nottingham,
Of ſober ſire deſcended?
That, careleſs of his ſoul and fame,
To play-houſes he nightly came,
And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
Who rules the roaſt with matchleſs might,
Since William went to heaven;
Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
Who was but Scarron's leaving.

V.

Though thy dear's father kept an inn
At griſly head of Saracen,
For carriers at Northampton;
Yet ſhe might come of gentler kin,
Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had ſhe,
Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
Which ſhe with ſcorn rejected:
And can a nymph ſo virtuous be
Of baſe-born blood ſuſpected?

* Signora Franceſca Margareta de l'Epine, an Italian ſongſtreſs.

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguiſh eye,
Her ſlender waiſt, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking;
But, faith, though I talk waggiſhly,
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, friend: for why?
My lady marchioneſs is nigh,
To ſee I ne'er ſhould hurt ye;
Beſides, you know full well that I
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.

THE RECONCILEMENT

BETWEEN

JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my houſe in Fleet-ſtreet once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir, time paſs'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
"I was the happieſt creature on God's yearth *."

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not ſuch a paſſion;
While yet you did not uſe (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toaſt their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonſon, wert to my conceiving,
The cheerfulleſt, beſt, honeſt fellow living.

TONSON.

I'm in with Captain Vanburgh at the preſent,
A moſt ſweet-natur'd gentleman, and pleaſant;
He writes your comedies, draws ſchemes, and models,
And builds dukes houſes upon very odd hills:
For him, ſo much I dote on him, that I,
If I was ſure to go to heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple † and Delavel are now my party,
Men that are *tam Marte* both *quam Mercurio*:
And though for them I ſhall ſcarce go to heaven,
Yet I can drink with them ſix nights in ſeven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I ſhould retire,
And once more warm my Bunnians § at your fire;
If I to Bow-ſtreet ſhould invite you home,
And ſet a bed up in my dining room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay ſailor and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
Though civil perſons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing bear;
Yet for your ſake I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Bob, with only you.

* The dialect of the elder Tonſon.
† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.
§ Jacob's term for his corns.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle caſk, whoſe venerable head
With hoary down and ancient duſt o'erſpread,
Proclaims, that ſince the vine firſt brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth.
Whether the ſprightly juice thou doſt contain,
Thy votaries will to wit and love,
Or ſenſeleſs noiſe and lewdneſs move,
Or ſleep, the cure of theſe and every other pain.

II.

Since to ſome day propitious and great,
Juſtly at firſt thou waſt deſign'd by fate;
This day, the happieſt of thy many years,
With thee I will forget my cares:
To my Corvinus' health thou ſhalt go round,
(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
And longer age would bring decay)
Till every anxious thought in the rich ſtream be drown'd.

III.

To thee my friend his roughneſs ſhall ſubmit,
And Socrates himſelf a while forget.
Thus when old Cato would ſometimes unbend
The rugged ſtiffneſs of his mind,
Stern and ſevere, the Stoic quaff'd his bowl,
His frozen virtue felt the charm,
And ſoon grew pleas'd, and ſoon grew warm,
And bleſs'd the ſprightly power that cheer'd his gloomy ſoul.

IV.

With kind conſtraint ill-nature thou doſt bend,
And mould the ſnarling cynic to a friend.
The ſage reſerv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
Finds all he knows ſumm'd up in thee,
And by thy power unlock'd, grows eaſy, gay, and free.
The ſwain, who did ſome credulous nymph perſuade.
To grant him all, inſpir'd by thee,
Devotes her to his vanity,
And to his fellow-ſops toaſts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who, preſs'd beneath a load of cares,
And labouring with continual woes, deſpairs,
If thy kind warmth does his chill'd ſenſe invade,
From earth he rears his droeping head,
Reviv'd by thee, he ceaſes now to mourn;
His flying cares give way to haſte,
And to the god reſign his breaſt,
Where hopes of better days, and better things return.

VI.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
Amidſt his wants, a wretched life maintains;
If thy rich juice his homely ſupper crown,
Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown,
Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
And how by impious arms they reign,
Fiercely he talks with rude diſdain,
And vows to be a ſlave, to be a wretch, no more.

VII.

Fair queen of love, and thou great god of wine,
Hear every grace, and all ye powers divine,
All that to mirth and friendſhip do incline,
Crown this auſpicious caſk, and happy night,
With all things that can give delight;
Be every care and anxious thought away:
Ye tapers ſtill be bright and clear,
Rival the moon and each pale ſtar,
Your beams ſhall yield to none but his who brings the day.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the queen of love invades my breaſt
Late, with long eaſe and peaceful pleaſures bleſt;
Spare, ſpare the wretch, that ſtill has been thy ſlave,
And let my former ſervice have
The merit to protect me to the grave.
Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
When under Cynera, the good and fair,
With joy I did thy fetters wear,
Bleſs'd in the gentle ſway of an indulgent queen.
Stiff and unequal to the labour now,
With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
Why doſt thou urge me ſtill to bear? Oh! why
Doſt thou not much rather fly
To youthful breaſts, to mirth and gaiety?
Go, bid thy ſwans their gloſſy wings expand,
And ſwiftly through the yielding air
To Damon thee their goddeſs bear,
Worthy to be thy ſlave, and fit for thy command.
Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,
Joy in his heart, love in his charming tongue.
Skill'd in a thouſand ſoft prevailing arts,
With wondrous force the youth imparts
Thy power to unexperienc'd virgins' hearts.
Far ſhall he ſtretch the bounds of thy command;
And if thou ſhalt his wiſhes bleſs,
Beyond his rivals with ſucceſs,
In gold and marble ſhall thy ſtatues ſtand.
Beneath the ſacred ſhade of Odel's wood,
Or on the banks of Ouſe's gentle flood,
With odorous beams a temple he ſhall raiſe,
For ever ſacred to thy praiſe,
Till the fair ſtream, and wood, and love itſelf decays.
There while rich incenſe on thy altar burns,
Thy votaries, the nymphs and ſwains,
In melting ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
Mix'd with their ſofter flutes, ſhall tell their flames by turns.
As love and beauty with the light are born,
So with the day thy honours ſhall return;
Some lovely youth, pair'd with a bluſhing maid,
A troop of either ſex ſhall lead, tread.
And twice the Salian meaſures round thy altar
Thus with an equal empire o'er the light,
The queen of love, and god of wit,
Together riſe, together ſit: night.
But, goddeſs, do thou ſtay, and bleſs alone the
There may'ſt thou reign, while I forget to love;
No more falſe beauty ſhall my paſſion move;
Nor ſhall my fond believing heart be led,
By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
To hope for truth from the proteſting maid.
With love the ſprightly joys of wine are fled;
The roſes too ſhall wither now,
That us'd to ſhade and crown my brow,
And round my cheerful temples fragrant odours ſhed.
But tell me, Cynthia, ſay, bewitching fair,
What mean theſe ſighs? why ſteals this falling tear?
And when my ſtruggling thoughts for paſſage ſtrove,
Why did my tongue refuſe to move;
Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
Still ſhe is preſent to my eyes,
And ſtill in vain I, as ſhe flies,
O'er woods, and plains, and ſeas, the ſcornful maid purſue.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. IV. IMITATED.

TO RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ *.

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my heart commend,
The critic's art, and candour of a friend,
Say what thou doſt in thy retirement find,
Worthy the labours of thy active mind;
Whether the tragic muſe inſpires thy thought,
To emulate what moving Otway wrote;
Or whether to the covert of ſome grove
Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
Where to thyſelf thou all thoſe rules doſt ſhow,
That good men ought to practiſe, or wiſe know.
For ſure thy maſs of men is no dull clay,
But well-inform'd with the celeſtial ray.
The bounteous gods, to thee completely kind,
In a fair frame inclos'd thy fairer mind;
And though they did profuſely wealth beſtow,
They gave thee the true uſe of wealth to know.
Could ev'n the nurſe wiſh for her darling boy
A happineſs which thou doſt not enjoy;
What can her fond ambition aſk beyond
A ſoul by wiſdom's nobleſt precepts crown'd?
To this fair ſpeech, and happy utterance join'd,
T' unlock the ſecret treaſures of the mind,
And make the bleſſing common to mankind.
On theſe let health and reputation wait,
The favour of the virtuous and the great:
A table cheerfully and cleanly ſpread,
Stranger alike to riot and to need:
Such an eſtate as no extremes may know,
A free and juſt diſdain for all things elſe below.
Amidſt uncertain hopes, and anxious cares,
Tumultuous ſtrife, and miſerable fears,
Prepare for all events thy conſtant breaſt,
And let each day be to thee as thy laſt,
That morning's dawn will with new pleaſure riſe,
Whoſe light ſhall unexpected bleſs thy eyes.

* Who fought the duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.

Me, when to town in winter you repair,
Battening in eaſe you'll find, ſleek, friſk, and fair;
Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the flying hour,
Whom every Friday at the Vine * you'll find
His true diſciple, and your faithful friend.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brighteſt red the bluſhing Roſe
Her freſheſt opening beauties did diſcloſe;
Her, the rough Thiſtle from a neighbouring field,
With fond deſires and lover's eyes beheld:
Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the gentle flower with ſofter arts.
Kindly ſhe heard, and did his flame approve,
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love.
Flora, whoſe happy laws the ſeaſons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preſide,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride.
With pleaſure ſaw the wiſhing pair combine,
To favour what their goddeſs did deſign,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning year,
One ſtem the Thiſtle and the Roſe ſhall bear:
The Thiſtle's laſting grace, thou, O my Roſe! ſhalt be,
The warlike Thiſtle's arms, a ſure defence to thee.

ON CONTENTMENT.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD †.

MANY that once, by fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidſt the wealth and the great appear'd;
Have wiſely from thoſe envy'd heights declin'd,
Have ſunk to that juſt level of mankind,
Where nor too little nor too much gives the true peace of mind.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bleſs'd day, from every part, the juſt,
Rais'd from the liquid deep, or mouldering duſt,
The various products of time's fruitful womb,
All of paſt ages, preſent and to come,
In full aſſembly ſhall at once reſort,
And meet within high heaven's capacious court:
There famous names rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we ſhall behold,
From whom old ſtocks and anceſtry began,
And worthily in long ſucceſſion ran;
The reverend ſires with pleaſure ſhall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all thoſe tender ties, which here below,
Or kindred, or more ſacred friendſhip know,
Firm, conſtant, and unchangeable ſhall grow.
Refin'd from paſſion, and the dregs of ſenſe,
A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
Its everlaſting being ſhall commence:
There, like their days, their joys ſhall ne'er be done,
No night ſhall riſe, to ſhade heaven's glorious ſun,
But one eternal holiday go on.

* A tavern in Long-Acre.
† In his Meditationes Sacrae.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG.

To the Tune of "Grim King of the Ghoſts."

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, ſilly ſwain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd the dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great.
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove,
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Though the muſes my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy falſe one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.

Though through the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground.
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with cypreſs and yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

Ye winds to whom Colin complains,
In ditties ſo ſad and ſo ſweet,
Believe me, the ſhepherd but feigns
He's wretched, to ſhow he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is ſome pretty new art;
Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can ſigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale,
Ah! Colin has every pace:
The willow my rover prefers
To the breaſt, where he once beg'd to lie,
And the ſtream, that he ſwells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond boſom would bear,
And my heart would ſoon beat him to reſt;
Let the ſwain that is ſlighted deſpair,
But Colin is only in jeſt:
No death the deceiver deſigns,
Let the maid that is ruin'd deſpair;
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himſelf that modiſh air.

IV.

Can ſhepherds, bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame?
But Colin makes paſſion his ſport,
Beware of ſo fatal a game:
My voice of no muſic can boaſt,
Nor my perſon of ought that is fine,
But Colin may find, to his coſt,
A face that is fairer than mine.

V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my ſheep,
And die in the much-favour'd brook,
Where Colin does now ſit and weep:
Then mourn the ſad fate that you gave,
In ſonnets ſo ſmooth and divine;
Perhaps, I may riſe from my grave,
To hear ſuch ſoft muſic as thine.

VI.

Of the violet, daiſy, and roſe,
The heart's eaſe, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compoſe,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
How oft, my dear, ſwain, did I ſwear,
How much my fond love did admire
Thy verſes, thy ſhape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

VII.

Your ſheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch art,
That all your ſmall ſubjects obey'd;
And ſtill you reign'd king of this heart,
Whoſe paſſion you falſely upbraid
How often, my ſwain, have I ſaid,
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a ſhade,
Though adorn'd with nothing but thee!

VIII.

Oh! what are the ſparks of the town,
Though never ſo fine and ſo gay?
I freely would leave the beds of down,
For thy breaſt on a bed of new hay:
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love,
Let me find thee a faithful true ſwain,
And as conſtant a nymph I will prove.

EPIGRAM

On a Lady who ſhed her Water at ſeeing the Tragedy of Cato; occaſioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

Whilst maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dire eyes the Tory Celia's ſate;
But though the pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The guſhing waters found a vent below.
Though ſecret yet with copious ſtreams ſhe mourns,
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
Let others ſcrew an hypocritic face,
She ſhows her grief in a ſinceter place!
Here nature reigns, and paſſion void of art;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

IMITATED IN LATIN.

Plorat fata ſui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis ſiccis Cælia fixa ſedet;
At quanquam lacrymis faſtus vetat ora rigari,
Invenêre viam quâ per opaca fluant:

Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamen humor a-
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua. [bundè,
Diſtorquent aliæ vultus, ſimulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè ſincera eſt Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ mera natura eſt, non perſonata per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ.

MÆCENAS.

Verſes occaſioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Honourable the Earl of Halifax, 1714; *being that year inſtalled Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.*

PHOEBUS and Cæſar once conſpir'd to grace
A noble knight of ancient Tuſcan race.
The monarch, greatly conſcious of his worth,
From books and his retirement call'd him forth;
Adorn'd the patriot with the civic crown,
The conſul's faſces and patrician gown;
The world's whole wealth he gave him to beſtow,
And teach the ſtreams of treaſure where to flow:
To him he bade the ſuppliant nations come,
And on his counſels fix'd the fate of Rome.
The god of wit, who taught him firſt to ſing,
And tune high numbers to the vocal ſtring,
With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king.
Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my ſhare;
Our common favourite is our common care.
Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give;
But Phœbus only bids the poet live.
The ſervice of his faithful heart is thine;
There let thy Julian ſtar an emblem ſhine;
His mind, and her imperial ſeat are mine.
Then bind his brow, ye Theſpian maids, he ſaid:
The willing muſes the command obey'd,
And wove the deathleſs laurel for his head.

EPIGRAM

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, THEN REGENT,

Appearing at the Play in Spring-Garden, 1726.

THY guardian, bleſt Britannia, ſcorns to ſleep,
When the ſad ſubjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increaſe diſtreſs;
He faces danger, and ſo makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing towns may ſmile with joy;
He knows, to *ſave*, is greater than *deſtroy*.

SONG

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bleſs their light divine;
I ſtand confounded with amaze,
To think on what they ſhine.

II.

On one vile clod of earth ſhe ſeems
To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at thoſe bright beams,
Nor wakens into ſenſe.

III.

Loſt and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain,
That nature's laviſh hand had wrought
This faireſt work in vain.

IV.

Thus ſome, who have the ſtars ſurvey'd,
Are ignorantly led,
To think thoſe glorious lamps were made
To light Tom-Fool to bed.

OCCASIONED BY

HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK,

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bower crown'd
The ſummit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
To wait like ſervants on her will.

II.

I went, and found 'twas as they ſaid,
That every thing look'd freſh and fair;
Her herds in flowery paſtures ſtray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood ſhade,
And gently breath'd the balmy air.

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
Uneaſy grown within my breaſt,
My breath come ſhort, and in each part
Some new diſorder ſeem to ſtart,
Which pain'd me ſore and broke my reſt.

IV.

Some noxious vapour ſure, I ſaid,
From this unwholeſome ſoil muſt riſe;
Some ſecret venom is convey'd
Or from this field, or from that ſhade,
That does the powers of life ſurpriſe.

V.

Soon as the ſkilful Leach beheld
The change that in my health was grown
Blame not, he cry'd, nor wood nor field;
Diſeaſes which ſuch ſymptoms yield,
Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

VI.

Alike ſhe kills in every air,
The coldeſt breaſt her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been ſo fair,
The place had never done you harm.

STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK,

ON MR. ADDISON'S GOING TO IRELAND.

I.

Ye gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea!
Who chain loud storms, and still the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
And bring the faithful lover safe again.

II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood.

III.

Ah, fairest maid! whom, as I well divine,
The righteous gods his just reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wishes join,
That thou at length may'st pay him for his pain.

IV.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his example true,
And shun thy sex's inclination, change.

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,
Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise;
When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,
Soothe all thy senses, and thy passions raise:

VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere,
Till thy own truest Lycidas return.

THE VISIT.

Wit and beauty t' other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the graces and good-nature,
Conversation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever smiling,
All the pleasures here below,
Men can ask, or gods bestow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell * and How.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——†.

I.

As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

II.

And as she passed by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

III.

And dost thou nothing heed,
What Pan our god has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the sweetest Shepherd's reed!

IV.

There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

V.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

VI.

Alas! my love, he cry'd,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

VII.

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green
So trim and so sheen;
Or the brightest queen of May.

VIII.

What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

SONG.

AH WILLOW.

TO THE SAME IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

To the brook and the willow that heard his complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain,
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

II.

Sweet stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe
Ah willow, &c.

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.
† Afterwards his wife.

III.

All reſtleſs and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the ſad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye ſoft flumbers repair;
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care.
Ah willow, &c.

V.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy ſoft murmurs might lull her to ſleep.
Ah willow, &c.

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never cloſe,
Ah willow, &c.
So the ſleep that I loſe brings my fair one repoſe,
Ah willow, &c.

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loſs of my dear one, my love is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

VIII.

If no more my ſad heart by thoſe eyes ſhall be cheer'd;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more ſhall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

IX.

Believe me, thou fair one; thou dear one, believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few ſighs to thy loſs, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee ſhall be ty'd,
Ah willow, &c.
And ſoon lay thy ſhepherd cloſe by thy cold ſide.
Ah willow, &c.

XI.

Then run, gentle brook; and to loſe thyſelf, haſte;
Ah willow, willow.
Fade thou too, my willow, this verſe is my laſt;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

TO THE SAME, SINGING.

I.

What charms in melody are found
To ſoften every pain!
How do we catch the healing ſound,
And feel the ſoothing ſtrain!

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my fair,
I bid my heart rejoice;
I ſhake off every ſullen care,
For ſorrow flies thy voice.

III.

The ſeaſons Philomel obey,
Whene'er they hear her ſing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And ſhe recalls the ſpring.

SONG.

THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

Since I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doated on every feature:
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of ſo ungrateful a creature.
Though I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton ſymptoms of ranging;
Still I reſolv'd againſt being wiſe,
And lov'd you in ſpite of your changing.

SHE.

Why ſhould you blame what heaven has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithleſs maid,
But nature's inclination.
'Tis not becauſe I love you leſs,
Or think you not a true one;
But if the truth I muſt confeſs,
I always lov'd a new one.

TO
LORD WARWICK
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

When, fraught with all that grateful minds can move,
With friendſhip, tenderneſs, reſpect, and love;
The muſe had wiſh'd, on this returning day,
Something moſt worthy of herſelf to ſay:
To Jove ſhe offer'd up an humble prayer,
To take the noble Warwick to his care.
Give him, ſhe ſaid, whate'er diviner grace
Adorns the ſoul, or beautifies the face:
Let manly conſtancy confirm his truth,
And gentleſt manners crown his blooming youth.
Give him to fame, to virtue, to aſpire,
Worthy our ſongs and thy informing fire:
All various praiſe, all honours, let him prove,
Let men admire, and ſighing virgins love:
With honeſt zeal inflame his generous mind,
To love his country, and protect mankind.
Attentive to her prayer, the god reply'd,
Why doſt thou aſk what has not been deny'd?
Jove's bounteous hand has laviſh'd all his power,
And making what he is, can add no more.
Yet ſince I joy in what I did create,
I will prolong the favourite Warwick's fate,
And lengthen out his years to ſome uncommon date.

TO

LADY JANE WHARTON,

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

While o'er the globe, fair nymph, your ſearches run,
And trace its rolling circuit round the ſun,
You ſeem'd the world beneath you to ſurvey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
With two fair lamps methought your nations ſhone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one.
How did theſe rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field!
Your earth was in eternal ſpring array'd,
And laughing joy amidſt its natives play'd.
Such is their day, but cheerleſs is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your abſent light:
And, oh! when yet ere many years are paſt,
Theſe beams on other objects ſhall be plac'd,
When ſome young hero with reſiſtleſs art,
Shall draw theſe eyes, and warm that virgin heart:
How ſhall your creatures then their loſs deplore,
And want theſe ſuns that riſe for them no more?
The bliſs you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his ſake your world muſt be undone.

TO

MRS. PULTENEY.

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

Tir'd with the frequent miſchiefs of her eyes,
To diſtant climes the fair Belinda flies.
She ſees her ſpreading flames conſume around,
And not another conqueſt to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vaſſals here with proud diſdain.
One only joy which in her heart ſhe wears,
The dear companion of her flight ſhe bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forſook,
Thus into baniſhment his gods he took:
But, to retrive his native Troy's diſgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1716.

I.

Hail to thee, glorious riſing year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary time;
Where thy golden footſteps tread,
Pleaſures all around thee ſpread;
Bliſs and beauty grace thy train;
Muſe, ſtrike the lyre to ſome immortal ſtrain.
But, oh! what ſkill, what maſter hand,
Shall govern or conſtrain the wanton band?
Looſe like my verſe they dance, and all without command.
Images of faireſt things
Crowd about the ſpeaking ſtrings;
Peace and ſweet proſperity,
Faith and cheerful loyalty,
With ſmiling love and deathleſs poeſy.

II.

Ye ſcowling ſhades who break away,
Well do ye fly and ſhun the purple day.
Every fiend and fiend-like form,
Black and ſullen as a ſtorm,
Jealous fear, and falſe ſurmiſe,
Danger with her dreadful eyes,
Faction, fury, all are fled,
And bold rebellion hides her daring head.
Behold, thou gracious year, behold,
To whom thy treaſures all thou ſhalt unfold,
For whom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!
See thy George, for this is he!
On his right hand waiting free,
Britain and fair liberty:
Every good is in his face,
Every open honeſt grace.
Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race!

III.

See! the ſacred ſcyon ſprings,
See the glad promiſe of a line of kings!
Royal youth! what bard divine,
Equal to a praiſe like thine,
Shall in ſome exalted meaſure
Sing thee, Britain's deareſt treaſure?
Who her joy in thee ſhall tell,
Who the ſprightly note ſhall ſwell,
His voice attempering to the tuneful ſhell?
Thee Audenard's recorded field,
Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld,
And ſaw with hopeleſs heart thy fainting rival yield:
Troubled he, with ſore diſmay,
To thy ſtronger fate gave way,
Safe beneath thy noble ſcorn,
Wingy-footed was he borne,
Swift as the fleeting ſhades upon the golden corn.

IV.

What valour, what diſtinguiſh'd worth,
From thee ſhall lead the coming ages forth?
Creſted helms and ſhining ſhields,
Warriors fam'd in foreign fields;
Hoary heads with olive bound,
Kings and lawgivers renown'd;
Crowding ſtill they riſe anew,
Beyond the reach of deep prophetic view.
Young Auguſtus! never ceaſe!
Pledge of our preſent and our future peace,
Still pour the bleſſings forth, and give thy great increaſe.
All the ſtock that fate ordains
To ſupply ſucceeding reigns,
Whether glory ſhall inſpire
Gentler arts or martial fire,
Still the fair deſcent ſhall be
Dear to Albion all, like thee,
Patrons of righteous rules, and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden lights who ſhine on high,
Ye potent planets who aſcend the ſky,
On the opening year diſpenſe
All your kindeſt influence;
Heavenly powers be all prepar'd
For our Carolina's guard;
Short and eaſy be the pains,
Which for a nation's weal the heroine ſuſtains.
Britannia's angel be thou near;
The growing race is thy peculiar care,
Oh ſpread thy ſacred wing above the royal fair.
George by thee was wafted o'er
To the long expected ſhore:
None preſuming to withſtand
Thy celeſtial armed hand,
While, his ſacred head to ſhade,
The blended croſs on high thy ſilver ſhield diſplay'd.

VI.

But, oh! what other form divine
Propitious near the hero ſeems to ſhine!
Peace of mind, and joy ſerene,
In her ſacred eyes are ſeen,
Honour binds her mitred brow,
Faith and truth beſide her go,
With zeal and pure devotion bending low.
A thouſand ſtorms around her threat,
A thouſand billows roar beneath her feet,
While, fix'd upon a rock, ſhe keeps her ſtable ſeat.
Still in ſign of ſure defence,
Truſt and mutual confidence,
On the monarch, ſtanding by
Still ſhe bends her gracious eye,
Nor fears her foes approach, while heaven and he are nigh.

VII.

Hence then with every anxious care!
Be gone, pale envy, and thou cold deſpair!
Seek ye out a moody cell,
Where deceit and treaſon dwell;
There repining, raging, ſtill
The idle air with curſes fill;
There blaſt the pathleſs wild, and the bleak northern hill;
There your exile vainly moan;
There where, with murmurs horrid as your own,
Beneath the ſweeping winds, the bending foreſts groan;
But thou, hope, with ſmiling cheer,
Do thou bring the ready year;
See the hours! a choſen band!
See with jocund looks they ſtand,
All in their trim array, and waiting for command.

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads increaſe and chaſte connubial love:
Flora ſweet her bounty ſpreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain;
Pan rewards the ſhepherd's pain;
All is plenty, all is wealth,
And on the balmy air ſits roſy-colour'd health.

I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters ſwells the pealing noiſe,
While to their monarch, thus, they raiſe the public voice.
Father of thy country, hail!
Always every where prevail;
Pious, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
Better ſons for thee ariſe,
Purer breezes fan the ſkies,
Earth in fruits and flowers is dreſt,
Joy abounds in every breaſt,
For thee thy people all, for thee the year is bleſt.

SONG

FOR

THE KING's BIRTH-DAY, MAY 28. 1716.

I.

Lay thy flowery garlands by,
Ever-blooming gentle May!
Other honours now are nigh;
Other honours ſee we pay.
Lay thy flowery garlands by, &c.

II.

Majeſty and great renown
Wait thy beamy brow to crown.
Parent of our hero, thou,
George on Britain didſt beſtow.
Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
With the plumy helm, become:
Thee the ſpear and ſhining ſhield,
With every trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better bleſſings forth,
For the honour of his birth:
Still the voice of loud commotion,
Bid complaining murmurs ceaſe,
Lay the billows of the ocean;
And compoſe the land in peace.
Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of odours, fragrant May,
For this boon, this happy day,
Janus with the double face
Shall to thee reſign his place,
Thou ſhalt rule with better grace;
Time from thee ſhall wait his doom.
And thou ſhalt lead the year for every age to come.

V.

Faireſt month, in Cæſar pride thee,
Nothing like him canſt thou bring,
Though the graces ſmile beſide thee:
Though thy bounty gives the ſpring.

VI.

Though like Flora thou array thee,
Finer than the painted bow;
Carolina ſhall repay thee
All thy ſweetneſs, all thy ſhow.

VII.

She herſelf a glory greater
Than thy golden ſun diſcloſes;
And her ſmiling offſpring ſweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roſes.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable ſire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad;
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inſpire,
To make thy careful wrinkled brow ſo glad!

II.

Now I ſee the reaſon plain,
Now I ſee thy jolly train;
Snowy-headed winter leads.
Spring and ſummer next ſucceeds;
Yellow autumn brings the rear,
Thou art father of the year:

III.

While from the froſty mellow'd earth
Abounding plenty takes her birth,
The conſcious ſire exulting ſees
The ſeaſons ſpread their rich increaſe;
So duſky night and chaos ſmil'd
On beauteous form, their lovely child.

IV.

O fair variety!
What bliſs thou doſt ſupply!
The ſoul brings forth the ſair
To deck the changing year.
When our old pleaſures die,
Some new one ſtill is nigh;
Oh! fair variety!

V.

Our paſſions, like the ſeaſons, turn;
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.
Britannia late oppreſs'd with dread,
Hung her declining drooping head:
A better viſage now ſhe wears,
And now at once ſhe quits her fears:
Strife and war no more ſhe knows,
Rebel ſons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty maſter,
In ſecurity ſhe ſits;
Plants her looſe foundations faſter,
And her ſorrows paſt forgets.

VII.

Happy iſle! the care of heaven,
To the guardian hero given,
Unrepining ſtill obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him.

VIII.

Though he parted from thy ſhore,
While conteſting kings attend him;
Could he, Britain, give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him?

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

I.

THOU faireſt, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-reſtoring peace!
With what auſpicious beauties doſt thou riſe.
And Britain's new-revolving Janus bleſs.

II.

Hoary winter ſmiles before thee,
Dances merrily along:
Hours and ſeaſons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young:
Ever, goddeſs, thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful year.

III.

In thee the night, in thee the day is bleſt;
In thee the deareſt of the purple eaſt:
'Tis thine immortal pleaſures to impart,
Mirth to inſpire, and raiſe the drooping heart:
To thee the pipe and tuneful ſtring belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's ſong.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir;
Swell every note ſtill higher,
And melody inſpire
At heaven and earth's deſire.

V.

Hark, how the ſounds agree,
With due complacency!
Sweet peace, 'tis all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who, by nature's faireſt creatures,
Can deſcribe her heavenly features?
What compariſon can fit her?
Sweet are roſes, ſhe is ſweeter;
Light is good, but peace is better.
Would you ſee her ſuch as Jove
Form'd for univerſal love,
Bleſs'd by men and gods above?
Would you every feature trace,
Every ſweetly ſmiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and ſhe are Britain's treaſures,
Fruitful in eternal pleaſures:
Still their bounty ſhall increaſe us,
Still their ſmiling offſpring bleſs us.
Happy day, when each was given
By Cæſar and indulging heaven.

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celeſtial pair!
Still let Britannia be your care,
And Peace and Carolina crown the year.

ODE

FOR THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

I.

OH touch the ſtring, celeſtial muſe, and ſay
Why are peculiar times and ſeaſons bleſt?
Is it in fate, that one diſtinguiſh'd day
Should with more hallow'd purple paint the eaſt?

II.

Look on life and nature's race!
How the careleſs minutes paſs,
How they wear a common face:
One is what another was!

Till the happy hero's worth
Bid the feſtival ſtand forth;
Till the golden light he crown,
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
Unthought-of as the things that never were;
Had not our greateſt Cæſar been its lot,
And call'd it from amongſt the vulgar year!

IV.

Now, nature, be gay
In the pride of thy May,
To court let thy graces repair:
Let Flora beſtow
The crown from her brow,
For our brighter Britannia to wear.

V.

Through every language of thy peopled earth,
Far as the ſea's or Cæſar's influence goes,
Let thankful nations celebrate his birth,
And bleſs the author of the world's repoſe.

VI.

Let Volga tumbling in caſcades,
And Po that glides through poplar ſhades,
And Tagus bright in ſands of gold,
And Arethuſa, rivers old,
Their great deliverer ſing.
Not, Danube, thou whoſe winding flood
So long has bluſh'd with Turkiſh blood,
To Cæſar ſhall refuſe a ſtrain,
Since now thy ſtreams without a ſtain
Run cryſtal as their ſpring.

CHORUS.

To mighty George, that heals thy wounds,
That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
The joyful voice, O Europe, raiſe:
In the great Mediator's praiſe
Let all thy various tongues combine,
And Britain's feſtival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES*,

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the floods, whom friendly ſtars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding train,
The lofty palace and the fertile vale;
King of the floods, Britannia's darling, hail!
Hail with the year ſo well begun,
And bid his each revolving ſun,
Taught by thy ſtreams, in ſmooth ſucceſſion run.

II.

From thy never-failing urn,
Flowers, bloom and fair increaſe
With the ſeaſons take their turn;
From thy tributary ſeas
Tides of various wealth attend thee;
Seas and ſeaſons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks, to mate the ſkies,
Auguſta's hallow'd domes ariſe;
And there thy ample boſom pours
Her numerous ſouls and floating towers;
Whoſe terrors late to vanquiſh'd Spain were known,
And Ætna ſhook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fulleſt flags thou doſt ſuſtain,
While thy banks confine thy courſe;
Emblem of our Cæſar's reign,
Mingling clemency and force.

V.

So may'ſt thou ſtill, ſecur'd by diſtant wars,
Ne'er ſtain thy cryſtal with domeſtic jars:
As Cæſar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bleſs the coming year.

VI.

On thy ſhady margin,
Care its load diſcharging,
Is lull'd to gentle reſt:
Britain thus diſarming,
Nor no more alarming,
Shall ſleep on Cæſar's breaſt.

VII.

Sweet to diſtreſs is balmy ſleep,
To ſleep auſpicious dreams,
Thy meadows, Thames, to feeding ſheep,
To thirſt, thy ſilver ſtreams:
More ſweet than all, the praiſe
Of Cæſar's golden days:
Cæſar's praiſe is ſweeter;
Britain's pleaſure greater;
Still may Cæſar's reign excel;
Sweet the praiſe of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus, ever wait,
As now, on Britain's kindeſt fate;
Crown all our vows, and all thy gifts beſtow;
Till time no more renews his date,
And Thames forgets to flow.

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph; the fair aſſembly broke;
The ſea-green Nereids to the waves betook:
While Scylla, fearful of the wide-ſpread main,
Swift to the ſafer ſhore returns again.
There o'er the ſandy margin, unarray'd,
With printleſs footſteps flies the bounding maid;
Or in ſome winding creek's ſecure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and ſhuns the noon-day's heat.
Her Glaucus ſaw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the ſeas, and late receiv'd a god.
He ſaw, and languiſh'd for the virgin's love,
With many an artful blandiſhment he ſtrove
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he ſues, the more ſhe wings her flight,
And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height,
Steep ſhelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighbouring mountain bare and woodleſs ſtood;
Here, by the place ſecur'd, her ſteps ſhe ſtay'd,
And, trembling ſtill, her lover's form ſurvey'd.

* This ode was written for Rowe by Mr. Jeffreys, and is claimed by him in his works, p. 57.

His ſhape, his hue, her troubled ſenſe appall,
And dropping locks that o'er his ſhoulders fall;
She ſees his face divine, and manly brow,
End in a fiſh's wreathy tail below:
She ſees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
Whether he comes of god, or monſter kind.
This Glaucus ſoon perceiv'd; and, Oh! forbear
(His hand ſupporting on a rock lay near)
Forbear, he cry'd, fond maid, this needleſs fear.
Nor fiſh am I, nor monſter of the main,
But equal with the watery gods I reign;
Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,
Nor he whoſe breath inſpires the ſounding ſhell.
My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
And I myſelf but late a mortal was:
Ev'n then in ſeas, and ſeas alone, I joy'd;
The ſeas my hours, and all my cares, employ'd.
In meſhes now the twinkling prey I drew,
Now ſkilfully the ſlender line I threw,
And ſilent ſate the moving float to view.
Not far from ſhore, there lies a verdant mead,
With herbage half, and half with water ſpread:
There, nor the horned heifers browſing ſtray,
Nor ſhaggy kids nor wanton lambkins play;
There, nor the ſounding bees their nectar cull,
Nor rural ſwains their genial chaplets pull:
Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place,
To crop the flowers, or cut the buſhy graſs:
Thither, ſure firſt of living race came I,
And ſat by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
My ſcaly prize, in order all diſplay'd,
By number on the green-ſword there I lay'd,
My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
Strange to behold! yet what avails a lie!
I ſaw them bite the graſs, as I ſate by;
Then ſudden darting o'er the verdant plain,
They ſpread their fins, as in their native main:
I paus'd, with wonder ſtruck, while all my prey
Left their new maſter, and regain'd the ſea.
Amaz'd, within my ſecret ſelf I fought,
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
But ſure no herbs have power like this, I cry'd;
And ſtrait I pluck'd ſome neighbouring herbs, and try'd.
Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taſte,
When ſtrong convulſions ſhook my troubled breaſt;
I felt my heart grow fond of ſomething ſtrange,
And my whole nature labouring with a change.
Reſtleſs I grew, and every place forſook,
And ſtill upon the ſeas I bent my look.
Farewell, for ever! farewell, land! I ſaid;
And plung'd amidſt the waves my ſinking head.
The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep:
To Tethys, and to Ocean old, they pray,
To purge my mortal earthy parts away.
The watery parents to their ſuit agreed,
And thrice nine times a ſecret charm they read,
Then with luſtrations purify my limbs,
And bid me bathe beneath a hundred ſtreams:
A hundred ſtreams from various fountains run,
And on my head at once come ruſhing down.
Thus far each paſſage I remember well,
And faithfully thus far the tale I tell;
But then oblivion dark on all my ſenſes fell.
Again at length my thought reviving came,
When I no longer found myſelf the ſame;
Then firſt this ſea-green beard I felt to grow,
And theſe large honours on my ſpreading brow;
My long-deſcending locks the billows ſweep,
And my broad ſhoulders cleave the yielding deep
My fiſhy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang'd, I view.
But what avail theſe uſeleſs honours now?
What joys can immortality beſtow?
What, though our Nereids all my form approve?
What boots it, while fair Scylla ſcorns my love?
Thus far the god; and more he would have ſaid;
When from his preſence flew the ruthleſs maid.
Stung with repulſe, in ſuch diſdainful ſort,
He ſeeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

QUILLET'S CALLIPÆDIA,

TRANSLATED.

The Argument.

The Propoſition. An Invocation of the moſt beautiful Deities. The Poet deduces the cauſe of beauty, according as it is eſteemed in different countries, by applying the Story of Pandora to his purpoſe. He ſets down the conditions of chooſing a fit pair to procreate a handſome offſpring, and ends with the approaching nuptials. He likewiſe, by way of digreſſion, inveighs againſt the covetouſneſs of the age, which blindly ſeeks after a large portion rather than an agreeable temper and conſtitution. An Apoſtrophe to the preſent King of France, wherein he propoſes what kind of lady he would wiſh him to chooſe for his royal conſort, who might bring him a beautiful race of children.

WHAT crowns the fruitful marriage bed with joy,
What forms the lovely girl and manly boy,
What kindly ſtars the juſter features trace,
What happy influence beſtows the grace,
And breathes the bloom divine upon the beauteous face;
What ſecret ſprings the forming fancy move,
What force the mind exerts in genial love,
How the fair ſoul is in the body ſeen,
And outward beauty ſpeaks the worth within,
In flowing verſe attempts the willing muſe,
And tunefully the pleaſing theme purſues.
Hear, Oh! ye faireſt of the nymphs divine,
Ye graces hear, and to the taſk incline:
And thou great mother of almighty love,
If once in Phrygian Ida's ſacred grove

Thy form victorious did the prize obtain,
By the juſt judment of the righteous ſwain,
Hear and inſpire thy ſoft Idalian ſtrain.
So ſhall delight my happy labours bleſs,
And pleaſing thoughts in pleaſing numbers dreſs?
So ſhall my grateful verſe thy laws impart,
And teach mankind with joy the genial art.

Where'er in times to come it ſhall betide,
That the kind bridegroom would inſtruct his bride,
My verſe ſhall by the ſkilful youth be read
To the dear partner of his nuptial bed;
The muſe inſtructive ſhall their offspring grace,
And form the future honours of their race;
Beauty the long ſucceſſive line ſhall crown.
And no deform'd unſightly birth be known;
In every face the Cyprian queen ſhall reign,
And mutually adorn the nymph and ſwain.
You who a parent's pleaſing hopes conceive,
Who lovely patterns of yourſelves would leave;
You to whoſe care the rites of love belong,
Attend, and liſten to my uſeful ſong.
If ſoft the verſe, if ſweet the numbers flow,
A myrtle wreath my juſt reward beſtow,
And bind with grateful hands your poet's learned brow.

But firſt, my muſe, deſcribe the doubtful fair,
Beauty's celeſtial eſſence firſt declare;
The ſacred ſubſtance of the goddeſs tell,
And in what forms ſhe moſt delights to dwell;
What honours on the nobleſt fronts are ſpread,
What roſes paint the cheeks with brighteſt red;
What colours beſt become the flowing hair,
What locks moſt graceful wanton in the air;
What lips the ſweeteſt breathe the fragrant bliſs,
And ſwell the ſofteſt to the melting kiſs;
What hands are faſhion'd in the fineſt mold,
What circling arms do beſt the lover hold,
And preſs him with the cloſeſt, kindeſt fold.

But Oh! confus'd and dark the queſtion lies,
Perplex'd the cauſe, and doubts on doubts ariſe.
Each as he loves, his diff'ring praiſe beſtows,
This youth to ſnowy Amaryllis bows,
While that to brown Lycoris pays his vows:
Daphnis in Flavia's yellow ringlets bound,
Admires the nymphs with golden treſſes crown'd;
While Thyrſis doating on the jetty black,
Starts at the burning gold, and flies with horror back.
Some ſwears all hearts with lively grey ſubdue,
Some with the languiſh of the lovely blue;
Some the fond rage with ſparkling black inſpire,
Quick ſhoot the flames, and kindle up the fire.
Some ſwains the ſlender waſted virgin prize,
And lothe the bulky fat's unwieldy ſize:
While ſome the thin, the ſhadowy form deteſt,
And chooſe to preſs the plump luxuriant breaſt,
On full delights their wiſhes to employ,
Graſp the ſubſtantial fair, and ſate themſelves with joy.
Such are the various ſprings our paſſions move,
And ſuch the many hereſies of Love,
Thus is the mind by blind deſire betray'd,
Thus by fantaſtic fancy are we ſway'd,
We like, we love, then deify the maid.

Nor only man to various thoughts inclin'd,
Finds differing beauties in the ſofter kind,
But ev'n his own majeſtic form ſurveys,
As partial nations differ in their praiſe.
Mark how the ſwarthy Ethiop fond of night,
Diſdains the cheeks with blended roſes bright,
And paints the fiends and Stygian furies white.
How did the ſervile flattering eaſt commend
The noſe high riſing with an arched bend;
When firſt that ſemblant form was fam'd to grace
The mighty Median monarch's warlike face,
Cyrus, whoſe hand did Aſia's ſceptre ſway,
And taught the wealthy Crœſus to obey;
Wide o'er the Lydian realm he ſtretch'd his reign,
And bound the royal miſer in his chain.
Here might my verſe the faireſt Gaul recount,
Here paint his flowing curls and ſpacious front.
Or here the tauny Spaniard might I trace,
His looks obſcure deſcribe, his gloomy grace,
And ruſty blood diffus'd upon his duſky face.
Full of himſelf the pigmy form appears,
Swells to the clouds, and menaces the ſtars;
Ev'n he, though by unhappy lot he lies
Beneath unkindly ſuns, and weſtern ſkies,
Diſdains the German, manly made and ſtrong,
And calls the faſhion of his arms too long;
Prunes his hard viſage up, and with a ſmile
Scorns the ſoft bloom of Britain's happy iſle.

But ſay, my muſe, whence things that ſeem ſo clear,
So doubtful to diſcording man appear;
From happier times of old deduce thy verſe,
And how it firſt befel, in order juſt rehearſe.

When firſt this infant world its form put on,
When time and beauteous order firſt begun,
And rich with native grace the new creation ſhone;
No wicked iron age as yet control'd
The luſtre of the pure primeval gold;
Around heaven's azure arch ſerenely bright,
Unſullied ſhone the ſparkling gems of light;
No fogs did then, no lazy vapours riſe,
Nor with their dull pollution ſtain the ſkies;
Through heaven's wide plains the glorious God of day,
Prince of the ſtars, unclouded held his way;
While in her turn the ſilver Queen of night,
Succeſſive roll'd her limpid orb of light.
The mother earth, adorn'd by what ſhe bred,
With rocks, hills, trees, with fruits and flowers was ſpread,
And every living thing on her green boſom fed.
The well digeſted maſs, untainted yet,
Did no rank ſtreams nor pois'nous damps emit;
But healthy ſpirits breathing from the ground,
Diffus'd their wholeſome fragrancies around.
'Twas then, in thoſe good times for ever bleſt,
That happy man his innocence poſſeſs'd:

When yet he had not learn'd, in reaſon's ſpight,
Perverſe to turn, and wander from the right,
Forſaking heaven's reveal'd, and nature's inborne light.
Then holy arts and prieſtcraft were unknown,
Religion then was ſimple, plain, and one:
Luſt had not kindled then her guilty flame,
Ambition had not cheated fools with fame,
Nor vex'd the world with honour's angry name,
Nor was the form of man beneath his ſoul,
But equal, proper beauties grac'd the whole.
Then temperance, juſt goddeſs, did prevail,
And rightly held creating nature's ſcale,
Diſpos'd the ſeveral parts with prudent care,
And form'd with niceſt ſymmetry the fair.
Then was the reign of beauty in mankind,
Then univerſal empreſs, well ſhe join'd
The faultleſs body and the blameleſs mind.

Soon as great Jove, from high Olympus' brow,
Beheld the ſacred harmony below,
Add we one maſterpiece of art, he ſaid,
Earth, heaven, and all ye gods afford your aid,
Your each perfection join, and form one lovely maid.
He ſpoke, and ſtrait obedient to his word,
Each willing ſpecies to the work concurr'd;
The cryſtal orbs of æther firſt prepare
The limbs and ſubſtance for the future fair,
While the ſun curl'd his beams and hung 'em for her hair.
Her front like marble ſmooth, like lilies white,
Fair Cynthia luſter'd o'er with ſilver light;
Upon her cheeks Aurora roſes ſpread,
And dy'd 'em in the morning's brighteſt red;
Venus the ſweetly charming ſmile impreſs'd,
And her ſoft lips with balmy pleaſures bleſs'd:
While love, the god himſelf o'er all the maſs,
Dancing delightful ſhew'd his heavenly face,
Led on the laughing joys, and every ſiſter grace.
Thus form'd, thus finiſh'd out the beauteous whole,
Creating Jove infus'd the living ſoul;
And ſince from every god the graces came,
He bade Pandora be the fair one's name.
Then bending kindly down his gracious look,
Thus to the new made nymph th' Almighty Father ſpoke.

Daughter of gods deſcend, thou work divine,
Vouchſafe on earth, celeſtial fair, to ſhine,
Diffuſe the bleſſings of thy radiant face,
And cheer the labours of the mortal race:
For thus the gods, thus Jove's high will ordains,
While man his native innocence retains;
Be thou his bliſs, his great reward be thou,
Thy full perfection, heaven's fair pattern ſhow,
And teach him by thyſelf thy native ſkies to know.
But oh! if pity touch thy tender breaſt,
If for mankind thy care wou'd be expreſs'd,
Keep cloſe this fatal caſket I beſtow,
Nor ſeek the ſecrets lodg'd within to know.
If thy frail hand too curious, ſhould incline
To pry, and diſobey the will divine,
Strait forth ten thouſand winged plagues ſhall fly,
And ſcatter ſwift contagion through the ſky.
Thee too, thou faireſt, ſhall the ruin ſeize,
Pain ſhalt thou feel, and languiſh with diſeaſe;
Deformity thy lovely looks ſhall blaſt,
And foul pollution lay thy beauties waſte.

He ſaid: And downward ſwift ſhe bent her flight,
To ſpread around on earth the beams of beauty's light.
Nor did ſhe there with Epimetheus dwell,
Shut up and cloiſter'd in a lonely cell,
As old Greek tales of dreaming Heſiod tell.
But bounteous of delight and unconfin'd,
She made the bleſſing common to mankind,
Deſign'd a public good ſtill paſſing on,
On undiſtinguiſh'd crowds alike ſhe ſhone.

The ſtupid herd with pleaſing dread amaz'd,
Dumb with attention, ſtood, and gladſome gaz'd;
Some raviſh'd with her mien ſo graceful were,
Some with the ringlets of her amber hair, fair.
Some with her iv'ry front and face ſo heavenly
From her each part ambroſial odours flow'd,
And breath'd a balmy bleſſing on the crowd;
While her bright eyes (which ſcarce the muſe had told,
Unleſs by ſacred inſpiration bold)
With light effulgent, darted forth a ray, gay.
That cheer'd mankind, and made the world look
So when Aurora in the roſy eaſt,
Lifts her fair head, with radiant honours dreſs'd,
O'er nature's face a various ſmile ſhe ſpreads,
And paints a-new the fields and flow'ry meads,
Ten thouſand colour'd eyes her beams unfold,
The limpid ſtream in ſilver waves is roll'd,
And all the green-wood ſhade is burniſh'd o'er with gold.

Such beauty was in our firſt fathers time,
While yet the youthful world was in its prime;
The mingling graces of the ſexes met,
And full perfection made the form complete;
While man yet free from avarice or pride,
The ways of wickedneſs had never try'd,
Nor warping from the right, perverſly turn'd aſide.

But when pernicious change invading ſpread,
And error blind miſtaken reaſon led,
The ſwift contagion reach'd the lovely maid.
Pandora tainted by an impious age,
Purſu'd each fond deſire, and each fantaſtic rage:
Curious to know, the box diſturb'd her reſt,
Jove's hard commands ſat heavy on her breaſt,
And woman, woman the frail nymph confeſt:
Reſolv'd at length, whatever Jove forbid,
She eas'd her longing mind, and broke the lid:
When, ſteaming, ſtrait a deadly vapour roſe,
Long trains of waiting plagues it did diſcloſe,
Diſeaſes, miſeries, and mortal woes.
Firſt the fell poiſon ſeiz'd the curious maid,
Firſt on her youth, her blooming roſes prey'd;
Her eyes no more their ſtarry fires could boaſt,
But dim and dull in cloudy miſts were loſt;

No part was left untainted in the whole, [foul.
But all that once was fair, was lothſome now and
Nor ſtop'd the ruin with the wretched maid,
But growing ſtill, around diffuſive ſtray'd;
Error, diſeaſe, and death, like victors dread,
Wide-waſting o'er the world their legions ſpread,
And vanquiſh'd minds and bodies captive led.
Hid in deep ſhades benighted reaſon lay,
Shut from the beams of truth's ethereal day.
From that ſaid æra igorance begun,
Thence a dull train of doubling ages run,
And beauty's ſacred form remains unknown.
Oh then, to guide the wand'ring muſe aright,
To pierce the ſhades of this ſubſtantial night;
Phœbus be kind, to thee for aid we bow,
Thou joy of Gods above, and men below!
Patron of verſe, and ruler of the day;
Do thou ſhoot ſwift before thy golden ray,
At once inſpire her flight, and point her out the way.

Though all around the wide contagion ſpread,
Like ſtreams far ſtretching from ſome fatal head;
Yet was it various in its baleful courſe,
And now renew'd, and now repreſt its force.
Where round the poles the frozen circles turn,
Or where near neighb'ring ſuns too fiercely burn,
There nature's ſhame, miſhapen forms abound,
And monſters people the devoted ground.
Far in the north, where winter's hoary bed
Is with eternal ſnows and ice diſpread;
Or where the fam'd Magellan's ſouthern tide
Does barbarous Patagonian ſhores divide;
Nations deform'd, fierce ſavage tribes are ſeen,
Of bulk unwieldy and gigantic mien;
Each a huge heavy lazy maſs of might,
Unfit for uſe, and lothſome to the ſight:
While in the regions of the burning zone,
No viſage but the ſooty black is known;
Short woolly locks their horrid fronts embrace,
Thick lips grin fearful with a fiend-like grace,
And night, the beldam, broods on each barbarian face.

Nor here unfitly to my verſe belong,
Arts which were once the princely Arab's ſong.
Long ſince the bard in native numbers taught,
How the mid globe, with temp'rate regions fraught,
Feels not the dire extremes of cold and hot;
Where in the midſt the juſt æquator lies,
Sweet is the air, and undiſturb'd the ſkies,
There, heav'n's bright ſcale well blended ſeaſons weighs,
Nature the poles at equal diſtance lays,
And righteouſly divides the nights and days:
There nor the ſun's bright flames malignant burn,
Nor chilly moons with nipping froſts return;
Thence, with luxurious births each pregnant year,
Twin ſeaſons does, and double plenties bear:
Thrice yellow Ceres crowns the ſummer fields,
And twice his rich increaſe ripe autumn yields.
Twice gentle winter comes with ſober grace,
And twice the blooming ſpring renews her bliſsful face.

Here, if aright the poet's ſong divin'd,
The juſteſt forms of beauty might we find:
From conſtitutions rightly temper'd, here
Fair harmony and order ſhould appear,
And all mankind be lovely like the year.
But the known clime muſt o'er the verſe prevail,
And truth refute the falſe Arabian tale:
Since black deformity uſurps alone
The ſultry regions of the torrid zone,
The fiery god too near 'em runs his race,
And leaves his ſooty marks on every hideous face.

Then, Oh my muſe, forſake the ſcorching line,
And to the cooler pole thy flight incline;
Seek in the midway ſpace ſome balmy air,
A land delightful, and a people fair;
Where beauty long her reſidence has plac'd,
And reign'd in ſovereign ſtate for ages paſt.
Nor ceaſe thy curious ſearch, nor yet remain
Fix'd in warm Italy, or ſwarthy Spain:
Still ſpread thy wing, and reach that happy coaſt,
Where Europe does her fav'rite country boaſt,
Where ſweeteſt airs, and kindeſt heav'ns ſhe yields
Where Gallia ſpreads her fair Elyſian fields.
But thee, Turonia, chief I would ſelect,
Thy pleaſing ſoil with various proſpect deck'd,
Where winding vales run rich with frequent rills,
And verdant plains are crown'd with riſing hills,
Where gentle Liger ſlowly ſeeks the ſea,
Scatt'ring full plenty in his peaceful way,
Where near proud Angier's walls his waves are roll'd,
And through their cryſtal clear diſplay the ſandy gold.
Here lovely maids of form divine abound,
With ev'ry grace and juſt perfection crown'd;
Here ſtill the marks of heav'n's firſt work they wear.
And, like the firſt Pandora, ſtill are faultleſs fair.

Mark how their ſtatures due proportion know,
Nor riſe too high, nor ſink too meanly low;
No meagre bony jaws deform the face,
Nor puffy ſides the taper ſhape diſgrace,
But ev'ry part alike becomes its place.
Behold how lovely ſmooth the forehead ſhines,
How milky white the ſoft deſcent inclines,
How fitly to the ſparkling eyes it joins!
While gaily pleaſing they, and ſweetly bright,
Fill each beholder's heart with dear delight.
See on the blooming cheeks, ſo freſhly ſpread,
So duly mixt, the native white and red;
Mark what full roſes on the lips appear, [wear!
What ſweets they breathe, what balmy dew they
But loſt and endleſs were my pain, to trace
The vaſt infinity of beauty's grace:
Why ſhould the muſe in laviſh numbers ſpeak
The golden treſſes, or the iv'ry neck?
Why ſhould the baſhful nymph attempt to tell,
What ſoft round globes on riſing boſoms ſwell?
What ſecret charms—Since modeſty denies,
And bars the bold acceſs of wanton eyes;
Bluſhing, with decent grace her veil ſhe draws,
And ſhields the fair from ſhame by cuſtom's revrend laws.

Nor do we leſs our manly beauty boaſt,
Prov'd often to the love-ſick virgin's coſt:
In either ſex, her ſkill, dame nature ſhows,
And equally her faireſt gifts beſtows.
Mark when the downy plumes at firſt begin
To promiſe early manhood on his chin;
How goodly grac'd the riſing youth is ſeen,
His form how noble, and how great his mien;
From vital juices well and kindly mix'd,
The conſtitution juſt and firmly fix'd;
No meagre pale, upon his viſage ſpread,
Taints with unwholſome hue the native red;
But healthy ſanguine, of the Tyrian dye,
Laughs in his looks, while from his front on high,
In large deſcending locks his auborn treſſes fly.
Nor boaſt his other parts leſs grace divine,
Sweet lovelineſs with comely ſtrength combine,
Each limb on well compacted muſcles turns,
And juſt proportion the fair whole adorns.
Such equal tempers happy Gallia knows,
Such are the forms our kinder heaven beſtows.
Far from the clime where ſultry ſuns ariſe,
Fat from the wintry north's inclement ſkies,
In the mid-ſpace the queen of nations lies;
With ſofteſt airs, with ſweeteſt is the bleſt,
And gentle heats brood on her balmy breaſt.

If then the genial arts thou ſeek to know,
Attend to what the ſkilful muſe can ſhow,
Sweet are her ſacred rules, and tuneſully they flow.
" Not every man or woman was deſign'd
" To propagate and multiply their kind;
" Forbid we rightly the deform'd and foul,
" To clothe with ill-ſhap'd limbs the heav'nly ſoul."
Has not the poet's ſong divinely told
Of births deteſted in the days of old?
How dreadful Phlegeton did night invade,
Compreſt the beldam in her own dire ſhade?
Hence ſprung the ſiſters (horrible to ſight)
Whoſe helliſh heads with hiſſing ſnakes affright.
Who ſhudders not at Pluto's odious bed?
What virgin would a one-ey'd Cyclops wed?
Were I to judge, no Vulcan e'er ſhould prove
A horrid huſband to the queen of love,
Some fitter taſk his barren age ſhould find,
In hamm'ring bolts for Jove to plague mankind.
Doom'd to old Ætna's forge he ſhould remain,
And drudge out dull immortal years in vain.

But he who judges right of what is fair,
With healthy ſons will healthy daughters pair;
As unperforming uſeleſs drones, will drive
The weak and ſickly from the marriage hive;
Whether a man, by frequent viſits, feel
The gnawing torments of the gouty ill;
Or ſudden epilepſies ſeize his mind,
Or bilious cholic rack his breaſt with wind;
Or on his waſted lungs an ulcer prey,
Or a conſumption lingeringly betray
His pining life, and murder by delay.

For, man's new curious ſyſtem to compoſe,
An equal portion every limb beſtows,
From every nerve collected nature flows:
Whence by traduction from the father run
Ill habitudes, entail'd upon the ſon;
The latent poiſon in the bowels grows,
And propagates a family of woes.
How oft do men their ill-ſtar'd birth bewail,
Condemn'd to a diſeaſeful body's jail!
How oft with vain complaints they load the ſkies,
And guiltleſs gods accuſe with fruitleſs cries!
When the true cauſe of their repeated blame,
From a diſtemper'd feeble marriage came.
Let then a healthy bridegroom and a bride
Be in connubial leagues of love ally'd;
If they deſire that future times ſhould know
To what a lovely origin they owe
A race of men, for all that's generous born,
Or to defend their country, or adorn
The prudent farmers, who of heaven implore
A plenteous harveſt, and increaſing ſtore;
The fineſt of their wheat for ſeed retain,
Nor ſow their acres with corrupted grain.
Hence loaded fields their annual wealth unfold,
And ſmiling Ceres waves in ſheafy gold.
Thus lab'ring hinds, for a rich crop of corn,
Improve their ground, while you neglect with ſcorn
The grateful ſoil, from whence mankind is born:
Unwilling, or unmindful, to produce
From a hale body, pure and generous juice;
Which in clear channels may unblended run,
From the bright father to the brighter ſon.
Is then the price of man no better known,
Or God, who form'd thy image from his own?
Cannot that ſoul which does with art ſurvey
The ſtars, and travels o'er the milky way,
Erect thy ſpirits, and refine thy clay?
Does ſloth ſupine in ſuch ſtrong fetters bind
Your abject ſenſe, and make you leſs inclin'd
To found a beauteous temple for th' ethereal mind?
Ye gods, who to a human birth repair,
And watch the cradle with a guardians care,
From nuptial banes exclude a weakly pair;
Leſt execrations from their childrens throat,
Their wretched parents to the fiends devote.
And thou, great Father of all human race,
Whoſe hand preſerves this globe in ſtrict embrace,
No longer let the wicked cuſtom reign,
Nor the juſt beauty of thy labour ſtain.
Let a new genius from the ſkies deſcend
With better nature, and mankind befriend:
Who may this theme with well wrote rules adorn,
And give inſtruction to an age unborn.

Nor is't enough that marriages agree
In mutual vigour, and from ſickneſs free;
If you deſire an offſpring, you muſt learn
Another leſſon of the firſt concern.
The nuptial knot ſhould be with equals ty'd,
No ſanguine bridegroom to a ſapleſs bride;
Nor ſhould a bloomy nymph entomb her charms
In an old huſband's monumental arms.
Hymen will ſuch an ill yok'd couple blame,
And Juno kindle an unhappy flame:
Alecto, frowning on the luckleſs pair,
Shakes her ſulphureous torch, and ſnaky hair.

See how young Chloe, keen with ſtrong deſires,
From her old wither'd ſpouſe with ſcorn retires,
His frigid kiſſes ſhuns, and languid fires;
With frequent tears bedews her face, and quits
Her idle drudge, and the deteſted ſheets.
Thee, happy Atys, Rhea from above
Purſu'd with chaſte deſires, and honeſt love.
Had th' antiquated goddeſs thee careſs'd,
And with cold kiſſes in her boſom preſs'd,
Thy waſting youth had found its certain doom,
Unſinew'd of his ſtrength and ſpringing bloom.
For the dull dryneſs of old age deſires
More aliment to feed its dying fires,
And luſty nature's whole vivific ſtock requires.
So ever burning ſands in Libyan plains,
Suck in with greedy thirſt the falling rains;
And ſtill unſated with the watery ſtore,
Their drought increaſing, make demands for more.

Yet more from diſcord of unequal ſeed,
When youth and age are coupled for the breed,
Diſeaſes in a ſickly train proceed.
And if at laſt a weakly offspring's born,
How oft his wretched being will he mourn?
How oft a life in miſery extend,
Unuſeful to his country, or his friend?

Nor can we here forget the modiſh crime,
Which ſlights the rules of our inſtructing rhyme:
How ill-adviſing thirſt of gold ſupplies
The want of paſſion, and perverts our eyes;
Which to a face ſuperior and divine
Prefers the monarch's image on the coin:
How, faſhionably vain, large portions prove
Rebellious ſubjects to commanding love:
For if the cheſts of a rich father hold;
The ſacred load of writings, or of gold;
If he can jointure a conſenting mate
With the gay ruin of a vaſt eſtate;
Blind with the ſhining hopes, each nymph will run
With proffer'd beauty to the charming ſon,
While the fond parents wiſh her wealthily undone:
Though the pale wretch with ſure contagion kills,
Infected with an hoſpital of ills,
And every vile diſeaſe which crowds the weekly bills:
Though pining in the laſt decline of life,
A fruitleſs burden to his longing wife.
How hard her fate, who in her youthful pride,
Finds a dry monſter ſnoring by her ſide,
A married virgin ſhe, and widow'd bride!
Of her loſt bloom how oft will ſhe complain,
And wet the joyleſs ſheets with nightly rain!
How will ſhe childleſs mourn! or what is worſe,
Lothe her deteſted race, a heavier curſe!
Beſides, if prompted by her ſtrong deſires,
She ſeeks new ſprings to cool her wanton fires;
If wand'ring in the ſearch of bliſs ſhe flies,
To ſeek what her enervate drudge denies;
(For who wou'd wiſh a lothſome joy to prove,
Or languiſh in the arms of ſickly love?)
What rank adulteries thy houſe will ſtain,
And crowd it with a long promiſcuous train,
Which thou, good-natur'd cuckold, muſt maintain!
'Tis true, the boy, not thine, will bear thy name,
Though twenty fathers have a better claim.
Here ſhall his features, and his mien expreſs
A baronet, and there his groom confeſs:
Here a young colonel's warlike look, or there
A ſneaking citizen's ſubmiſſive air.
Then ſhall the hoarded ſums, and glittering heap,
Which thou haſt labour'd anxiouſly to keep;
Then ſhall the acres of thy rented ground,
The flocks and herds with which thy fields abound,
All which to thee by long deſcent have run,
Be ſpent in riot by a ſpurious ſon.

Nor does a private family alone
Beneath the miſchief of this poiſon groan;
In palaces the growing evil ſpreads,
And impudently climbs imperial beds:
When kings, enfeebled by luxurious eaſe,
Or latent ſeeds of ſome uncur'd diſeaſe,
By the warm ſides of youthful conforts freeze;
No longer now at the ſoft anvil ſweat,
Too impotent to govern or beget.
Hence infants ſometimes may a kingdom guide,
Though royal only by the mother's ſide:
Hence the deluded ſire's oblig'd to own
The doubted offspring of a blood unknown,
And willingly adopts the baſtard to his throne.

Nor is our ſex leſs faulty than the fair;
Alike we fall within the golden ſnare:
For if a matron's fortune can ſupply
The want of each endearing quality;
Though fitter for a tomb than bridal bed,
Though time ſits hoary on her ſhaking head;
Though from her eyes the brackiſh humour breaks,
And trickles down the furrows of her cheeks;
Though here and there a ſtraggling tooth is ſet,
A thin plantation, and deform'd with jett;
Though huſky coughs make an ungrateful din,
And phthyſick rattle from her lungs within:
Yet if this complicated ill deſire
With Hymen's torch to light her dying fire;
If for connubial joys enrag'd ſhe thirſt,
To ſate her greedy and impetuous luſt;
Some younger brother will perhaps incline
To pay his homage at her golden ſhrine:
Who with diſſembled love will fondly run
To kiſs the wither'd wealthy ſkeleton;
Will fold the beldam in his arms to reſt,
And with diſſembled joy pant on her leathern breaſt.
But ah! this huſband of a large eſtate
Soon flags, and turns by quick degrees to hate;
Quits the dull carcaſe of the nauſeous dame,
Slights her dry embers for a briſker flame,
And ſeeks with eager heat a nobler game:
Some tender yielding maids he longs to prove,
Or ſome co-eval wife's unlawful love;
While, ſingle, his neglected conſort lies,
And waſtes the joyleſs night in empty ſighs.

Hence tears, preluding to deſtructive jars,
And ſad complaints to unaſſiſting ſtars!
Hence deep reſentments rack her jealous head,
For her wrong'd honour, and deſerted bed!
Hence ſtudy of revenge her love repels,
And all the woman riſes and rebels!
In wicked arts and deadly drugs ſhe deals,
And with diſſembled duty rage conceals:
While careleſs he, and indolent of thought,
Drinks ſure deſtruction in ſome fatal draught.

Did not the tenets of religion bind
To ſacred counſels my obedient mind,
Love ſhould be liking; nor the nuptial league
Be ty'd by compact, or deſign'd intrigue
Of ſelfiſh parents, who in wedlock join
Their ſons, to raiſe their wealth, and not their line.
For ſhould wiſe nature, for the Cyprian joys,
Direct a couple in their mutual choice,
They would by reaſon, not by cuſtom led,
Ne'er tie a living body to a dead.
Be baniſh'd then, unfit for amorous ſport,
The fribling dotard from the Paphian court:
Let youth their ſtrength on youth alone employ,
And burn with equal love and healthy joy,
To propagate mankind and people earth
With a ſound offspring and a generous birth.

Nor, while I dictate theſe important truths,
Grateful to maidens and unmatried youths,
Would I to an extreme as bad incline,
And beardleſs boys with unfledg'd virgins join,
New to a bluſh, and fond without deſign.
For prudent nature, who has then began
To knit the joints, and to confirm the man,
Has not as yet her genial power diſtill'd,
Nor with prolific juice the veſſels fill'd.
If then a damſel, who deſigns to wed,
Would reap the pleaſures of the nuptial bed;
Let her (for Themis theſe ſtrict rules ordains,
To curb too forward nymphs, and eager ſwains)
Expect with patience, till the rolling ſun
Has twice ſix times his annual journey run;
Till her maturing years begin to bloom,
And promiſe early offspring to the womb.
For when the ſwelling maſs is firmly knit,
And the ripe virgin glows with perfect heat;
Then roſy ſtreams from ſecret ſprings abound,
Which kindly bathe the fruitful womb around;
By nature's prudent care provided well,
To feed the ſleeping infant in his cell:
Then her ſoft breaſts the lover's heart inſpire
With tempting heavings, and provoke deſire.
So ſhould the youth attend, till time begin
With moſſy down to clothe and fledge the chin;
Till the firm channels ſwell with vigorous blood,
And roll, impetuous, a prolific flood.
Then, if kind Juno his endeavours bleſs,
He ſafely may the wedded fair careſs,
And venture on love's ſoft and cloſe receſs.
If youths and virgins would theſe rules obey,
And wiſely follow where I chalk the way,
What beauteous bloſſoms would their labours bring?
What fruits would in the bridal chamber ſpring?
Would they with equal conſtitutions join,
Man would be all harmonious, all divine,
And angels heav'nly looks would in God's image ſhine.

Mean time, while lab'ring in this pleaſing art,
The ſacred laws of nature I impart;
While to the married pair the willing muſe
Gives ſound inſtructions of important uſe:
Lo! a young hero of imperial race,
With early manhood and ſuperior grace,
Mounts the paternal throne of France, and brings
New glory to the blood from whence he ſprings,
The worthy ſucceſſor of ancient kings.
Lewis! Heav'ns darling offspring, from above
Sent to command with equity and love;
By wholeſome laws the factious world to bind,
And be a preſent ſuccour to mankind.
What royal mien! what mingled graces riſe
In every part, and lighten from his eyes!
What majeſty of ſoul, aſpiring to the ſkies!
A thouſand goddeſſes admire his charms,
His princely air a thouſand nymphs alarms,
A thouſand ſighs they ſend, to languiſh in his arms,
Him the bright nymph of Auſtria's blood adores,
Who burns where Tagus gilds Iberian ſhores;
The gentle winds tell every ſecret groan,
And waft her wiſhes to the Gallic throne.
If, mighty prince, thou to the match incline,
Spain, and her Indian treaſures ſhall be thine.
For thee the tender Luſitanian dame
Conſumes, and rivals the Heſperian flame.
For thee ſhe pines; for thee the beauties glow,
Which drink the German Rhine and Latian Po.
All ſtung alike, and emulous to tread
The bridal room, and mount thy lofty bed.

But thou! the hope of the Burbonian line,
A foreign Hymen's ſacred torch decline.
Of thoſe refulgent ſtars which crowd our ſky,
And ſparkle in the Celtic galaxy,
A hundred beauties in thy court are ſeen,
Deſerving the high title of thy queen;
On whoſe fair birth, a planet, like thy own,
With friendly influence, propitious ſhone;
Whence kindly ſeeds ariſe, and kiſſes not unknown.
Nor be to fond deſires ſo blindly loſt,
To chooſe a nymph, whom turbid Tyber's coaſt
Or whom Auſonia's petty princes boaſt.
Nor, mindleſs of the blood which ſwells each vein,
Admit, as conſort of thy glorious reign,
Such humble births, a mean degenerate ſtrain.

Conſult thy royalty with niceſt care,
And fix with judgment on the choſen fair,
Worthy to languiſh by a monarch's ſide;
Nor ſue by proxy to an abſent bride.

Survey in perſon the delicious prize,
And drink in love at thy own piercing eyes:
Demand her perſon on a double ſcore,
Much for her beauty, for her virtue more.
Mad cuſtom! where a queen is led to climb
(Unſeen before) the royal bed ſublime:
Where kings are guided by another's voice,
And follow blindfold the deputed choice.
Be this thy firſt and lateſt wiſh, to prove,
In ſilken chains of matrimonial love,
Some charming heroine of high deſcent,
The partner of thy breaſt and government:
From whoſe celeſtial loins may ſpring an heir,
Great, like his father; like his mother, fair:
Whoſe native charms with an engaging art,
Win the glad ſoul, and ſteal upon the heart.
The conſcious people willingly obey
Whene'er deſigning deſtiny makes way
By manly beauty to imperial ſway;
When they behold a royal infant born,
Whoſe ſtarry temples ſhall the crown adorn.
Where is the mighty gain, that from a ſtem
Of kings, a Juno ſhare thy diadem!
If you attempt th' embraces of a queen
In body foul, with ſwarthy cheeks obſcene;
How will ſhe damp thy flames, thy pleaſures cloy?
What love can ſhe inſpire? what real joy?
What juſt materials bring for thy ſucceeding boy?
Unfit for ſceptres, his unprincely face,
Abhorring from the brightneſs of thy race,
Thy ſubjects ſhall pervert, thy throne diſgrace.

Nor is the ſecret to the muſe unknown,
How courts, to frequent wantonneſſes prone,
By looſe deſires and high examples led,
Stain the chaſte honours of the royal bed.
How a young monarch, to his queen unjuſt,
Oft licenſes the faſhionable luſt.
So in Olympus once, adult'rous Jove
Left his loth'd Juno for a human love:
In earth and heaven his ſpurious offſpring ſow'd,
Profuſely ſcatter'd his immortal blood,
And ſtock'd the ſky with a promiſcuous brood.
Great ſire, abandon this opprobrious life,
Contented with a lov'd, and loving wife.
Let the pure iſſue of unſpotted flames
Thy ſceptre wield, and ſhun laſcivious dames.

But if my private muſe, without offence,
May freely utter her impartial ſenſe;
There might be found a more adapted mate
Of higher virtues, though of humbler ſtate:
Who with requiting fires thy fires would meet,
Of temper equal, and of form complete;
Whoſe looks might ſoften and unbend thy care,
And eaſe the burden of the gold you wear.
Others, who court alliance to thy throne,
Seek but to ſtrengthen, and ſecure their own:
So the weak branches of the tender vine
In circling folds the married elm entwine.
But kings, who to themſelves their grandeur owe,
Self-balanc'd, on unmov'd foundations grow:
Safe in their people's ſtrength, from princes near
They ſeek no ſuccours, and no forces fear.

But while we wait, from what celeſtial worth,
From what great princeſs of exalted birth,
New Cæſars ſhall ariſe to rule the Gallic earth:
Me, Phœbus, guide with thy informing light,
While uſeful laws for huſbands I indite;
Smile on my pleaſing toil, and aid my daring flight.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

Containing

CATO,	ODES,
ROSAMOND,	HYMNS,
THE CAMPAIGN,	TRANSLATIONS,
LETTER FROM ITALY,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

If buſineſs calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemiſh'd Stateſman ſeems to ſtrike my ſight;
If in the ſtage I ſeek to ſoothe my care,
I meet his ſoul which breath'd in CATO there;
If penſive, to the rural ſhades I rove,
His ſhape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of good and juſt he reaſon'd ſtrong,
Clear'd ſome great truth, or rais'd ſome ſerious ſong;
There patient ſhew'd us the wiſe courſe to ſteer,
A candid cenſor, and a friend ſevere;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price of knowledge) taught us how to die.

TICKELL'S ELEGY ON ADDISON.

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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the greateſt names in Engliſh literature, was ſon of the Rev. Dr. Lancelot Addiſon, Rector of Milſton in Wiltſhire, where he was born May 1. 1672; and appearing weak, and unlikely to live, was baptiſed the ſame day.

After the uſual domeſtic education, which, from the character of his father, a man of talents, virtue, and religion, may be reaſonably ſuppoſed to have given him early and deep impreſſions of piety and morality, he was committed to the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Naſh at Ambreſbury near Milſton, and afterwards of the Rev. Mr. Taylor at Saliſbury.

In 1683, his father was made Dean of Litchfield, and it is ſuppoſed, carried his ſon with him to his Deanry, and placed him with Mr. Shaw, maſter of the ſchool in the city to which he removed.

Tradition has preſerved a ſtory of *barring out* the maſter at the approach of the holidays, which, at the early age of twelve, he is ſaid to have planned and conducted with ſuperior wiſdom and courage.

From Litchfield he was removed to the Charter-Houſe, where he purſued his ſtudies under Dr. Ellis, and contracted an intimacy with Steele, which laſted as long as he lived, and which their joint literary exertions have ſo effectually tranſmitted to poſterity.

In 1687, the fifteenth year of his age, he was entered into Queen's College Oxford, where his father had ſtudied. Claſſical learning, being held in the higheſt eſtimation at Oxford, was the principal object of his attention. Latin poetry, there one of the chief roads to eminence, firſt procured him diſtinction. The accidental peruſal of his Latin Verſes *on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary*, 1689, gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaſter, then Fellow, afterwards Provoſt of Queen's College, by whoſe recommendation he was elected into Magdalane College, as a *Demy*, a term in that ſociety of the ſame import with that of a ſcholar in other Colleges.

The knowledge moſt highly valued in the ſociety of which he was a member, he continued to cultivate, and ſoon became eminent by his Latin compoſitions, and thoſe exerciſes which led chiefly to fame.

In 1690, he contributed a copy of Latin Verſes to the Oxford Congratulations, *on the return of* KING WILLIAM *from Ireland, after the Battle of the Boyne.*

In 1693, he took the degree of Maſter of Arts; and the ſame year ſubmitted to the Public a copy of Verſes addreſſed to Dryden, which was his firſt performance in Engliſh.

This was followed, ſoon after, by a tranſlation of the fourth Georgic upon Bees; "after which," ſays Dryden, "my latter ſwarm is hardly worth the hiving."

About the ſame time he furniſhed Dryden with the arguments to the ſeveral books of his Virgil, and wrote an "*Eſſay on the Georgics*," which is prefixed as a preface to Dryden's tranſlation, though his name is not mentioned, becauſe he deſired to have it concealed.

In 1694, he wrote "*An Account of the Greateſt Engliſh Poets*," inſcribed to Mr. H. S. generally underſtood to mean his Fellow-Collegian, Henry Sacheverell; who at that time profeſſed Revolu-

tion principles, and whoſe trial for reviling the Revolution, and other meaſures reſulting from principles of freedom, is the moſt remarkable incident in his life.

If the information communicated in a letter found among Dr. Johnſon's papers, dated January 1784, from a Lady in Wiltſhire, may be credited, by the initials H. S. is not to be underſtood the famous Dr Sacheverell, but a very ingenious gentleman of the ſame name, who died young, ſuppoſed to be a Mankſman, for that he wrote the hiſtory "of the Iſle of Man," had formed the plan of a Tragedy on the Death of Socrates, and left his papers to Addiſon.

But this important diſcovery in literary hiſtory, is unſupported by collateral evidence, which is more favourable to the received opinion; for it is known that a ſtrict intimacy then ſubſiſted between Sacheverell and Addiſon, though few characters could be more different: for Sacheverell, with talents hardly reaching mediocrity, was confident and aſſuming; Addiſon, with the richeſt fund of merit, was diffident and modeſt. The former was the violent bigotted votary of arbitrary power; the latter the moderate friend of rational liberty. Sacheverell was drawn into notice by party prejudice; Addiſon attained eminence by genius, learning, and virtue.

The ſtrongeſt evidence of their early intimacy is to be found in the poem itſelf, which exhibits all the fondneſs of friendſhip; and it is very honourable for Addiſon, that when he afterwards differed with his friend, he did not differ from himſelf, but adhered to thoſe principles which Sacheverell had deſerted.

In the cloſe of the poem, he inſinuates a deſign he had formed of entering into holy orders, to which he had been ſtrongly ſolicited both by his father and by members of the Univerſity; but the influence of Montague, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom about this time he was introduced by Congreve, concurring with his natural modeſty, diverted him from his original deſign. Montague alleged the corruption of men who engaged in civil employments without liberal education, and declared that though he was repreſented as an enemy to the church, he would never do it any injury, but by withholding Addiſon from it.

In 1695, he publiſhed "*A Poem to his Majeſty*," with a poetical introduction to Lord Keeper Somers, which procured him the patronage of that illuſtrious ſtateſman.

In 1697, appeared his Latin Verſes on the Peace of Ryſwick, which he dedicated to Montague, and which was afterwards called by Smith, "The beſt Latin Poem ſince the Æneid."

His Latin compoſitions ſeem to have had much of his fondneſs, for he now collected a ſecond volume of the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, in which all his Latin pieces are inſerted, and where his Poem on Peace has the firſt place.

Having yet no public employment, through the liberal recommendation of Somers and Montague, the King, in 1699, beſtowed on him a penſion of 300l. to enable him to travel.

During his travels through Italy, he collected his Remarks on the Country, compoſed his Dialogues on Medals, and four Acts of Cato.

In 1701, he wrote from Italy the Letter to Montague, now become Lord Halifax, which is juſtly conſidered as the moſt elegant, if not the moſt ſublime of his poetical productions.

When he returned to England in 1702, his friends were out of the Miniſtry, and his penſion was diſcontinued.

Soon after his return, he publiſhed his *Travels*, with a dedication to Lord Somers, which form a large commentary on the *Letter to Halifax*.

For upwards of two years he remained at home, without any opportunity of exerting his genius, or of obtaining any reward for what he had done.

In 1704, when the victory at Blenheim ſpread triumph and confidence over the nation, Godolphin, the Treaſurer, lamented to Halifax, that it had not been celebrated in a manner equal to the ſubject, and deſired him to propoſe it to ſome poet more adequate to the theme. Halifax recommended Addiſon, but required that the Treaſurer ſhould apply to him in his own perſon. Godolphin ſent a meſſage by Mr. Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Lord Carleton, in ſuch terms as prevailed upon Addiſon to undertake the taſk.

Addiſon ſhewed the work to the Treaſurer, when it was no farther advanced than the ſimile of the Angel, who was ſo well pleaſed with it, that he immediately appointed him to ſucceed Mr. Locke, as Commiſſioner of Appeals.

His poem, which he entitled *The Campaign*, was addreſſed to the Duke of Marlborough, and received with loud and general applauſe.

In 1705, he attended Halifax to Hanover, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hedges, then appoined Secretary of State. The Earl of Sunderland, a few months after, ſucceeded Sir Charles Hedges, and continued him in the ſame office.

At this time there prevailed a general taſte for Italian Operas. The brilliant wit and energetic humour of a Congreve, and the pathos of an Otway, were abandoned for thoſe trifling and ridiculous performances.

Halifax, and other perſons of taſte and diſtinction, importuned Addiſon to try, in our own language, a muſical drama, which might combine intellect with harmony.

He accordingly undertook the taſk, and wrote the Opera of *Roſamond*, which was exhibited in 1707, but met with no ſucceſs on the ſtage. Sir John Hawkins obſerves that the villainy of Clayton's muſic preponderated againſt the elegance and humour of the poetry.

Conſcious that it merited a more favourable judgment, he publiſhed it, with a dedication to the Ducheſs of Marlborough, which has been cenſured by Dr. Johnſon with unjuſtifiable ſeverity.

Steele ſomewhat advanced his reputation by the "Tender Huſband," a comedy, which he dedicated to him, with a confeſſion, that he owed to him ſeveral of the moſt ſucceſsful ſcenes. To this play Addiſon ſupplied a prologue.

In 1709, when the Marquis of Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addiſon attended him as his Secretary, and was made Keeper of the Records in Bermingham's Tower, in the room of King, with a ſalary augmented by the Queen, for his accommodation, to 300l. a-year.

When he was in office, Swift has recorded, that he made a law to himſelf never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends, "for, ſaid he, "I may have a hundred friends, and if my fee be two guineas, I ſhall, by relinquiſhing my right, loſe two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is, therefore, no proportion between the good imparted and the evil ſuffered." He alſo eſtabliſhed a rule to himſelf never to take, on any pretence whatever, more than the ſtated and cuſtomary fees of his office. A remarkable inſtance of this *integrity* was his refuſal of a bank note of 300l., and afterwards of a diamond ring, of the ſame value, from a Major Dunbar, whom he had endeavoured to ſerve by his intereſt with Lord Sunderland, as appears in a letter from himſelf, preſerved by Mr. Maty (Review 1783), for which the public were originally indebted to Curle.

He was in Ireland, when Steele, without any communication of his deſign, began to publiſh the *Tatler*, the firſt number of which appeared, April 12. 1709, and was continued to January 2. 1711. He diſcovered Steele to be the author, from an obſervation on Virgil, which he had communicated to him. This diſcovery led him to afford Steele occaſional aſſiſtance.

On the change of the Miniſtry, he loſt his employment, and found leiſure to engage more frequently in the Tatler, which contributed conſiderably to advance its reputation.

Such was the ſuperiority of Addiſon's writing, that Steele ſaid he fared like a diſtreſſed prince, who called a powerful neighbour to his aid, and was undone by his auxiliary.

But the full diſplay of his talents, learning and compoſition, was reſerved for the *Spectator*. The plan of this celebrated work was concerted between Addiſon and Steele. The firſt number appeared March 1. 1711. The work was continued daily to December 8. 1712. Addiſon furniſhed by much the greater number of thoſe papers, both gay and ſerious, which are moſt liked and admired. His papers are diſtinguiſhed by one of the letters in the name of *CLIO*.

In 1713, the tragedy of *Cato*, which he had planned during his travels, was finiſhed for the ſtage, and exhibited at Drury-lane, with unprecedented ſucceſs. The Whigs, apprehenſive that liberty was in danger from the machinations of the Tory Miniſtry, applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a reprehenſion of the unconſtitutional projects they imputed to the Tories. The Tories joined in the applauſe, to manifeſt their unconſciouſneſs of any ſuch intentions. Bolingbroke called into his box, the actor who perſonated Cato, and made him a preſent of fifty guineas, for ſo ably defending the cauſe of liberty againſt a perpetual dictator.

Through the emulation of contending factions, *Cato* was acted thirty-five nights without intermiſſion. The prologue was written by Pope, and the epilogue came from the pen of Garth.

When it was printed, notice was given that the Queen would be pleaſed if it was dedicated to her; but as he had deſigned that compliment elſewhere, (it is believed to the Ducheſs of Marlborough) "he found himſelf obliged," ſays Tickell, "to ſend it into the world without any dedication."

It was recommended by eight copies of verſes; among which thoſe of Steele, Hughes, Young, Tickell, Jeffries, and Euſden, deſerve to be diſtinguiſhed.

Neighbouring nations beſtowed no leſs applauſe on this play than our own. It was tranſlated into the French language, and underwent both Italian and German verſions.

A compoſition which faction, rank, and literature, concurred in praiſing, could not eſcape cenſure. A ſcholar of Oxford attacked it as a party play, in a pamphlet intituled, "Mr. Addiſon turned Tory." Dr. Sewell defended it, in a pamphlet intituled, "Obſervations on Cato."

The moſt ſtrenuous and formidable impugner of its merits was Dennis. He wrote a pamphlet and ſeven letters, to ſhew that all the world were wrong in beſtowing on it applauſe, or even approbation. Many of his remarks are frivolous, and more are captious. There are not, however, wanting in his ſtrictures, remarks that have conſiderable weight. He diſplays a mind which, with more enlarged obſervation, and greater liberality of ſentiment, might have ſucceeded in criticiſm.

Among thoſe whom the ill-natured criticiſm of Dennis provoked, was Pope, who at this time profeſſed great friendſhip for Addiſon. He wrote a very ſevere but humorous piece, intituled, "A Narrative of the Madneſs of John Dennis." This pamphlet tended much more to ridicule the critic, than to refute the criticiſm. Addiſon, who ſaw the ſelfiſhneſs of Pope's friendſhip, never anſwered the objections of Dennis.

Soon after the appearance of *Cato*, another daily paper, called the *Guardian*, was publiſhed by Steele. Addiſon gave conſiderable aſſiſtance, though not ſo regularly as in the *Spectator*. His papers in the Guardian are marked by a *hand*.

About this time, he wrote a few papers, entitled the *Whig Examiner*, in anſwer to ſome eſſays in the Tory paper of that name. On no occaſion, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, was the genius of Addiſon more vigorouſly exerted, and on none did the ſuperiority of his powers more evidently appear.

The year after the *Guardian* was publiſhed, the *Spectator* was revived. No marks were added to diſtinguiſh the authors. To Addiſon twenty-three papers are aſcribed. In this volume, as in the *Guardian*, there is a greater portion of the ſerious than in the former ſeven.

On the death of the queen, he was appointed ſecretary to the regency. On the arrival of the king, it was propoſed to make him ſecretary of ſtate. This he himſelf ſtrenuouſly declined. He a ſecond time accepted the place of ſecretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, then Lord Sunderland. The Lord Lieutenant was ſoon removed, and Addiſon was appointed one of the Lords of trade.

His political employments diverted him from executing a deſign he had formed of compoſing an Engliſh Dictionary; a work which has ſince called forth the learning and intellect of Dr. Johnſon

During the rebellion 1715, he commenced a periodical work, in ſupport of the eſtabliſhed government, intituled *The Freeholder*. It conſiſted of fifty-five papers, and continued twice a week, from December 1715 to June 1716.

This year (1716) he married (Aug. 2.) the Counteſs Dowager of Warwick, whom he had ſolicited by a long and anxious courtſhip. It is ſaid, that he derived little happineſs from the accompliſhment of his wiſhes. In her eſtimation, the native luſtre of genius was not adequate to the adventitious glare of anceſtry.

The following year he roſe to his higheſt elevation, being made ſecretary of ſtate. His health, which had been before impaired by an aſthma, ſuffered greatly from the fatigue of his office. Finding at laſt, that public buſineſs was too much for him, he was permitted to reſign his employment, and gratified with a penſion of 1500 l. a year.

From politics he returned to literature, and reſumed a work he had begun, *On the Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion*. He had alſo projected a new poetical verſion of the pſalms, and a tragedy on the *Death of Socrates*.

About this time appeared the comedy of *The Drummer*, which is aſcribed to him upon the teſtimony of Steele, and the internal evidence.

In 1718-19, he relapſed into politics, and wrote two pamphlets, intitled the *Old Whig*, in defence of the Peerage Bill, with remarks on the "Plebeian," a paper written by Steele, and intended to expoſe the ariſtocratic tendency of the bill. In the firſt *Old Whig*, it does not appear that Steele was then known to be the advocate for the Commons.

The bill was negatived 7th December 1719, by 269 againſt 177.

The end of this great man's life was now near at hand. In addition to his aſthmatical complaint, he was at this time afflicted with a dropſy. After a long and manly ſtruggle with his diſtemper, he abandoned all hopes of life. He gave directions to his friend Tickell concerning the publication of his works, and dedicated them, on his death-bed, to his friend and ſucceſſor Mr. Secretary Craggs. Young relates, that, in his laſt moments, he directed his ſtep-ſon, Lord Warwick, to be called; and when he deſired to hear his laſt injunctions, forcibly graſping the young man's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, "See in what peace of mind a Chriſtian can die." He ſpoke, and ſoon expired.

He taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

He died 17th June 1719, at Holland-Houſe near Kenſington, in the 47th year of his age, leaving no child, but a daughter, who was alive and unmarried in 1785, reſiding at Bilton, near Rugby, in Warwickſhire, and poſſeſſing an income of more than 1200 l. a-year.

His printed works and manuſcripts, the moſt conſiderable of which were the *Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion*, and the *Dialogue on Medals*, were collected and publiſhed by Tickell, in 2 vols, 4to, 1721, to which he prefixed an account of his life.

Conſiderable additions have ſince been made to Tickell's edition, upon good authority, and his Periodical Eſſays have been more fully aſcertained in the edition of the Tatler, with notes, in 6 volumes, 8vo. 1786.

The character of Addiſon is to be learned from his writings, and from the general teſtimony of the age in which he lived. Tickell, Steele, Young, Pope, Swift, and all theſe who knew him beſt, declare he was the moſt communicative, entertaining, and delightful companion they ever knew.

Bleſt with each talent, and each art to pleaſe.
And born to write, converſe and live with eaſe;

Party zeal, in his moral character, never fancied a ſtain; envy never imputed to him a crime. His merit was ſo generally acknowledged, that Swift, having obſerved that his election paſt without a conteſt, adds, that if he propoſed himſelf for King, he would hardly have been refuſed.

High as he ſtood in the public eſtimation, he has been accuſed, ſince his death, of having, in his conduct to Pope, exerciſed a great deal of jealouſy, envy, and malevolence.

The accuſation is brought forward by Mr. Ruffhead, in his "Life of Pope;" but neither Mr. Ruffhead nor Dr. Warburton, who furniſhed his materials, could have any perſonal knowledge of the circumſtances; which not only do not prove, but do not even render probable the charge of envy, jealouſy, and malice alleged by Pope againſt Addiſon.

Characters long allowed to be eminently excellent, are not to be changed from ſlight circumſtances, or vague reports. Nothing will overturn them but the force of direct, poſitive, unbiaſſed teſtimony. Pope might impute meanneſs and diſingenuity to Addiſon: his friends and partiſans might repeat the charge. But now, that Addiſon and Pope are regarded not as Whig and Tory, as head of one party of literati or another, an eſtimate of their moral character is to be formed, not from the

exaggerations or invectives of their adherents or enemies, but from the hiſtory of their conduct, and the teſtimony of their impartial contemporaries.

Liſtening to the general voice in favour of his juſtice, beneficence, patriotiſm, moderation, economy, prudence, candour, and liberality, the writer of this ſlight narrative is not with-held by a few murmurs, from expreſſing his conviction that Addiſon was a man of moral excellence, no leſs exalted than his intellectual.

The writings of Addiſon are chiefly poetical, critical, and moral. Mr. Gilbert Cooper has ſtyl-him "an indifferent poet, and a worſe critic;" and Dr. Hurd calls him "a very ordinary poet." The public opinion is more favourable.

His poetry claims a high praiſe, though not the higheſt. It has not often thoſe felicities of diction which give luſtre to ſentiments, or that vigour of ſentiment which animates diction: there is little of ardour, vehemence, or tranſport; there is very rarely the awfulneſs of grandeur, and not very often the ſplendor of elegance. It is, in general, rather ſound philoſophy and juſt morality verſified, than animated deſcription or intereſting exhibition. But though it be not generally very picturesque, animated, or impaſſioned, yet there are many paſſages which evince real poetical genius.

The tragedy of *Cato* is unqueſtionably the nobleſt production of his genius. Conſidered as a repreſentation of natural ſituations, characters, ſentiments, and paſſions, in one action, it admits of juſt cenſure. The characters are far from being intereſting; we do not often conſider what they are doing, or what they are ſuffering. But they are made the vehicles of ſuch expreſſion, that, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, there is ſcarcely a ſcene in the play which the reader does not wiſh to impreſs upon his memory.

The Opera of *Roſamond* is one of the moſt pleaſing of his poetical performances. The ſubject is choſen with judgment, the fable is agreeable and intereſting, the thoughts are juſt and generally vigorous, the imagery beautiful, the ſentiments natural and often tender, the verſification eaſy and harmonious; the ſongs are good, but inferior to the thoughts, ſentiments, and language. The whole drama is airy and elegant, engaging in its proceſs, and pleaſing in the concluſion, though ſomewhat debaſed by the comic characters of Sir Truſtly and Grideline.

The weight of its character has forced its way into this collection, as a ſuitable companion to *Cato*, and his ſmaller poems.

The *Letter from Italy* has always been praiſed, but has never been praiſed beyond its merit. To exquiſite beauty and harmony, it joins a large portion both of the deſcriptive and ſentimental ſublime. It is more correct, with leſs appearance of labour, and more elegant, with leſs ambition of ornament, than any other of his poems. Amidſt its excellencies, the addreſs to liberty ſtands eminently conſpicuous. It is forcible without exaggeration, and animated without extravagance.

The *Campaign*, which Dr. Warton harſhly calls, "A Gazette in Rhyme," combines hiſtorical accuracy with poetic animation and grandeur. The wiſdom, foreſight, vigour, activity, and courage of Marlborough, are exhibited with a ſublimity adequate to the exalted theme. The moral of the poem is excellent. But the effect of the whole would have been more complete, had there been more compreſſion and more unity.

His *Latin verſes* diſplay the elegance of his claſſical taſte. The numbers are ſmooth and harmonious, the ſtyle is pure and even elegant, and the compoſition correct. The thoughts are generally juſt, but rarely new or vigorous; the imagery exact, but ſeldom animated. The verſes on the *Peace*, however, are vigorous and elegant. The *War between the Pygmies and the Cranes* is replete with animated deſcription. The *Puppetſhow* is deſcribed with much humour; and the *Ode to Dr. T. Burnet* is in the true ſpirit of Horace. His *Tranſlations* have little that can employ or requie criticiſm; they are for the moſt part ſmooth and eaſy, and ſuch as may be read with pleaſure by thoſe who do not know the originals.

In his Verſes to Dryden, to Sacheverell, to Somers, and to the King, there is little that delights, and ſeldom any thing that offends. His *Ode on St. Cecilia* has been imitated by Pope, and has ſomething in it of Dryden's vigour. His *Imitation of the Third Ode of the Third Book of Horace* is

performed with energy and vigour. His *Hymns* are eaſy, elegant, and harmonious. His *Verſes to Kneller* are peculiarly happy. There is ſcarcely any inſtance where mythology has been applied with more delicacy and dexterity. Lord Orford calls them the moſt beautiful of Addiſon's poetical works.

" His poetry," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " is poliſhed and pure, the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not ſufficiently vigorous to attain excellence. He has ſometimes a ſtriking line, or a ſhining paragraph; but, on the whole, he is warm rather than fervid, and ſhews more dexterity than ſtrength. He was, however, one of our earlieſt examples of correctneſs."

As a critic, Addiſon is entitled to great praiſe. His taſte is truly elegant, and his judgment acute and diſcriminating. Defective as he has been thought, by Dr. Hurd, in the philoſophy of his criticiſms, he certainly contributed in an eminent degree, by his *Critique on Paradiſe Loſt*, his Remarks on *Ovid*, and his Eſſays on *Wit*, and on the *Pleaſures of the Imagination*, to diffuſe good taſte in the nation, and to promote the cauſe of polite literature. A ſtill higher praiſe belongs to Addiſon: No writings are better fitted than his for ſerving the cauſe of virtue and religion.

" As a teacher of wiſdom," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " he may be confidently followed. All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real intereſt, the care of pleaſing the Author of his being."

His proſe is characteriſed by its inimitable elegance, perſpicuity, ſimplicity, and ſweetneſs.

" Addiſon," ſays the ſame judicious and claſſical critic, " never deviates from his track to ſnatch a grace; he ſeeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected ſplendor. His ſentences have neither ſtudied amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and eaſy. Whoever wiſhes to attain an Engliſh ſtyle, familiar, but not coarſe, and elegant, but not oſtentatious, muſt give his days and nights to the volumes of Addiſon."

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship; and, therefore, I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one *, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so early, may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

Dear SIR;

Your most entirely affectionate Friend,

And faithful obedient Servant,

June 4. 1719.

J. ADDISON.

* Mr. Tickell.

POEMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

How long, great Poet, ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and tranſcend our praiſe?
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought:
Penſive and ſad, his drooping muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt;
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee.
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers, and a clearer ſtyle;
And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill out-ſhines the bright original.
Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe, and fair tranſlations, ſhow
How thy own laural firſt began to grow:
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling through the woods.
O may'ſt thou ſtill the noble taſk prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs, interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mold
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold;
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2. 1693.
The Author's age 22.

A POEM TO HIS MAJESY*.

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL,

1695.

If yet your thoughts are looſe from ſtate affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own;
Receive the preſent of a muſe unknown:
A muſe that, in adventurous numbers, ſings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace reſtor'd,
By Somers' counſels, and by Naſſau's ſword.
To you, my Lord, theſe daring thoughts belong
Who help'd to raiſe the ſubject of my ſong;
To you the hero of my verſe reveals
His great deſigns, to you in council tells
His inmoſt thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unſtorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal ſtrains,
Deſcribe his conduct, and reward his pains;
But, ſince the ſtate has all your cares engroſs'd,
And poetry in higher thoughts is loſt,
Attend to what a leſſer muſe indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment muſt expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar paſſions, are above
Degrading envy, or miſguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, ſhall ſmile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raiſe,
For next to what you write, is what you praiſe.

TO THE KING.

When now the buſineſs of the field is o'er,
The trumpets ſleep, and cannons ceaſe to roar,

* King William.

When every dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious prince; and let the muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice.
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.

O that some muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse.
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and mid-night cares!
But still the God-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driven by stress of fate, such dangers bore,
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age;
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung, when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.
The race of Nassau was by heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call;
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears:
Oppress religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword,
Thus when the forming mason would copy fort.
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty east:
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horror hear the British engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast;
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where-e'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the polar circle spread our sails:
Or, deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars:
Fetch uncontrol'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, ceaſe
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the ſtructures which thy pride has ras'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waſte;
Think on the heaps of corps and ſtreams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood,
Thy arms have made; and ceaſe an impious war,
Nor waſte the lives intruſted to thy care.
Or, if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Naſſau through the battle ride,
And ſee thy ſubjects gaſping by his ſide;
Fain would the pious prince refuſe th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But, when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries ſtol'n, and captives unreſtor'd,
Give ſtrength to every blow, and edge his ſword.
Behold with what reſiſtleſs force he falls
On towns beſieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Aſk Villeroy, (for Villeroy beheld
The town ſurrender'd, and the treaty ſeal'd)
With what amazing ſtrength the forts were won,
Whilſt the whole power of France ſtood looking on.
But ſtop not here; behold where Berkeley ſtands,
And executes his injur'd king's commands;
Around thy coaſt his burſting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers;
With hiſſing ſtreams of fire the air they ſtreak,
And hurl deſtruction round them where they break,
The ſkies with long aſcending flames are bright,
And all the ſea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heaven with aſhes, and the earth with ſmoke:
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten ſtones and ſcatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remoteſt coaſt,
And ſtrows the Aſiatic ſhore with duſt.
Now does the ſailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can deſcry,
But ſees a long unmeaſur'd ruin lie;
Whilſt, pointing to the naked coaſt, he ſhows
His wondering mates where towns and ſteeples roſe,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And ſingles out the place where once St. Maloes ſtood.
Here Ruſſel's actions ſhould my muſe require;
And, would my ſtrength but ſecond my deſire,
I'd all his boundleſs bravery rehearſe,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verſe;
High on the deck ſhould the great leader ſtand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidſt a thouſand ſhips, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the Britiſh triumphs o'er,
And count the flames diſperſt on every ſhore?
Who can deſcribe the ſcatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from ſea to ſea?
Elſe who could Ormond's god-like acts refuſe,
Ormond the theme of every Oxford muſe?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chace of fame,
Through all the noiſe and hurry of the fight,
Obſerve each blow, and keep him ſtill in ſight.
Oh, did our Britiſh peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great fore-fathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the laſt that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if ſuch abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When ſuch, detain'd at home, ſupport our ſtate
In William's ſtead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The ſchemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blaſt the counſels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and diſtribute right,
And render our Maria's loſs more light.
But ſtop, my muſe, th' ungrateful ſound forbear,
Maria's name ſtill wounds each Britiſh ear:
Each Britiſh heart Maria ſtill does wound,
And tears burſt out unbidden at the ſound;
Maria ſtill our riſing mirth deſtroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But ſee, at length, the Britiſh ſhips appear!
Our Naſſau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The riſing maſts advance, the ſails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in ſight.
Come, mighty prince, deſir'd of Britain, come!
May heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which ſuch confuſion and amazement ſtruck
Through Gallic hoſts: but, oh! let us deſcry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleaſure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's ſound:
Well-pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidſt the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompaſs'd you around,
And ſteeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground;
So crown'd with laurels now, where-e'er you go
Around you blooming joys and peaceful bleſſings flow.

A TRANSLATION

OF ALL

VIRGIL's FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

Ethereal ſweets ſhall next my muſe engage,
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their ſtate,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays:
Trifling the theme, not ſo the poet's praiſe,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper ſtation find,
That's fenc'd about and ſhelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The ſwarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor ſheep, nor goats, muſt paſture near their ſtores,
To trample under foot the ſpringing flowers;
Nor friſking heifers bound about the place, [graſs:
To ſpurn the dew-drops off, and bruiſe the riſing
Nor muſt the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the ſwallow harbour near.
They waſte the ſwarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morſels to their young.
Let purling ſtreams, and fountains edg'd with moſs,
And ſhallow rills, run trickling through the graſs;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms ſhoot up, and ſhade the ſtreams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, ſhun
The crowded hive, and ſport it in the ſun,
Refreſhing ſprings may tempt them from the heat,
And ſhady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighbouring water ſtands or runs,
Lay twigs acroſs, and bridge it o'er with ſtones;
That if rough ſtorms, or ſudden blaſts of wind,
Should dip, or ſcatter thoſe that lag behind,
Here they may ſettle on the friendly ſtone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the ſun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With ſtore of ſavory ſcent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erſpread,
And fountains ſoke the violet's dewy bed.
Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop:
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whiſtling crannies ſpread,
And ſuck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To ſmear the chinks, and plaiſter up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whoſe clinging drops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in ſtringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis ſaid, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in ſubterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' induſtrious inſects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves muſt thinly on your work be ſtrow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flouriſh near,
Nor rotten marſhes ſend out ſteams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire:
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying ſound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When th' under-world is ſeiz'd with cold and night,
And ſummer here deſcends in ſtreams of light,
The bees through woods and foreſts take their flight.
They rifle every flower, and lightly ſkim
The cryſtal brook, and ſip the running ſtream:
And thus they feed their young with ſtrange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the ſliny ſweet.
But when on high you ſee the bees repair,
Borne on the wind, through diſtant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from afar;
While ſhady coverts and freſh ſteams they chooſe,
Milfoil and common honey-ſuckles bruiſe,
And ſprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen veſſels beat a tinkling ſound,
And ſhake the cymbals of the goddeſs round;
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the ſtate,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarſe broken ſounds, like trumpet's harſh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry ſpread their ſhivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry ſtings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight;
At laſt, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluſter mix, and ſtrow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-ſtones from the floor rebound,
Or ſhaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No ſenſe of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty ſoul;
Each obſtinate in arms purſues his blow,
Till ſhameful flight ſecures the routed foe.
This hot diſpute and all this mighty fray
A little duſt flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are ſettled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worſt, and leſt he live
Idle at home in eaſe and luxury,
The lazy monarch muſt be doom'd to die;
So let the royal inſect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are different: one of better note,
All ſpeckt with gold, and many a ſhining ſpot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded coat;
But love of eaſe, and ſloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathſome and diſeas'd with ſloth,
Like a faint traveller whoſe duſty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and ſpits a maukiſh froth.
The firſt are beſt——
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often preſs
Pure luſcious ſweets that mingling in the glaſs
Correct the harſhneſs of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuſe.
But when they ſport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with eaſe confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they ſtay behind

No bold uſurper dares invade their right,
Nor ſound a march, nor give the ſign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native ſmells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the ſcare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Tranſplant, and nurſe them in the neighbouring ſoil.
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy ſloth,
But water them, and urge their ſhady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And ſtriking ſail, and making to the ſhore,
I'd ſhew what art the gardener's toils require,
Why roſy pæſtum bluſhes twice a year:
What ſtreams the verdant ſuccory ſupply,
And how the thirſty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parſly grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twiſted graſs;
Nor would I paſs the ſoft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the ſhore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's ſlow womb
Unrumple their ſwoln buds, and ſhow their yellow bloom.
For once I ſaw in the Tarentine vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drencht the waſhy ſoil,
An old Corycian yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor paſture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harveſt yield;
But ſavory herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bleſt with theſe riches he could empires ſlight,
And when he reſted from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furniſh out his board:
The ſpring did firſt his opening roſes blow,
Firſt ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burſt the brittle ſtone,
And freezing rivers ſtiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tendereſt of his trees,
Chide the late ſpring, and lingering weſtern breeze:
His bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his veſſels foam
With the rich ſqueezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindous and the ſappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his ſmiling orchard dreſt,
As many bloſſoms as the ſpring could ſhow,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And ſpreading plane-trees, where ſupinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the ſhade.
But theſe for want of room I muſt omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himſelf did on the bees conſer;
Becauſe, invited by the timbrel's ſound,
Lodg'd in a cave th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurſt kindly under-ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Theſe only make their young the public care;
In well-diſpos'd ſocieties they live,
And laws and ſtatutes regulate their hive;
Nor ſtray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know ſet ſtations, and a fix'd abode.
Each provident of cold in ſummer flies
Through fields, and woods, to ſeek for new ſupplies,
And in the common ſtock unlades his thighs
Some watch the food, ſome in the meadows ply,
Taſte every bud, and ſuck each bloſſom dry;
Whilſt others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narciſſus' clammy tears with gum,
For the firſt ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raiſe
The yellow fabric on its glewy baſe,
Some educate the young, or hatch the ſeed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilſt others thicken all the ſlimy dews,
And into pureſt honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and ſwell
With luſcious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and ſearch the clouded ſkies
To find out breeding ſtorms, and tell what tempeſts riſe.
By turns they eaſe the loaden ſwarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy inſect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And ſtrong with thyme the new-made honey ſmells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge ſtrokes the ſtubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unſhapen thunder-bolt complete;
Alternately their hammers riſe and fall;
Whilſt griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows ſome the flames increaſe,
And ſome in waters dip the hiſſing maſs;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully reſound,
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with ſmall compare,
The buſy ſwarms their different labours ſhare.
Deſire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged inſects, by experience wiſe,
Attend the comb, and faſhion every part,
And ſhape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows ſpoils.
On lavender and ſaffron-buds they feed,
On bending oſiers, and the balmy reed:
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gather'd ſweets, and rifle all the ſpring.
All work together, all together reſt.
The morning ſtill renews their labours paſt;
Then allruſh out, their different taſks purſue,
Sit on the bloom, and ſuck the ripening dew;
Again when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowſy hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful ſtation keep,
Wrapt up in ſilence, and diſſolv'd in ſleep.
None range abroad when winds and ſtorms are high,
Nor truſt their bodies to a faithleſs ſky,

But make ſmall journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring ſpring;
And, leſt their airy bodies ſhould be caſt
In reſtleſs whirls, the ſport of every blaſt,
They carry ſtones to poiſe them in their flight.
As ballaſt keeps th' unſteady veſſel right.
  But of all cuſtoms that the bees can boaſt,
'Tis this may challenge admiration moſt;
That none will Hymen's ſofter joys approve,
Nor waſte their ſpirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain.
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From theſe they chooſe out ſubjects, and create
A little monarch of the riſing ſtate;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his reſidence.
  But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their ſilken wings, or lie
Groveling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an inſect fire,
And in a fly ſuch generous thoughts inſpire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying ſtate,
Though ſeven ſhort ſprings conclude their vital date,
Their ancient ſtocks eternally remain,
And in an endleſs race their children reign.
  No proſtrate vaſſal of the eaſt can more
With ſlaviſh fear his mighty prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confuſion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cauſe embattled in the air,
Purſue a glorious death, in wounds and war.
  Some from ſuch inſtances as theſe have taught,
" The bees extract is heavenly; for they thought
" The univerſe alive; and that a ſoul,
" Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
" To all the vaſt unbounded frame was given,
" And ran through earth, and air, and ſea, and all
" the deep of heaven;
" That this firſt kindled life in man and beaſt,
" Life that again flows into this at laſt.
" That no compounded animal could die,
" But when diſſolv'd, the ſpirit mounted high,
" Dwelt in a ſtar, and ſettled in the ſky."
  Whene'er their balmy ſweets you mean to ſeize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees, [drive
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and
A loathſome cloud of ſmoke amidſt their hive.
  Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harveſt in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades ariſe,
And add freſh luſtre to the ſummer ſkies:
And once when haſtening from the watery ſign
They quit their ſtation, and forbear to ſhine.
  The bees are prone to range, and often found
To periſh for revenge, and die upon the wound;
Their venom'd ſting produces aching pains,
And ſwells the fleſh, and ſhoots among the veins.

When firſt a cold hard winter's ſtorms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their ſinking ſtate and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Freſh burning thyme before their cells convey;
And cut their dry and huſky wax away;
For often lizards ſeize the luſcious ſpoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infeſt the hungry ſwarms,
And oft the furious waſp their hive alarms,
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or elſe the ſpider at the entrance ſets
Her ſnares, and ſpins her bowels into nets.
  When ſickneſs reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin,
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the ſad ſolemnity;
The few diſeas'd ſurvivors hang before
Their ſickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or ſlowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble inſects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that ſoftly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring ſeas.
Now lay freſh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilſt frying gums
Caſt round a fragrant miſt of ſpicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famiſh'd ſwarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire and thicken to a ſlime;
To theſe dry'd roſes, thyme, and centaury join,
And raiſins ripen'd on the Pſythian vine.
  Beſides there grows a flower in marſhy ground,
Its name Amellus, eaſy to be found;
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhews itſelf in leaves;
The flower itſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves ſhoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a buſh, and ſhade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' poſts, and beautifies the ſhrines;
Its taſte is ſharp, in vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where Mella's ſtream in watery mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.
  But if the whole ſtock fail, and none ſurvive;
To raiſe new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That ſpread th' Arcadian ſhepherd's name ſo far.
How bees from blood of ſlaughter'd bulls have fled,
And ſwarms amidſt the red corruption bred.
  For where th' Egyptians yearly ſee their bounds
Refreſh'd with floods, and ſail about their grounds,
Where Perſia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives ſwiftly down the ſwarthy Indians' ſoil,
Till into ſeven it multiplies its ſtream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful ſlime:
In this laſt practice all their hope remains,
And long experience juſtifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows;
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around,
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are dress.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcase crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals:
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcase pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer showers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cæsar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the song of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest;
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia,
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL, APRIL 3. 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes:
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights,
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight. [lays,
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Blest man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upwards springs, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critics nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
O had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.
But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire:
So long shall Waller's strains our passions move,
And Sacchariss's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.

Whether in comic ſounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles or tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and here ſatire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all.
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay with thee;
Did not the muſes' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er.
But juſtice ſtill demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorſet he directs his artful muſe,
In numbers ſuch as Dorſet's ſelf might uſe.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verſe, and writes in looſe familiar ſtrains;
How Naſſau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory ſhines!
We ſee his army ſet in juſt array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the ſea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood:
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's higheſt themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiſcuous in their ſtreams,
But now, to Naſſau's ſecret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The laſt poor preſent that my muſe can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verſe
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell
And ſo at once, dear friend and muſe, farewell.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR 1701.

" Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
" Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
" Aggredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes."
VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural ſhades admire,
And from Britannia's public poſts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful ſons to pleaſe,
For their advantage ſacrifice your eaſe:
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the ſoft ſeaſon and inviting clime
Conſpire to trouble your repoſe with rhyme.
For whereſoe'er I turn my raviſh'd eyes,
Gay gilded ſcenes and ſhining proſpects riſe,
Poetic fields encompaſs me around,
And ſtill I ſeem to tread on claſſic ground;
For here the muſe ſo oft her harp has ſtrung,
That not a mountain rears its head unſung,
Renown'd in verſe each ſhady thicket grows,
And every ſtream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to ſearch the hills and woods
For riſing ſprings and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his courſe,
And trace the ſmooth Clitumnus to his ſource,
To ſee the Mincio draw his watery ſtore,
Through the long windings of a fruitful ſhore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of ſmoking ſulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thouſand raptures, I ſurvey
Eridanus through flowery meadows ſtray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moiſture drains,
And proudly ſwoln with a whole winter's ſnows,
Diſtributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for ſtreams immortaliz'd in ſong,
That loſt in ſilence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the muſe's ſkill,
And in the ſmooth deſcription murmur ſtill.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty ſhores admire,
That deſtitute of ſtrength derives its courſe
From thirſty urns, and an unfruitful ſource;
Yet ſung ſo often in poetic lays,
With ſcorn the Danube and the Nile ſurveys;
So high the deathleſs muſe exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious ſtream,
That in Hibernian vales obſcurely ſtray'd,
And unobſerv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Naſſau's ſword renown'd,
Its riſing billows through the world reſound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verſe.
Oh could the muſe my raviſh'd breaſt inſpire
With warmth like yours, and raiſe an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verſe ſhould ſhine,
And Virgil's Italy ſhould yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me ſmile,
That ſhun the coaſt of Britain's ſtormy iſle,
Or, when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler taſtes, and more exalted ſcents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds ſend out a rich perfume.
Bear me, ſome god, to Baia's gentle ſeats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where weſtern gales eternally reſide,
And all the ſeaſons laviſh all their pride:
Bloſſoms, and fruits, and flowers together riſe,
And the whole year in gay confuſion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my ſoul a thouſand paſſions ſtrive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I deſcry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.

An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public ſhows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with ſculpture pierce the ſkies,
And here the proud triumphal arches riſe,
Where the old Romans deathleſs acts diſplay'd,
Their baſe degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forſake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new ſcenes my wandering muſe retires,
And the dumb ſhow of breathing rocks admires;
Where the ſmooth chiſel all its force has ſhown,
And ſoften'd into fleſh the rugged ſtone.
In ſolemn ſilence, a majeſtic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman conſuls ſtand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly ſued,
Still ſhow the charms that their proud hearts ſubdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearſe,
And ſhow th' immortal labours in my verſe,
Where from the mingled ſtrength of ſhade and light
A new creation riſes to my ſight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with ſecret pleaſure toſt,
Amidſt the ſoft variety I'm loſt:
Here pleaſing airs my raviſh'd ſoul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of ſound;
Here domes and temples riſe in diſtant views,
And opening palaces invite my muſe.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings with a waſteful hand!
But what avail her unexhauſted ſtores,
Her blooming mountains, and her ſunny ſhores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The ſmiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppreſſion in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny uſurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the ſwelling grain:
Joyleſs he ſees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant ſhade repines:
Starves, in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirſt.
Oh liberty, thou goddeſs heavenly bright,
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load ſubjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy ſight;
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.
Thee, goddeſs, thee, Britannia's iſle adores;
How has ſhe oft exhauſted all her ſtores,
How oft in fields of death thy preſence ſought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the ſun refine
The grape's ſoft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a diſtant ſoil,
And the fat olive ſwell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent ſkies,
Nor at the coarſeneſs of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's iſle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains ſmile.
Others with towering piles may pleaſe the ſight,
And in their proud aſpiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the ſtretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending ſtate,
To threaten bold preſumptuous kings with war,
And anſwer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bleſs the wiſe conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors ceaſe,
And all the northern world lies huſh'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with ſecret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aſpiring head,
And fain her godlike ſons would diſunite
By foreign gold, or by domeſtic ſpite:
But ſtrives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Naſſau's arms defend and counſels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I ſo oft have found
The diſtant climes and different tongues reſound,
I bridle-in my ſtruggling muſe with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous ſong.
My humble verſe demands a ſofter theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream;
Unfit for heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, ſhould praiſe.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF

A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horror of the night,
We ſtruck upon the coaſt where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waſte, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now caſts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vaſt ſhowers of aſhes hovering in the ſmoke;
Now belches molten ſtones and ruddy flame
Inceſt, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with ſmother'd fire, involv'd
In peſtilential vapours, ſtench and ſmoke.
'Tis ſaid, that thunder-ſtruck Enceladus
Grovelling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies ſtretch'd ſupine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves againſt the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A ſudden earthquake ſhoots through all the iſle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out ſmoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And ſhades the ſun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the ſhelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard ſtrange ſounds and diſmal yells,
Nor ſaw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky ſtorm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itſelf to Cynthia's ſilver ray,
And ſhaded all beneath. But now the ſun
With orient beams had chac'd the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all nature ſtood diſcloſ'd:
When looking on the neighbouring woods we ſaw
The ghaſtly viſage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible diſmay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, ſpeaking ſore diſtreſs;
His locks were tangled, and his ſhaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things elſe a Greek.
He firſt advanc'd in haſte; but when he ſaw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt ſhort, he back recoil'd as one ſurpris'd:
But ſoon recovering ſpeed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears aſſail'd: "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By every god that ſits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any diſtant ſhore,
"So I may ſhun this ſavage race accurſt.
"'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
"With ſword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in duſt;
"For which, if ſo the ſad offence deſerves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
"Whelm'd under ſeas; if death muſt be my doom,
"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuſe of tears
In ſuppliant mood fell proſtrate at our feet;
We bade him ſpeak from whence, and what he was,
And how by ſtreſs of fortune ſunk thus low;
Anchiſes too with friendly aſpect mild
Gave him his hand, ſure pledge of amity,
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.
I'm one, ſays he, of poor deſcent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulyſſes' ſad compeer, who, whilſt he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Diſconſolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all ſides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repaſt: himſelf of mighty ſize,
Hoarſe in his voice, and in his viſage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the fleſh
Of mortal men, and ſwills the vital blood.
Him did I ſee ſnatch up with horrid graſp
Two ſprawling Greeks, in either hand a man:
I ſaw him when with huge tempeſtuous ſway
He daſht and broke them on the grundſil edge;
The pavement ſwam in blood, the walls around
Were ſpatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender fleſh ſtill warm with life,
That ſwell'd and heav'd itſelf amidſt his teeth
As ſenſible of pain. Not leſs mean while
Our chief incens'd, and ſtudious of revenge,
Plots his deſtruction, which he thus effects:
The giant, gorg'd with fleſh, and wine, and blood,
Lay ſtretcht at length and ſnoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd.
We gather'd round, and to his ſingle eye,
The ſingle eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burniſh'd ſhield,
A forky ſtaff we dextrouſly apply'd,
Which, in the ſpacious ſocket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpoſe delays:
Fly, mortals, fly this curſt deteſted race:
A hundred of the ſame ſtupendous ſize,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that ſtalk along
With horrid ſtrides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread; oft ſeen them as they paſt,
Sculking and ſcouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon waſh'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er in her obſcure ſojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, ſince I've liv'd
Amidſt theſe woods, gleaning from thorns and ſhrubs
A wretched ſuſtenance. As thus he ſpoke,
We ſaw deſcending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary ſteps and ſlow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way: around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing: to the well-known ſhore
He bent his courſe, and on the margin ſtood,
A hideous monſter, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midſt of his high front there gap'd
The ſpacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghaſtly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And waſh'd away the ſtrings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then ſtalking through the deep
He fords the ocean; while the topmaſt wave
Scarce reaches up his middle ſide: we ſtood
Amaz'd, be ſure; a ſudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till, uſing all the force of winds and oars,
We ſped away; he heard us in our courſe,
And with his outſtretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But, finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous ſhouts that all the ocean ſhook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In diſtant echoes anſwer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmoſt winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the ſound, the mighty family
Of one-eyed brothers haſten to the ſhore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire aſſembly: we with eager haſte
Work every one, and from afar behold
A hoſt of giants covering all the ſhore.
So ſtands a foreſt tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidſt the boughs, and at the diſtance ſees
The ſhady tops of trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately proſpect, waving in the clouds.

THE CAMPAIGN, A POEM,

To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, 1705.

" ——Rheni pacator et Iſtri.
" Omnis in hoc uno variis diſcordia ceſſit
" Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque ſenator,
" Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."
CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

* Eſſe aliquam in terris gentem quæ ſuâ impenſâ,
" ſuo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro liber-
" tate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propin-
" quæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti
" junctis præſſet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod
" toto orbe terrarum injuſtum imperium ſit, et
" ubique jus, fas, lex, potentiſſima ſint."
LIV. Hiſt. lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deſerts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cauſe,
And Anna's praiſes crown the vaſt applauſe;
Accept, great leader, what the muſe recites,
That in ambitious verſe attempts your fights.
Fir'd and tranſported with a theme ſo new,
Ten thouſand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; ſieges and ſtorms appear,
And wars and conqueſts fill th' important year:
Rivers of blood I ſee, and hills of ſlain,
An Iliad riſing out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every ſide;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were ſubdued,
And in the midſt of his wide empire ſtood;
Auſonia's ſtates, the victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themſelves, with ſtrength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlaſting hills ſecur'd;
The riſing Danube its long race began,
And half its courſe through the new conqueſts ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her ſovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred ſtates;
Great Leopold himſelf was ſeiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but ſaw no ſuccour near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to deſpair
His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her reſolves the weſtern world relies,
Confiding ſtill, amidſt its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To fit the guardian of the continent!
That ſees her braveſt ſon advanc'd ſo high,
And flouriſhing ſo near her prince's eye;
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's ſport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm baſis of deſert they riſe,
From long-try'd faith, and friendſhip's holy ties:
Their ſovereign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her ornaments in peace, her ſtrength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By ſhowers of bleſſings heaven approves their choice;
Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud them moſt.
Soon as ſoft vernal breezes warm the ſky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Croſſing the provinces himſelf had won,
Till the Moſelle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progreſs of the moving war.
Delightful ſtream, had nature bid her fall
In diſtant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchaſe to the ſword ſhe lies,
Her harveſts for uncertain owners riſe,
Each vineyard doubtful of its maſter grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The diſcontented ſhades of ſlaughter'd hoſts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghoſts
Hop'd, when they ſaw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the ſtream he paſt,
The mighty ſcheme of all his labours caſt,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His boſom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he firſt ſurveys,
And joins the diſtant Danube to the Maeſe,
Between whoſe floods ſuch pathleſs foreſts grow,
Such mountains riſe, ſo many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger ſerves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful courſe, and the proud foe purſues!
Infected by the burning ſcorpion's heat,
The ſultry galls round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defenſive ſhadows, and refreſhing winds.
Our Britiſh youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd ſcenes of ſervitude behold,
Nations of ſlaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native ſoil.
Still to the riſing ſun they take their way
Through clouds of duſt, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coaſt
With cooling ſtreams revives the fainting hoſt,
That cheerfully his labours paſt forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er proſtrate towns and palaces they paſs
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in graſs),
Breathing revenge; whilſt anger and diſdain
Fire every breaſt, and boil in every vein:
Here ſhatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilſt here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn;
A ſudden friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Poliſh'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conqueſt, and in council ſkill'd,

Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting ſpirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the ſoul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reaſon, and by reaſon cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle ſhown:
To ſouls like theſe, in mutual friendſhip join'd,
Heaven dares intruſt the cauſe of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful ſons appear in arms,
Her harraſs'd troops the heroe's preſence warms,
Whilſt the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of Britiſh ſhouts reſound:
Doubling their ſpeed, they march with freſh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the ſtanch hound the trembling deer purſues,
And ſmells his footſteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unravelling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are paſt;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at laſt:
Like hills th' aſpiring ramparts riſe on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal paſs,
Threatening deſtruction; rows of hollow braſs,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilſt in their wombs ten thouſand thunders ſleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
His march o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd fight.
The weſtern ſun now ſhot a feeble ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hoſt of foes
Were never to behold that evening cloſe!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The cloſe-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waſte;
Still preſſing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of ſulphur, and a night of ſmoke,
Till ſlaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hoſts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With ſhowers of bullets and with ſtorms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous carnage lie.
How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illuſtrious youths, that left their native ſhore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only deſtructive to the brave and great!)
After ſuch toils o'ercome, ſuch dangers paſt,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their laſt.
But hold, my muſe, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's ſtars diſpenſe
A friendly light, and ſhine in innocence.
Plunging through ſeas of blood his fiery ſteed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickeſt terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's ſafety, and the world's repoſe;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This ſcorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thyſelf; thy queen demands
Conqueſt and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's deſtiny depends on thine.
At length the long diſputed paſs they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And ſee their camp with Britiſh legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their ſhatter'd ſides
The ſea's whole weight increas'd with ſwelling tides;
But if the ruſhing wave a paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peaſant ſees his country round
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd.
The few ſurviving foes diſperſt in flight,
(Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every ruſtling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every ſhadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their diſgrace.
To Donavert, with unreſiſted force,
The gay victorious army bends its courſe.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever ſpoils Bavaria's ſummer yields
(The Danube's great increaſe), Britannia ſhares,
The food of armies and ſupport of wars;
With magazines of death, deſtructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy dream of empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for ſhelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'ſt the aſſiſtance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in ſafety ſhall advance,
And crowd thy ſtandards with the power of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aſpiring Gaul
Shares thy deſtruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compaſſion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing wrath, and gives a looſe to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the ſoldier fills his hand
With ſword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thouſand villages to aſhes turns,
In crackling flames a thouſand harveſts burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;

Their trembling lords the common ſhade partake,
And cries of infants found in every brake:
The liſtening ſoldier fixt in ſorrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his leader's juſt commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In ſhriller clangors animates the war;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud ſtandards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blaſted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled hoſt he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his ſtrength.
The fatal day its mighty courſe began,
That the griev'd world had long deſir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterneſs of ſoul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence aſſail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when heaven deſign'd to ſhow
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended ſquadrons ſhape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the braveſt hearts;
Yet do their beating breaſts demand the ſtrife,
And thirſt of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can Britiſh minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of ſoul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his poſt,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt;
Though fens and floods poſſeſt the middle ſpace,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor fens nor floods can ſtop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders ſtands.
But O, my muſe, what numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous ſound
The victors ſhouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That, in the ſhock of charging hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But ſee the haughty houſehold troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private ſoldier knows,
And with a general's love of conqueſt glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the ſhaking of the Britiſh ſpear:
Vain inſolence! with native freedom brave,
The meaneſt Briton ſcorns the higheſt ſlave;
Contempt and fury fire their ſouls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thouſand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undiſtinguiſh'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I ſee the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unſung!
In joys of conqueſt he reſigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, ſmiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic ſquadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they ſhun;
Thouſands of fiery ſteeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead maſters mixt,
'Midſt heaps of ſpears and ſtandards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, borne on the diſtant Soane,
Or ſounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Doire through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows ſweep away,
And into Scythian ſeas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in fields of death and ſtreams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And riſe triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remoteſt lines,
The hardy veteran with tears reſigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of ſorrow, and of ſhame,
That with mixt tumult in thy boſom ſwell'd,
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy braveſt troops repell'd,
Thine only ſon pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gaſping on the ground,
Thyſelf in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An Engliſh muſe is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly diſtreſt! they loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor bluſh to own
The fatal field by ſuch great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the ſecond honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquiſh'd fell
The marſhes ſtagnate, and the rivers ſwell.
Mountains of ſlain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midſt the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hoſts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;

Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete? [force
Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain [plain:
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in the embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Marlborough's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.
The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack.
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er dis-join'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Belgic states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
And who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze:
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast, [most
And those who paint them truest praise them

COWLEY'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,

Here Cowley lies! beneath this shed,
To every worldly interest dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profest,
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for oh! how small
A spot of earth is now his all:
Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short-liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

POEMATA.

INAUGURATIO REGIS GULIELMI *, 1689.

Tityrus. Hic inter corylos, umbrosa cacumina, densas,
Nos cantare pares quoniam convenimus ambo,
Dicamus laudes heroum (ut, Mopse, solemus)
Tempora transibunt sic læta canentibus, et nunc
Dic age, quos nostro celebrari carmine sumes.

Mopsus. Tityre, nunc reddantur eis pia munera laudum,
Otia qui dederint nobis placidamque quietem;
Scilicet illorum resonent encomia sylvæ,
Qui dignabantur regni fulcire ruinas. [cicutæ;

T. Tanta haud conveniunt humili tenuique
Sed quoniam in magnis, dicunt, voluisse sat esse;
Ipse tuas, Gulielme, canam laudesque Mariæ;
Nam, quos junxit amor, nemo sejungere debet.

M. Tunc mihi Phœbe fave, Musæque favete canenti,
Ne culpa ingenii illorum minuantur honores.

T. Ast ego nec Phœbum curo, Phœbive sorores,
Carmina namque mihi cedit nunc lemma canenti.

M. Sint licet illustri proavorum stemmate clari,
Sunt magis ornati propriis virtutibus ambo.

T. Si Rex est regit immanes qui pectoris æstus;
Tum quot Regna tenet Gulielmus! quotque Maria!

M. Inclytus hic Mavors, sapiens hæc altera Pallas,
Vulnerat ille armis, forma sed vulnerat illa.

T. Quando vias Pelagi tentârunt, mole superbum
Sustulit ad nubes mare se, fastuque tumebat.

M. Quando tellurem tetigerunt, Arcades omnes
Fani Deo Arcadiæ tenerum mactavimus agnum.

T. Tunc iterum totus resonat modulamine campus,
Miscent pastores iterum nymphæque choreas.

M. Lætus gramineis lusit tunc agnus in agris,
Floribus atque novis hœdi insiluere petulci.

T. Quantus erat victor Gulielmus, quando popelli
Vicit corda, hostes vicit, vicitque seipsum!

M. Participat sponsi virtutem et regna Maria,
Digna tribus Regnis, et tanto digna Marito.

* These verses occasioned Mr. Addison's being elected into Magdalen College.

T. Primus hic imperio, nulli est virtute secundus,
Sic sol, quam stellæ, majori luce refulget.

M. Sed qualis stellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cum cincta est sociis, Regina videtur.

T. At quæ nos illis nunc, Tityre, digna precemur,
Ludere qui pecori, pecorisque dedere magistris?

M. Æternam inveniam, quam donavere, quietem!

T. Et fero cœlos exornet sidus utrumque!

JOSEPHUS ADDISON, Commensalis è *Coll. Reg.*

ON THE

RETURN OF KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE *.

Cum Domini impatiens excussit Ierna catenas,
Tota reuns in Martem, intestinosque labores,
Integri quicunque graves vidêre tumultus
(Constitit heu! tanti virtus) in vincula missi,
Exosam luctuque trahunt et carcere vitam.
Latè agri dumis horrescunt, aspera rura
Luxuriant segete spinarum, autumnus Iernæ
Nullus adest, cultorque deest quærentibus arvis.
Passim turba dolis instat peregrina secundis,
Nativamque premit lasciva potentia plebem;
In lacrymas Gens omnis abit, manifestat ubique
Communes luctus, vultuque laborat in uno.
Præceps in tardas sic crevit Hibernia pœnas,
Et sic venturæ maturuit illa ruinæ:
Facta esset tanto nequaquam vindice digna,
Si minor horrendas Gulielmi fensrat iras.
Anglia in ignavam dudum resoluta quietem,
Imperiis rediviva tuis, Nassove, veternum
Excutit, et longum sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te duce quas fecis strages! quæ prælia movit!
Dum fervet cædes, et campo sanguis inundat,
Assiduæ fudant peragendo pensa sorores,
Et stipata gemit sub pondere cymba Charontis.
Terga premens Cæsar fugientia corripit hostes
Vindex, atque trahit partem sua quamque ruina:
Plumbea tempestas hanc obruit, eminùs illa
Glande cadit, frustraque evitat missile ferrum.
Altera dum pœnas differt fugiendo sequaces,
Infidæ sese credit moritura paludi.
His gradibus longo se solvit Hibernia luctu,
Imperium expulsi tandem indignata tyranni
Nobiliora petit vincla, optatasque catenas
Induit, atque jugo Gulielmi ornata superbit.
Gens numium dilecta Deo! nimiumque Britanni
Felices! hæc si exundantia gaudia nullus
Frænâsset dolor, et Ducis† haud ignobile fatum
Lætitiæ nimios non castigaverat æstus.
Ille triumphato toties securus ab hoste,
Exulibus Dîs ille, ille aris fidus avitis

* From the "Academiae Oxonienfis Gratulatio pro exoptato sereniffimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia reditu. Oxoniae, e Theatro Sheldoniano, Ann. Dom. 1690."
† Duke Scomberg.

Ah! tandem occubuit pietate insignis et armis.
Hei mihi quale jaces venerandâ mole cadaver!
Qualis honor vultûs! et frontis læta senectus!
Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! et bellica virtus
Quando habitura parem!
Musa, tamen taceas intempestiva dolores,
Melpomene, taceas; non hoc sine numine Divûm
Eveniſſe puto: Senis aspera fata triumphi
Famam auxêre Tui, victor Gulielmi, nec ulla
Æmula divisos virtus partitur honores.
I, decus, i, nostrum! agnoscat fera Gallia dextram
Victricem, et quæ Te vidit prima arma gerentem,
Sentiat expletas maturo in corpore vires.
Sed caveas, dum Te in bellum rapit impetus ardens,
O caveas, nimio ne marte impulsus in hostes
Irrueres, latamque darent tria regna ruinam.
Insano tandem parce indulgere labori,
Parce, Jacobe, ultra Lodoici innitier armis.
Discerptos frustra nunc luges frontis honores;
Sera tibi veniunt tandem suspiria, serò
Nunc [illegible]ereris, quanquam, nisi mens tibi læva
[illegible]isset,
[illegible]edideras fallaci uxorius arti,
[illegible] poteras placidis dare jura Britannis,
[illegible]gregem, fato meliore, paternum;
[illegible]nc Parcæ obstant, et non revocabilis ordo.

Jos. Addison, *è Coll. Magd.*

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGUE, ARMIGERO,

[illegible]accarii Cancellario, Ærarii Præfecto, Regi à Secretioribus Conciliis, &c.

[illegible]M tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inutum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argu[illegible]ntum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. [illegible]uantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens [illegible] rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in hu[illegible]nioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio [illegible]nt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod [illegible] Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore [illegible]orreptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipse pax, ut illa læteremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus ceteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

Magd. Coll. Oxon. 1697.

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virûm, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alter quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famosoque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent dispersо infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa fuerit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolûm pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam:
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Agmina, Naſſovique latus ſocialibus armis
Circumfuſa tegunt, fremituſque et murmura miſcent,
Tam vario disjuncta ſitu, tot diſſona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis. * Ductor Fortiſſime, turmis
Exere. Tu vitam (ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt)
Accipies, populique encomia fera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, ſtudiiſque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum, Marti Rhedycina ſurenti
Credidit invita, et tanto ſe jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immenſos pectoris æſtus
Non jubar Arctoüm, aut noſtri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua ſol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, teneriſque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generoſæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix ſuſpicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam friguſque perambulat, urſæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Deſcribit ſociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vaſtos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deſerit, imperio extremum † qui ſubjicit orbem,
Indigenaſque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa perrerrat
Luminibus tacitis; ſabeunt nunc fuſa Namureæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ ſanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiſcreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Aſſurgit! quali firmat veſtigia greſſu,
Majeſtate rudi, et torvo ſpectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Inſtratus ſpoliis, vaſta ſe mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectiſque ingens ſuccederet hoſpes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, campoſque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor, [dor.
Cordo micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ar-
Non jam Riphæos hoſtis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Naſſovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, ſubitiſque albeſcere velis.
Anglia ſolve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Naſſovi ſecura tui, deſiſte tumentes
Proſpicere in fluctus animo ſuſpenſa, truceſque
Objugare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæſar adeſt, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli ſtudiis, fatalia Gallo
Concilia et tacitas verſantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Compoſuit vultum, lætoſque afflavit honores.
Ut denſo circum ſe plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri: ut patriam vetereſque penates
Reſpicit exultans! juvat oſtentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notaſque
Mucronum inſignes, afflataque ſulphure membra.
Chara ſtupet conjux, reduciſque incerta mariti
Veſtigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horreſcit neſcia vultus.
Ille graves caſus, duri et diſcrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidiſque inſtaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, poſtquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Expoſuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monſtris
Deſcribit, mixto ſpirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigileſque feras, plauſtroque gementes
Inſolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielmi erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ conſurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plauſus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumſtat fremitu denſo: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata ſerenas [pho.
Ridet Hyems, feſtoque vacat cœlum omne triun-
Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adeſt, lætoque juventæ
Inceſſu, et blando teſtatur gaudia riſu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæſareum ſpirant, majeſtatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formoſa ſerenat
Auguſtam frontem, et ſublimia temperat ora!
Agnoſco faciem ambiguam, mixtoſque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et triſtia bella,
Pugnaſque innocua dudum ſub imagine luſit.
Nunc indignanti ſimilis fugitiva puſillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falſis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc ſimulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus ſignat variis; ſubitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit: interea generoſæ in pectore flammæ
Aſſurgunt ſenſim juveni, notat ignis honeſtas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Auguſtæ immenſas in carmine pompas
Inſtruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effuſa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura ſordes?
Quis lapſus referet ſtellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram oſtendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubuloſque bitumine caſſos?
En procul attonitam video clareſcere noctum
Fulgore inſolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagranteſque hyemes; crepitantia ſidera paſſim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus id terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomaſque feras, et fulgida monſtra,
Terribiles viſu formas, hic membra Leonis
Hiſpida mentitur, torriſque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilaque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, ſubſiliens, et multo ſibilat igne. [vis
Lætitiam ingentem atque effuſa hæc gaudia ci-
Jam tandem ſecurus agit, pro ſuoque timore
Exercet ventos, claſſemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:

* Inſig. Dom. Chriſtoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

† Moſcoviae Imperator.

* Celeriſſimus Princeps Dux Gloceſtrenſis.

Seu conſtricta gelu, mediiſque horrentia Cancri
Menſibus arva videt; ſeu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miſcet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illuſtres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc ſtillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Naſſovo abducite veſtro
Fida ſatellitia, at ſolitis ſtipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent ſub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

Qua penetrat foſſor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibuſque nitentia venis;
Dum ſtupet occultas gazas, nummoſque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effuſus prodit veſtigia tractu,
Nec terram ſigno revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus ſparſim in globulos formam uſque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapſans ſe colligit orbes.
Incertum qua ſit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius ſolis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiaſque fluentes;
Quicquid erit, magno ſe jactat nobilis uſu;
Nec Deus effulſit magis aſpectabilis olim,
Cum Danaën flavo circum pretioſus amictu
Ambiit, et gratam ſuadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, ſume tubum fragilem, cui denſior aër
Excluſus; fundo vitri ſubſidat in imo
Argenti ſtagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobili deſcendat, vel contra, ubi poſtulat æſtas,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rurſus inane
Occupet aſcenſu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempeſtateſque futuras
Conſcia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor inſurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos ſperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æſtatem, et large diffuſo lumine rident.
Sin ſeſe immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppreſſus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam ſitiunt herbæ, jam ſuccos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent conſumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas ſpiracula terræ
Fudunt, et madidi fluitant ſuper æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fuſile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, craſſa fruitur ſublimius aura,
Diſcutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, diſperſas frigora ſtipant
Particulas, rarefque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, ſegetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta miniſtrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo deſcendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuenſque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aſpicit; oſtendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempeſtatemque ſonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subſidat, penituſque imo ſe condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; everſis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, ſpumantibus æſtuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effuſa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet ſecreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit,
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando ſperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obſcura diem, pluviaſque minantur;
Machina ſi neget, et fudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poſcentes meſſor ariſtas
Proſternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ.

SIVE

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

Pennatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmæadum refero: parvas tu, muſa, cohortes
Inſtrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia roſtra,
Offenſoſque Grues, indignanteſque puſillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et triſtia bella
Pieridum labor exhauſit, verſuque ſonoro
Juſſit et æterna numerorum aſſurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Theſea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Geſta latent? Fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delaſſavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus;
Exiguoſque canam pugiles, Gruibuſque malignos
Heroas, nigriſque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.
Qua ſolis tepet ortu, primitiiſque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhoſpita ſaxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis acceſſa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam ſteterat, dum fata ſinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et aſſiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc ſi quis dura evadat per ſaxa viator,
Deſertoſque lares, et valles oſſibus albas
Exiguis videt, et veſtigia parva ſtupeſcit.
Deſolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et ſecuro crepitat grus improba nido:
Non ſic, dum multos ſtetit inſuperabilis annos

Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commissa strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Cäystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmædum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non ilium impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus adunci.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna; hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu [tem
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hos-
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Ungueque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmæadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugno, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Di voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva; aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis

Fabula, paſtores per noctis opaca puſillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore caſſos.
Cum ſecura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Anguſtoſque terit calles, virideſque per orbes
Turba levis ſalit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgenteſque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et ſimulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem viſu pompam, tu carmine Muſa
Pande novo, vatique ſacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Inſignit pictura) inhoneſto et ſimplice cultu
Veſtiit albedo, ſed ne rimæ ulla priorem
Agnoſcat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Subſtravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque ſequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia craſſo
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum ſtellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne ſpatio moles immenſa dehiſcat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patientia late
Hinc atque hinc interfuſus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc conſitus aſtris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albeſcere tractu.
Sic, operis poſtquam luſit primordia pictor,
Dum ſordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viſcum, ſuccoſque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora ſuprema miniſtris,
Sparſaque per totam cœleſtis, turba tabellam
Raucos inſpirat lituos, buccaſque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis ſonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta graveſcit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima ſurgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat ſemina ſulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager ſegete ſpirante, caleſcit
Omne ſolum, creſcitque virorum prodiga meſſis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ diſperſa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Senſim diriguit, ſeu ſeſe immiſcuit herbis,
Explicita eſt; molem rurſus coaleſcit in unam
Diviſum funus, ſparſos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum ſpecie perfecta reſurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhoneſto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deeſt informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita inſinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fuſa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos ſpectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inſpice murum,
Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majeſtas numine toto.
Quantum diſſimilis, quantam o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et ſuper æthera vectus
Deſpexit lunam exiguam, ſolemque minorem.
Jam latus effoſſum, et palmas oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnuſque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et tranſacti quondam veſtigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numeroſaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in numine: laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hoſpite cum tumet incluſo, et præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem diſtinxit pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque ſatellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
* Wainfletus, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura!—
Irati innocuas ſecurus numinis iras
Aſpicit, impavidoſque in judice figit oceſſos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam; multo hic ſtagnantia fuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto ſulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falſus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, tenuemque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile ſævit, et enſe
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? Quo ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? O! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria ducit
Nequicquam, et fero in lacrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta ſcintillat in omni.

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

O fuci nitor, O pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet arca campo,
Cum solem nondum sumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto. [quas
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æ-
Consilium, aut sors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Lenitur effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per obiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temneus ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Eleo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia——
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, parteque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea sessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, ut umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM;

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperiqua
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,
Omitte tandem criste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus niederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem,
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot chemica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque desiebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjicet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum leve fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata,

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi pernissa sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallido fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas. angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incidit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni feria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa gruum temnentes prælia, tuto
Indulgere jocis, teneriscque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cælo,
Parvi subsiliunt lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, redeuns sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, teneriscque virescit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Aic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore naram
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocesque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidaque
Respuis officium camœnae.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis diffociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
Ucunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Supposita gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit viciffim; has inter orbæ
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,

Stellasque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Deluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non treniscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo

Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt refoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio perituro mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: en teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

Auguſtus had a deſign to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having cloſeted ſeveral ſenators on the project: Horace is ſuppoſed to have written the following ode on this occaſion.

The man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bleſt abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Auguſtus, mixt with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture ſhow,
And with immortal ſtains divinely glow.
By arts like theſe did young Lyæus riſe:
His tigers drew him to the ſkies;
Wild from the deſert and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd them to the laſh, and bent them to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook of dull mortality,
And loſt the monarch in the god.

Bright Juno then her awful ſilence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled deities beſpoke.
Troy, ſays the goddeſs, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and ſoft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of ſervile gods,
Now ſpreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd woman's impious luſt,
Lay heavy on her head, and ſunk her to the duſt.
Since falſe Laomedon's tyrannic ſway,
That durſt defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my reſentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The ſoft adulterer ſhines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojan ſhield,
That drove whole armies back, and ſingly clear'd the field.
My vengeance ſated, I at length reſign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to godhead let him riſe,
And take his ſtation in the ſkies;
There entertain his raviſh'd ſight
With ſcenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And ſee adoring nations crowd his ſhrine.
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted hoſt,
In diſtant realms may feats unenvy'd find,
And flouriſh on a foreign coaſt;
But far be Rome from Troy diſjoin'd,
Remov'd by ſeas, from the diſaſtrous ſhore,
May endleſs billows riſe between, and ſtorms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curſt deteſted place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithleſs race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in graſs.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded ſtray;
Or, while the lonely ſhepherd ſings,
Amidſt the mighty ruins play,
And friſk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the ſavage kind,
Sad ſolitary haunts and ſilent deſerts find;

In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
Mid th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Africa shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two: [spread,
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ills, conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raze;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground:
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.
But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
Th' mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

THE VESTAL,

FROM

OVID DE FASTIS, LIB. III. EL. I.

"Blanda quies victis furtim subrepit ocellis, &c."

As the fair vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast,
To take the freshness of the morning air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair;
While thus she rested, on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The god of war beheld the virgin lie,
The god beheld her with a lover's eye;
And, by so tempting an occasion press'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd:
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

The sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold, and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode:
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god),
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here spring appears with flowery chaplets bound;
Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.

He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? For
"know,
"My son thou art, and I must call thee so."
"Light of the world," the trembling youth
"replies,
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
"The parent's name, some certain token give,
"That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
"Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."
The tender fire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My son (said he)
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
"As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
"By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing sight."
The youth, transported, asks without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
"My son (says he) some other proof require;
"Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
"I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
"Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
"Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality:
"There is not one of all the gods that dares
"(However skill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
"Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
"That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
"Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as
"Jove?
"The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain;
"And when the middle firmament they gain,
"If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
"And see the earth and ocean hang below,
"Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
"And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
"A mighty downfall steeps the evening stage,
"And steddy reins must curb the horses' rage.
"Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven
"Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
"Besides, consider what impetuous force
"Turns stars and planets in a different course:
"I steer against their motions; nor am I
"Borne back by all the current of the sky.
"But how could you resist the orbs that roll
"In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
"But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
"And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
"While through a thousand snares your progress
"lies,
"Where forms of horry monsters stock the skies:
"For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
"The bull with stooping horns stands opposite:
"Next him the bright hemonian bow is strung;
"And next, the lion's grinning visage hung:
"The scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
"And here the crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
"Nor would you find it easy to compose
"The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils
"flows
"The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
"Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
"When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
"Let not my son a fatal gift require,
"But, O! in time, recal your rash desire;
"You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
"Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
"And learn a father from a father's care;
"Look on my face; or, if my heart lay bare,
"Could you but look, you'd read the father
"there.
"Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
"For open to your wish all nature lies,
"Only decline this one unequal task,
"For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
"You ask a real mischief, Phaeton:
"Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
"I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
"Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."
Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold, [gold.
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chac'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat,
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep sore-boding sigh, and said,
"Take this at least, this last advice, my son;
"Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
"The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
"Your art must be to moderate their haste.
"Drive them not on directly through the skies,
"But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
"Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
"Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
"The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
"But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
"That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
"Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.
"Nor, where in radiant folds the serpent twines,
"Direct your course, nor where the altar shines.
"Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,
"And better for thee than thyself provide!

" See, while I ſpeak, the ſhades diſperſe away,
" Aurora gives the promiſe of a day;
" I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer ſtay.
" Snatch up the reins; or ſtill th' attempt forſake,
" And not my chariot, but my counſel take,
" While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
" Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand.
" Let me alone to light the world, while you
" Enjoy thoſe beams which you may ſafely view."
He ſpoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And ſprightly vigour vaults into the ſeat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Thoſe thanks his father with remorſe receives.
Mean while the reſtleſs horſes neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they ſtood.
Tethys, not knowing what had paſt, gave way,
And all the waſte of heaven before them lay.
They ſpring together out, and ſwiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy ſpeed outſtrip the eaſtern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the ſeat,
Or poiſe the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at ſea th' unballaſt veſſel rides,
Caſt to and fro, the ſport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toſs'd on high,
The youth is hurry'd headlong through the ſky.
Soon as the ſteeds perceive it, they forſake
Their ſtated courſe, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey.
Then the *ſeven ſtars* firſt felt Apollo's ray,
And wiſh'd to dip in the forbidden ſea.
The folded ſerpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll.
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And ſhot a redder light from every ſtar;
Nay, and 'tis ſaid, Boötes too, that fain
Thou wouldſt have fled, though cumber'd with thy wain.
Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him ſpread:
His colour chang'd, he ſtartled at the ſight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wiſh the fiery ſteeds untry'd,
His birth obſcure, and his requeſt deny'd:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boaſted kindred to the ſun.
So fares the pilot, when his ſhip is toſt
In troubled ſeas, and all its ſteerage loſt;
He gives her to the winds, and in deſpair
Seeks his laſt refuge in the gods and prayer.
What could he do? His eyes, if backward caſt,
Find a long path he had already paſt;
If forward, ſtill a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and meaſures in his mind;
And ſometimes caſts an eye upon the eaſt,
And ſometimes looks on the forbidden weſt.
The horſes' names he knew not in the fright:
Nor would he looſe the reins, nor could he hold them tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he ſpies,
And monſtrous ſhadows of prodigious ſize,
That, deck'd with ſtars, lie ſcatter'd o'er the ſkies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms ſurrounds a vaſt extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he ſhines,
And fills the ſpace of two celeſtial ſigns.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandiſh his ſting, and in his poiſon ſweat,
Half dead with ſudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horſes felt them looſe upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontrol'd where'er their fury drove;
Ruſh'd on the ſtars, and through a pathleſs way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds diſperſe in ſumes, the wondering moon
Beholds her brother's ſteeds beneath her own;
The highlands ſmoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harveſts grow,
The running conflagration ſpreads below.
But theſe are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into aſhes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Oegrian Hæmus (then a ſingle name)
And virgin Helicon increaſe the flame;
Taurus and Oete glare amid the ſky,
And Ida, ſpite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in ſnow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnaſſus, ſweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native froſt was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucaſus, and proud Olympus, ſhine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aſpire,
Now ſtands a huge continued range of fire.
Th' aſtoniſh'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the univerſe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The ſultry vapours and the ſcorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Loſt in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with aſhes, hovering in the ſmoke,
He flew where'er the horſes drove, nor knew
Whither the horſes drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the ſun.
Then Libya firſt, of all her moiſture drain'd,
Became a barren waſte, a wild of ſand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns;
Bœotia, robb'd of ſilver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth Pyrene's waſted ſpring bewails;
And Argos grieves whilſt Amymone fails.
The floods are drain'd from every diſtant coaſt:
Ev'n Tanaïs, though fix'd in ice, was loſt;
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The faith'd Mæander, that unweary'd ſtrays
Through mazy windings, ſmokes in every maze.

From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-ſwoln Ganges and the Danube riſe
In thickening fumes, and darken half the ſkies.
In flames Iſmenos and the Phaſis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The ſwans, that on Cäyſter often try'd
Their tuneful ſongs, now ſung their laſt, and dy'd.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His ſeven divided currents are all dry,
And where they roll'd, ſeven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their courſe maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And ſtartles Pluto with the flaſh of day.
The ſeas ſhrink in, and to the ſight diſcloſe
Wide naked plains, where once their billows roſe;
Their rocks are all diſcover'd, and increaſe
The number'd of the ſcatter'd Cyclades.
The fiſh in ſholes about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gaſping for breath, th' unſhapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the laſt receſſes of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And ſecret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The *earth* at length, on every ſide embrac'd
With ſcalding ſeas, that floated round her waſte,
When now ſhe felt the ſprings and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blaſted head,
And clapt her hands upon her brows, and ſaid;
(But firſt, impatient of the ſultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and ſought a cooler ſeat:)
" If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
" And I deſerve it, let me die by Jove;
" If I muſt periſh by the force of fire,
" Let me tranſfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
" See, whilſt I ſpeak, my breath the vapours choke,
" (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of ſmoke)
" See my ſing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
" And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
" And does the plough for this my body tear?
" This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
" Tortur'd with rakes, and haraſs'd all the year?
" That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
" And food for man, and frankincenſe for you?
" But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
" Why are his waters boiling in the ſun?
" The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
" Why does it waſte, and further ſhrink from
" heaven?
" If I nor he your pity can provoke, [ſmoke!
" See your own heavens, the heavens begin to
" Should once the ſparkles catch theſe bright abodes,
" Deſtruction ſeizes on the heavens and gods;
" Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
" And almoſt faints beneath the glowing weight.
" If heaven, and earth, and ſea, together burn,
" All muſt again into their chaos turn.
" Apply ſome ſpeedy cure, prevent our fate,
" And ſuccour nature, ere it be too late."
She ceas'd; for, chok'd with vapours round her
ſpread,
Down to the deepeſt ſhades ſhe ſunk her head.
Jove call'd to witneſs every power above,
And ev'n the god, whoſe ſon the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or univerſal ruin muſt enſue.
Straight he aſcends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his ſhowers and ſtorms he us'd to
pour,
But now could meet with neither ſtorm nor ſhower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus th' Almighty ſire
Suppreſs'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-ſtruck from heaven.
The horſes ſtarted with a ſudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The ſtudded harneſs from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a ſilver ſpoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away; [lay.
And, ſcatter'd o'er the earth, the ſhining fragments
The breathleſs Phaëton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling ſtar,
That in a ſummer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or ſeems at leaſt to drop;
Till on the Po his blaſted corpſe was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the weſtern world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, tranſfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilſt yet ſmoking from the bolt he lay,
His ſhatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph deviſe:
" Here lie who drove the ſun's bright chariot lies;
" His father's fiery ſteeds he could not guide,
" But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the ſtory may deſerve belief,
The ſpace of one whole day is ſaid to run,
From morn to wonted eve, without a ſun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the ſun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that ſtill did nature's face diſcloſe:
This comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inſpires, her paſſion vents:
Wild for her ſon, and frantic in her woes,
With hair diſhevel'd, round the world ſhe goes,
To ſeek where'er his body might be caſt;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at laſt
The name inſcrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name ſhe bathes in flowing tears;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and ſigh, and mourn,
(A fruitleſs tribute to their brother's urn:)

And beat their naked boſoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day ſtand round the tomb and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
When now the eldeſt, Phaethuſa, ſtrove
To reſt her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but ſhe found
Herſelf withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as ſhe grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One ſees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms ſhot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breaſts, and bodies, ſtood
Cruſted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But ſtill above were female heads diſplay'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haſte ſhe flew,
And kiſs'd her ſprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from the verdant fingers ſtrips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where ſhe tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to ſay,
"Forbear, miſtaken parent, oh! forbear;
"A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
"Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Cloſ'd on their faces, and their words ſuppreſs'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the ſun,
Diſtil for ever on the ſtreams below:
The limpid ſtreams their radiant treaſure ſhow,
Mix'd in the ſand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dreſs of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal ſide,
In friendſhip and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathleſs fields and lonely ſhores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the ſiſters' change.
Whilſt here, within the diſmal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was leſſen'd, as he try'd to ſpeak,
And iſſued through a long-extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In ſkinny films, and ſhape his oary feet;
From both his ſides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a ſwan was turn'd,
Who, ſtill remembering how his kinſman burn'd,
To ſolitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy ſhade
(The native luſtre of his brows decay'd)
indulging ſorrow, ſickens at the ſight
Of his own ſun-ſhine, and abhors the light;
The hidden griefs, that in his boſom riſe,
Sadden his looks, and overcaſt his eyes,
As when ſome duſky orb obſtructs his ray,
And ſullies, in a dim eclipſe, the day.
Now ſecretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm reſentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er ſince the birth of time," ſaid he, "I've borne
"A long ungrateful toil without return;
"Let now ſome other manage, if he dare,
"The fiery ſteeds, and mount the burning car,
"Or, if none elſe, let Jove his fortune try,
"And learn to lay his murdering thunder by;
"Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
"My ſon deſerv'd not ſo ſevere a fate."
The gods ſtand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would reſume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be loſt in endleſs night:
Jove too himſelf, deſcending from his height,
Excuſes what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majeſtically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harneſs'd ſteeds, that ſtill with horror ſhook,
And plies them with the laſh, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his ſon.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was ſettled in its courſe; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To ſearch if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was ſafe: the earth he then ſurvey'd,
And caſt an eye on every different coaſt,
And every land; but on Arcadia moſt.
Here fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blaſted face
With running fountains, and with ſpringing graſs.
No tracts of heaven's deſtructive fire remain;
The fields and woods revive, and nature ſmiles again.
But, as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the ſpring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor ſpun, nor dreſs'd with artful pride;
Her veſt was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
Now in her hand a ſlender ſpear ſhe bore,
Now a light quiver on her ſhoulders wore;
To chaſte Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The ſprightly warriors of the wood ſhe join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntreſs lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour laſts not long.
The ſun now ſhone in all its ſtrength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful ſhadow caſt:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She ſlung herſelf on the cool graſſy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
" Here I am safe," he cries, " from Juno's eye;
" Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
" Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
" And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
" How fares my girl? How went the morning
" chace?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
" All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
" To Jove himself, though Jove himself were
" here."
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere she half had told the morning chace,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd);
With all her might against his force she strove:
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possest at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' insulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph: The nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian fainting, in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: " And now no spies are near,
" Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she
cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
" Begone!" the goddess cries with stern dis-
" dain; [stain;"
" Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come; for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
" It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!
" This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
" My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
" But vengeance shall awake those guilty charms,
" That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
" No longer shall their wonted force retain,
" Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."
This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the
ground;
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer,
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unweildy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans, and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chace, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast;
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatch'd them through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.
When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spang'ed with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there, " Ne'er ask," says
she,
" What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.
" You'll see, when night has cover'd all things
" o'er,
" Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
" Usurp the heavens; you'll see them proudly
" roll
" In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.

" And who ſhall now on Juno's altar wait,
" When thoſe ſhe hates grow greater by her hate?
" I on the nymph a brutal form impreſs'd,
" Jove to a goddeſs has transform'd the beaſt:
" This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
" But let the god his chaſte amours purſue,
" And, as he acted after Io's rape,
" Reſtore th' adultereſs to her former ſhape;
" Then may he call his Juno off, and lead
" The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
" But you, ye venerable powers, be kind;
" And, if my wrongs a due reſentment find,
" Receive not in your waves their ſetting beams,
" Nor let the glaring ſtrumpet taint your ſtreams."
The goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given.
Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the ſkies,
Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the ſame time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
White as the whiteſt dove's unſully'd breaſt,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the ſwan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.
The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told;
In Theſſaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
Confeſt the faireſt of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew;
While true ſhe was, or whilſt he thought her true.
But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The falſe-one with a ſecret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd;
The buſy daw flew with him ſide by ſide,
And by a thouſand teazing queſtions drew
Th' important ſecret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honeſt counſel, though deſpis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus adviſ'd.
" Stay, ſilly bird, th' ill-natur'd taſk refuſe,
" Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
" Be warn'd by my example: you diſcern
" What now I am, and what I was ſhall learn.
" My fooliſh honeſty was all my crime;
" Then hear my ſtory. Once upon a time,
" The two-ſhap'd Erichthonius had his birth
" (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
" Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a cheſt, of twining oſiers made.
" The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
" To guard the cheſt, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I ſtood to ſee
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
" The ſiſters Pandroſos and Herſè keep
" The ſtrict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
" And ſaw the monſtrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her ſiſters to the hideous ſight:
" A boy's ſoft ſhape did to the waiſt prevail,
" But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
" I told the ſtern Minerva all that paſs'd,
" But, for my pains, diſcarded and diſgrac'd,
" The frowning goddeſs drove me from her ſight,
" And for her favourite choſe the bird of night.
" Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
" As never by the heavenly maid belov'd;
" But I was lov'd; aſk Pallas if I lie;
" Though Pallas hate me now, ſhe won't deny;
" For I, whom in a feather'd ſhape you view,
" Was once a maid (by heaven the ſtory's true),
" A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
" A croud of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
" My beauty was the cauſe of all my harms;
" Neptune, as on his ſhores I went to rove,
" Obſerv'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
" He made his courtſhip, he confeſs'd his pain,
" And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
" Swift he purſued: I ran along the ſtrand,
" Till, ſpent and weary'd on the ſinking ſand,
" I ſhriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air.
" To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
" A virgin goddeſs heard a virgin's prayer.
" For, as my arms I lifted to the ſkies,
" I ſaw black feathers from my fingers riſe;
" I ſtrove to fling my garment on the ground;
" My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round.
" My hands to beat my naked boſom try;
" Nor naked boſom now nor hands had I.
" Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
" Sunk in the ſand, but ſkimm'd along the ſhore;
" Till, riſing on my wings, I was prefer'd
" To be the chaſte Minerva's virgin bird:
" Prefer'd in vain! I now am in diſgrace:
" Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
" On her inceſtuous life I need not dwell
" (In Leſbos ſtill the horrid tale they tell);
" And of her dire amours you muſt have heard,
" For which ſhe now does penance in a bird,
" That, conſcious of her ſhame, avoids the light,
" And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
" The birds, where'er ſhe flutters, ſcare away
" The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."
The raven, urg'd by ſuch impertinence,
Grew paſſionate, it ſeems, and took offence,
And curſt the harmleſs daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of falſe Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look;
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forſook;
His ſilver bow and feather'd ſhafts he took
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breaſt,
That had ſo often to his own been preſt.

Down fell the wounded nymph, and ſadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
" Ah cruel god! though I have juſtly dy'd,
" What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
" That he ſhould fall, and two expire in one?"
This ſaid, in agonies ſhe fetch'd her breath.
The god diſſolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falſehood known,
And hates himſelf for what himſelf had done;
The feather'd ſhaft, that ſent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that ſent the ſhaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and eaſe her pain,
And tries the compaſs of his art in vain.
Soon as he ſaw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With ſighs and groans her obſequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpſe he kiſs'd, and heavenly incenſe brought,
And ſolemniz'd the death himſelf had wrought.
But, leſt his offspring ſhould her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and ſet the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHÖE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with ſecret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celeſtial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the ſandy ſhore,
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair diſhevel'd on her ſhoulders, came
To ſee the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's art, and could rehearſe
The depths of prophecy in ſounding verſe.
Once, as the ſacred infant ſhe ſurvey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus ſhe utter'd her prophetic tale;
" Hail, great phyſician of the world, all hail!
" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
" Shall heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs uncon-
" fin'd!
" Make kingdoms thicker, and increaſe mankind.
" Thy daring art ſhall animate the dead,
" And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
" Then ſhalt thou die: but from the dark abode
" Riſe up victorious, and be twice a god.
" And thou, my ſire, not deſtin'd by thy birth
" To turn to duſt, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou roll, and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality;
" When thou ſhalt feel, enrag'd with inward
" pains,
" The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
" The gods in pity ſhall contract thy date;
" And give thee over to the power of fate."
Thus, entering into deſtiny, the maid
The ſecrets of offended Jove betray'd;
More had ſhe ſtill to ſay; but now appears
Oppreſs'd with ſobs and ſighs, and drown'd in
tears.
" My voice," ſays ſhe, " is gone, my language
" fails;
" Through every limb my kindred ſhape prevails;
" Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
" And with prophetic raptures ſwell my heart?
" What new deſires are theſe? I long to pace
" O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on graſs;
" I haſten to a brute, a maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My ſire does half a human ſhape retain,
" And in his upper parts preſerves the man."
Her tongue no more diſtinct complaints affords,
But in ſhrill accents and miſ-ſhapen words
Pours forth ſuch hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
Till by degrees, accompliſh'd in the beaſt,
She neigh'd outright, and all the ſteed expreſt.
Her ſtooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and ſhod in horn;
Her yellow treſſes ruffle in a mane,
And in her flowing tail ſhe friſks her train.
The mare was finiſh'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a ſtaff of oak,
And o'er his ſhoulders threw the ſhepherd's cloak;
On ſeven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waſte the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove that ſeparate from their fellows ſtray'd.
The theft an old inſidious peaſant view'd
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood);
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thieviſh god ſuſpected him, and took
The hind aſide, and thus in whiſpers ſpoke:
" Diſcover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
" And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
" Go, ſtranger," cries the clown, " ſecurely on,
" That ſtone ſhall ſooner tell;" and ſhow'd a ſtone.
The god withdrew, but ſtraight return'd again,
In ſpeech and habit like a country ſwain;
And cried out, " Neighbour, haſt thou ſeen a ſtray
" Of bullocks and of heifers paſs this way?
" In the recovery of my cattle join,
" A bullock and a heifer ſhall be thine."
The peaſant quick replies, " You'll find them
there
" In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his falſe heart beguil'd;
The god, ſucceſsful in the trial, ſmil'd;

" And doſt thou thus betray myſelf to me!
" Me to myſelf doſt thou betray?" ſays he:
Then to a *Touch-ſtone* turns the faithleſs ſpy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and paſs'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilſt his eyes ſurvey
All the vaſt region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feaſt, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In caniſters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their myſtic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a ſolemn train,
The troop of ſhining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god well-pleas'd beheld the pompous ſhow,
And ſaw the bright proceſſion paſs below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them; as the ſpreading kite,
That ſmells the ſlaughter'd victims from on high,
Flies at a diſtance, if the prieſts are nigh,
And ſails around, and keeps it in her eye:
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in ſlow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meaneſt ſtar,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
So much did Herſè all the reſt outvy,
And gave a grace to the ſolemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the ſky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and ſhew'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew the virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he ſtrives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle looſe, and ſets to ſhow
The golden edging on the ſeam below;
Adjuſts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves with an air the ſleep-procuring wand:
The glittering ſandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with niceſt art diſplay'd,
He ſeeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with poliſh'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoiſe ſhin'd.
Three rooms contiguous in a range were plac'd;
The midmoſt by the beauteous Herſè grac'd;
Her virgin ſiſters lodg'd on either ſide.
Aglauros firſt th' approaching god deſcry'd,
And, as he croſs'd her chamber, aſk'd his name,
And what his buſineſs was, and whence he came.
" I come," reply'd the god, " from heaven to woo
" Your ſiſter, and to make an aunt of you;
" I am the ſon and meſſenger of Jove,
" My name is Mercury, my buſineſs love;
" Do you, kind damſel, take a lover's part,
" And gain admittance to your ſiſter's heart."

She ſtar'd him in the face with looks amaz'd.
As when ſhe on Minerva's ſecret gaz'd,
And aſks a mighty treaſure for her hire,
And till he brings it, makes the gods retire.
Minerva griev'd to ſee the nymph ſucceed;
And now remembering the late impious deed,
When, diſobedient to her ſtrict command,
So touch'd the cheſt with an unhallow'd hand;
In big ſwoln ſighs her inward ſighs expreſs'd,
That heav'd the riſing Ægis on her breaſt;
Then ſought out envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholeſome ſkies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Diſmal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or diſturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her courſe ſhe ſteer'd;
Againſt the gates her martial lance ſhe rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poiſonous morſel in her teeth ſhe chew'd,
And gorg'd the fleſh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monſter, riſing heavily,
Came ſtalking forward with a ſullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as ſhe ſaw the goddeſs gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at ſuch a cheerful ſight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul diſtorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts poſſeſs'd,
And ſpread a greenneſs o'er her canker'd breaſt;
Her teeth were brown with ruſt; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the ſtringy poiſon hung.
She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep.
Reſtleſs in ſpite: while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines with ſickneſs at another's joy;
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſt,
She bears her own tormentor in her breaſt.
The goddeſs gave (for ſhe abhorr'd her ſight)
A ſhort command: " To Athens ſpeed thy flight;
" On curſt Aglauros try thy utmoſt art,
" And fix thy rankeſt venoms in her heart."
This ſaid, her ſpear ſhe puſh'd againſt the ground,
And, mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: The hag with eyes aſkew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curſes as ſhe flew;
For ſore ſhe fretted, and began to grieve
At the ſucceſs which ſhe herſelf muſt give.
Then takes her ſtaff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And ſails along, in a black whirlwind born,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where ſhe ſteers
Her baneful courſe, a mighty blaſt appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid waſte:
On mortals next, and peopled towns ſhe falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens ſhe beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deſerv'd a tear.

Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She struck'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate;
Th' imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd; "Be gone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod:
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chillness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till hardening every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will express:
"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
"Thy Sire's commands are through the world
" convey'd,
"Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
"And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
"There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
"The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the
" shore."
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove them to the
shore;
Where the king's daughter with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride);
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the lover in the beast.
Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly stroke'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward
turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that he prest the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn:
Her train of rustling garment flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid:
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the God discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

When now Agenor had his daughter loſt,
He ſent his ſon to ſearch on every coaſt;
And ſternly bid him to his arms reſtore
The darling maid, or ſee his face no more.
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The reſtleſs youth ſearch'd all the world around:
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When, tir'd at length with unſucceſsful toil,
To ſhun his angry fire and native ſoil,
He goes a ſuppliant to the Delphic dome;
There aſks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this anſwer give:
" Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
" Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
" Mark well the place where firſt ſhe lays her down,
" There meaſure out thy walls, and build thy town,
" And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
" In which the deſtin'd walls and town ſhall ſtand."
No ſooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promiſe of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with ſervitude;
Her gently at a diſtance he purſu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in ſilence pray'd
To the great power whoſe counſels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè ſhe took,
And now, Cephiſus, croſs the ſilver brook;
When to the heavens her ſpacious front ſhe rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On thoſe behind, till on the deſtin'd place
She ſtoop'd, and couch'd amid the riſing graſs.
Cadmus ſalutes the ſoil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameleſs vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To ſee his new dominions round him lie:
Then ſends his ſervants to a neighbouring grove
For living ſtreams a ſacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there roſe a ſhady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark boſom ſtood
A buſhy thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn.
Amidſt the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and ſhelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay.
Bloated with poiſon to a monſtrous ſize;
Fire broke in flaſhes when he glanc'd his eyes:
His towering creſt was glorious to behold,
His ſhoulders and his ſides were ſcal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandiſh'd when he charg'd his foes:
His teeth ſtood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water ſought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;
From ſide to ſide their empty urns rebound,
And rouſe the ſleepy ſerpent with the ſound.
Straight he beſtirs him, and is ſeen to riſe;
And now with dreadful hiſſings fills the ſkies,
And darts his forky tongue, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their veſſels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous ſight.
Spire above ſpire uprear'd in air he ſtood,
And, gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of ſuch a bulk, and ſuch a monſtrous ſize,
The ſerpent in the polar circle lies
That ſtretches over half the northern ſkies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathſome death,
Swoln up with blaſts of peſtilential breath.
And now the ſcorching ſun was mounted high
In all its luſtre to the noon-day ſky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To ſearch the woods th' impatient chief prepares,
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore
Inur'd to blood; the far-deſtroying dart,
And, the beſt weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He ſaw his ſervants breathleſs on the graſs;
The ſcaly foe amid their corpſe he view'd,
Baſking at eaſe, and feaſting in their blood.
" Such friends," he cries, " deſerv'd a longer date:
" But Cadmus will revenge, or ſhare their fate."
Then heav'd a ſtone, and riſing to the throw,
He ſent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, aſſaulted by ſo rude a ſtroke,
With all its lofty battlements had ſhook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounded harmleſs from the plaited ſcales,
That, firmly join'd, preſerv'd him from a wound,
With native armour cruſted all around.
With more ſucceſs the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited ſcales it took its courſe,
And in the ſpinal marrow ſpent its force.
The monſter hiſs'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the ſpear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point ſtill buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increaſing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom roſe,
Whilſt from his mouth a blaſt of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters caſt:
The plants around him wither in the blaſt.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the foreſt in his boiſterous courſe.

Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's ſpoil
Suſtain'd the ſhock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The ſerpent champs the ſteel, and bites the ſpear,
Till blood and venom all the point beſmear.
But ſtill the hurt he yet receiv'd was ſlight;
For, whilſt the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and diſappoints the blow.
The dauntleſs hero ſtill purſues his ſtroke,
And preſſes forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and ſtops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal ſpear,
That in th' extended neck a paſſage found,
And pierc'd the ſolid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a ſtroke
Of his huge tail, he laſh'd the ſturdy oak;
Till, ſpent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twiſting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of ſwimming poiſon, intermix'd with blood;
When ſuddenly a ſpeech was heard from high,
(The ſpeech was heard, nor was the ſpeaker nigh)
"Why doſt thou thus with ſecret pleaſure ſee,
"Inſulting man! what thou thyſelf ſhalt be?"
Aſtoniſh'd at the voice, he ſtood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas ſwift deſcending from the ſkies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wiſe,
Bids him plow up the field, and ſcatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field ſhould riſe.
He ſows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and tremble where he ſows:
And now the pointed ſpears advance in rows:
Now nodding plumes appear, and ſhining creſts,
Now the broad ſhoulders and the riſing breaſts:
O'er all the field the breathing harveſt ſwarms,
A growing hoſt, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting ſtage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By juſt degrees; till all the man ariſe,
And in his full proportion ſtrikes the eyes.
Cadmus, ſurpris'd, and ſtartled at the ſight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himſelf for fight:
When one cry'd out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiſcuous war."
This ſaid, he ſtruck his brother to the ground,
Himſelf expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conqueſt long ſurvive,
Dying ere ſcarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows ſwam in blood: and only five
Of all the vaſt increaſe were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltleſs weapon from his hand;
And with the reſt a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have gueſs'd
The royal founder in his exile bleſt:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathleſs gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increaſe of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.
Actæon was the firſt of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandſire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by ſtern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and viſage not his own;
To ſhun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntſman to become their prey.
And yet conſider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chace a ſhady mountain ſtood,
Well ſtor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntſmen till the heat of day
Purſue the ſtag, and load themſelves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the reſt:
"My friends," ſays he, "our ſport is at the beſt.
"The ſun is high advanc'd, and downward ſheds,
"His burning beams directly on our heads;
"Then by conſent abſtain from further ſpoils,
"Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
"And ere to-morrow's ſun begins his race,
"Take the cool morning to renew the chace."
They all conſent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntſmen, loaden with the ſlain,
Return in triumph from the ſultry plain.
Down in a vale with wine and cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle winds, and brown with ſhade,
The chaſte Diana's private haunt, there ſtood
Full in the centre of the darkſome wood
A ſpacious grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moſs, and arch'd with pumice ſtone:
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling ſwell into a lake below.
Nature had every where ſo play'd her part,
That every where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddeſs, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did ſhe now with all her train reſort,
Panting with heat, and breathleſs from the ſport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aſide,
Some loos'd her ſandals, ſome her veil unty'd;
Each buſy nymph her proper part undreſt;
While Crocalè, more handy than the reſt,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noſe
Bound it together, whilſt her own hung looſe.
Five of the more ignoble ſort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undreſt the ſhining goddeſs ſtood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs ſurvey'd,
The frighted virgins ſhriek'd at the ſurpriſe
(The foreſt echo'd with their piercing cries).
Then in a huddle round their goddeſs preſt:
She, proudly eminent above the reſt,
With bluſhes glow'd; ſuch bluſhes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn:
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward ſhrunk, and view'd him from aſide.
Surpris'd, at firſt ſhe would have ſnatch'd her bow,
But ſees the circling waters round her flow;
Theſe in the hollow of her hand ſhe took,
And daſh'd them in his face, while thus ſhe ſpoke:
"Tell, if thou canſt, the wondrous ſight diſcloſ'd;
"A goddeſs naked to thy view expos'd"
This ſaid, the man begun to diſappear
By ſlow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A riſing horn on either brow he wears,
And ſtretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his ſkin, with ſudden hairs o'er-grown,
His boſom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haſte,
And wonders why he flies a way ſo faſt
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He ſaw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He try'd to ſpeak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watery glaſs
He ſaw the big round drops with ſilent pace,
Run trickling down a ſavage hairy face.
What ſhould he do? Or ſeek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and ſculk in woods?
Here ſhame diſſuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart aſſails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him ſpies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or ſnuff the vapour from the ſcented graſs
He bounded off with fear, and ſwiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue ſupplies;
From ſhouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtunn'd with their promiſcuous cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the pack, that preſt
Cloſe at his heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtraight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
'Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the ſad huntſman grovelling on the ground
Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His ſervants with a piteous look he ſpies,
And turns about his ſupplicating eyes.
His ſervants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haſte and joyful ſhouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He ſhook his head in anſwer to the name;
He heard, but wiſh'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have ſtood a looker-on.
But, to his grief, he finds himſelf too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched maſter panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's ſufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
Too great, and diſproportion'd to the fault;
Others again eſteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddeſs to impoſe.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reaſons are produc'd on either ſide.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddeſs, nor excuſe;
She heeded not the juſtice of the deed,
But joy'd to ſee the race of Cadmus bleed;
For ſtill ſhe kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her ſake, deteſted all her kind.
Beſides, to aggravate her hate, ſhe heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddeſs broke
To ſudden fury, and abruptly ſpoke:
"Are my reproaches of ſo ſmall a force?
"'Tis time I then purſue another courſe:
"It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die,
"If I'm indeed the miſtreſs of the ſky;
"If rightly ſtyl'd among the powers above
"The wife and ſiſter of the thundering Jove
"(And none can ſure a ſiſter's right deny);
"It is decreed the guilty wretch ſhall die.
"She boaſts an honour I can hardly claim;
"Pregnant ſhe riſes to a mother's name;
"While proud and vain ſhe triumphs in her Jove,
"And ſhows the glorious tokens of his love:
"But if I'm ſtill the miſtreſs of the ſkies,
"By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This ſaid, deſcending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele ſhe ſtood.
Old Beroë's decrepit ſhape ſhe wears,
Her wrinkled viſage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilſt in her trembling gait ſhe totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurſe's tone.
The goddeſs, thus diſguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleaſing ſtories her falſe foſter-child.
Much did ſhe talk of love, and when ſhe came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a ſigh, and holding down her head;
"'Tis well," ſays ſhe, "if all be true that's ſaid.
"But truſt me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
"Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
"Many an honeſt well deſigning maid
"Has been by theſe pretended gods betray'd.
"But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
"Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,

" Deſcend triumphant from th' ethereal ſky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity;
" Encompaſs'd round by thoſe celeſtial charms,
" With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
" Th' unwary nymph, enſnar'd with what ſhe ſaid,
Deſir'd of Jove, when next he fought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which ſhe would chooſe;
" Fear not," replied the god, " that I'll refuſe
" Whate'er you aſk: may Styx confirm my voice,
" Chooſe what you will, and you ſhall have your " choice." [my arms
" Then," ſays the nymph, " when next you ſeek
" May you deſcend in thoſe celeſtial charms
" With which your Juno's boſom you inflame,
" And fill with tranſport heaven's immortal " dame." [voice:
The god ſurpris'd would fain have ſtopp'd her
But he had ſworn, and ſhe had made her choice.
To keep his promiſe, he aſcends, and ſhrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilſt all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling luſtre to abate,
He ſet not out in all his pomp and ſtate,
Clad in the mildeſt lightning of the ſkies,
And arm'd with thunder of the ſmalleſt ſize:
Not thoſe huge bolts, by which the giants ſlain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a leſſer mold, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a ſecond rate,
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up leſs flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it ſooner in the ſtanding lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illuſtrious god, deſcending from his height,
Came ruſhing on her in a ſtorm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flaſhes and the thunder's rage,
Conſum'd amidſt the glories ſhe deſir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preſerve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him ſmoking from the blaſted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino firſt took him for her ſoſter-child;
Then the Niſeans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd ſecretly, with milk, the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while theſe tranſactions paſt on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a ſecond birth,
When Jove, diſpos'd to lay aſide the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of ſtate;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
" In troth," ſays he, (and as he ſpoke he laugh'd,)
" The ſenſe of pleaſure in the male is far
" More dull and dead, than what you females " ſhare."
Juno the truth of what was ſaid deny'd;
Tireſias therefore muſt the cauſe decide;
For he the pleaſure of each ſex had try'd.
It happen'd once, within a ſhady wood,
Two twiſted ſnakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his ſtaff their ſlimy folds he broke,
And loſt his manhood at the fatal ſtroke.
But, after ſeven revolving years, he view'd
The ſelf-ſame ſerpents in the ſelf-ſame wood;
" And if," ſays he, " ſuch virtue in you lie,
" That he who dares your ſlimy folds untie
" Muſt change his kind, a ſecond ſtroke I'll " try."
Again he ſtruck the ſnakes, and ſtood again
New-ſex'd, and ſtraight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the Deities create
The ſovereign umpire in their grand debate:
And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd,
More than ſo trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his ſight,
And left him groping round in ſudden night.
But Jove (for ſo it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his ſoul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of ſight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations ſought their doom;
The fair Liriope his anſwers try'd,
And firſt th' unerring prophet juſtify'd;
This nymph the god Cephiſus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the ſoft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, ſolicitous to know
Whether her child ſhould reach old age or no,
Conſults the ſage Tireſias, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himſelf, he ſurely dies."
Long-liv'd the dubious mother in ſuſpenſe,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's ſenſe,
Narciſſus now his ſixteenth year began,
Juſt turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth careſs'd,
Many a loveſick maid her flame confeſs'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend careſs'd,
The loveſick maid in vain her flame confeſs'd.
Once, in the woods, as he purſu'd the chace,
The babbling Echo had deſcry'd his face;
She, who in others' words her ſilence breaks,
Nor ſpeaks herſelf but when another ſpeaks.
Echo was then a maid, of ſpeech bereft,
Of wonted ſpeech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curſe did on her tongue impoſe,
To ſport with every ſentence in the cloſe.
Full often, when the goddeſs might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with ſubtle ſtories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers ſlipp'd away.

The goddeſs found out the deceit in time,
And then ſhe cry'd, "That tongue, for this thy
" crime,
" Which could ſo many ſubtle tales produce,
" Shall be hereafter but of little uſe."
Hence 'tis ſhe prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic ſounds, and accents not her own.
This loveſick virgin, over-joy'd to find
The boy alone, ſtill follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As ſulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden paſſion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the ſound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narciſſus move,
Still daſh'd with bluſhes for her ſlighted love,
Liv'd in the ſhady covert of the woods,
In ſolitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till, haraſs'd out, and worn away with care,
The ſounding ſkeleton, of blood bereft,
Beſides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where ſtill it doubles every ſound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymph in vain careſs the boy,
He ſtill was lovely, but he ſtill was coy:
When one fair virgin of the ſlighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his diſdain,
" Oh may he love like me, and love like me in
" vain!"
Rhamnuſia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with juſt vengeance anſwer'd to her prayer.
There ſtands a fountain in a darkſome wood,
Nor ſtain'd with falling leaves nor riſing mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it reſts,
Unſully'd by the touch of men or beaſts;
High bowers of ſhady trees above it grow,
And riſing graſs and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolneſs of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narciſſus on the graſſy verdure lies:
But whilſt within the cryſtal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats ariſe.
For, as his own bright image he ſurvey'd,
He fell in love with the fantaſtic ſhade;
And o'er the fair reſemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himſelf he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and ſhoulders he deſcries,
The ſpacious forehead, and the ſparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not ſcorn to ſhow,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulneſs of face,
That gently bluſhes in the watery glaſs.
By his own flames conſum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himſelf the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous ſhade he dips
His arms, as often from himſelf he ſlips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms purſue
With eager claſps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpleſs
move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm bluſh within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd ſhadow comes and goes
Its empty being on thyſelf relies;
Step thou aſide, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he
ſtood,
Mindleſs of ſleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languiſh'd as he
view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain;
" You trees," ſays he, " and thou ſurrounding
" grove,
" Who oft have been the kindly ſcenes of love,
" Tell me, if e'er within your ſhades did lie
" A youth ſo tortur'd, ſo perplex'd as I:
" I who before me ſee the charming fair,
" Whilſt there he ſtands, and yet he ſtands not
" there:
" In ſuch a maze of love my thoughts are loſt;
" And yet no bulwark town, nor diſtant coaſt,
" Preſerves the beauteous youth from being ſeen,
" No mountains riſe, nor oceans flow between.
" A ſhallow water hinders my embrace;
" And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
" That kindly ſmiles, and when I bend to join
" My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
" Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
" Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
" My charms an eaſy conqueſt have obtained
" O'er other hearts, by thee alone diſdain'd.
" But why ſhould I deſpair? I'm ſure he burns,
" With equal flames, and languiſhes by turns.
" Whene'er I ſtoop, he offers at a kiſs:
" And when my arms I ſtretch, he ſtretches his.
" His eyes with pleaſure on my face he keeps,
" He ſmiles my ſmiles, and when I weep he
weeps.
" Whene'er I ſpeak, his moving lips appear
" To utter ſomething which I cannot hear.
" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long perplex'd deceit;
" It is myſelf I love, myſelf I ſee;
" The gay deluſion is a part of me.
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return,
" Whom ſhould I court? How utter my com-
plaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my reſtraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from myſelf remove!
" And at a diſtance ſet the thing I love.
" My breaſt is warm'd with ſuch unuſual fire,
" I wiſh him abſent whom I moſt deſire.
" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the ſorrows of my heart relieve.
" O might the viſionary youth ſurvive,
" I ſhould with joy my lateſt breath reſign!
" But, oh! I ſee his fate involv'd in mine."
This ſaid, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;

His tears defac'd the ſurface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither," cries Narciſſus, " doſt thou fly?
" Let me ſtill feed the flame by which I die;
" Let me ſtill ſee, though I'm no further bleſt."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breaſt:
His naked boſom redden'd with the blow,
In ſuch a bluſh as purple cluſters ſhow,
Ere yet the ſun's autumnal heats refine
The ſprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breaſt he ſpies,
And with a new redoubled paſſion dies.
As wax diſſolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the ſun,
So melts the youth, and languiſhes away:
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of thoſe attractive charms remain,
To which the ſlighted Echo fued in vain.
She ſaw him in his preſent miſery,
Whom, ſpite of all her wrongs, ſhe griev'd to ſee.
She anſwer'd ſadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his ſighs, and groan'd to every groan;
" A youth! belov'd in vain," Narciſſus cries;
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
" Farewell," ſays he: the parting ſound ſcarce fell
From his faint lips, but ſhe reply'd, " Farewell."
Then on th' unwholeſome earth he gaſping lies,
Till death ſhuts up thoſe ſelf-admiring eyes.
To the cold ſhades his flitting ghoſt retires,
And in the Stygian waves itſelf admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the ſad Echo anſwers in her turn:
And now the ſiſter-nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corpſe, they only found
A riſing ſtalk with yellow bloſſoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This ſad event gave blind Tireſias fame,
Through Greece eſtabliſh'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durſt deride
The cheated people, and their eyeleſs guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury ſaid,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
" 'Twere well, preſumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
" If thou wert eyeleſs too, and blind, like me;
" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
" When the young god's ſolemnities appear;
" Which if thou doſt not with juſt rites adorn,
" Thy impious carcaſe into pieces torn,
" Shall ſtrew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind Tireſias ſaw too well."
Still Pentheus ſcorns him, and derides his ſkill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now through proſtrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilſt howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and ſexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage expreſs'd:
" What madneſs, Thebans, has your ſoul poſſeſs'd!
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken ſhout,
" And the lewd clamours of a beaſtly rout,
" Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm
" Of women's yell thoſe ſtubborn ſouls diſarm,
" Whom nor the ſword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
" And you, our ſires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
" Will you without a ſtroke your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undiſputed field?
" But you, whoſe youth and vigour ſhould inſpire
" Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burniſh'd arms and creſted helmets grace,
" Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
" Remember him to whom you ſtand ally'd:
" The ſerpent for his well of waters dy'd.
" He fought the ſtrong; do you his courage ſhow,
" And gain a conqueſt o'er a feeble foe.
" If Thebes muſt fall, oh might the fates afford
" A nobler doom, from famine, fire, or ſword!
" Then might the Thebans periſh with renown:
" But now a beardleſs victor ſacks the town;
" Whom nor the prancing ſteed, nor ponderous ſhield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the duſty field,
" But the ſoft joys of luxury and eaſe,
" The purple veſts, and flowery garland pleaſe.
" Stand then aſide, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his godhead, and confeſs the cheat,
" Acriſius from the Grecian walls repell'd
" This boaſted power; why then ſhould Pentheus yield?
" Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch thoſe rites profane;
His friends diſſuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandſire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I ſeen a river gently glide,
In a ſmooth courſe, and inoffenſive tide;
But if with dams its current we reſtrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his ſervants came beſmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to ſeize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And ſcarce with-held his hands, while thus he ſpoke:
" Vile ſlave, whom ſpeedy vengeance ſhall p
" And terrify thy baſe ſeditious crew:
" Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
" And, why thou join'ſt in theſe mad orgies, tell.

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies:
" From high Meonia's rocky shores I came;
" Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
" My sire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
" His whole estate within the waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey;
" His art was all his livelihood; which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
" In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
" There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.
" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
" Till, tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
" Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
" The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
" With all the sailors catalogue of stars.
" Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
" My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
" Moor'd in a Chian creek: ashore I went,
" And all the following night in Chios spent.
" When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
" Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
" Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
" Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
" With more than female sweetness in his look,
" Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he took.
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
" And saw divinity in all his face.
" I know not who, said I, this god should be;
" But that he is a god I plainly see:
" And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
" These men have us'd, and oh befriend our course!
" Pray not for us, the nimble Dictys cry'd;
" Dictys, that could the main top-mast bestride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
" To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
" Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke;
" The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
" Such impious avarice their souls possest.
" Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
" Within my vessel so divine a prey,
" Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
" When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
" From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
" With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
" Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
" His base confederates the fact approve;
" When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
" Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
" And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:
" What means this noise? he cries; am I betray'd?
" Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?
" Fear not, said Proteus, child, but tell us where
" You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
" To Naxos then direct your course, says he;
" Naxos a hospitable port shall be
" To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By every god that rules the sea or sky,
" The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
" And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep;
" And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
" They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
" And give me signs all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and steer another way.
" Then let some other to my post succeed,
" Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
" What, says Ethalion, must the ship's whole crew
" Follow your humour, and depend on you?
" And straight himself he seated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
" The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
" And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
" And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
" And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
" Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
" Will such a multitude of men employ
" Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?
" In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
" And now, by all the gods in heaven that hear
" This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,
" The mighty miracle that did ensue,
" Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
" The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
" In vain the mariners would plough the main
" With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
" Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
" The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
" And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.
" Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
" Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
" The god we now behold with open eyes;
" A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
" My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
" Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd Madon found
" Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround:
" Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
" Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke:
" And now himself he views with like surprise.
" Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
" But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
" And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,
" With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
" The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.

" Thus all my crew transform'd, around the
" ſhip,
" Or dive below, or on the ſurface leap,
" And ſpout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen ſailors did the ſhip convey,
" A ſhole of nineteen dolphins round her play.
" I only in my proper ſhape appear,
" Speechleſs with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
" With him I landed on the Chian ſhore,
" And him ſhall ever gratefully adore."
" This forging ſave," ſays Pentheus, " would
" prevail
" O'er our juſt fury by a far-fetch'd tale;
" Go, let him feel the whips, the ſwords, the fire
" And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious ſervants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilſt the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themſelves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive ſtands,
And flings the looſen'd ſhackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Reſolv'd to ſend his meſſengers no more,
But went himſelf to the diſtracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their ſong.
And as the fiery war-horſe paws the ground,
And ſnorts and trembles at the trumpet's ſound;
Tranſported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the diſtant ſhout.
A ſpacious circuit on the hill there ſtood,
Level and wide, and ſkirted round with wood;
Here the raſh Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and myſtic orgies ſpies.
His mother ſternly view'd him where he ſtood,
And kindled into madneſs as ſhe view'd:
Her leafy javelin at her ſon ſhe caſt;
And cries, " The boar that lays our country waſte!
" The boar, my ſiſters! aim the fatal dart,
" And ſtrike the brindled monſter to the heart."
Pentheus aſtoniſh'd heard the diſmal ſound,
And ſees the yelling matrons gathering round;
He ſees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
" Help, help! my aunt Autonoe," he cry'd;
" Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One ſtretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother ſue,
And the raw bleeding ſtumps preſents to view:
His mother howl'd; and, and heedleſs of his prayer,
Her trembling hand ſhe twiſted in his hair,
" And this," ſhe cried, " ſhall be Agave's
" ſhare."
When from the neck his ſtruggling head ſhe tore,
And in her hands the ghaſtly viſage bore,
With pleaſure all the hideous trunk ſurvey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As ſtarting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours caſts,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by autumnal blaſts,
With ſuch a ſudden death lay Pentheus ſlain,
And in a thouſand pieces ſtrow'd the plain.
By ſo diſtinguiſhing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confeſs the god.

THE STORY OF

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

From the Fourth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes.

How Salmacis with weak enfeebling ſtreams,
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the ſecret cauſe, ſhall here be ſhown;
The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known.
The Naïads nurſt an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both th' illuſtrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native ſeat,
And ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil:
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil.
With eager ſteps the Lycian fields he croſt,
And fields that border on the Lycian coaſt;
A river here he view'd ſo lovely bright,
It ſhew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a ſand conceal'd from human ſight:
The ſtream produc'd nor ſlimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry ruſhes, nor the ſpiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moiſture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the ſpring eternal on the ground.
A nymph preſides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor ſkilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only ſtranger to Diana's train:
Her ſiſters often, as 'tis ſaid, wou'd cry,
" Fy, Salmacis, what always idle! fy;
" Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows ſeize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy eaſe."
Nor quiver ſhe nor arrows e'er would ſeize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her eaſe.
But oft would bathe her in the chryſtal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid ſtreams ſhe view'd her face,
And dreſs'd her image in the floating glaſs:
On beds of leaves ſhe now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her ſtreams;
And then by chance was gathering, as ſhe ſtood
To view the boy, and long for what ſhe view'd.
Fain would ſhe meet the youth with haſty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were ſet with niceſt care,
And well deſerv'd to be reputed fair.
" Bright youth," ſhe cries, " whom all thy fea-
" tures prove
" A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
" But if a mortal, bleſt thy nurſe's breaſt:
" Bleſt are thy parents, and thy ſiſters bleſt;

" But oh how bleſt! how more than bleſt thy
" bride,
" Ally'd in bliſs, if any yet ally'd.
" If ſo, let mine the ſtol'n enjoyments be;
" If not, behold a willing bride in me."
The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with
ſhame,
He ſtrove, and bluſht, but ſtill the bluſh became;
In riſing bluſhes ſtill freſh beauties roſe;
The ſunny ſide of fruit ſuch bluſhes ſhows,
And ſuch the moon, when all her ſilver white
Turns in eclipſes to a ruddy light.
The nymph ſtill begs, if not a nobler bliſs,
A cold ſalute at leaſt, a ſiſter's kiſs:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, " Or leave me to myſelf alone,
" You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone."
" Fair ſtranger then," ſays ſhe, " it ſhall be ſo;"
And, for ſhe fear'd his threat, ſhe feign'd to go;
But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him ſtill in ſight, herſelf unſeen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently ſports about the ſhore;
Playful and wanton to the ſtream he trips,
And dips his foot, and ſhivers as he dips.
The coolneſs pleas'd him, and with eager haſte
His airy garments on the banks he caſt;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture ſpies,
While hotter paſſions in her boſom riſe,
Fleſh in her cheeks, and ſparkle in her eyes.
She longs, ſhe burns to claſp him in her arms,
And looks and ſighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undreſt upon the banks he ſtood,
And clapt his ſides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the ſilver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies ſhut within a cryſtal caſe,
Receive a gloſſy luſtre from the glaſs.
" He's mine, he's all my own." the Naïad cries;
And flings off all, and after him ſhe flies.
And now ſhe faſtens on him as he ſwims,
And holds him cloſe, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy reſiſted, and was coy,
The more ſhe claſpt, and kiſt the ſtruggling boy.
So when the wriggling ſnake is ſnatch'd on high
In eagles claws, and hiſſes in the ſky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twiſts her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The reſtleſs boy ſtill obſtinately ſtrove
To free himſelf, and ſtill refus'd her love.
Amidſt his limbs ſhe kept her limbs intwin'd,
" And why, coy youth," ſhe cries, " why thus
" unkind?
" Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
" Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did ſhe pray in vain.
For now ſhe finds him, as his limbs ſhe preſt,
Grow nearer ſtill, and nearer to her breaſt;
Till, piercing each the other's fleſh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Laſt in one face are both their faces join'd;
As when the ſtock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the ſame, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex.
The boy, thus loſt in woman, now ſurvey'd
The river's guilty ſtream, and thus he pray'd
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his ſofter tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You parent gods, whoſe heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomſoe'er theſe ſtreams con-
tain,
If man he enter'd, he may riſe again
Supple, unſinew'd, and but half a man
The heavenly parents anſwer'd, from on high,
Their two-ſhap'd ſon; the double votary;
Then gave a ſecret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its ſource to make his wiſhes good.

NOTES
ON
SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES IN OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON.

The ſtory of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majeſty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the moſt important ſubject he treats of, except the deluge: and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the firſt book:

" Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
" Ardeat, et mundi moles operoſa laboret;"

(though the learned apply thoſe verſes to the future burning of the world) for it fully anſwers that deſcription, if the

" ——Cœli miſerere tui, circumſpice utrumque,
" Fumat uterque polus——"

" Fumat uterque polus"—comes up to " correpta-
" que regia cœli"— Beſides it is Ovid's cuſtom to prepare the reader for a following ſtory, by giving ſome intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly neceſſary to be done before he led us into ſo ſtrange a ſtory as this he is now upon.

P. 197. col. 2 l. 23. For in the portal, &c.] We have here the picture of the univerſe drawn in little.

" —Palæmonaque prementem
" Ægeona ſuis immania terga lacertis."

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

" —Facies non omnibus una,
" Nec diverſa tamen: qualem decet eſſe ſororem."

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters ſuch a difference in their looks as is natural to different perſons, and yet ſuch a likeneſs as ſhewed their affinity.

" Terra viros, urbeſque gerit, ſylvaſque, ferasque,
" Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina
" ruris."

The leſs important figures are well huddled together in the promiſcuous deſcription at the end, which very well repreſents what the painters call a group.

" —Circum caput omne micantes
" Depoſuit radios; propiuſque accedere juſſit."

P. 198. c. 1. l. 11. And flung the blaze, &c.] It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a diſtance, and not able to approach him until he had lain aſide the circle of rays that caſt ſuch a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where obſerve in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftineſs in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have ſublime expreſſions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not conſidered by them who run down Ovid in the groſs, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more ſimple and unadorned, than his deſcription of Enceladus in the ſixth book?

" Niritur ille quidem, pugnatque reſurgere ſæpe,
" Dextra ſed Auſonio manus eſt ſubjecta Pelori,
" Læva, Pachyne, tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
" Degravat Ætna caput, ſub quâ reſupinus are-
" nas
" Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus."

But the image we have here is truly great and ſublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempeſt of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an iſland upon his breaſt, and a vaſt promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worſe commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoſes. Thoſe of the graver ſort have been wholly taken up in the Mythologies; and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have ſhewn us out of an old author that Ovid is miſtaken in a pedigree, or has turned ſuch a perſon into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themſelves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every ſtory, and making the perſons of his poems to be only nicknames for ſuch virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Roſs, has dived deeper into our author's deſign than any of the reſt; for he diſcovers in him the greateſt myſteries of the Chriſtian religion, and finds almoſt in every page ſome typical repreſentation of the world, the fleſh, and the devil. But if theſe writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the ſurface, moſt of them ſerving only to help out a ſchool-boy in the conſtruing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heavieſt pieces of a poet, diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by Italian characters. The beſt of Ovid's expoſitors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's uſe, who has very well ſhewn the meaning of the author, but ſeldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in moſt places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and, inſtead of pointing out the fineneſs of a deſcription, only tells you in what part of the world the place is ſituated. I ſhall therefore only conſider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to ſhew him impartially, without the uſual prejudice of a tranſlator: which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I believe ſuch a comment would give the reader a truer taſte of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for, in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praiſe all they meet with in ſome, and ſcarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confeſt to have a mixture of both kinds, to have ſomething of the beſt and worſt poets, and by conſequence to be the faireſt ſubject for criticiſm.

Ibid. c. 1. l. 24. My ſon, ſays he, &c.] Phœbus's ſpeech is very nobly uſher'd in, with the " Terque quaterque concutiens illuſtre caput"—and well repreſents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the repreſenting them juſt as a father would to his young ſon;

" Per tamen adverſi gradieris cornua tauri,
" Hæmonioſque arcus, violentique ora leonis,
" Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
" Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia can-
" crum"—

for one while he ſcares him with bugbears in the way,

" —Vaſti quoque rector Olympi,
" Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,

" Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus ha-
" betur?"
" Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine pœna,
" Non honor eſt. Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere
" poſcis."

And in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the ſpeech very natural, and concludes with all the fondneſs and concern of a tender parent.

" —Patrio pater eſſe metu probor; aſpice vul-
" tus
" Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes
" Inferere, & patrias intus deprendere curas! &c."

P. 198. c. 2. l. 27. A golden axle, &c.] Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully eaſy and natural in him. The repetition of Aureus, and the tranſition to Argenteus, in the deſcription of the chariot, give theſe verſes a great ſweetneſs and majeſty:

" Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea ſummæ
" Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo."

Ibid. c. 2. l. 52. Drive them not on directly, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid againſt the old objection, that he miſtakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the ſun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the ſun did not paſs through all the ſigns he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may anſwer for what Phœbus ſays in his firſt ſpeech, it cannot from what is ſaid in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

" Sectus in obliquum eſt lato curvamine limes,
" Zonarumque trium contentus fine plomumque
" Effugit auſtralem, junctamque aquilonibus Arc-
" ton,"

deſcribes the motion through all the zodiac.

P. 199. c. 1. l. 5. And not my chariot, &c.] Ovid's verſe is, " Conſiliis non curribus utere noſ-
" tris." This way of joining two ſuch different ideas as chariot and counſel to the ſame verb, is mightily uſed by Ovid; but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, becauſe the verb muſt be taken in a different ſenſe when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this ſtory he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaeton—" Pariterque, animæque, ro-
" tiſque expulit aurigam," where he makes a forced piece of Latin (" animæ expulit aurigam") that he may couple the ſoul and the wheels to the ſame verb.

Ibid. c. 1. l. 30. The youth was in a maze, &c.] It is impoſſible for a man to be drawn in a greater confuſion than Phaeton is; but the antitheſis of light and darkneſs a little flattens the deſcription. " Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum
" lumen obortæ."

P. 199. c. 1. l. 33. Then the ſeven ſtars, &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the overſight he has committed in this verſe, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever ſuch a ſign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Caliſto into this conſtellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

Ibid. c. 2. l. 24. Athos and Tmolus, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the Engliſh reader I have left out ſome of them that make no figure in the deſcription, and inverted the order of the reſt according as the ſmoothneſs of my verſe required.

P. 199. c. 2. l. 49. 'Twas then, they ſay, the ſwarthy Moor, &c.] This is the only metamorphoſis in all this long ſtory, which, contrary to cuſtom, is inſerted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excurſion in him who propoſes it as his whole deſign to let us know the changes of things. I dare ſay that, if Ovid had not religiouſly obſerved the reports of the ancient mythologiſts, we ſhould have ſeen Phaeton turned into ſome creature or other that hates the light of the ſun; or perhaps into an eagle, that ſtill takes pleaſure to gaze on it.

P. 200. c. 1. l. 8. The frighted Nile, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleaſant images towards The latter end of his ſtory. His verſes on the

" Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
" Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: oſtia ſep-
" tem
" Pulverulenta vacant, ſeptem ſine flumine valles."

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the ſea afterwards,

" Mare contrahitur, ſiccaque eſt campus arenæ,"

becauſe the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

" —Quos altum texerat æquor
" Exiſtunt montes, et ſparſas Cycladas augent."

But to tell us that the ſwans grew warm in Cäyſter,

" —Medio volucres caluere Cäyſtro,"

and that the dolphins durſt not leap,

" Ne ſe ſuper æquora curvi
" Tollere conſuetas audent Delphines in auras,"

is intolerably trivial on ſo great a ſubject as the burning of the world.

P. 200. c. 1. l. 30. The earth at length, &c.] We have here a ſpeech of the earth, which will doubtleſs ſeem very unnatural to an Engliſh reader. It is, I believe, the boldeſt proſopopœia of any in the old poets; or, if it were never ſo natural, I cannot but think ſhe ſpeaks too much in any reaſon for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE.

P. 206. c. 2. l. 9. The dignity of empire, &c.] This ſtory is prettily told, and very well brought in by thoſe two ſerious lines,

" Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ ſede morantur,
" Majeſtas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ,
" &c."

without which the whole fable would have appeared very profane.

Ibid. c. 2. l. 49. The frighted nymph looks, &c.] This conſternation and behaviour of Europa,

" —Eluſam deſignat imagine tauri
" Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
" Ipſa videbatur terras ſpectare relictas,
" Et comites clamare ſuos, tactumque vereri
" Affilientis aquæ, timidaſque reducere plantas,"

is better deſcribed in Arachne's picture in the ſixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Tatius's Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed uſual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to deſcribe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itſelf; becauſe in the deſcription of a picture you have a double ſubject before you, either to deſcribe the picture itſelf, or what is repreſented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK.

F A B. I.

THERE is ſo great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoſes, that he who would treat of them rightly, ought to be a maſter of all ſtyles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed ſhows himſelf moſt in a familiar ſtory, where the chief grace is to be eaſy and natural; but wants neither ſtrength of thought nor expreſſion, when he endeavours after it, in the more ſublime and manly ſubjects of his poem. In the preſent fable, the ſerpent is terribly deſcribed, and his behaviour very well imagined; the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that repreſents them more ſtrong and maſculine than what we uſually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are theſe, perhaps, which follow:

P. 207. c. 2. l. 10. Spire above ſpire, &c.] Ovid, to make his ſerpent more terrible, and to raiſe the character of his champion, has given too great a looſe to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raiſed up but half his body, he overlooked a tall foreſt of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the ſerpent in the ſkies. None but a madman would have attacked ſuch a monſter as this is deſcribed to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's ſtanding againſt him. Virgil is not aſhamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the ſight of a far leſs formiduble foe, where he gives us the deſcription of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monſter was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we ſhould certainly have ſeen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have ſpared one of the whole brotherhood.

" —Phœnicas, ſive illi tela parabant,
" Sive fugam, ſive ipſe timor prohibebat utrumque,
" Occupat:—"

P. 207. c. 2. l. 17. In vain the Tyrians, &c.] The poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic ſtyle: he has here ſunk into the flatneſs of proſe, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the ſight of the ſerpent:

" —Tegimen direpta leoni
" Pellis erat; telum ſplendenti lancea ferro,
" Et jaculum; teloque animus præſtantior omni;"—

and in a few lines after lets drop the majeſty of his verſe, for the ſake of one of his little turns. How does he languiſh in that which ſeems a laboured line! " Triſtia ſanguineâ lambentem vul-
" nera linguâ." And what pains does he take to expreſs the ſerpent's breaking the force of the ſtroke, by ſhrinking back from it!

" Sed leve vulnus erat, quia ſe retrahebat ab ictu,
" Læſaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque ſedere
" Credendo fecit, nec longiùs ire ſinebat."

P. 208. c. 1. l. 36. And flings the future, &c.] The deſcription of the men riſing out of the ground is as beautiful a paſſage as any in Ovid. It ſtrikes the imagination very ſtrongly; we ſee their motion in the firſt part of it, and their multitude in the " Meſſis virorum" at laſt.

Ibid. c. 1. l. 41. The breathing harveſt, &c. " Meſſis clypeata virorum." The beauty in theſe words would have been greater, had only " Meſſis virorum" been expreſſed without " clypeata;" for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two ſuch different ideas com-

pounded together, but can ſcarce attend to ſuch a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great ſurpriſe to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be ſufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is deſcribed. The Latin poets are very full of it, eſpecially the worſt of them; for the more correct uſe it but ſparingly, as inded the nature of things will ſeldom afford a juſt occaſion for it. When any thing we deſcribe has accidentally in it ſome quality that ſeems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that ſpecies, ſuch a compound image as we are now ſpeaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we deſcribe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of cryſtal, with water in the midſt of it, for his ſubject, takes the advantage of conſidering the cryſtal as hard, ſtony, precious water, and the water as ſoft, fluid, imperfect cryſtal; and thus ſports off above a dozen epigrams, in ſetting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him; but he gives himſelf up ſo much to this way of writing, that a man may eaſily know where to meet with them when he ſees his ſubject, and often ſtrains ſo hard for them, that he many times makes his deſcriptions bombaſtic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough, had he been to deſcribe it? We ſhould certainly have ſeen the yellow bark, golden ſprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raiſed between words of ſuch different natures: when we ſee Virgil contented with his "Auri frondentis;" and what is the ſame, though much finer expreſſed—"Frondeſcit virga metallo." This compoſition of different ideas is often met with in a whole ſentence, where circumſtances are happily reconciled that ſeem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin poets (for the Greeks wanted art for it), in their deſcriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoſes, and the like; where they bring together two ſuch thwarting ideas, by making one part of their deſcriptions relate to the repreſentation, and the other to the thing that is repreſented. Of this nature is that verſe, which, perhaps, is the wittieſt in Virgil; "Attollens humeris famamque et fata "nepotum," Æn. viii., where he deſcribes Æneas carrying on his ſhoulders the reputation and fortunes of his poſterity; which, though very odd and ſurpriſing, is plainly made out, when we conſider how theſe diſagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his poſterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the ſhield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where ſhe had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he ſays—"Rupit cœleſtia "crimina." I ſhall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent ſtroke of this nature out of Mr. Montague's * Poem to the King: where he tells us how the King of France would have been celebrated by his ſubjects, if he had ever gained ſuch an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyne:

"His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
"And run for ever purple in the looms."

* Afterwards Earl of Halifax.

FAB. II.

P. 208. c. 2. l. 1. Here Cadmus reign'd.] This is a pretty ſolemn tranſition to the ſtory of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddeſs and her maids undreſſing her, are deſcribed with diverting circumſtances. Actæon's flight, confuſion, and griefs, are paſſionately repreſented; but it is pity the whole narration ſhould be ſo carelefsly cloſed up.

"—Ut abeſſe queruntur,
"Nec capere oblatæ ſegnem ſpectacula prædæ.
"Vellet abeſſe quidem, ſed adeſt, velletque videre,
"Non etiam ſentire, canum fera facta ſuorum."

P. 209. c. 1. l. 40. A generous pack, &c.] I have not here troubled myſelf to call over Actæon's pack of dog's in rhyme: Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verſe; and the Greek names Ovid uſes would ſound a great deal worſe. He cloſes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jeſt on it: "Quoſque referre "mora eſt"—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other ſerious parts of this ſtory.

This way of inſerting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks; but have made them more pleaſing than thoſe they imitate, by adapting ſo many delightful characters to their perſons names; in which part Ovid's copiouſneſs of invention, and great inſight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The ſmoothneſs of our Engliſh verſe is too much loſt by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwiſe very natural, and abſolutely neceſſary in ſome caſes; as before a battle to raiſe in our minds an anſwerable expectation of the events, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For, had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thouſand of each ſide, our imagination could not poſſibly have been ſo affected, as when we ſee every leader ſingled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 209. c. 2. l. 24. How Semele, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finiſhed ſtories. The tranſition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two ſpeeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a reſenting goddeſs and a tattling nurſe: Jupiter makes a very majeſtic figure with his thunder and lightning, but

it is ſtill ſuch a one as ſhews who drew it; for who does not plainly diſcover Ovid's hand in the

" Quà tamen uſque poteſt, vires ſibi demere tentat.
" Nec, quo centimanum dejicerit igne Typhœa,
" Nunc, armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
" Eſt aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum,
" Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ;
" Tela ſecunda vocant ſuperi."

P. 209. c. 2. l. 54. 'Tis well, ſays ſhe, &c.] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddeſſes in the fifth Æneid; but if we compare the ſpeech ſhe there makes with that of her name-ſake in this ſtory, we may find the genius of each poet diſcovering itſelf in the language of the nurſe: Virgil's Iris could not have ſpoken more majeſtically in her own ſhape; but Juno is ſo much altered from herſelf in Ovid, that the goddeſs is quite loſt in the old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 211. c. 1. l. 13. She can't begin, &c.] If playing on words be excuſable in any poem, it is in this, where Echo is a ſpeaker; but it is ſo mean a kind of wit, that, if it deſerves excuſe, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Eſſay of Human Underſtanding, has given us the beſt account of wit, in ſhort, that can any where be met with. " Wit," ſays he, " lies in the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting " thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, " wherein can be found any reſemblance or con- " gruity, thereby to make up pleaſant pictures and " agreeable viſions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author obſerves, generally conſiſt in the likeneſs of ideas, and is more or leſs wit, as this likeneſs in ideas is more ſurpriſing and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing elſe but a ſimilitude in ideas, ſo is falſe wit the ſimilitude in words, whether it lies in the likeneſs of letters only, as in anagram and acroſtic; or of ſyllables, as in doggrel rhymes; or in whole words, as puns, echoes, and the like. Beſides theſe two kinds of falſe and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has ſomething of both in it.—when in two ideas that have ſome reſemblance with each other, and are both expreſſed by the ſame word, we make uſe of the ambiguity of the word to ſpeak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, moſt languages have hit on the word, which properly ſignifies fire, to expreſs love by (and therefore we may be ſure there is ſome reſemblance in the ideas mankind have of them); from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they once have called love a fire, conſider it no longer as the paſſion, but ſpeak of it under the notion of a real fire; and, as the turn of wit requires, make the ſame word in the ſame ſentence ſtand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the ſea-nymphs languiſh with this paſſion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatiſt fell in love with one that flung a ſnow-ball at him, and therefore takes occaſion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in ſnow. In ſhort, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that reſembles ſomething in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding inſtances, he finds any circumſtances in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumſtance to it, ſurpriſes his reader with a ſeeming contradiction. I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long on this inſtance, had it not been ſo frequent in Ovid, who is the greateſt admirer of this mixt wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greateſt poets ſcorned it; as indeed it is only fit for epigram, and little copies of verſes: one would wonder therefore how ſo ſublime a genius as Milton could ſometimes fall into it, in ſuch a work as an epic poem. But we muſt attribute it to his humouring the vicious taſte of the age he lived in, and the falſe judgment of our unlearned Engliſh readers in general, who have few of them a reliſh of the more maſculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid ſeems particularly pleaſed with the ſubject of this ſtory, but has notoriouſly fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has ſaid enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twiſted that one thought of Narciſſus's being the perſon beloved, and the lover too?

" Cunctaque miratur quibus eſt mirabilis ipſe.
" —Qui probat, ipſe probatur.
" Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et
" ardet,
" Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
" Perque oculos perit ipſe ſuos—
" Uror amore mei, flammas moveoque fero-
" que," &c.

But we cannot meet with a better inſtance of the extravagance and wantonneſs of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumſtance at the end of the ſtory, of Narciſſus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The deſign was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himſelf here on earth; but to torture him with the ſame paſſion after death, and not to let his ghoſt reſt in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

F. 211. c. 1. l. 42. But whilſt within, &c.] " Dumque ſitim ſedare cupit ſitis altera crevit." We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before ſpoken of; but I think the meaſure of pun in it out-weighs the true wit; for if we expreſs the thought in other words the turn is almoſt loſt. This paſſage of Narciſſus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her ſurpriſe at the ſight of her own face in the water, far more juſt and natural than this of Narciſſus. She was

a raw unexperienced being, juſt created, and therefore might eaſily be ſubject to the deluſion; but Narciſſus had been in the world ſixteen years, was brother and ſon to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be ſuppoſed converſant with fountains long before this fatal miſtake.

P. 211. c. 2. l. 12. You trees, ſays he, &c.] Ovid is very juſtly celebrated for the paſſionate ſpeeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to conſider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for ſmothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader: by which means our grief is either diverted or ſpent before we come to his concluſion: for we cannot at the ſame time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the perſon that ſpeaks it; and a great critic has admirably well obſerved, "Lamentationes debent eſſe "breves et conciſæ, nam lacryma ſubitò excreſcit, "et difficile et Audit rem vel Lectorem in ſummo "animi affectu diu tenere." Would any one in Narciſſus's condition have cried out—"Inopem me "copia fecit?" Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his ſorrows for the ſake of a pretty reflection?

"O utinam noſtro ſecedere corpore poſſem!
"Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abeſſet."

None, I ſuppoſe, can be much grieved for one that is ſo witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where obſerve in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment; and ſpeaks all the ingenious things that can be ſaid on the ſubject, rather than thoſe which are particularly proper to the perſon and circumſtances of the ſpeaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 212. c. 2. l. 3. When Pentheus thus, &c.] There is a great deal of ſpirit and fire in this ſpeech of Pentheus, but I believe none beſide Ovid would have thought of the tranſformation of the ſerpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans courage, when he deſires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the Dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

"Eſte, precor, memores, quâ ſitis ſtirpe creati,
"Illiuſque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
"Sumite ſerpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
"Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite veſtrâ.
"Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
"Et patrium revocate decus."

FAB. VIII.

The ſtory of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the deſcription of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the ſailors characters and manners. But the ſhort ſpeeches ſcattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear ſo well in our language, which is much more ſtubborn and unpliant; and therefore are but as ſo many rubs in the ſtory, that are ſtill turning the narration out of its proper courſe. The tranſformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good ſimilies on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former ſtory, and to a war-horſe in the preſent.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with ſilence and ſurpriſe
We ſee Britannia's monarch riſe,
A godlike form, by thee diſplay'd
In all the force of light and ſhade;
And, aw'd by thy deluſive hand,
As in the preſence chamber ſtand.
  The magic of thy art calls forth
His ſecret ſoul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildneſs ſhows,
His care of friends, and ſcorn of foes:
In every ſtroke, in every line,
Does ſome exalted virtue ſhine,
And Albion's happineſs we trace
Through all the features of his face.
  O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation ſhall ſurvey
Their ſovereign, through his wide command,
Paſſing in progreſs o'er the land!
Each heart ſhall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding ſhouts rejoice,
Whilſt all his gracious aſpect praiſe,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
  The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And ſtampt on Britiſh coins ſhall live,
To richeſt ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mold,
Shape and adorn the running gold,
To bear this form, the genial ſun
Has daily ſince his courſe begun
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
  Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremoſt of thy art, haſt vy'd
With nature in a generous ſtrife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
  Thy pencil has, by monarchs ſought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of ſtate array'd,
The kings of half an age diſplay'd.
  Here ſwarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Naſſau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when ſhe ſent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her Hero was diſgrac'd:
O may ſam'd Brunſwick be the laſt,
(Though heaven ſhould with my wiſh agree,
And long preſerve thy art in thee)
The laſt, the happieſt Britiſh king,
Whom thou ſhalt paint, or I ſhall ſing!
  Wiſe Phidias thus, his ſkill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the poliſht rocks to ſhine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' aſſembled deities ſurvey'd.
  Great Pan, who wont to chace the fair,
And lov'd the ſpreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too with upcaſt eyes
Beheld his abdicated ſkies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childleſs goddeſs roſe,
Minerva, ſtudious to compoſe
Her twiſted threads; the web ſhe ſtrung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was ſeen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her ſhort-liv'd darling ſon to mourn.
The laſt was he, whoſe thunder flew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their king defy'd.
  This wonder of the ſculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a ſtand:
For who would hope new fame to raiſe,
Or riſk his well-eſtabliſh'd praiſe,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

PROLOGUE

TO

SMITH's PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the ſtage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
In ſongs and airs expreſs their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire:
While, lull'd by ſound, and undiſturb'd by wit,
Calm and ſerene you indolently ſit,
And, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our home-ſpun authors muſt forſake the field,
And Shakſpeare to the ſoft Scarletti yield.
To your new taſte the poet of this day
Was by a friend adviſ'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, muſically coy, [joy:
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd
It had not mov'd your wonder to have ſeen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh ſpeak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek!
But he, a ſtranger to your modiſh way,
By your old rules muſt ſtand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taſte command,
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

PROLOGUE

TO

STEELE'S TENDER HUSBAND.

IN the firſt riſe and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were ſcarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with eaſe,
A young and unexperienc'd audience pleaſe:
No ſingle character had e'er been ſhown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they ſet to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our Britiſh theatre can boaſt
Drolls of all kinds, a vaſt unthinking hoſt!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it ſhows [beaux;
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and
Rough country knights are found of every ſhire;
Of every faſhion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the ſtage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the neceſſary ſpark,
They ſearch the town, and beat about the park,
To all his moſt frequented haunts reſort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court;
As love of pleaſure or of place invites;
And ſometimes catch him taking ſnuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the preſent age
Breeds very hopeful monſters for the ſtage;
That ſcorn the paths their dull foreſathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but ſurvey this crowded houſe to-night:
—Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be ſomething gay and new,
Two ladies errant has expos'd to view;
The firſt a damſel, travell'd in romance;
The t' other more refin'd, ſhe comes from France:
Reſcue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the ſtranger.

EPILOGUE

TO

LANSDOWNE'S BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleaſing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While liſtening foreſts cover'd, as he play'd,
The ſoft muſician in a moving ſhade.
That this night's ſtrains the ſame ſucceſs may find,
The force of muſic is to muſic join'd:
Where ſounding ſtrings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd ſpells prevail.
Let ſage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waſte of ſand;
The deſert ſmiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the ſprings to flow.
The ſame dull ſights in the ſame landſkip mixt,
Scenes of ſtill life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleaſure on the mind beſtow,
And pall the ſenſe with one continued ſhow.
But, as our two magicians try their ſkill,
The viſion varies, though the place ſtands ſtill;
While the ſame ſpot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the proſpect to a thouſand views.
Thus (without unity of place tranſgreſt)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jeſt.
But howſoe'er, to pleaſe your wandering eyes,
Bright objects diſappear and brighter riſe:
There's none can make amends for loſt delight,
While from that circle we divert your ſight.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DANIEL PURCELL.

Performed at Oxford, 1699.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd ſtrain, my muſe,
Thy ſofteſt ſounds and ſweeteſt numbers chooſe;
The bright Cecilia's praiſe rehearſe,
In warbling words, and gliding verſe,
That ſmoothly run into a ſong,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II.

Firſt let the ſprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,

And none of all her ſtrings be mute,
While the ſharp ſound and ſhriller lay
In ſweet harmonious notes decay,
Soften'd and mellow'd by the flute.
* " The flute that ſweetly can complain,
" Diſſolve the frozen nymph's diſdain;
" Panting ſympathy impart,
" Till ſhe partake her lover's ſmart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next, let the ſolemn organ join
Religious airs, and ſtrains divine,
Such as may lift us to the ſkies,
And ſet all heaven before our eyes:
" Such as may lift us to the ſkies;
" So far at leaſt till they
" Deſcend with kind ſurpriſe,
" And meet our pious harmony half-way."

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing ſound
Our raviſh'd ears with pleaſure wound:
The ſoul o'erpowering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,
A ſtreak of lightning clears the day,
And flaſhes on the ſight.
Let echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring ſtrain
Play all the concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that ſacred heats inſpir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love-ſick youth, that long ſuppreſs'd
His ſmother'd paſſion in his breaſt,
No ſooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the ſecret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.
With raviſh'd ſoul, and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;
Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes diſarm'd,
And chang'd the lover to a ſaint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir complete rejoices,
With trembling ſtrings and melting voices,
The tuneful ferment riſes high,
And works with mingled melody:
Quick diviſions run their rounds,
A thouſand trills and quivering ſounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languiſh by degrees,
And at a diſtance die.

* The four laſt lines of the ſecond and third ſtanzas were added by Mr. Tate.

AN ODE.

I.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unweary'd ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power diſplay;
And publiſhes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale;
And nightly, to the liſtening earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball;
What though, no real voice, nor ſound;
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found:
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine.

AN HYMN.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

II.

O how ſhall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt;
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear.
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence theſe comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlippery paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

AN ODE.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

AN HYMN.

I.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

III.

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

I.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;

His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering ſteps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſcape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill.
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

THE PLAY-HOUSE *.

Where gentle Thames through ſtately channels glides,
And England's proud metropolis divides;
A lofty fabric does the ſight invade,
And ſtretches o'er the waves a pompous ſhade;
Whence ſudden ſhouts the neighbourhood ſurpriſe,
And thundering claps and dreadful hiſſings riſe.
Here thrifty R— hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant ſcenes,
And rakes the ſtews for goddeſſes and queens:
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and ſceptres grac'd,
Teaches her eyes a more majeſtic caſt;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of ſuppliant ſlaves, like Sancho, ſtarve and reign.
But enter in, my Muſe; the ſtage ſurvey,
And all its pomp and pageantry diſplay;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompaſs it around:
On either ſide maim'd temples fill our eyes.
And intermixt with brothel-houſes riſe;
Diſjointed palaces in order ſtand,
And groves obedient to the mover's hand
O'erſhade the ſtage, and flouriſh at command.
A ſtamp makes broken towns and trees entire:
So when Amphion ſtruck the vocal lyre,
He ſaw the ſpacious circuit all around,
With crowding woods and riſing cities crown'd.
But next the tiring-room ſurvey, and ſee
Falſe titles, and promiſcuous quality,
Confus'dly ſwarms, from heroes and from queens,
To thoſe that ſwing in clouds and fill machines.
Their various characters they chooſe with art,
The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:
Swoln cheeks and ſwaggering belly make an hoſt,
Pale meagre looks and hollow voice a ghoſt;
From careful brows and heavy downcaſt eyes,
Dull cits and thick-ſcull'd aldermen ariſe;
The comic tone, inſpir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word, loud laughter and applauſe:
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.
Above the reſt, the prince with haughty ſtalks
Magnificent in purple buſkins walks:
The royal robes his awful ſhoulders grace,
Profuſe of ſpangles and of copper-lace:
Officious raſcals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltleſs of blood, th' unpointed weapon tie:
Then the gay glittering diadem put on, [ſtone.
Ponderous with braſs, and ſtarr'd with Briſtol
His royal conſort next conſults her glaſs,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face;
The whitening firſt her ghaſtly looks beſmears,
All pale and wan th' unfiniſh'd form appears;
Till on her cheeks the bluſhing purple glows,
And a falſe virgin-modeſty beſtows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes;
Length to her brows the pencil's art ſupplies,
And with black bending arches ſhades her eyes.
Well pleas'd at length the picture ſhe beholds,
And ſpots it o'er with artificial molds;
Her countenance complete, the beaux ſhe warms
With looks not her's; and ſpite of nature, charms.
Thus artfully their perſons they diſguiſe,
Till the laſt flouriſh bids the curtain riſe.
The prince then enters on the ſtage in ſtate:
Behind, a guard of candle-ſnuffers wait:
There, ſwoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He ſhakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verſe:
His ſubjects tremble; the ſubmiſſive pit,
Wrapt up in ſilence and attention, ſit;
Till, freed at length, he lays aſide the weight
Of public buſineſs and affairs of ſtate:
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,
And to ſome peaceful brandy-ſhop retires;
Where in full gills his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.
The princeſs next her painted charms diſplays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays:
The callow 'ſquire at diſtance feeds his eyes,
And ſilently for paint and waſhes dies.
But if the youth behind the ſcenes retreat,
He ſees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in ſweat.
The borrow'd viſage he admires no more,
And nauſeates every charm he lov'd before:
So the fam'd ſpear for double force renown'd,
Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.
In tedious liſts 'twere endleſs to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the ſtage,
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms;
Another fills a more important poſt,
And riſes every other night a ghoſt;

* See Sedley's Miſcellanies, &c. p. 204.

Through the cleft ſtage, his mealy face he rears,
Then ſtalks along, groans thrice, and diſappears;
Others, with ſwords and ſhields, the ſoldier's pride,
More than a thouſand times have chang'd their ſide,
And in a thouſand fatal battles dy'd.
Thus ſeveral perſons ſeveral parts perform;
Soft lovers whine, and bluſtering heroes ſtorm.
The ſtern exaſperated tyrants rage,
'Till the kind bowl of poiſon clears the ſtage.
Then honours vaniſh, and diſtinctions ceaſe;
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undreſs,
Heroes no more their fading laurels boaſt,
And mighty kings in private men are loſt.
He, whom ſuch titles ſwell'd, ſuch power made proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquiſh'd nations bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters ſtinks again.

ON THE

LADY MANCHESTER,

Written on the Toaſting-Glaſſes of the Kit-Kat Club.

While haughty Gallia's dames, that ſpread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous ſtranger there
In native charms, divinely fair;
Confuſion in their looks they ſhow'd;
And with unborrow'd bluſhes glow'd.

C A T O.

A TRAGEDY.

" Ecce ſpectaculum dignum, ad quod reſpiciat, intentus operi ſuo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum,
" vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compoſitus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter
" pulchrius, ſi convertere animum velit, quàm ut ſpectet Catonem, jam partibus non ſemel
" fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum." SEN. de Divin. Prov.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO,
NOVEMBER 1714.

THE muſe, that oft, with ſacred raptures fir'd,
Has generous thoughts of liberty inſpir'd,
And, boldly riſing for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cauſe,
On you ſubmiſſive waits, with hopes aſſur'd,
By whom the mighty bleſſing ſtands ſecur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer ſhall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boaſt her royal progeny's increaſe,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to ſtrengthen and to grace our iſle!
While you, fair princeſs, in your offspring ſmile,
Supplying charms to the ſucceeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we preſage;
Already ſee th' illuſtrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to ſigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond deſires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conſpire
The mother's ſweetneſs, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, if kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the ſcepter'd rivals vainly ſue,
Thy inborn worth with conſcious eyes ſhall ſee,
And ſlight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the proſpect of ſucceſſive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring ſtrains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppreſt,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty diſtreſt:
To milder ſounds each muſe ſhall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inſpire,
And filial love; bid impious diſcord ceaſe,
And ſooth the madding factions into peace;
Or riſe ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praiſe,
Deſcribe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Cæſar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Meanwhile, bright princeſs, who, with graceful eaſe,
And native majeſty, are form'd to pleaſe,
Behold thoſe arts with a propitious eye,
That ſuppliant to their great protectreſs fly!

Then ſhall they triumph, and the Britiſh ſtage
Improve her manners, and refine her age,
More noble characters expoſe to view,
And draw her finiſh'd heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuſe,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathleſs muſe:
The deathleſs muſe, with undiminiſh'd rays,
Through diſtant times the lovely dame conveys;
To Gloriana Waller's harp was ſtrung;
The queen ſtill ſhines, becauſe the poet ſung.
Ev'n all thoſe graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find
(Content our ſhort-liv'd praiſes to engage,
The joy and wonder of a ſingle age),
Unleſs ſome poet, in a laſting ſong,
To late poſterity their fame prolong,
Inſtruct our ſons the radiant form to prize,
And ſee your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

While you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato with an equal virtue draw;
While envy is itſelf in wonder loſt,
And factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud you moſt;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himſelf, not you, to recommend;
And joins th' applauſe which all the learn'd beſtow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my * light ſcenes I once inſcrib'd your name,
And impotently ſtrove to borrow fame;
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

'Tis nobly done thus to enrich the ſtage,
And raiſe the thoughts of a degenerate age;
To ſhew how endleſs joys from freedom ſpring,
How life in bondage is a worthleſs thing.
The inborn greatneſs of your ſoul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few;
With ſo much ſtrength you write, and ſo much eaſe,
Virtue and ſenſe! how durſt you hope to pleaſe?
Yet crowds the ſentiments of every line
Impartial clapt, and own'd the work divine.
Ev'n the four critics, who malicious came,
Eager to cenſure, and reſolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly riſe,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obſtinate to melt,
And ſicken'd with the pleaſures which they felt.
Not ſo the fair their paſſion ſecret kept,
Silent they heard, but, as they heard, they wept;
When glorioufly the blooming Marcus dy'd,
And Cato told the gods, *I'm ſatisfy'd.*
See! how your lays the Britiſh youth inflame!
They long to ſhoot and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres diſturb their reſt,
And unborn Cato's heave in every breaſt;
Their nightly dreams, their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulſes high with fancied glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian ſpoils,
The young Themiſtocles vow'd equal toils;
Did then his ſchemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he ſaw.
How ſhall I your untival'd worth proclaim,
Loſt in the ſpreading circle of your fame!
We ſaw you the great William's praiſe rehearſe,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verſe.
We heard at diſtance ſoft enchanting ſtrains,
From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in Engliſh dreſs to ſhine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur, ſtill divine:
From him too ſoon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlborough, was your darling ſong.
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as ſwiftly you purſue.
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conqueſts you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundleſs raptures here the muſe could ſwell,
And on your Roſamond for ever dwell.
There opening ſweets and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant ſmile, a never-fading bower!
Next, human follies kindly to expoſe,
You change from numbers, but not ſink in proſe:
Whether in viſionary ſcenes you play,
Refine our taſtes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buſkin'd muſe you ſhine confeſt,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breaſt.
Such energy of ſenſe might pleaſure raiſe,
Though unembelliſh'd with the charms of phraſe:
Such charms of phraſe would with ſucceſs be crown'd,
Though nonſenſe flow'd in the melodious ſound.
The chaſteſt virgin needs no bluſhes fear,
The learn'd themſelves not uninſtructed hear.
The libertine, in pleaſures us'd to roll,
And idly ſport with an immortal ſoul,
Here comes, and, by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverſe vaſt Numidia's plains,
What ſluggiſh Briton in his iſle remains!
When Juba ſeeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight;
By the deſcription warm'd, we fondly ſweat,
And in the chilling eaſt wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the ſtream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror ſhines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away,
We ſhrink with horror, and confeſs our fear,
And all the ſudden ſounding ruin hear.
When royal robes, diſtain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve;

* Tender Huſband, dedicated to Mr. Addiſon.

When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals;
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.
But I in vain on single features dwell,
Where all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here sapphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light;
The different colours mingle in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

Trinity College, Cambridge. L. EUSDEN.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbrued,
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That ev'n my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.
What pen, but your's, could draw the doubtful strife
Of honour struggling with the love of life?
Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and heaven the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearful eyes,
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
And rushes out of life to snatch the glorious prize.
How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
How just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Juba's in the British youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death:
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolves to perish, or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's theatre we see
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now exprest,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast:
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her heaven she shines.

All Souls College, Oxon. DIGBY COTES.

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER BY AN UNKNOWN HAND*.

Now we may speak, since Cato speaks no more
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before:
When crowded theatres with Io's rung
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung;
Ev'n civil rage a while in thine was lost,
And factions strove but to applaud thee most;
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste,
But every night was dearer than the last.
As when old Rome, in a malignant hour
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd;
And while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue;
So in the pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.
With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct! How divine the rage!
A Roman worthy, on a Grecian stage!
But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
How great his genius, when the traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listening to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns;
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs, pursue his panting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.
O sacred freedom! which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars;
If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood and thy remembrance warm;
Be this thy guardian image still secure,
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

UPON MR. ADDISON'S CATO.

LONG had the tragic muse forgot to weep,
By modern operas quite lull'd asleep:
No matter what the lines, the voice was clear;
Thus sense was sacrific'd to please the ear.

* These verses were by George Jeffreys, Esq.

At laſt, *one wit ſtood up in our defence,
And dar'd (O impudence!) to publiſh—ſenſe.
Soon then as next the juſt tragedian ſpoke,
The ladies ſigh'd again, the beaux awoke.
Thoſe heads that us'd moſt indolent to move
To ſing-ſong, ballad, and ſonata love,
Began their buried ſenſes to explore,
And found they now had paſſions as before:
The power of nature in their boſoms felt,
In ſpite of prejudice, compell'd to melt.
When Cato's firm, all hope of ſuccour paſt,
Holding his ſtubborn virtue to the laſt,
I view, with joy and conſcious tranſport fir'd,
The ſoul of Rome in one great man retir'd:
In him, as if ſhe by confinement gain'd,
Her powers and energy are higher ſtrain'd
Than when in crowds of ſenators ſhe reign'd!
Cato well ſcorn'd the life that Cæſar gave,
When fear and weakneſs only bid him ſave:
But when a virtue like his own revives
The hero's conſtancy—with joy he lives.
Obſerve the juſtneſs of the poet's thoughts,
Whoſe ſmalleſt excellence is want of faults:
Without affected pomp and noiſe he warms;
Without the gaudy dreſs of beauty charms.
Love, the old ſubject of the buſkin'd muſe,
Returns, but ſuch as Roman virgins uſe.
A virtuous love, chaſtis'd by pureſt thought,
Not from the fancy, but from nature wrought.
Britons, with leſſen'd wonder, now behold
Your former wits, and all your bards of old;
Jonſon out-vy'd in his own way confeſs;
And own that Shakſpeare's ſelf now pleaſes leſs.
While Phœbus binds the laurel on his brow,
Riſe up, ye muſes; and ye poets, bow:
Superior worth with admiration greet,
And place him neareſt to his Phœbus' ſeat.

ON CATO.

Occaſioned by Mr. Addiſon's Tragedy of that name.

BY MR. COPPING.

His ancient Rome by party-factions rent,
Long ſince the generous Cato did lament;
Himſelf united with his country's cauſe,
Bravely refus'd to live, 'midſt dying laws.
Pleas'd with returning liberty to come,
With joy the hero riſes from his tomb;
And in Britannia finds a ſecond Rome.
Till by repeated rage, and civil fires,
Th' unhappy patriot again expires;
Weeps o'er her fate, and to the gods retires.

TO MR. ADDISON, ON HIS CATO.

(FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.)

Is Britain reſcued from th' Italian chain,
And the dear ſong neglected for thy ſtrain?
Are ev'n the fair reclaim'd? and dare they ſit
Intent on virtue, and be pleas'd with wit?
What muſe, but thine, could thus redeem our taſte,
With ſhow deluded, and with ſound debas'd?
Hard was the taſk, and worthy of your rage,
You ſeem the great Alcides of the age:
How gloriouſly you riſe in our defence!
Your cauſe is liberty; your armour, ſenſe;
The brood of tuneful monſters you control,
Which ſink the genius, and degrade the ſoul:
Thoſe foes to verſe you chace with manly arts,
And kindle Roman fires in Britiſh hearts.
Oh! fix, as well as raiſe, that noble flame:
Confirm your glory, and prevent our ſhame.
The routed opera may return again,
Seduce our hearts, and o'er our ſpirits reign:
Ev'n Cato is a doubtful match for all,
And right, oppreſt with odds, again may fall;
Let our juſt fears your ſecond aid implore,
Repeat the ſtroke, this Hydra ſprings no more.

* The Spectator.

VERSES SENT TO A LADY, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

(FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.)

In vain, O heavenly maid, do I peruſe
Th' inſtructive labours of the tragic muſe,
If Cato's virtue cannot cure my ſoul,
And all the jarring paſſions there controul
In vain—but ah! what arguments can prove
Sufficient to reſiſt the force of love?
I burn like Marcus in th' impetuous fire;
Like him I languiſh with the fond deſire;
Like him I groan beneath th' uneaſy weight,
And ev'n, like him deſpairing, wiſh my fate.
Could you with Lucia's eyes behold my pain,
Then would you ſtrive to ſoften your diſdain:
My anxious griefs your tender breaſt would move,
And raiſe compaſſion, where they could not love.
But lo, bright Marcia! ſee, relentleſs fair,
In Cato's daughter thy whole ſelf appear.
In thee, alas! her lovely virtues ſhine,
Her charms, her heavenly beauties, all are thine;
And whilſt in moving numbers is diſplay'd
Juba's ſoft paſſion for the glorious maid,
Think you behold your lover proſtrate lie,
In tendereſt accents think you hear me ſigh:
Then, then be kind—and on my ſufferings ſmile,
As generous Marcia pitied Juba's toil.
Thou, in whom all the Roman virtues dwell,
Let not the Roman mercy thine excel;
Since love like that of Juba fills my breaſt,
Let me at length with equal joys be bleſt.

*** The verſes of Dr. Young, Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Hughes, on this tragedy, are among the poems of their reſpective authors.

C A T O.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Cato, - - - -	Mr. Booth.
Lucius, a Senator, - - -	Mr. Keen.
Sempronius, a Senator, - -	Mr. Mills.
Juba, Prince of Numidia, - -	Mr. Wilks.
Syphax, General of the Numidians, -	Mr. Cibber.
Portius, } Sons of Cato, - -	Mr. Powel.
Marcus, } - -	Mr. Ryan.
Decius, Ambaſſador from Cæſar, -	Mr. Bowman.

MUTINEERS, GUARDS, &c.

W O M E N.

Mercia, Daughter of Cato, -	Mrs. Oldfields.
Lucia, Daughter of Lucius, -	Mrs. Porter.

Scene, a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

☞ *See the Prologue and Epilogue to Cato among the Poems of Garth and Pope.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

Portius.

The dawn is over-caſt, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day; big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And cloſe the ſcene of blood. Already Cæſar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive ſword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting,
To form new battles, and ſupport his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

Marcus.

Thy ſteady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæſar,
In the calm lights of mild philoſophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madneſs, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharſalia riſes to my view—I ſee

Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood.
Oh Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Portius.

Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

Marcus.

Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Portius.

Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marcus.

These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou could'st not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd and successless love
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—

Portius.

Thou see'st not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marcus.

Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

Portius.

Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

Marcus.

Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Portius.

Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It strait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marcus.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

Portius.

Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marcus.

Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares and friendly sorrow?

Portius.

O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marcus.

Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends;
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions—But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Sempronius.

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

Sempronius, Portius.

Sempronius.

Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.

To-morrow ſhould we thus expreſs our friendſhip,
Each might receive a ſlave into his arms.
This ſun perhaps, this morning ſun's the laſt
That e'er ſhall riſe on Roman liberty.

Portius.

My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman ſenate
(The leavings of Pharſalia), to conſult
If yet he can oppoſe the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or muſt at length give up the world to Cæſar.

Sempronius.

Not all the pomp and majeſty of Rome
Can raiſe her ſenate more than Cato's preſence.
His virtues render our aſſembly awful,
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæſar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conqueſt: O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy ſiſter Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows; I might be bleſs'd indeed!

Portius.

Alas! Sempronius, would'ſt thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilſt her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'ſt as well court the pale trembling veſtal,
When ſhe beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sempronius.

The more I ſee the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou muſt take heed, my Portius!
The world has all its eyes on Cato's ſon.
Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And ſhews thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conſpicuous.

Portius.

Well doſt thou ſeem to check my lingering here
On this important hour—I'll ſtrait away;
And while the fathers of the ſenate meet
In cloſe debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the ſoldier's drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life.
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cauſe,
And try to rouze up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command ſucceſs:
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deſerve it.

Exit.

Sempronius.

Curſe on the ſtripling! How he apes his ſire!
Ambitiouſly ſententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well diſpos'd to miſchief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he muſt be ſpurr'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the courſe.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Beſides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cauſe
Are bars to my ambition. Cæſar's favour,
That ſhowers down greatneſs on his friends, will raiſe me
To Rome's firſt honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes:—

SCENE III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syphax.

—Sempronius, all is ready.
I've ſounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's diſcipline,
And wait but the command to change their maſter.

Sempronius.

Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waſte;
Ev'n whilſt we ſpeak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'ſt not Cæſar's active ſoul,
With what a dreadful courſe he ruſhes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppoſe his paſſage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans ſink before him;
Through winds, and waves, and ſtorms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will ſet the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, haſt thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That ſtill would recommend thee more to Cæſar,
And challenge better terms—

Syphax.

—Alas! he's loſt,
He's loſt, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more
(For every inſtant I expect him here)
If yet I can ſubdue thoſe ſtubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And ſtruck th' infection into all his ſoul.

Sempronius.

Be ſure to preſs upon him every motive.
Juba's ſurrender, ſince his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæſar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning Zone.

Syphax.

But is it true, Sempronius, that your ſenate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou muſt be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will diſcern
Our frauds, unleſs they're cover'd thick with art.

Sempronius.

Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in paſſion ('tis the ſureſt way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæſar till I ſhake the ſenate.
Your cold hypocriſy's a ſtale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldſt thou be thought in earneſt,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Syphax.

In troth, thou'rt able to inſtruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

Sempronius.

Once more, be ſure to try thy ſkill on Juba;
Mean-while I'll haſten to my Roman ſoldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their diſcontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and diſcharge themſelves on Cato,

Remember, Syphax, we muſt work in haſte:
O think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Deſtruction hangs on every word we ſpeak,
On every thought, till the concluding ſtroke
Determines all, and cloſes our deſign. [*Exit.*

Syphax.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reaſon
This head-ſtrong youth, and make him ſpurn at Cato.
The time is ſhort, Cæſar comes ruſhing on us—
But hold! young Juba ſees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Juba.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerv'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares, and diſcontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syphax.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Nor carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet ſo much the Roman in me.

Juba.

Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungenerous terms
Againſt the lords and ſovereigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidſt our barren rocks and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syphax.

Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny ſons?
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? Theſe, theſe are arts, my Prince,
In which your Zama does not ſtoop to Rome.

Juba.

Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman ſoul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
And lay it under the reſtraint of laws;
To make man mild and ſociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious ſavage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embelliſhments of life: virtues like theſe
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syphax.

Patience, kind heavens!—Excuſe an old man's warmth.
What are theſe wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,
To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In ſhort, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods deſign'd us?

Juba.

To ſtrike thee dumb; turn up thine eyes to Cato!
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune ſets before him all
The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syphax.

Believe me, Prince, there's not an African
That traverſes our vaſt Numidian deſerts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chaſe,
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

Juba.

Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures and the baits of ſenſe,
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens, with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſufferings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syphax.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul:
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cauſe,
He had not fall'n by a ſlave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's ſands, diſfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Juba.

Why do'ſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syphax.

Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Juba.

What wouldſt thou have me do?

Syphax.

Abandon Cato.

Juba.

Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an orphan
By ſuch a loſs.

Syphax.

Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.

Juba.

Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syphax.

Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewell?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear ſad remembrance,
At once to torture and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim full of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my ſon!—his grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.

Juba.

Alas, thy ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!

Syphax.

By laying up his counſels in your heart.

Juba.

His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer-ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

Syphax.

Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.

Juba.

I do believe thou wouldſt; but tell me how?

Syphax.

Fly from the fate that follows Cæſar's foes.

Juba.

My father ſcorn'd to do't.

Syphax.

And therefore dy'd.

Juba.

Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syphax.

Rather ſay your love.

Juba.

Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame
I long have ſtifled, and would fain conceal?

Syphax.

Believe me, Prince, 'tis hard to conquer love,
But eaſy to divert and break its force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flufht with more exalted charms,
The ſun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my Prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the north.

Juba.

'Tis not a ſet of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin, that I admire.
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. Cato's ſoul
Shines out in every thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syphax.

How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe!
But on my knees I beg you would conſider—

Enter *Marcia* and *Lucia*.

Juba.

Hah! Syphax, is't not ſhe!—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Syphax.

Ten thouſand curſes faſten on them both!
Now will this woman with a ſingle glance
Undo what I've been labouring all this while.

[*Exit.*

Juba, Marcia, Lucia.

Juba.

Hail charming maid, how does thy beauty ſmooth
The face of war, and make ev'n horror ſmile!
At ſight of thee my heart ſhakes off its ſorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæſar.

Marcia.

I ſhould be griev'd, young prince, to think my preſence
Unbent your thoughts, and ſlacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with ſlaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Juba.

O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wiſhes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add ſtrength and weight to my deſcending ſword,
And drive it in a tempeſt on the foe.

Marcia.

My prayers and wiſhes always ſhall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cauſe of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Juba.

That Juba may deſerve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,

Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Marcia.

My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Juba.

Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue;
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds shou'd grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit.*

Lucia.

Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Marcia.

'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Lucia.

Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Marcia.

How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Lucia.

Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Marcia.

Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee.

Lucia.

I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Marcia.

They both behold thee with their sister's eyes;
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Lucia.

Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Marcia.

For neither——
And yet for both—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

Lucia.

Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st, it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

Marcia.

O Lucia, I'm perplex'd: O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Lucia.

Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts;
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of dread,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Marcia.

Alas, poor youth! how can'st thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word, [ported.
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one trans-
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence——

Lucia.

You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius——

Marcia.

Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Lucia.

Was ever virgin love distrest like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

Marcia.

He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

Lucia.

Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

Marcia.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,

Works itſelf clear, and, as it runs, refines;
'Till, by degrees the floating mirror ſhines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair boſom ſhows.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE SENATE.

Sempronius.

Rome ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled ſenate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Lucius.

Cato will ſoon be here, and open to us
Th' occaſion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!

[*A ſound of trumpets.*

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter *Cato.*

Cato.

Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves:
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharſalia gave him Rome; Egypt has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libca's ſultry deſerts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they ſtill fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the laſt?
Or are your hearts ſubdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

Sempronius.

My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods, can a Roman ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chooſe, ſlavery or death!
No, let us riſe at once, gird on our ſwords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him;
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Riſe, fathers, riſe; 'tis Rome demands your help;
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate: the corps of half her ſenate
M[illegible] the fields of Theſſaly, while we
S[illegible] liberating in cold debates,
I[illegible] for our lives to honour,
([illegible] ſervitude and chains.
J[illegible] thers of Pharſalia
[illegible] battle!

Cato.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits,
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides;
All elſe is towering phrenſy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe, who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence, intruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius.

My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remoteſt regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to ſheath the ſword, and ſpare mankind.
It is not Cæſar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare againſt us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild deſpair)
Were to refuſe th' awards of providence,
And not to reſt in heaven's determination.
Already have we ſhewn our love to Rome:
Now let us ſhew ſubmiſſion to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourſelves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further uſe; our country's cauſe,
That drew our ſwords, now wreſts them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably ſhed; what men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witneſs,
If Rome muſt fall, that we are innocent.

Sempronius.

This ſmooth diſcourſe and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—Something whiſpers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

Aſide to Cato.

Cato.

Let us appear not raſh nor diffident:
Immoderate valour ſwells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treaſon. Let us ſhun them both.
Fathers, I cannot ſee that our affairs
Are grown thus deſperate. We have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heats, and ſeaſon'd to the ſun;
Numidia's ſpacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to riſe at its young prince's call.
Whilſt there is hope, do not diſtruſt the gods;
But wait at leaſt till Cæſar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To ſue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why ſhould Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of fr[illegible] out
In its full length, and ſ[illegible]t.
So ſhall w[illegible]
And I

Enter *Marcus.*

Marcus.

Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the gates,
Lodg'd on my poſt, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæſar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to ſpeak with Cato.

Cato.

By your permiſſion, fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus.

Decius was once my friend; but other proſpects
Have loos'd thoſe ties, and bound him faſt to Cæſar.
His meſſage may determine our reſolves.

Enter *Decius.*

Decius.

Cæſar ſends health to Cato—

Cato.

Could he ſend it
To Cato's ſlaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to addreſs the ſenate?

Decius.

My buſineſs is with Cato: Cæſar ſees [knows
The ſtreights to which you're driven; and, as he
Cato's high worth, is anxious for his life.

Cato.

My life is graſted on the fate of Rome:
Would he ſave Cato? bid him ſpare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him Cato
Diſdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Decius.

Rome and her ſenators ſubmit to Cæſar;
Her generals and her conſuls are no more,
Who check'd his conqueſts, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæſar's friend?

Cato.

Thoſe very reaſons, thou haſt urg'd, forbid it.

Decius.

Cato, I've orders to expoſtulate,
And reaſon with you as from friend to friend:
Think on the ſtorm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burſt upon it;
Still may you ſtand high in your country's honours.
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæſar.
Rome will rejoice, and caſt its eyes on Cato,
As on the ſecond of mankind.

Cato.

No more!
I muſt not think of life on ſuch conditions.

Decius.

Cæſar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore ſets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendſhip,
And name your terms.

Cato.

Bid him diſband his legions,
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgment of a Roman ſenate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Decius.

Cato, the world talks loudly of your wiſdom—

Cato.

Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varniſh crimes,
Myſelf will mount the roſtrum in his favour,
And ſtrive to gain his pardon from the people.

Decius.

A ſtyle like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato.

Decius, a ſtyle like this becomes a Roman.

Decius.

What is a Roman, that is Cæſar's foe?

Cato.

Greater than Cæſar, he's a friend to virtue.

Decius.

Conſider, Cato, you're in Utica;
And at the head of your own little ſenate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to ſecond you.

Cato.

Let him conſider that who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæſar's ſword has made Rome's ſenate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a falſe glaring light,
Which conqueſt and ſucceſs have thrown upon him;
Didſt thou but view him right, thou'dſt ſee him black
With murder, treaſon, ſacrilege, and crimes,
That ſtrike my ſoul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'ſt on me, as on a wretch
Beſet with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I ſwear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæſar.

Decius.

Does Cato ſend this anſwer back to Cæſar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendſhip?

Cato.

His cares for me are inſolent and vain:
Preſumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæſar ſhew the greatneſs of his ſoul,
Bid him employ his care for theſe my friends,
And make good uſe of his ill-gotten power
By ſheltering men much better than himſelf.

Decius.

Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
That you're a man. You ruſh on your deſtruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embaſſy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit.*

Sempronius.

Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy ſoul breathes liberty:
Cæſar will ſhrink to hear the words thou utter'ſt,
And ſhudder in the midſt of all his conqueſts.

Lucius.

The ſenate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with ſo great a ſoul conſults its ſafety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sempronius.

Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius ſeems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about, and draw freſh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the ſun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

Lucius.

Others perhaps
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sempronius.

This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In luke-warm patriots.

Cato.

Come! no more, Sempronius;
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side,
By our divisions.

Sempronius.

Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

Cato.

Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Lucius.

Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sempronius.

We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.

Cato.

Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our councils.

Ex. Sen.

Enter *Juba.*

Cato.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Juba.

The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befal thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear them.

Cato.

Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.

Juba.

My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato.

It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba.

My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend,
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato.

I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba.

I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato.

And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

Juba.

Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato.

Thy nobleness of soul obliges me,
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best o men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw our into prac tice
Virtues, that shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons, and the calms of life.

Juba.

I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant so virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato.

Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Juba.

The best good-fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato.

What does Juba say?
The words confound me.

Juba.

I would fain retract them,
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato.

Tell me thy wiſh, young prince; make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Juba.

Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato.

What can Juba aſk
That Cato will refuſe!

Juba.

I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato.

What would'ſt thou ſay?

Juba.

Cato, thou haſt a daughter.

Cato.

Adieu, young prince! I would not hear a word
Should leſſen thee in my eſteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts ſeverity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conqueſt; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

Enter *Syphax.*

Syphax.

How's this, my prince! what, cover'd with confuſion?
You look as if yon ſtern philoſopher
Had juſt now chid you.

Juba.

Syphax, I'm undone!

Syphax.

I know it well.

Juba.

Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syphax.

And ſo will all mankind.

Juba.

I've open'd to him
The weakneſs of my ſoul—my love for Marcia.

Syphax.

Cato's a proper perſon to intruſt
A love-tale with.

Juba.

Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My fooliſh heart! Was ever wretch like Juba?

Syphax.

Alas! my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba riſe before the ſun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger ſlept,
Or ſeek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks, [you
When firſt you rous'd him to the chace! I've ſeen
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and ſtooping from your horſe
Rivet the panting ſavage to the ground.

Juba.

'Pr'ythee, no more!

Syphax.

How would the old king ſmile
To ſee you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the ſhaggy ſpoils about your ſhoulders!

Juba.

Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In every word) would now loſe all its ſweetneſs.
Cato's diſpleas'd, and Marcia loſt for ever!

Syphax.

Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might ſtill be yours.

Juba.

What ſay'ſt thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'ſt me all into attention.

Syphax.

Marcia might ſtill be yours.

Juba.

As how, dear Syphax?

Syphax.

Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds, unus'd to the reſtraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.

Juba.

Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man! would'ſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that would deſtroy my honour?

Syphax.

Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.

Juba.

Would'ſt thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

Syphax.

The boaſted anceſtors of theſe great men,
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipio's, Cæſar's, Pompey's, and your Cato's
(Theſe gods on earth), are all the ſpurious brood
Of violated maids, of raviſh'd Sabines.

Juba.

Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syphax.

Indeed, my prince; you want to know the world,
You have not read mankind: your youth admires
The throes and ſwellings of a Roman ſoul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Juba.

If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Syphax.

Go, go, you're young.

Juba.

Gods, muſt I tamely bear
This arrogance unanſwer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A falſe old traitor.

Syphax.

I have gone too far. [*Aſide.*

Juba.

Cato ſhall know the baſeneſs of thy ſoul.

Syphax.

I muſt appeaſe this ſtorm, or periſh in it. [*Aſide.*
Young prince, behold theſe locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Juba.

Thoſe locks ſhall ne'er protect thy inſolence.

Syphax.

Muſt one raſh word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of ſervice!
Curſe on the boy! how ſteadily he hears me! [*Aſide.*

Juba.

Is it becauſe the throne of my forefathers
Still ſtands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whoſe head it ſhall encloſe,
Thou thus preſum'ſt to treat thy prince with ſcorn?

Syphax.

Why will you rive my heart with ſuch expreſſions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his arms? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and cruſh beneath a caſque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aſpires to?
Is it not this? to ſhed the flow remains,
His laſt poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

Juba.

Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syphax.

Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal maſter's ſon, is call'd in queſtion?
My prince may ſtrike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But, whilſt I live, I muſt not hold my tongue,
And languiſh out old age in his diſpleaſure.

Juba.

Thou know'ſt the way too well into my heart;
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Syphax.

What greater inſtance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my ſoul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

Juba.

Was this thy motive? I have been too haſty.

Syphax.

And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

Juba.

Sure thou miſtak'ſt; I did not call thee ſo.

Syphax.

You did indeed, my prince; you call'd me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would ſacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your ſervice?

Juba.

Syphax, I know thou lov'ſt me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection, [her,
That aids and ſtrengthens virtue, where it meets
And imitates her actions, where ſhe is not:
It ought not to be ſported with.

Syphax.

By heavens [me.
I'm raviſh'd when you talk thus, though you chide
Alas, I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to ſerve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a ſubject's heart.
Happy the people who preſerve their honour
By the ſame duties that oblige their prince!

Juba.

Syphax, thou now begin'ſt to ſpeak thyſelf.
Numidia's grown a ſcorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Syphax.

Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be bleſt by Cato's lectures.

Juba.

Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardneſs of age:
Thy prince eſteems thy worth, and loves thy perſon,
If e'er the ſceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax ſhall ſtand the ſecond in my kingdom.

Syphax.

Why will you overwhelm my age with kindneſs?
My joy grows burthenſome, I ſha'n't ſupport it.

Juba.

Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some bleſt occaſion that may ſet me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
[*Exit.*

Syphax.

Young men ſoon give, and ſoon forget affronts;
Old age is ſlow in both—a falſe old traitor! [dear:
Thoſe words, raſh boy, may chance to coſt thee
My heart had ſtill ſome fooliſh fondneſs for thee;
But hence! 'tis gone! I give it to the winds:—
Cæſar, I'm wholly thine—

Enter *Sempronius.*

Syphax.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's ſenate is reſolv'd to wait
The fury of a ſiege, before it yields.

Sempronius.

Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a meſſenger from Cæſar.
Should they ſubmit, ere our deſigns are ripe,
We both muſt periſh in the common wreck,
Loſt in a general undiſtinguiſh'd ruin.

Syphax.

But how ſtands Cato?

Sempronius.

Thou haſt ſeen Mount Atlas:
While ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It ſtands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering ſoul,
'Midſt all the ſhocks and injuries of fortune,
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on Cæſar.

Syphax.

But what's this meſſenger?

Sempronius.

I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?

Syphax.

Yes, but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest, in his sight:
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Sempronius.

Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Syphax.

May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

Sempronius.

Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spight of me, I love her.

Syphax.

Make Cato sure, and give up Utica:
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

Sempronius.

All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings; and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Syphax.

Mean-while I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Marcus and *Portius.*

Marcus.

Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

Portius.

Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marcus.

Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Portius.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marcus.

Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Portius.

What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

Marcus.

Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

Portius.

Marcus, I beg thee, give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marcus.

Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Portius.

Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—

Marcus.

I know thou'lt say, my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts
But what's all this to one who loves like me?
Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

Portius.

What should I do! If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.

Marcus.

But ſee where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! obſerve her, Portius!
That face, that ſhape, thoſe eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Obſerve her well, and blame me if thou canſt.

Portius.

She ſees us, and advances—

Marcus.

I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*

Enter *Lucia.*

Lucia.

Did not I ſee your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and ſhun my preſence?

Portius.

Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to ſhow
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he ſickens, he deſpairs, he dies:
His paſſions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mix'd together in ſo wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite diſfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere poſſible for love
To make ſuch ravage in a noble ſoul!
Oh, Lucia, I'm diſtreſs'd! my heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I ſtand bleſt in thy preſence,
A ſecret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou ſmil'ſt upon me.

Lucia.

How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the ſhock
Of love and friendſhip? Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might enſure
Our mutual bliſs, would raiſe to ſuch a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps deſtroy him.

Portius.

Alas, poor youth! what doſt thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undeſigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to ſolicit for him.
Then do not ſtrike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his ſoul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have paſs'd theſe gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the ſtorm that beats upon us—

Lucia.

No, Portius, no! I ſee thy ſiſter's tears,
Thy father's anguiſh, and thy brother's death,
In the purſuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I ſwear, to heaven I ſwear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While ſuch a cloud of miſchiefs hangs about us:
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

Portius.

What haſt thou ſaid! I'm thunderſtruck!—Recall
Thoſe haſty words, or I am loſt for ever.

Lucia.

Has not the vow already paſs'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis ſeal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

Portius. [*After a pauſe.*

Fix'd in aſtoniſhment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one juſt blaſted by a ſtroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and ſtiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

Lucia.

At length I've acted my ſevereſt part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I muſt forget thee.

Portius.

Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

Lucia.

Oh, ſtop thoſe ſounds, [me?
Thoſe killing ſounds! Why doſt thou frown upon
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itſelf goes out at thy diſpleaſure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!

Portius.

Talk not of love, thou never knew'ſt its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliſs. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, ſtill ſounds
In my ſtunn'd ears. What ſhall I ſay or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy preſence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ah, ſhe faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my raſhneſs done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou beſt
And lovelieſt of thy ſex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius ruſhes on his ſword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They ſhut not out ſociety in death.—
But, ah! ſhe moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

Lucia.

O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy ſmiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I ſay? My half-recover'd ſenſe
Forgets the vow in which my ſoul is bound.
Deſtruction ſtands betwixt us; we muſt part.

Portius.

Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
And ſtartle into madneſs at the ſound.

Lucia.

What would'ſt thou have me do? Conſider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou ſeeſt thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all beſmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful ſire
Sternly demands the cauſe, th' accurſed cauſe,
That robs him of his ſon! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia! What could Lucia anſwer!
Or how ſtand up in ſuch a ſcene of ſorrow?

Portius.

To my confuſion and eternal grief,
I muſt approve the ſentence that deſtroys me.
The miſt that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy charms.
Lovelieſt of women! heaven is in thy ſoul,

Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine!

Lucia.

Portius, no more! thy words ſhoot through my heart,
Melt my reſolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are thoſe tears of fondneſs in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why ſwells thy ſoul with ſorrow?
It ſoftens me too much —Farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, though death is in the word, for-ever!

Portius.

Stay, Lucia, ſtay! What doſt thou ſay? For-ever!

Lucia.

Have I not ſworn? If, Portius, thy ſucceſs
Muſt throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how ſhall I repeat the word! for ever!

Portius.

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unſteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou muſt not go, my ſoul ſtill hovers o'er thee,
And can't get looſe.

Lucia.

If the firm Portius ſhake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia ſuffers!

Portius.

'Tis true; unruffled and ſerene I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlook'd-for ſtorm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my ſtrength. I cannot bear it.
We muſt not part.

Lucia.

What doſt thou ſay? Not part?
Haſt thou forgot the vow that I have made? [us?
Are there not heavens and gods and thunder o'er
—But ſee, thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I ſicken at the ſight. Once more, farewell;
Farewell, and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine. [*Exit.*

Enter *Marcus.*

Marcus.

Portius, what hopes? How ſtands ſhe? Am I doom'd
To life, or death?

Portius.

What would'ſt thou have me ſay?

Marcus.

What means this penſive poſture? Thou appear'ſt
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

Portius.

I've reaſon.

Marcus.

Thy down-caſt looks, and thy diſorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I aſk not the ſucceſs
My cauſe has found.

Portius.

I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marcus.

What? Does the barbarous maid inſult my heart,
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could caſt her from my thoughts for ever!

Portius.

Away! you're too ſuſpicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though ſworn never to think of love,
Compaſſionates your pains, and pities you.

Marcus.

Compaſſionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compaſſion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to chooſe ſo cold a friend
To urge my cauſe! compaſſionates my pains!
Pr'ythee, what art, what rhetoric, didſt thou uſe
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that aſks the warm returns of love,
Compaſſion's cruelty, 'tis ſcorn, 'tis death—

Portius.

Marcus, no more! have I deſerv'd this treatment?

Marcus.

What have I ſaid! O Portius, O forgive me!
A ſoul exaſperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, itſelf—But ha!
What means that ſhout, big with the ſounds of war?
What new alarm?

Portius.

A ſecond, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marcus.

Oh, for ſome glorious cauſe to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou haſt undone me; thy diſdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death muſt give me eaſe.

Portius.

Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand ſure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter *Sempronius*, with the *Leaders* of the Mutiny.

Sempronius.

At length the winds are rais'd, the ſtorm blows high.
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has ſpent itſelf on Cato's head.
Mean-while I'll herd among his friends, and ſeem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-ſoldiers may be ſafe.

Firſt Leader.

We all are ſafe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt:
This day will end our toils, and give us reſt;
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Enter *Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius*, and *Marcus.*

Cato.

Where are theſe bold intrepid ſons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general ſend a brave defiance?

Sempronius.

Curſe on their daſtard ſouls, they ſtand aſtoniſh'd! [*Aſide.*

Cato.

Perfidious men! and will you thus diſhonour
Your paſt exploits, and ſully all your wars?

Do you confeſs 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirſt of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to ſhare the ſpoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with ſuch motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæſar's banners.
Why did I 'ſcape th' invenom'd aſpic's rage,
And all the fiery monſters of the deſart,
To ſee this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my boſom naked to your ſwords,
And let the man that's injur'd ſtrike the blow.
Which of you all ſuſpects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he ſuffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful pre-eminence!

Sempronius.

By heavens, they droop!
Confuſion to the villains! all is loſt. *Aſide.*

Cato.

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waſte,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of ſand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poiſon?
Who was the firſt t' explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every ſtep?
Or, fainting in the long-laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for ſtream
You ſunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the laſt in all your hoſt that thirſted?

Sempronius.

If ſome penurious ſource by chance appear'd
Scanty of waters, when you ſcoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did not he daſh th' untaſted moiſture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day ſun,
And clouds of duſt? Did not his temples glow
In the ſame ſultry winds, and ſcorching heats?

Cato.

Hence, worthleſs men! nerve! and complain to Cæſar
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardſhips that your leader bore

Lucius.

See, Cato, ſee th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear and remorſe, and ſorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

Cato.

Learn to be honeſt men; give up your leaders,
And pardon ſhall deſcend on all the reſt.

Sempronius.

Cato, commit theſe wretches to my care.
Firſt let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leiſure round the bloody ſtake.
There let them hang, and taint the ſouthern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and ſee their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the ſun.

Lucius.

Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

Sempronius.

How! would'ſt thou clear rebellion!
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

Cato.

Forbear, Sempronius!—See they ſuffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the baſe degenerate age requires
Severity and juſtice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by juſt vengeance guilty mortals periſh,
The gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aſide.

Sempronius.

Cato, I execute thy will with pleaſure.

Cato.

Meanwhile we'll ſacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inſpire our ſouls
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*

Sempronius and the *Leaders* of the Mutiny.

Firſt Leader.

Sempronius, you have acted like yourſelf, [neſt.
One would have thought you had been half in ear-

Sempronius.

Villain, ſtand off! baſe grovelling worthleſs wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

Second Leader.

Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the maſk, there are none here but friends.

Sempronius.

Know, villains, when ſuch paltry ſlaves preſume
To mix in treaſon, if the plot ſucceeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're ſure to die like dogs, as you ſhall do.
Here, take theſe factious monſters, drag them forth
To ſudden death.

Enter *Guards.*

Firſt Leader.

Nay, ſince it comes to this—

Sempronius.

Diſpatch them quick; but firſt pluck out their tongues,
Leſt with their dying breath they ſow ſedition.

[*Exeunt Guards with the Leaders*

Enter *Syphax.*

Syphax.

Our firſt deſign, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian ſteeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to ſcour the deſart:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppoſe our paſſage,
A day will bring us into Cæſar's camp.

Sempronius

Confuſion! I have fail'd of half my purpoſe.
Marcia, the charming Marcia, 's left behind!

Syphax.

How! will Sempronius turn a woman's ſlave!

Sempronius.

Think not thy friend can ever feel the ſoft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderneſs of love.
Syphax, I long to claſp that haughty maid,
And bend her ſtubborn virtue to my paſſion;
When I have gone thus far, I'd caſt her off.

Syphax.

Well ſaid! that's ſpoken like thyſelf, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

Sempronius.

But how to gain admiſſion? For acceſs
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

Syphax.

Thou ſhalt have Juba's dreſs, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the ſlaves that watch them.

Sempronius.

Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my boſom ſwell with anxious joy,
When I behold her ſtruggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and diſorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breaſt, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, ſeiz'd of Proſerpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his ſun-ſhine and his ſkies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lucia and *Marcia.*

Lucia.

Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy ſoul;
If thou believ'ſt it poſſible for woman
To ſuffer greater ills than Lucia ſuffers?

Marcia.

O Lucia, Lucia, might my big ſwoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a looſe to ſorrow:
Marcia could anſwer thee in ſighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Lucia.

I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius:
But which of theſe has power to charm like Portius

Marcia.

Still muſt I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
Lucia, I like not that loud boiſterous man:
Juba to all the bravery of a hero,
Adds ſofteſt love, and more than female ſweetneſs;
Juba might make the proudeſt of our ſex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.

Lucia.

And why not Marcia? come, you ſtrive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Marcia.

While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Lucia.

But ſhould this father give you to Sempronius?

Marcia.

I dare not think he will: but if he ſhould—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I ſuffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the ſound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each ſofter thought in ſenſe of preſent danger.
When love once pleads admiſſion to our hearts
(In ſpight of all the virtue we can boaſt)
The woman that deliberates is loſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Sempronius*, dreſs'd like *Juba*, with Numidian Guards.

Sempronius.

The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be ſure you mind the word; and when I give it,
Ruſh in at once, and ſeize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to ſee
His miſtreſs loſt? If aught could glad my ſoul
Beyond th' enjoyment of ſo bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay, barbarian.
—But hark, what noiſe! death to my hopes! 'tis he;
'Tis Juba's ſelf! there is but one way left——
He muſt be murder'd, and a paſſage cut
Through thoſe his guards.——Ha, daſtards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven——

Enter *Juba.*

Juba.

What do I ſee? who's this that dares uſurp
The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?

Sempronius.

One that was born to ſcourge thy arrogance,
Preſumptuous youth!

Juba.

What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sempronius.

My ſword ſhall anſwer thee. Have at thy heart.

Juba.

Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man! [*Semp. falls. His Guards ſurrender.*

Sempronius.

Curſe on my ſtars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? diſfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dreſs, and for a worthleſs woman?
Gods, I'm diſtracted! this my cloſe of life!
O for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, ſea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble!
[*Dies.*

Juba.

With what a ſpring his furious ſoul broke looſe,
And left the limbs ſtill quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off thoſe ſlaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark deſign, this myſtery of fate.
[*Exit Juba, with priſoners, &c.*

Enter *Lucia* and *Marcia.*

Lucia.

Sure 'twas the claſh of ſwords; my troubled heart
Is ſo caſt down, and ſunk amidſt its ſorrows,

It throbs with fear, and aches at every ſound.
O Marcia, ſhould thy brothers for my ſake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

Marcia.

See, Lucia, ſee! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! heavens preſerve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But ha! death to my ſight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he,
Juba, the loveliеſt youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

Lucia.

Now, Marcia, now call up to thy aſſiſtance
Thy wonted ſtrength, and conſtancy of mind;
Thou canſt not put it to a greater trial.

Marcia.

Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cauſe to rave, and beat my breaſt,
To rend my heart with grief, and run diſtracted!

Lucia.

What can I think or ſay, to give thee comfort?

Marcia.

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a ſight, that ſtrikes all comfort dead.

Enter *Juba* liſtening.

I will indulge my ſorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of deſpair;
That man, that beſt of men, deſerv'd it from me.

Juba.

What do I hear? and was the falſe Sempronius
That beſt of men? O, had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!

Lucia.

Here will I ſtand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loſs like thine, I half forget my own.

Marcia.

'Tis not in fate to eaſe my tortur'd breaſt.
This empty world, to me a joyleſs deſert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Juba.

I'm on the rack! was he ſo near her heart?

Marcia.

Oh, he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wiſh, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A ſecret pleaſure gladden'd all that ſaw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudeſt Roman bluſh'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wiſe.

Juba.

I ſhall run mad——

Marcia.

O Juba! Juba! Juba!

Juba.

What means that voice? did ſhe not call on Juba?

Marcia.

Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart
Amidſt its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the laſt words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapleſs youth! he knew not
Marcia's whole ſoul was full of love and Juba!

Juba.

Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! All is Elyſium round me!

Marcia.

Ye dear remains of the moſt lov'd of men,
Nor modeſty nor virtue here forbid
A laſt embrace, while thus——

Juba.

See, Marcia, ſee,
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerneſs of love.

Marcia.

With pleaſure and amaze, I ſtand tranſported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Juba.

A wretch,
Diſguis'd like Juba on a curs'd deſign.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haſte of love, to find thee.
I found thee weeping, and confeſs this once,
Am wrapt with joy to ſee my Marcia's tears.

Marcia.

I've been ſurpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But muſt not now go back: the love, that lay
Half-ſmother'd in my breaſt, has broke through all
Its weak reſtraints, and burns in its full luſtre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Juba.

I'm loſt in ecſtaſy! and doſt thou love,
Thou charming maid?

Marcia.

And doſt thou live to aſk it?

Juba.

This, this is life indeed! life worth preſerving!
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

Marcia.

Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myſelf how much I lov'd thee.

Juba.

O fortunate miſtake!

Marcia.

O happy Marcia!

Juba.

My joy! my beſt belov'd! my only wiſh!
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!

Marcia.

Lucia, thy arm! oh let me reſt upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forſook my heart,
Returns again in ſuch tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.
O prince! I bluſh to think what I have ſaid,
But fate has wreſted the confeſſion from me:
Go on, and proſper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuſe my paſſion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Ex.* Marc. *and* Luc.

Juba.

I am ſo bleſs'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now haſt made amends for all

Thy paſt unkindneſs. I abſolve my ſtars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to ſwell the victor's triumph?
Juba will never at his fate repine,
Let Cæſar have the world, if Marcia's mine.
[*Exit.*

A march at a diſtance.

Enter *Cato* and *Lucius*.

Lucius.

I ſtand aſtoniſh'd! what, the bold Sempronius!
That ſtill broke foremoſt through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal tranſported,
And virtuous ev'n to madneſs——

Cato.

Truſt me, Lucius,
Our civil diſcords have produced ſuch crimes,
Such monſtrous crimes, I am ſurpris'd at nothing.
——O Lucius, I am ſick of this bad world!
The day-light and the ſun grow painful to me.

Enter *Portius*.

But ſee where Portius comes! what means this haſte?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

Portius.

My heart is griev'd.
I bring ſuch news as will afflict my father.

Cato.

Has Cæſar ſhed more Roman blood?

Portius.

Not ſo.
The traitor Syphax, as within the ſquare
He exercis'd his troops, the ſignal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horſe
To the ſouth gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
I ſaw, and call'd to ſtop him, but in vain;
He toſs'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not ſtay and periſh like Sempronius.

Cato.

Perfidious men! but haſte, my ſon, and ſee
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
[*Exit* Portius.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Juſtice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæſar's: Cato has no buſineſs in it.

Lucius.

While pride, oppreſſion, and injuſtice reign,
The world will ſtill demand her Cato's preſence,
In pity to mankind, ſubmit to Cæſar,
And reconcile thy mighty ſoul to life.

Cato.

Would Lucius have me live to ſwell the number
Of Cæſar's ſlaves, or by a baſe ſubmiſſion
Give up the cauſe of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Lucius.

The victor never will impoſe on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confeſs
The virtues of humanity are Cæſar's.

Cato.

Curſe on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treaſon—
But ſee young Juba; the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious ſubjects.

Lucius.

Alas, poor prince! his fate deſerves compaſſion.

Enter *Juba*.

Juba.

I bluſh, and am confounded to appear
Before thy preſence, Cato.

Cato.

What's thy crime?

Juba.

I'm a Numidian.

Cato.

And a brave one too.
Thou haſt a Roman ſoul.

Juba.

Haſt thou not heard
Of my falſe countrymen?

Cato.

Alas! young prince,
Falſehood and fraud ſhoot up in every ſoil,
The product of all climes.—Rome has its Cæſars.

Juba.

'Tis generous thus to comfort the diſtreſs'd.

Cato.

'Tis juſt to give applauſe where 'tis deſerv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has ſtood the teſt of fortune,
Like pureſt gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Juba.

What ſhall I anſwer thee? my raviſh'd heart
O'erflows with ſecret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praiſe, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter *Portius* haſtily.

Portius.

Miſfortune on Miſfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——

Cato.

Ha! what has he done?
Has he forſook his poſt? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them paſs?

Portius.

Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the ſhields of his ſurviving ſoldiers,
Breathleſs and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He ſtood the ſhock of a whole hoſt of foes,
Till, obſtinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppreſt with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato.

I'm ſatisfy'd.

Portius.

Nor did he fall before
His ſword had pierc'd through the falſe heart of Syphax:
Yonder he lies. I ſaw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.—
Portius, when I am dead, be ſure thou place
His urn near mine.

Portius.

Long may they keep aſunder!

Lucius.

O Cato, arm thy ſoul with all its patience;
See where the corpſe of thy dead ſon approaches!
The citizens and ſenators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the corpſe.

Cato.

Welcome, my ſon! here lay him down my friends.
Full in my ſight, that I may view at leiſure
The bloody corſe, and count thoſe glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to ſerve our country!
Why ſits this ſadneſs on your brows, my friends?
I ſhould have bluſh'd if Cato's houſe had ſtood
Secure, and flouriſh'd in a civil war.—
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Juba.

Was ever man like this! [*Aſide.*

Cato.

Alas, my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loſs
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of empire,
The nurſe of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And ſet the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Juba.

Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead ſon. [*Aſide.*

Cato.

Whate'er the Roman virtue has ſubdued,
The ſun's whole courſe, the day and year, are
For him the ſelf-devoted Decii dy'd, [Cæſar's.
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio's conquer'd:
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæſar. Oh, my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! O curſt ambition!
Fall'n into Cæſar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Juba.

While Cato lives, Cæſar will bluſh to ſee
Mankind enſlav'd, and be aſham'd of empire.

Cato.

Cæſar aſham'd! has not he ſeen Pharſalia!

Lucius.

Cato, 'tis time thou ſave thyſelf and us.

Cato.

Loſe not a thought on me. I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæſar ſhall never ſay, I've conquer'd Cato.
But oh! my friends, your ſafety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thouſand ſecret terrors
Riſe in my ſoul: how ſhall I ſave my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæſar, I begin to fear thee.

Lucius.

Cæſar has mercy, if we aſk it of him.

Cato

Then aſk it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done againſt him, Cato did it.
Add, if you pleaſe, that I requeſt it of him,
That I myſelf, with tears, requeſt it of him,
The virtue of my friends may paſs unpuniſh'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy ſake.
Should I adviſe thee to regain Numidia,
Or ſeek the conqueror?

Juba.

If I forſake thee
Whilſt I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!

Cato.

Thy virtues, prince, if I foreſee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! my ſon, thou oft haſt ſeen
Thy ſire engag'd in a corrupted ſtate,
Wreſtling with vice and faction: now thou ſeeſt me
Spent, overpower'd, deſpairing of ſucceſs;
Let me adviſe thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal ſeat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Cenſor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal anceſtors were bleſs'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retir'd; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyſelf to be obſcurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear ſway,
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

Portius.

I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he ſcorns himſelf.

Cato.

Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
That dares not truſt the victor's clemency,
Know there are ſhips prepar'd by my command,
(Their ſails already opening to the winds)
That ſhall convey you to the wiſh'd-for port.
Is there aught elſe, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we ſhall meet
In happier climes and on a ſafer ſhore,
Where Cæſar never ſhall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
[*Pointing to the body of his dead ſon.*
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though ſtill, by faction, vice, and fortune, croſt,
Shall find the generous labour was not loſt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cato ſolus.

Sitting in a thoughtful poſture: In his hand Plato's *book on the immortality of the ſoul. A drawn ſword on the table by him.*

It muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well!—
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;

'Tis heaven itſelf, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man,
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect, lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's : above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures—This muſt end them.
[*Laying his hand upon his ſword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.
What means this heavineſs that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my ſenſes?
Nature oppreſs'd, and haraſs'd out with care,
Sinks down to reſt. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd ſoul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her ſtrength, and freſh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt; Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice, to ſleep or die.

Enter *Portius*.

But ha! how's this, my ſon? why this intruſion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I diſobey'd?

Portius.

Alas, my father!
What means this ſword? this inſtrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!

Cato.

Raſh youth, forbear!

Portius.

O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wreſt it from you.

Cato.

Wouldſt thou betray me? wouldſt thou give me up
A ſlave, a captive, into Cæſar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!——

Portius.

Look not thus ſternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than diſobey you.

Cato.

'Tis well! again I'm maſter of myſelf,
Now, Cæſar, let thy troops beſet our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erſpread the ſea, and ſtop up every port;
Cato ſhall open to himſelf a paſſage,
And mock thy hopes——

Portius.

O Sir, forgive your ſon,
Whoſe grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I ſure it is not the laſt time
I e'er ſhall call you ſo! Be not diſpleas'd,
O be not angry with me whilſt I weep,
And, in the anguiſh of my heart, beſeech you
To quit the dreadful purpoſe of your ſoul.

Cato.

Thou haſt been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not my ſon. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have fought to pleaſe,
Will ſuccour Cato, and preſerve his children.

Portius.

Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato.

Portius, thou may'ſt rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what miſbecomes him.
But go, my ſon, and ſee if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends: ſee them embark'd;
And tell me if the winds and ſeas befriend them.
My ſoul is quite weigh'd down with care, and aſks
The ſoft refreſhment of a moment's ſleep. [*Exit.*

Portius.

My thoughts are more at eaſe, my heart reviver.

Enter *Marcia*.

O Marcia, O my ſiſter, ſtill there's hope!
Our father will not caſt away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to reſt, and ſeems to cheriſh
Thoughts full of peace. He has diſpatch'd me hence
With orders, that beſpeak a mind compos'd,
And ſtudious for the ſafety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none diſturb his ſlumbers.
[*Exit.*

Marcia.

O ye immortal powers, that guard the juſt,
Watch round his couch, and ſoften his repoſe,
Baniſh his ſorrows, and becalm his ſoul
With eaſy dreams; remember all his virtues;
And ſhow mankind that goodneſs is your care.

Enter *Lucia*.

Lucia.

Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Marcia.

Lucia, ſpeak low; he is retir'd to reſt.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Riſe in my ſoul. We ſhall be happy ſtill.

Lucia.

Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato.
In every view, in every thought, I tremble
Cato is ſtern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakneſs, that he never felt.

Marcia.

Though ſtern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodneſs, Lucia, always mild,
Compaſſionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domeſtic tenderneſs, the beſt,

The kindeſt father! I have ever found him
Eaſy and good, and bounteous to my wiſhes.

Lucia.

'Tis his conſent alone can make us bleſs'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the ſame intricate, perplex'd, diſtreſs.
The cruel hand of fate, that has deſtroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Marcia.

And ever ſhall lament, unhappy youth!

Lucia.

Has ſet my ſoul at large, and now I ſtand
Looſe of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows but yet he may diſpoſe of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyſelf?

Marcia.

Let him but live! commit the reſt to heaven.

Enter *Lucius.*

Lucius.

Sweet are the ſlumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have ſeen thy godlike father:
Some power inviſible ſupports his ſoul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatneſs.
A kind refreſhing ſleep is fall'n upon him:
I ſaw him ſtretch'd at eaſe, his fancy loſt
In pleaſing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He ſmil'd, and cry'd—Cæſar, thou can'ſt not hurt me!

Marcia.

His mind ſtill labours with ſome dreadful thought.

Lucius.

Lucia, why all this grief, theſe floods of ſorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child; we all are ſafe
While Cato lives—his preſence will protect us.

Enter *Juba.*

Juba.

Lucius, the horſemen are return'd from viewing
The number, ſtrength, and poſture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a ſhort hour's march.
On the high point of you bright weſtern tower
We ken them from afar; the ſetting ſun [mets
Plays on their ſhining arms and burniſh'd hel-
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Lucius.

Marcia, 'tis time we ſhould awake thy father.
Cæſar is ſtill diſpos'd to give us terms,
And waits at diſtance till he hears from Cato.

Enter *Portius.*

Portius, thy looks ſpeak ſomewhat of importance.
What tidings doſt thou bring? Methinks I ſee
Unuſual gladneſs ſparkling in thy eyes.

Portius.

As I was haſting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a paſſage,
Accuſe the lingering winds, a ſail arriv'd
From Pompey's ſon, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouſes the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Aſſert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But hark! what means that groan? O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's preſence.

Lucius.

Cato, amidſt his ſlumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild diſorder of his ſoul
Mourns o'er his country; ha! a ſecond groan!—
Heaven guard us all!—

Marcia.

Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who ſleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that ſound—

Re-enter *Portius.*

Portius.

O ſight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to paſs!
Cato is fall'n upon his ſword—

Lucius.

O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us gueſs the reſt.

Portius.

I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gaſps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to ſee his friends. His weeping ſervants,
Obſequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back ſcene opens, and diſcovers* Cato.

Marcia.

O heaven, aſſiſt me in this dreadful hour
To pay the laſt ſad duties to my father!

Juba.

Theſe are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæſar!

Lucius.

Now is Rome fall'n indeed!

[Cato *brought forward in his chair.*

Cato.

Here ſet me down—
Portius, come near me—are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their ſervice?
Whilſt I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—Thou art too good!—
Let this our friendſhip live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A ſenator of Rome, while Rome ſurviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,
But Cæſar's arms have thrown down all diſtinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
I'm ſick to death—O when ſhall I get looſe
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and ſorrow!—
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in

On my departing ſoul. Alas, I fear
I've been too haſty. O ye powers, that ſearch
The heart of man, and weigh his inmoſt thoughts,
If I have done amiſs, impute it not!
The beſt may err, but you are good, and—oh!
[*Dies.*

Lucius.

There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A Roman breaſt. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.
But let us bear this awful corpſe to Cæſar,
And lay it in his ſight, that he may ſtand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil diſcord flow.
'Tis this that ſhakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and ſtrife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

ROSAMOND.

AN OPERA.

Inſcribed to Her Grace

THE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Hìc quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit. Virg. Æn. 6.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King Henry.
Sir Truſty, Keepèr of the Bower.
Page.
Meſſenger.

WOMEN.

Queen Elinor.
Roſamond.
Gridoline, Wife to Sir Truſty.

GUARDIAN ANGELS, &c.

Scene, Woodſtock-Park.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Proſpect of Woodſtock-Park, *terminating in the Bower.*

Enter *Queen* and *Page.*

Queen.

WHAT place is here!
What ſcenes appear;
  Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
  And ſoft Elyſiums riſe;
Flow'ry mountains,
Moſſy fountains,
  Shady woods,
  Cryſtal floods,
    With wild variety ſurpriſe.
† As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,
A hundred echoes round us talk:
  From hill to hill the voice is toſt,
    Rocks rebounding,
    Caves reſounding,
  Not a ſingle word is loſt.

Page.

There gentle Roſamond immured,
Lives from the world and you ſecured.

† Alluding to the famous echo in Woodſtock-park.

Queen.

Curſe on the name! I faint, I die,
With ſecret pangs of jealouſy.—— [*Aſide.*

Page.

There does the penſive beauty mourn,
And languiſh for her lord's return.

Queen.

Death and confuſion! I'm too ſlow—— [*Aſide.*
Show me the happy manſion, ſhow——

Page.

Great Henry there——

Queen.

Trifler, no more!——

Page.

——Great Henry there
Will ſoon forget the toils of war.

Queen.

No more! the happy manſion ſhow
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heaven, ſhall riſe,
And blaſt her in her paradiſe.

Page.

Behold on yonder riſing ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades on ſhades,
Running an eternal round.

Queen.

In ſuch an endleſs maze I rove,
Loſt in the labyrinths of love.
My breaſt with hoarded vengeance burns.
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wavering ſoul by turns.

Page.

The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the ſoft confinement guides.

Queen.

Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither doſt thou go!
What has ſhe done to move thee ſo!
—Does ſhe not warm with guilty fire
The faithleſs lord of my deſire?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She ſhall die, ſhe ſhall die.
I feel, I feel, my heart relent:
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not reſign!
One ſo great and ſo brave
All hearts muſt enſlave.

Page.

Hark! hark! what ſound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry comes,
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes, and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A ſound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.

Queen.

Henry returns from danger free!
Henry returns!——but not to me.
He comes his Roſamond to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows, to Eleonora due.
Here ſhall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his abſence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitreſs ſhall bleed;
No fear ſhall alarm,
No pity diſarm;
In my rage ſhall be ſeen
The revenge of a queen.

SCENE II.

The Entry of the Bower.

Sir *Truſty*, Knight of the Bower, *ſolus*.

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a ſhe,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are ſo jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I ſhiver;
Whence riſes this convulſive ſtrife?
I ſmell a ſhrew;
My fears are true,
I ſee my wife.

SCENE III.

Grideline and Sir *Truſty*.

Grideline.

Faithleſs varlet, art thou there?

Sir *Truſty.*

My love, my dove, my charming fair!

Grideline.

Monſter, thy wheedling tricks I know.

Sir *Truſty.*

Why wilt thou call thy turtle ſo?

Grideline.

Cheat not me with falſe careſſes.

Sir *Truſty.*

Let me ſtop thy mouth with kiſſes.

Grideline.

Thoſe to fair Roſamond are due.

Sir *Truſty.*

She is not half ſo fair as you.

Grideline.

She views thee with a lover's eye.

Sir *Truſty.*

I'll ſtill be thine, and let her die.

Grideline.

No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I ſee.
Traitor to the king and me!
Sir *Truſty.*
O Grideline! conſult thy glaſs,
Behold that ſweet bewitching face,
Thoſe blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Every feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.
Grideline.
O how bleſt were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Truſty mine!
Did he not covet amorous wiles
With ſoft, but ah! deceiving ſmiles:
How ſhould I revel in delight,
The ſpouſe of ſuch a peerleſs knight!
Sir *Truſty.*
At length the ſtorm begins to ceaſe,
I've ſooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aſide.*
I feel, I feel my fury riſe!
Tigreſs, be gone,
Grideline.
——I love thee ſo
I cannot go.
Sir *Truſty.*
Fly from my paſſion, Beldame, fly!
Grideline.
Why ſo unkind, Sir Truſty, why?
Sir *Truſty.*
Thou'rt the plague of my life.
Grideline.
I'm a fooliſh, fond wife.
Sir *Truſty.*
Let us part,
Let us part.
Grideline.
Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?
Sir *Truſty.*
I will if I can.
Grideline.
O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this paſſion flow!
Sir *Truſty.*
Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous ſcold,
Grideline.
Thou art a ruſtic to call me ſo,
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous ſcold,
But thou art a ruſtic to call me ſo.
Thou, traitor, adieu!
Sir *Truſty.*
Farewell, thou ſhrew.
Grideline.
Thou traitor.
Sir *Truſty.*
Thou ſhrew!
Both.
Adieu! Adieu! [*Exit* Grid.
Sir *Truſty*, ſolus.
How hard is our fate,
Who ſerve in the ſtate,
And ſhould lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils
Make all our great labours miſcarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Roſamond's bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the ſmall,
As principal pimp to the mighty King Harry.
But ſee, the penſive fair draws near:
I'll at a diſtance ſtand and hear.

SCENE IV.

Roſamond and Sir *Truſty.*

Roſamond.

From walk to walk, from ſhade to ſhade,
From ſtream to purling ſtream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging
Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my Lord's return
I ſigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever paſſion croſs'd like mine?
To rend my breaſt,
And break my reſt,
A thouſand thouſand ills combine.
Abſence wounds me,
Fear ſurrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever paſſion croſs'd like mine?
Sir *Truſty.*
What heart of ſtone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps ſo doleful join! [*Aſide.*
Roſamond.
How does my conſtant grief deface
The pleaſures of this happy place!
In vain the ſpring my ſenſes greets,
In all her colours, all her ſweets;
To me the roſe
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has loſt his ſcent;
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The bloſſoms freſh with morning dew,
The breeze, that ſweeps theſe fragrant bowers
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple ſcenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's ſofteſt, ſweeteſt ſtore)
Charm my tortur'd ſoul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
Why ſo ſlow! great Henry, why

From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.
Sir *Trusty*.
How much more bless'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like Grideline and me!
Rosamond.
O Rosamond, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curse this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way
And led thine innocence astray:
At home thou seest the Queen enraged;
Abroad thy absent Lord engaged
In wars that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.
Sir *Trusty*
Such cold complaints befit a nun:
If she turns honest, I'm undone! [*Apart*.
Rosamond.
Beneath some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murmuring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly pleasing dreams. [*Exit* Ros.
Sir *Trusty*, solus.
What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
But hah! a sound my bower invades,
Trumpets flourish.
And echoes through the winding shades;
'Tis Henry's march: the tune I know:
A messenger! it must be so.

SCENE V.

A *Messenger* and Sir *Trusty*.

Messenger.
Great Henry comes! with love oppress;
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.
Sir *Trusty*.
The bower and lady both are dress't,
And ready to receive their guest.
Messenger.
Hither the victor flies, (his queen
And royal progeny unseen;)
Soon as the British shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courser stretched;
And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!
Sir *Trusty*.
Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him;
And must endeavour
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter King *Henry*, after a flourish of Trumpets.

King.
Where is my love! My Rosamond!
Sir *Trusty*.
First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss your royal hand.
King.
Where is my life! my Rosamond!
Sir *Trusty*.
Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land.
King.
Where is the tender, charming fair!
Sir *Trusty*.
Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.
King.
Where is my love, O tell me where!
Sir *Trusty*.
For when we have a prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.
King.
These dull delays, I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where!
Sir *Trusty*.
I speak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.
King.
What dost thou say? I shake with fear.
Sir *Trusty*.
Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.
King.
Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond.
Adorn'd with every charm and grace
I'm all desire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.
Sir *Trusty*.
At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you choose
For first interviews?
King.
Full in the centre of the grove,
Is yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranthus, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The particolour'd gay alcove.

Sir Trusty.

Your Highneſs, Sir, as I preſume,
Has choſe the moſt convenient gloom;
There is not a ſpot in all the park
Has trees ſo thick, and ſhades ſo dark.

King.

Meanwhile with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate:
Let neither envy, grief nor fear,
Nor loveſick jealouſy appear;
Nor ſenſeleſs pomp, nor noiſe intrude
On this delicious ſolitude;
But pleaſure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
Oh the pleaſing pleaſing anguiſh
When we love, and when we languiſh!
Wiſhes riſing!
Thoughts ſurpriſing!
Pleaſure courting!
Charms tranſporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys enſuing!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing anguiſh! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.

King and *Roſamond.*

King.

Thus let my weary ſoul forget
Reſtleſs glory, martial ſtriſe,
Anxious pleaſures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.

Roſamond.

Thus let me loſe, in riſing joys,
Fierce impatience, fond deſires,
Abſence that flatt'ring hopes deſtroys,
And life-conſuming fires.

King.

Not the loud Britiſh ſhout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor claſhing arms,
Nor fields with hoſtile banners ſtrow'd,
Nor life on proſtrate Gauls beſtow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breaſt,
While with my Roſamond I'm bleſt.

Roſamond.

My Henry is my ſoul's delight,
My wiſh by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The ſecret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror ſurvey,
And look my very ſoul away.

King.

O may the preſent bliſs endure,
From fortune, time, and death ſecure!

Both.

O may the preſent bliſs endure!

King.

My eye cou'd ever gaze, my ear
Thoſe gentle ſounds cou'd ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats oppreſt,
My aching temples call for reſt!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreſhing ſlumbers I'll invite,
Then ſeek again my abſent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit* King.

Roſamond, ſola.

From whence this ſad preſaging fear,
This ſudden ſigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my ſilent dreams by night
With ſuch a look I've ſeen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the ſky,
And loſt in endleſs tracts of light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and diſmal deſerts born,
Through lonely wilds have ſeem'd to ſtray,
A long, uncomfortable way.

They're phantoms all; I'll think no more;
My life has endleſs joys in ſtore.
Farewell ſorrow, farewell fear;
They're phantoms all! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.

A Poſtern Gate of the Bower.

Grideline and *Page.*

Grideline.

My ſtomach ſwells with ſecret ſpite,
To ſee my fickle, faithleſs knight,
With upright geſture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a mere girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.

Page.

Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?

Grideline.

He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eyes ſo oft I ſpy
His whiſkers curl'd, and ſhoe-ſtrings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his ſide,
In ſhoulder-belt ſo trimly plac'd,
With band ſo nicely ſmooth'd and lac'd.

Page.

If Roſamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is falſe, the nymph ſubdu'd.

Grideline.

My anxious boding heart divines
His falſehood by a thouſand ſigns;
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the fooliſh echo talks:
Oft in the glaſs he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond eaſy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Roſamond, and ſmiles.

Page.
Well may you feel theſe ſoft alarms,
She has a heart——
Grideline.
——And he has charms.
Page,
Your fears are too juſt——
Gridelive.
——Too plainly I've prov'd.
Both.
He loves and is lov'd.
Grideline.
O mercileſs fate!
Page.
Deplorable ſtate!
Grideline.
To die——
Page.
——To be ſlain
Grideline.
By a barbarous ſwain,
Both.
That laughs at your pain.
Grideline.
How ſhould I act? canſt thou adviſe?
Page.
Open the gate, if you are wiſe;
I, in an unſuſpected hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their looſe amours prevent,
And keep Sir Truſty innocent.
Grideline.
Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age:
Thou know'ſt our ſex; thou art a page.
Page.
I'll do what I can
To ſurpriſe the falſe man.
Grideline.
Of ſuch a faithful ſpy I've need †:
Go in, and if thy plot ſucceed,
Fair youth, thou may'ſt depend on this,
I'll pay thy ſervice with a kiſs. *Exit* Page.
Grideline, ſola.
Pry'thee, Cupid, no more
Hurl thy darts at threeſcore;
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys;
Let Sir Truſty and me
From thy frolics be free. *Exit* Grid.

SCENE III.

Page, ſolus.
O the ſoft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various ſhades ariſe,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes;
Paths by meeting paths are croſt,
Alleys in winding alleys loſt;

† An opening ſcene diſcovers another view of the bower.

Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolneſs to the paſſing breeze.

A thouſand fairy ſcenes appear;
Here a grove, a grotto here;
Here a rock, and here a ſtream:
Sweet deluſion,
Gay confuſion,
All a viſion, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

Queen and *Page*.

Queen.
At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My boſom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thouſand checks my heart controul,
A thouſand terrors ſhake my ſoul,
Page.
Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard—[*Aparte.*
Queen.
I ſee, I ſee my hands imbru'd
In purple ſtreams of reeking blood:
I ſee the victim gaſp for breath,
And ſtart in agonies of death:
I ſee my raging dying Lord,
And O, I ſee myſelf abhorr'd:
Page.
My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's queen lament. [*Aſide.*
Queen.
What ſhall my trembling ſoul purſue?
Page.
Behold, great queen, the place in view!
Queen.
Ye powers inſtruct me what to do!
Page.
That bower will ſhow
The guilty foe.
Queen.
——It is decreed—it ſhall be ſo; [*After a pauſe.*
I cannot ſee my lord repine,
(O that I could call him mine!
Why have not they moſt charms to move,
Whoſe boſoms burn with pureſt love?
Page.
Her heart with rage and fondneſs glows,
O jealouſy, thou hell of woes! [*Aſide.*
That conſcious ſcene of love contains
The fatal cauſe of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale ſhe lies,
Where thoſe fair-bloſſom'd arbours riſe.
Queen.
Let us haſte to deſtroy
Her guilt and her joy!
Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy ſtriving,
Heaven in pity ſend relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,

Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear!
Ease my soul, or strike me dead! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion, as before.

Rosamond, sola.

Transporting pleasure who can tell it!
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!
A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!
——Death to my eyes; what light is this!
The queen, th' offended queen I see!
——Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the Queen, *with a bowl in one hand, and a dagger in the other.*

Queen.

Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
Or soon by this, or this, shall end.

Rosamond.

What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd majesty?

Queen.

'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.

Rosamond.

Can Britain's queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from Britain's queen!

Queen.

How black does my design appear!
Was ever mercy so severe! [*Aside.*

Rosamond.

When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
O how dreadful 'tis to die!

Queen.

To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.

Rosamond.

Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?
Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When, languishing with lovesick eyes,
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on yourself, and pity me!

Queen.

And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!

Rosamond.

O Queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!

Queen.

——They flow in vain.

Rosamond.

Look with compassion on my fate!
O hear my sighs ——

Queen.

——They rise too late
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.

Rosamond

Though I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from every human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.

Queen.

Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage. [*Aside.*

Rosamond.

What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance!

Queen.

——Thou shalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*

Rosamond.

Give me but one short moment's stay.
——O Henry, why so far away? [*Aside.*

Queen.

Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

Rosamond.

——O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.
[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

Queen.

Ye powers, how pity rends my soul! [*Aside.*

Rosamond.

This prostrate at your feet I fall,
O let me still for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great queen, like injur'd heav'n,
The soul that begs to be forgiv'n:
If in the latest gasp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow
You hope for mercy, show it now.

Queen.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.
[*Offering the dagger.*

Rosamond.

Thus I prevent the fatal blow, [*Drinks.*
——Whither, ah! whither shall I go! &c

Queen.

Where thy paſt life thou ſhalt lament,
And wiſh thou hadſt been innocent.

Roſamond.

Tyrant! to aggravate the ſtroke,
And wound a heart already broke!
My dying ſoul with fury burns,
And ſlighted grief to madneſs turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Roſamond will leave thee ſo:
At dead of night,
A glaring ſpright,
With hideous ſcreams
I'll haunt thy dreams;
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry ſhall revenge my cauſe.
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary ſprings of life ſtand ſtill;
The ſleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more.
[*Falls on the couch.*

Queen.

Here and obſerve your queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*
Beneath thoſe hills a convent ſtands,
Where the fam'd ſtreams of Iſis ſtray;
Thither the breathleſs corſe convey,
And bid the cloiſter'd maids with care
The due ſolemnities prepare.
[*Exeunt with the body.*

When vanquiſh'd foes beneath us lie,
How great it is to bid them die?
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquiſh'd foe to live?

SCENE VII.

Sir *Truſty* in a fright.

A breathleſs corpſe! what have I ſeen!
And follow'd by the jealous queen!
It muſt be ſhe: my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir Truſty live
To hear his maſter chide and grieve?
No! though I hate ſuch bitter beer,
Fair Roſamond, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The king this doleful news ſhall read
In lines of my inditing: [*Writes*
"Great Sir,
"Your Roſamond is dead
"As I am at this preſent writing."
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance—I ſtretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm gone.
[*Staggers and falls.*

SCENE VIII.

Queen, ſola.

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And Roſamond ſhall charm no more.
Hence ye ſecret damps of care,
Fierce diſdain, and cold deſpair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove!
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealouſy, the rage of love.

My Henry ſhall be mine alone,
The hero ſhall be all my own;
Nobler joys poſſeſs my heart
Than crowns and ſceptres can impart.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene a Grotto; Henry *aſleep. A cloud deſcends: in it two* Angels, *ſuppoſed to be the guardian ſpirits of the Britiſh kings in war and in peace.*

1 *Angel.*

Behold th' unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!

2 *Angel.*

In fields of death around his head
A ſhield of adamant I ſpread.

1 *Angel.*

In hours of peace, unſeen, unknown,
I hover o'er the Britiſh throne.

2 *Angel.*

When hoſts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving falchion I miſguide,
And turn the feather'd ſhaft aſide.

1 *Angel.*

When dark fermenting factions ſwell,
And promp th' ambitious to rebel,
A thouſand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.

Both.

But oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!

2 *Angel.*

I'll fire his ſoul with mighty themes,
'Till love before ambition fly.

1 *Angel.*

I'll ſooth his cares in pleaſing dreams,
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2 *Angel.*

Whatever glorious and renown'd
In Britiſh annals can be found;
Whatever actions ſhall adorn
Britannia's heroes yet unborn,
In dreadful viſions ſhall ſucceed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul ſhall bleed
Creſſy ſhall ſtand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim riſe,

1 *Angel.*

See, ſee, he ſmiles amidſt his trance,
And ſhakes a viſionary lance!
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, claſhing arms,

The ſofter prints of love deface;
And trumpets ſound in ev'ry trace.

Both.

Glory ſtrives!
The field is won!
Fame revives,
And love is gone.

1 *Angel.*

To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and ſee
What, after long revolving years,
Thy bower ſhall be!
When time its beauties ſhall deface,
And only with its ruins grace
The future proſpect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile aſcending! *
Columns ſwelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp ariſing,
Art in curious ſtrokes ſurpriſing,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile aſcending!

2 *Angel.*

He ſees, he ſees the great reward
For Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no meaſure keep,
Too vehement and fierce her ſleep.

1 *Angel.*

Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead———

2 *Angel.*

——And grief may rage——

Both.

But both ſhall plead and rage in vain.

[*The* Angels *aſcend, and the viſion diſappears.*

Henry, *ſtarting from the couch.*

Where have my raviſh'd ſenſes been!
What joys, what wonders, have I ſeen!
The ſcene yet ſtands before my eye,
A thouſand glorious deeds that lie
In deep futurity obſcure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day diſplay'd,
My ſoft inglorious hours upbraid.
Tranſported with ſo bright a ſcheme,
My waking life appears a dream.
Adieu ye wanton ſhades and bow'rs,
Wreath of myrtle, beds of flow'rs.
Roſy brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!
O Roſamond! O riſing woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O Roſamond! O fair diſtreſs'd,
How ſhall my heart, with grief oppreſs'd,
Its unrelenting purpoſe tell;
And take the long, the laſt farewell!
Riſe, glory, riſe in all thy charms,
Thy waving creſt, and burniſh'd arms;
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courſer bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my ſoul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will aſk them all. [*Exit.*

* Scene changes to the plan of Blenheim caſtle.

SCENE II.

The ſcene changes to that part of the Bower where Sir Truſty *lies upon the ground with the bowl and dagger on the table.*

Enter *Queen.*

Every ſtar and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence,
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my Henry to aſſuage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
Myſterious love, uncertain treaſure,
Haſt thou more of pain or pleaſure?
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endleſs torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee?
But oh the ſight my ſoul alarms:
My lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I baniſh'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I muſt retire.

Retires to the end of the ſtage.

SCENE III.

King and *Queen.*

King.

Some dreadful birth of fate is near,
Or why, my ſoul, unus'd to fear,
With ſecret horror doſt thou ſhake?
Can dreams ſuch dire impreſſions make?
What means thus ſolemn ſilent ſhow?
This pomp of death, this ſcene of woe!
Support me, heav'n! what's this I read?
O horror! Roſamond is dead.
What ſhall I ſay, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:
From thought to thought my ſoul is toſt,
And in the whirl of paſſion loſt.
Why did I not in battle fall,
Cruſh'd by the thunder of the Gaul!
Why did the ſpear my boſom miſs?
Ye pow'rs, was I reſerv'd for this!
Diſtracted with woe
I'll ruſh on the foe
To ſeek my relief:
The ſword or the dart
Shall pierce my ſad heart,
And finiſh my grief!

Queen.

Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appeaſe,
And give his tortur'd boſom eaſe, [*Aſide.*

King.

But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guests is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.

Queen.

Why do I here my lord receive?

King.

Is this the welcome that you give?

Queen.

Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?

Both.

And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!

Queen.

What in these guilty shades could you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?

King.

Cruel woman, what cou'd you?

Queen.

Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.

King.

The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

Queen.

A heart so unrepenting,

King.

A rage so unrelenting,

Both.

Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.

King.

Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.

Queen. [*Aside.*

How is his heart with anguish torn!
My lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so cou'd die.

King.

The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?

Queen.

Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?

King.

Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my last adieu.

Queen.

How am I blest'd if this be true!—— [*Aside.*

King.

And leave the unhappy nymph for you.
But O!——

Queen.

Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.

King.

O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does Rosamond live?

Queen.

The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes;
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choir:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.

King.

How am I blest if this be true! [*Aside.*

Queen.

Atoning for herself and you.

King.

I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss; I ask not where.
For ever from my sight fled
May the whole world believe her dead;
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul entice
Its broken passion to renew;
But let me live and die with you.

Queen.

How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise,
Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall falsely mourn;
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart, for such a prize,
The vain censorious world despise!
But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive,
Believe your Rosamond alive.

King.

O happy day! O pleasing view!
My queen forgives——

Queen.

——My lord is true.

King.

No more I'll change.

Queen.

No more I'll grieve.

Both.

But ever thus united live.

Sir Trusty *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush, and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one would swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!

Thy ſelf-ſame habit, garb, and mien!
They ne'er wou'd bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

Grideline and Sir *Truſty*.

Grideline.
Have I then liv'd to ſee this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?
Sir *Truſty*
Widow Truſty why ſo fine?
Why doſt thou thus in colours ſhine?
Thou ſhould'ſt thy huſband's death bewail
In ſable veſture, peak, and veil.
Grideline.
Forbear theſe fooliſh freaks, and ſee
How our good king and queen agree.
Why ſhou'd not we their ſteps purſue,
And do as our ſuperiors do?
Sir *Truſty.*
Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, of what I ſee:
But this I'm ſure, howe'er it be,
It ſuits a perſon in my ſtation
T' obſerve the mode, and be in faſhion.
Then let not Grideline the chaſte
Offended be for what is paſt,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.
Grideline
I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis ſo courtly to be true.
Since conjugal paſſion
Is come into faſhion,
And marriage ſo bleſt on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll ſhine,
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Truſty ſhall be my Adonis.
Sir *Truſty*
And Sir Truſty ſhall be thy Adonis.

The King *and* Queen *advancing.*

King.
Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the ſweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou ſource of chaſte delights,
Cheerful days, and bliſsful nights,
Thou doſt untainted joys diſpenſe,
And pleaſure join with innocence:
Thy raptures laſt, and are ſincere,
From future grief and preſent fear.
Both.
Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the ſweets of virtuous love?

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN HUGHES, Esq.

Containing

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE,
THE COURT OF NEPTUNE,
THE HOUSE OF NASSAU,
ODE TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD,
THE ECSTACY,

APOLLO AND DAPHNE,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

& &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

While lonely left, and desolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER's woe!
Yet would I linger on a little space,
Before I close my quick-expiring race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy WORKS, thy dear unperishing remains;
An undecaying MONUMENT to stand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own skilful hand.

JABEZ HUGHES's VERSES ON THE DEATH OF HUGHES.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES was born at Marlborough in Wiltshire, June 29. 1677. His father was a citizen of London, " of good character, figure, and credit." His mother, Anne Burgess, was of an ancient family in Wiltshire.

He was educated in London, at the Academy of Mr. Thomas Rowe, a dissenting minister, where Dr. Watts, Mr. Say, and other eminent persons were his fellow students.

He made a great proficiency in his academical studies; but devoted his attention particularly to poetry, painting and music.

At nineteen (1696) he wrote a tragedy, intitled, *Amalasont Queen of the Goths*, which is still in MS. in the possession of the family of his nephew, the late amiable and ingenious Mr. John Duncombe, of Christ's Church, Canterbury. It is deemed too imperfect for publication; though some of the speeches and scenes have evident marks of genius.

His constitution was very delicate, which subjected him to frequent indisposition; but his valetudinary state of health did not disqualify him for business; nor did business hinder him from study.

He had a place in the Office of Ordinance, and was secretary to several commissions for purchasing lands necessary to secure the royal docks at Chatham and Portsmouth, yet found time to acquaint himself with modern languages, and to indulge his propensity to poetry.

In 1697, he published *The Triumph of Peace, occasioned by The Peace of Ryswick*, which was received with very great approbation.

Two years after, he published *The Court of Neptune*, on King William's return from Holland, addressed to Montague, the Mæcenas of the time, which was admired for the musical flow of the numbers, and the propriety and boldness of the metaphors, and the machinery.

In 1702, he published a Pindaric Ode on the King's death, called *The House of Nassau*, which contains the praises of the illustrious Princes of Orange, and paraphrased Horace's *Integer vitæ otium divos*, and translated *Justum et tenacem*.

In 1703, he wrote his *Ode to Music*, which was performed at Stationer's Hall. He afterwards composed six cantatas, which were set to music by Dr. Pepusch, the first master of that time. He published several other cantatas, and also several songs, which shewed a thorough knowledge of music, and were much admired. The intention of them seems to have been to exclude the Italian Opera, " an exotic and irrational entertainment, which has been always combated, and always has prevailed."

His reputation was now so far advanced, that Dr. Johnson says, " the public began to pay reverence to his name." In consequence of his literary fame, he was solicited to prefix a preface to the translation of *Boccalini's Advices from Parnassus*, and Tonson applied to him to engage in a translation of *Lucan*, by several hands. He undertook the tenth book, and finished the version. His associates failing in their promises, the design was dropt, and the whole work was afterwards performed by Rowe. He did not confine himself to poetry, but cultivated other kinds of writing with great success.

In 1708, he tranſlated *Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead*, to which he added two compoſed by himſelf, and dedicated his work to the Earl of Wharton. When Wharton went Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, he offered to take Hughes with him, and eſtabliſh him; but having hopes of ſome proviſion more ſuitable to his inclination, he declined Wharton's offer.

In 1709, he publiſhed a tranſlation of Moliere's *Miſanthrope*, which has been ſince reprinted with Ozell's tranſlation of the other plays of that celebrated comic writer.

About the ſame time he publiſhed a tranſlation of the *Letters of Abelard and Heloiſe*, upon which Pope formed his admirable "Epiſtle of Eloiſa to Abelard."

Being by principle a Whig, and very much attached to liberty, he became intimately connected with Steele, Addiſon, and other men of genius of the Whig party; and occaſionally contributed to the *Tatler*, and *Guardian*; but much more liberally to the *Spectator*.

His papers in the *Tatler* are No's. 64, 73, 113. His papers in the *Spectator* are No's. 35, 53, 66, 91, 104, 141, 210, 220, 230, 231, 237, 252, 311, 375, 525, 537, 541, 554. In a late edition of the Spectator, No. 467, containing the character of Manlius, ſuppoſed to be intended for Lord Chancellor Cowper, is aſcribed to Hughes, who was honoured with the patronage of that able and patriotic ſtateſman. In the *Guardian*, No. 37 is the only paper aſcribed to him.

In 1712, he tranſlated Vertot's *Revolutions of Portugal*, and produced an *Ode to the Creator of the World, from the fragments of Orpheus*, which is mentioned with applauſe in the *Spectator*.

The ſame year, he brought on the ſtage an Opera, called *Calypſo and Telemachus*, intended to ſhew that the Engliſh language might be very happily adapted to muſic.

A ſubſcription was obtained for it as uſual, which alarmed the Italian performers, who had ſuch intereſt with the Duke of Shrewſbury, then Lord Chamberlain, who had married an Italian, as to obtain an order to take off the ſubſcriptions, and to open the houſe at the loweſt prices, or not at all.

This deſpicable attempt to injure one individual to gratify others much leſs deſerving, cannot be told without indignation. The opera was performed; though under great diſcouragement, and an obſtruction of the profits; and was revived afterwards at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

It is ſaid, on good authority, that *Cato* was finiſhed and acted in 1713, by his perſuaſion. It had long wanted the laſt act, which Addiſon even is ſaid to have made him promiſe to ſupply; but on going a week after to ſhew Addiſon his firſt attempt, he found near the one half of the act written by himſelf. *Cato* was ſoon after acted, upon which he ſent Addiſon ſome complimentary verſes, which were printed before it, with other copies of verſes.

In 1715, he publiſhed the works of *Spenſer* in 6 vols. 12mo, with his Life, a Diſcourſe on Allegorical Poetry, and a Gloſſary; a work for which Dr. Johnſon obſerves he was well qualified as a judge of the beauties of writing; but perhaps wanted an antiquary's knowledge of the obſolete words. He did not much revive the curioſity of the public; for near thirty years elapſed before his edition was reprinted.

In 1716, he produced *Apollo and Daphne*, a maſque, formed on Ovid's metamorphoſis of *Daphne* into a laurel, the ſucceſs of which was very earneſtly promoted by Steele, a man whoſe boundleſs benevolence merits a more ample encomium than this brief memorial can beſtow. Before this time he ſhewed his knowledge of human nature by a proſe *Eſſay on the Pleaſure of being deceived*, to which he added, during the two ſucceeding years, an *Eſſay on the Properties of Style*, and an *Eſſay on the Affectation of Mirth and Raillery*, which diſcover good ſenſe, obſervation and taſte.

In 1717, he publiſhed a viſion, entitled *Charon, or the Ferry-Boat*, which is one of the moſt lively and humorous imitations of Lucian in our language.

He had hitherto, notwithſtanding the profits of his publications, been in narrow circumſtances. His employment in the Ordnance was either not lucrative, or not permanent; but in 1717, Lord Chancellor Cowper appointed him Secretary to the Commiſſions of the Peace, in which he afterwards, by a particular requeſt, deſired his ſucceſſor Lord Parker to continue him. He had now an agreeable competence; but his declining health did not allow him long enjoyment of his good fortune.

In 1719-20, his laſt work, *The Siege of Damaſcus*, a Tragedy, was acted at Drury-Lane. This play was received with great applauſe, and ſtill continues to be acted with general approbation.

The characters are finely varied and diſtinguiſhed, and the ſentiments are juſt and well adapted to the characters. The language is elegant, and the verſification harmonious. The wickedneſs and folly of uſing force to extend ſyſtems of religion, are very happily illuſtrated. The mild beneficial tendency of Chriſtianity is placed in a clear and ſtriking light.

It has been objected to this tragedy, that the remorſe of *Phocyas* is much greater than his crime, and that the abhorrence of *Eudocia* is unnatural. The objection is juſt; but in Hughes's own copy *Phocyas* apoſtatiſes from his religion, which fully accounts for the horrors of his repentance. The players conceiving that he could not be a hero if he changed his religion, required that his guilt ſhould terminate in his deſertion to the enemy; and Hughes, unwilling that his relations ſhould loſe the benefit of the play, complied with the alteration. The ſcenes as they were originally written, are printed in the third volume of "Letters of ſeveral eminent perſons deceaſed," 8vo, 1773.

There is a beautiful groupe of verſes at the end of the fourth act, which were greatly reliſhed by Quin.

Think that ye all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight, yet meets the prize above;
There in the gardens of eternal ſpring,
While birds of paradiſe around you ſing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his ſide,
Shall drink rich wines, that in full rivers glide,
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of ſpice that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
In bliſs ecſtatic your whole hours employ,
And every ſenſe be loſt in every joy.

Hughes did not ſurvive the firſt appearance of his tragedy. Weak, with a lingering conſumption, he was unable to attend the rehearſal; yet was ſo vigorous in his faculties, that he wrote the dedication to his patron Lord Cowper only ten days before his death. He lived to hear of its ſucceſs, but paid no regard to the intelligence, being then wholly employed in the meditations of a Chriſtian on the great change he was about to undergo. He died on the firſt night's performance of the play, 17th February 1719-20, in the 43d year of his age, and was privately buried in the vault under the chancel of St. Andrew's church, Holburn.

His poems were collected and printed ſoon after his death, by Mr. Jabez Hughes, his younger brother, and like him a poet and a ſcholar. He died Jan. 17. 1731, in the 46th year of his age. A volume of his "miſcellanies, in verſe and proſe," was publiſhed in 1737.

A complete collection of his poems and plays was publiſhed in 2 vols. 12mo, 1735, with an account of his life, by his brother-in-law, William Duncombe, Eſq., the author and editor of many agreeable and uſeful publications. He died Feb. 26. 1769, aged 80. He left behind him two acts of a tragedy, entitled *Sophy Mirza*, which was finiſhed by Mr. Duncombe, and is ſtill in MS., in the poſſeſſion of the family of his ſon, the late Mr John Duncombe, author of "The Feminead," and other ingenious performances.

The character of Hughes appears to have been highly eſtimable, as a learned, upright, benevolent, religious man. The mention made of him by Steele, a writer of the firſt rank, is ſufficient to give us the moſt exalted idea of his talents and virtues. "He may," ſays that excellent writer, in an eſſay devoted to his memory, in "The Theatre," "be the emulation of more perſons of different talents than any one I have ever known. His head, hands, or heart were always employed in ſomething worthy imitation. His pencil, his bow, or his pen, each of which he uſed in a maſterly manner, were always directed to raiſe and entertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more cheerful proſecution of what is noble and virtuous."

As an eſſayiſt, he ſhares the praiſe with Addiſon and Steele, of being a benefactor to mankind. His moral and critical obſervations are juſt and judicious, and expreſſed in ſuitable language.

As a poet, he does not rank in the higheſt claſs; but he deſerves more praiſe than he has received. Moſt of his poems are very pleaſing and elegant; all of them are friendly to virtue. In

operas, ſongs, and tranſlations, he makes a reſpectable figure; and if he fails in heroic odes, it is not from wanting talents for any kind of poetry, but from attempting the higher kinds of lyric compoſition, for which his genius was not fitted. His *Poem on the Peace of Ryſwick*, is evidently a juvenile production, and abounds in mythological puerilities; but there are not wanting in it good lines, particularly thoſe upon St. Paul's Church, which was finiſhed about that time. *The Court of Neptune* is a performance of ſuperior merit. The achievements of the great *William*, the preſerver of his own country and of ours, are deſcribed with animation. The verſification is harmonious; the mythological part of the poem is bold and claſſical, but frequently puerile. *The houſe of Naſſau* contains an animated and elevated deſcription of great exertions and ſucceſsful events. The character of *William* the Firſt (of Orange) is forcibly exhibited, and his fate pathetically deplored. The merits of his two celebrated ſons, *Mauſice* and *Frederick Henry*, are deſcribed with great juſtice and animation. Conſidered as a lyric ode, it is perhaps deficient in ſublimity of imagery and of ſentiment. It abounds too much in vague epithets, which convey only a general idea of the objects; and the heathen mythology is too frequently employed to dignify characters, which do not require the aſſiſtance of fable to be moſt deſervedly eminent. The *Ode to the Creator of the World*, is juſtly eſteemed one of the nobleſt odes in our language. It abounds in elevated thoughts, magnificent imagery, and rational piety. The deſcriptions are diſcriminate and ſtriking; but ſometimes dilated by unneceſſary epithets, and ſometimes weakened by a minute enumeration of particulars. *The Ecſtacy* is a ſucceſsful imitation of the *e rebus humanis Exceſſus* of Caſimire, and is perhaps the moſt animated and poetical of all his performances. The ſeventh ſtanza approaches to ſublimity.

His *tranſlations* are accurate, elegant, and harmonious. His verſion of the *third Ode of Anacreon* is very full and exact; and his tranſlation of Ovid's *Pyramus and Thiſbe* does complete juſtice to that beautiful and pathetic ſtory. Of his *Paraphraſes from Horace*, perhaps the beſt paſſages are thoſe that are the leaſt paraphraſtical.

Swift and Pope give the character of his genius in their epiſtolary correſpondence, quoted and ſanctioned by Dr. Johnſon.

"A month ago," ſays Swift to Pope, "was ſent me over, by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Eſq.; they are in proſe and verſe. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a ſubſcriber. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocriſts* in proſe as well as verſe."

To this Pope replies, "To anſwer your queſtion as to Hughes; what he wanted in genius he made up as an honeſt man; but he was of the claſs you think him." Knowing "the reverence that was paid to his name," the juſt reproach inflicted by Horace *mediocribus poetis*, Dr. Johnſon's choice of fixing the character of Hughes cannot but be conſidered as inconſiſtent and injurious.

It does not clearly appear what Swift meant by ſaying, "He is too grave a poet for me," which, taken by itſelf, might be deemed a compliment, and was the truth. Of the character of "an honeſt man," Hughes found the value on his death-bed, when literary ſucceſs was put in the ſcale with religious confidence. In this caſe, however, Pope appears to have acted with duplicity. In a letter to Hughes, juſt before his death, he thus expreſſes himſelf: "Would to God you might live as long as I am ſure the reputation of your tragedy muſt." *Letters of Several Dec aſed Eminent Perſons*, Let. 290. In one to his brother, juſt after his death, with other eulogiums, he ſays, "I am glad of an occaſion to give you, under my hand, this teſtimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author," *Ibid.* I. 197. And, which is ſtill more remarkable, this laſt "teſtimony of his real regard (as he ſtyles it) for Mr. Hughes," being given after his death, the editor of his works was allowed by Pope to publiſh, as "a greater inſtance of the ſincerity with which it was given," *Ibid.* I. 205.

The teſtimony of Pope, thus ſolemnly given to the world, may be thought more deſerving of credit than the echo, as it were, of his peeviſh correſpondent, whom he was afraid to contradict, in a letter which he little thought would have been preſerved and printed, and which, with his other letters to him, he wanted to recal. At every tribunal, a witneſs who contradicts himſelf, is diſbelieved. If ſuch an opinion is not allowed to eſtabliſh, much leſs ſhould it be admitted to traduce a character.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO

MR. JOHN HUGHES,

ON HIS POEM INTITULED,

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

INSPIR'D by what melodious HUGHES has ſung,
I'll tune a lyre that long has lain unſtrung:
Awak'd from drowſy ſloth, and ſoothing reſt,
Poetic tranſports fire my raviſh'd breaſt!
What pleaſure muſt retiring DRYDEN find,
To ſee that art his ſkilful muſe refin'd,
So much improv'd by thoſe he leaves behind!
So when a father ſees a careful ſon
Enlarge thoſe coffers, which were firſt his own,
With joy to heaven he lifts his aged eyes,
Bleſſes his proſperous heir, and calmly dies.
May all your fortune, like your numbers, ſhine,
And ſmoothly flow, without one rugged line!
Till we confeſs the genius is the ſame,
That guides your fortune, and poetic flame.
So when of old ſome ſportive amorous god
Vouchſaf'd awhile to leave his bleſt abode,
In whatſoever form the gueſt appear'd,
His heavenly luſtre ſhone, and was rever'd.

Catherine-Hall, W. WORTS.
Cambridge, *February*, 1697.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER *.

ROUND HUGHES's humble, though diſtinguiſh'd urn,
The muſes, wreath'd with baleful cypreſs, mourn;
In every face a deep diſtreſs appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears:
Such was the ſcene, when, by the gods requir'd,
Majeſtic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb beſtow'd;
And tears like theſe for Addiſon late flow'd.

Snatch'd from the earth, above its trifling praiſe,
Thee, HUGHES, to happier climes thy fate conveys;
Eas'd of its load, thy gentle ſpirit roves
Through realms refulgent, and celeſtial groves;
The toils of life, the pangs of death are o'er,
And care, and pain, and ſickneſs, are no more.
O may the ſpot that holds thy bleſt remains
(The nobleſt ſpoil earth's ſpacious breaſt contains)
Its tribute pay; may richeſt flowers around
Spring lightly forth, and mark the ſacred ground;
There may thy bays its ſhady honours ſpread,
And o'er thy urn eternal odours ſhed;
Immortal as thy fame, and verſe, ſtill grow,
Till thoſe ſhall ceaſe to live, and Thames to flow.
Nature ſubdued foretold the great decline,
And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy ſoul, ſerene, the conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom death in years of pain;
Not years of pain thy ſteady mind alarm'd,
By judgment ſtrengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd;
Still like thyſelf, when ſinking life ebb'd low,
Nor raſhly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow;
Looſe to the world, of every grace poſſeſt,
Greatly reſign'd, thou ſought'ſt the ſtranger, REST:
Firm as his fate, ſo thy own Phocyas dy'd,
While the barb'd arrow trembled in his ſide.
Drawn by thy pen, the theory we ſee;
The practic part, too ſoon! beheld in thee.
Who now ſhall ſtrike the lyre with ſkill divine,
Who to harmonious ſounds * harmonious numbers join!
Who the rapacious tide of vice controul,
And, while they charm the ſenſe, reform the ſoul!
In whom the lovely ſiſter arts unite,
With virtue, ſolid ſenſe, and boundleſs wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as poliſh'd gems, as pureſt gold refin'd.
Great Ruler of our paſſions! who with art
Subdu'd the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart,
Bid glory in our breaſts with temper beat,
And valour, ſeparate from feveriſh heat,
Love, in its true, its genuine luſtre riſe,
And, in Eudocia, bid it charm our eyes.
Virtue diſtreſt, thy happy lines diſcloſe,
With more of triumph than a conqueror knows;

* Daughter of Judge Cowper, afterwards married to Col. Martin Madan, author of the Progreſs of Poetry, &c.

* Opera of Calypſo and Telemachus.

Touch'd by thy hand, our ſtubborn tempers bend,
And flowing tears the well-wrought ſcene attend,
That ſilent eloquence thy power approv'd:
The cauſe ſo great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.
What pleaſure can the burſting heart poſſeſs,
In the laſt parting, and ſevere diſtreſs?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy beſtow,
And make the labouring breaſt with tranſport glow?
Theſe gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
But O how weak their influence on our night!
Their fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
But if the ſtruggling ſoul a joy receives,
'Tis in the juſt applauſe that conſcious virtue gives:
This blameleſs pride the dying HUGHES poſſeſt,
Soften'd his pain, ſat lightly on his breaſt,
And ſooth'd his unoffending ſoul to reſt
Free from the bigot' fears, or ſtoic's pride,
Calm as our Chriſtian hero liv'd, he dy'd.
And on the utmoſt verge of life he ſtood,
Ready to plunge and ſize th' immortal good,
Collecting all his rays diffus'd, in one,
His laſt great work with heighten'd luſtre ſhone
There his juſt ſentiments, tranſferr'd, we view'd!
But, while our eyes the ſhining path purſu'd,
And ſteep aſcent his ſteady judgment gain'd,
The ſhining path, alas! alone remain'd.—
So when the ſun to worlds unknown retires,
How ſtrong, how boldly ſhoot his parting fires!
Larger his ſetting orb our eyes confeſs,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bleſs;
As o'er the heavens ſublime, his courſe extends,
With equal ſtate, the radiant globe deſcends,
Sinks in a cloud of gold, and azure bright,
And leaves behind gay tracks of beamy light.

1720.

If for ourſelves the tears profuſely flow,
Too juſtly we indulge the tender woe,
Since thou in virtue's robes waſt richly dreſt,
And ſtor'd with arts abundantly poſſeſt
But if we rather ſhould congratulate
A friend's enlargement and exalted ſtate;
Reſign'd to Providence, what can we leſs
Than cheerful hail thy long'd for happineſs,
Who now, releas'd from every piercing pain,
Doſt in the realms of light triumphant reign!

February, 1719-20. W. DUNCOMBE.

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

O LOST too early! and too lately known!
My love's intended marks receive in one;
Where, new to eaſe, and recent from thy pains,
With ample joy thou tread'ſt the bliſsful plains:
If there, regardleſs of the ways of men,
Thou ſeeſt with pity what thou once haſt been,
O gentle ſhade accept this humble verſe,
Amidſt the meaner honours of thy hearſe.
How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's youth,
In arms to glory, and in love to truth!
Oh! if the muſe of future aught preſage,
Theſe ſeeds ſhall ripen in the coming age;
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well-fought,
Shall own the glorious leſſons thou haſt taught;
Honour's ſtrict laws ſhall reign in every mind,
And every Phocyas his Eudocia find.
O yet be this the loweſt of thy fame,
To form the hero, and inſtruct the dame;
I ſee the Chriſtian, friend, relation, ſhine,
Burn for the glorious courſe that thou haſt run.
If aught we owe thy pencil, or thy lyre,
Of manly ſtrokes, or of ſuperior fire,
How muſt thy muſe be ever own'd divine,
And in the ſacred liſt unrival'd ſhine!
Nor joyous health was thine, nor downy eaſe;
To thee forbidden was the ſoft receſs;
Worn with diſeaſe, and never-ceaſing pain,
How firmly did thy ſoul her ſeat maintain!
Early thy ſide the mortal ſhaft receiv'd,
Ah, but the wounded hero ſaw and griev'd.
No ſenſe of ſmart, no anguiſh, could controul,
Or turn the generous purpoſe of his ſoul.
Witneſs, ye nobler arts, by heaven deſign'd
To charm the ſenſes, and improve the mind,
How through your mazes, with inceſſant toil,
He urg'd his way, to reap th' immortal ſpoil!
So fabled Orpheus tun'd his potent ſong,
Death's circling ſhades, and Stygian glooms among.
Of thy great labours this, the laſt † and chief,
At once demands our wonder, and our grief;
Thy ſoul in clouded majeſty till now
Its finiſh'd beauties did but partly ſhow;
Wondering we ſaw diſcloſ'd the ample ſtore,
Griev'd in that inſtant, to expect no more.
So in the evening of ſome doubtful day,
And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
Haply the golden ſun unveils his light,
And his whole glories ſpreads at once to ſight;
Th' enliven'd world look up with gladſome cheer,
Bleſs the gay ſcene, nor heed the night ſo near;
Sudden, the lucent orb drops ſwiftly down,
Through weſtern ſkies, to ſhine in worlds unknown.

March 28 1720. WM. COWPER.

† Seige of Damaſcus.

FROM thy long languiſhing, and painful ſtrife,
Of breath and labour drawn, and waſting life,
Accompliſh'd ſpirit! thou at length art free,
Born into bliſs and immortality!
Thy ſtruggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
While lonely left, and deſolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a BROTHER'S woe!
Yet would I linger on a little ſpace,
Before I cloſe my quick expiring race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy WORKS, th' dear unperiſhing remains;

† The Seige of Damaſcus.

An undecaying MONUMENT to ſtand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own ſkilful hand.
Then let me wing from earth my willing way,
To meet thy ſoul in blaze of living day,
Rapt to the ſkies, like thee, with joyful flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!

JABEZ HUGHES.

30th March, 1720.

Ob. 19th Jan. 1731.
Anno Æt. 46.

IMMORTAL bard! though from the world retir'd,
Still known to fame, ſtill honour'd, and admir'd!
While fill'd with joy, in happier realms you ſtray,
And dwell in manſions of eternal day;
While you, conſpicuous through the heavenly choir,
With ſwelling rapture tune the choſen lyre;
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive ſilence crown your ſong;
Forgive the muſe that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praiſe.
Loſt in thy works, how oft I paſs the day,
While the ſwift hours ſteal unperceiv'd away;
There, in ſweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And nobleſt ſentiments the boſom warm;
The brave, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themſelves in fadeleſs colours there.
Through every poliſh'd piece correctneſs flows,
Yet each bright page with ſprightly fancy glows;
Oh! happy elegance, where thus are join'd
A ſolid judgment, and a wit refin'd!
Here injur'd Phocyas and Eudocia claim
A laſting pity, and a laſting fame:
Thy heroine's ſofter virtues charm the ſight,
And fill our ſouls with raviſhing delight.
Exalted love and dauntleſs courage meet,
To make thy hero's character complete.
This finiſh'd piece the nobleſt pens commend,
And ev'n the critics are the poet's friend.
Led on by thee, thoſe † flowery paths I view,
For ever lovely, and for ever new,
Where all the graces with joint force engage
To ſtem th' impetuous follies of the age:
Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs rays of beauty warms,
That vice, abaſh'd, confounded, ſkulks away,
As night retires at dawn of roſy day.
Struck with his guilt, the hardy Atheiſt dreads
Approaching fate, and trembles as he reads:
Vanquiſh'd by reaſon, yet aſham'd to fly,
He dares not own a God, nor yet deny:
Convinc'd, though late, forgiveneſs he implores;
Shrinks from the jaws of hell, and heaven adores.
Hither the wild, the frolic, and the gay,
As thoughtleſs through their wanton rounds they ſtray,
Compell'd by fame, repair with curious eye,
And their own various forms with wonder ſpy.
The cenſor ſo polite, ſo kindly true,
They ſee their faults, and ſicken at the view.
Hence trifling Damon ceaſes to be vain;
And Cloe ſcorns to give her lover pain:
Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before;
And Cælia bids him love, but not adore.
Though ADDISON and STEELE the honour claim,
Here to ſtand foremoſt on the liſt of fame;
Yet ſtill the traces of thy hand we ſee,
Some of the brighteſt thoughts are due to thee.
While then for thoſe illuſtrious bards we mourn,
The muſe ſhall viſit thy diſtinguiſh'd urn;
With copious tears bedew the ſacred ground,
And plant the never-fading bay around.
Here through the gloom, aſpiring bards, explore
Theſe awful relics, and be vain no more;
Learning and wit, and fame itſelf muſt die;
Virtue alone can towering reach the ſky.
This crown'd his life. Admire not, heaven in view,
He to the glorious prize with tranſport flew.
A fate ſo bleſt ſhould check our ſtreaming woe,
He reigns above, his works ſurvive below.

J. BUNCE,
Late of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

† Alluding to the Spectators written by Mr. Hughes.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

Occidit heu nimium fato ſublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidûm decus ille dolorque ſororum!
Quæ te, magne, tuis rapuit ſors aſpera, vates?
Quo fugis, ah! noſtras nunquam rediturus in oras!
En! tibi ferali crinem cinxêre cupreſſo,
Et circum cineres Parnaſſia numina lugent.
Ipſa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem;
Te patria expoſcit, fœcundaque criminis ætas.
Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripuêre ſepulchro!
Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,
Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
Dumque volet ſuperas ſuus ales in auras.
* Spernis trita ſonans plectrum, tenuiſque camœnæ
Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.
Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.
At vos, immenſi placidiſſima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O pangite laudes
Auctori Dominoque; ſuis concuſſa tremiſcat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoſcat Natura Parentem,
Dum vates arcana, parum ſententia vulgi
Ut ſtet ſollicitus, ſublimi carmine pandit!
Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profundo
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum ſpiritus ingens!
Nec minor incedis, tragico indignuſve cothurno
Dum tuus Arabices Phocyas ruit acer in hoſtes,

* Haec, et proxima alludunt ad ſublimia illa authoris noſtri Poemata, quibus tituli, "Hymnus ad Creatorem" "Mundi, et Eccſalia."

Quis non æquales toto ſub pectore flammas
Concipit, & ſimili laudis ſerveſcit amore!
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali
Arte trahis faciles animos; ſeu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;
Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem non
Sors tua fæva movet? madidi vectigal ocelli
Quis neget? infauſtos quis non deploret amores?
O ſemper damnata pati fata aſpera virtus!
At tibi quis ſenſus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma ſagittam,
Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
Quis ſatis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?
Quam piger ad pœnas, miſerumque benignus in hoſtem!
Exemplar vel Chriſtianis imitabile, mores
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube remotâ
Erroris, tanti eniteant pietatis honores!
Sed quid ego plura hîc laudare nitentia pergam?
Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica ſurgit,
Et delectamur paſſim, paſſimque monemur.

L. DUNCOMBE.

E Coll. Mert. Oxon.

Amabilis Juvenis, hujus Carminis Author,
Obiit 26. *Decem.* 1730; *Anno Ætatis* 19.

"—Nox atra caput triſti circumvolat umbrâ."

VIRG.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

Spoken by Mr. Milward, on the revival of the Siege of Damaſcus, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 22d March, 1734-5.

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the ſweets of love with war's alarms.
Our author ſhows, in eaſtern pomp array'd,
The conquering hero, and the conſtant maid.
None better knew ſuch noble heights to ſoar,
Though Phædra, and though Cato, charm'd before.
While in the luſtre of his glowing lines,
Th' Arabian paradiſe ſo gaily ſhines,
With winy rivers, racy fruits, ſupply'd,
And beauties ſparkling in immortal pride,
Gallants, you'll own that irreſiſtleſs fire
Did juſtly their enamour'd breaſts inſpire.
At firſt a numerous audience crown'd this play,
And kind applauſes mark'd its happy way, [view,
While he, like his own Phocyas, ſnatch'd from
To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.
Humane, though witty; humble, though admir'd;
Wept by the great, the virtuous ſage expir'd!
Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
Whom every grace and every muſe adorn,
Whoſe ſpreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
Receive ſome tribute too from Britiſh hands.

POEMS.

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE:

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RYSWICK, 1697.

HEAR, Britain, hear a rough unpractis'd tongue!
Though rough my voice, the muſe inſpires the ſong,
The heaven-born muſe; ev'n now ſhe ſprings her flight,
And bears my raptur'd ſoul through untrac'd realms of light.
We mount aloft, and, in our airy way,
Retiring kingdoms far beneath ſurvey.
Amid the reſt a ſpacious tract appears,
Obſcure in view, and on its viſage wears
Black hovering miſts, which, thickening by degrees,
Extend a low'ring ſtorm o'er earth and ſeas.
But, lo! an eaſtern light, ariſing high,
Drives the tempeſtuous wreck along the ſky!
Then thus the muſe—Look down, my ſon! and ſee
The bright proceſſion of a deity!
She ſpoke; the ſtorm diſpers'd; vaniſh'd the night;
And well-known Europe ſtands diſclos'd to ſight.
Of various ſtates, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hiſpania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moiſt ſoil, conſpicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a deſtructive war.
Germania too, with cluſter'd vines o'erſpread;
And lovely Albion from her watry bed,
Beauteous above the reſt, rears her auſpicious head.
Beneath her chalky cliffs, ſea-nymphs reſort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court;
His darling Thames, rich preſents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverſes the land;
And ſeems a mighty ſnake, whoſe ſhining pride
Does through the meads in ſinuous volumes glide.
Ah, charming iſle! faireſt of all the main!
Too long thou doſt my willing eye detain.
For ſee a hero on the adverſe ſtrand!
And, lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!
All hail, celeſtial pair!—a goddeſs ſhe,
Of heavenly birth confeſt, a more than mortal, he!
Victorious laurels on his brows he wears;
Th' attending fair a branching olive bears;
Slender her ſhape, in ſilver bands confin'd;
Her ſnowy garments looſely flow behind;
Rich with embroider'd ſtars, and ruffle in the wind.
But once ſuch differing beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did love's bright queen adore;
Ev'n love's bright queen might ſeem leſs winning fair,
And Mars ſubmit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himſelf, imperial Jove can ſhow
A nobler mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his ſtrong arm, through heav'n's æthereal plains,
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.
And now embark'd they ſeek the Britiſh iſles.
Pleas'd with the charge, propitious ocean ſmiles.
Before, old Neptune ſmooths the liquid way;
Obſequious Tritons on the ſurface play;
And ſportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
To the bright ſun their glittering ſcales advance.
In oozy beds profound, the billows ſleep,
No clamorous winds awake the ſilent deep;
Rebuk'd, they whiſper in a gentle breeze,
And all around is univerſal peace.
Proceed, my muſe! The following pomp declare;
Say who, and what, the bright attendants were!
Firſt Ceres, in her chariot ſeated high,
By harneſs'd dragons drawn along the ſky;
A cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,
Fruit, flowers, and corn; her right a ſickle bore;
A yellow wreath of twiſted wheat ſhe wore.
Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
The ſhow, and, ſqueezing cluſters as he paſs'd,
Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
In order, laſt ſucceed the tuneful nine;
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His uſeleſs quiver, and his bow unſtrung;
He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he ſung.
" Lead on, great William! in thy happy reign
" Peace and the muſes are reſtor'd again.
" War, that fierce lion, long diſdaining law,
" Rang'd uncontroll'd, and kept the world in
" awe,
" While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath
" his paw,

" At laſt the reeling monſter, drunk with gore,
" Falls at thy feet ſubdued, and quells his roar;
" Tamely to thee he bends his ſhaggy mane,
" And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
" At thy protecting court, for this bleſt day,
" Attending nations their glad thanks ſhall pay:
" Not Belgia, and the reſcued iſle alone,
" But Europe ſhall her great deliverer own.
" Rome's mighty grandeur was not more conſeſt,
" When great Antonius travell'd through the eaſt,
" And crowds of monarchs did each morning wait
" With early homage at his palace gate.
" Haſte then, bright prince! thy Britain's tranſ-
" port meet;
" Haſte to her arms, and make her bliſs complete!
" Whate'er glad news has reach'd her liſtening
" ear,
" While her long-abſent lord provokes her fear,
" Her joys are in ſuſpence, her pleaſures unſin-
" cere.
" He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous iſle!
" Revive thy genius with a cheerful ſmile!
" Let thy rejoicing ſons freſh palms prepare,
" To grace the trophies of the finiſh'd war;
" On high be hung the martial ſword unſheath'd,
" The ſhield with ribbons dreſs'd, and ſpear with
" ivy wreath'd!
" Let ſpeaking paint in various tablets ſhow
" Paſt ſcenes of battle to the crowd below!
" Round this triumphant pile, in ruſtic dance,
" The ſhouting ſwains ſhall hand in hand advance;
" The wealthy farmer from his toils ſhall ceaſe;
" The ploughman from the yoke his ſmoking
" ſteers releaſe,
" And join to ſolemnize the feſtival of peace.
" No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
" Chok'd with rank weeds, a ſickly crop ſhall yield:
" Calm peace returns; behold her ſhining train!
" And fruitful plenty is reſtor'd again."—
Apollo ceas'd —— The muſes take the ſound,
From voice to voice th' harmonious notes re-
bound, [around!
And echoing lyres tranſmit the volant fugue.
Meanwhile the ſteady bark, with proſperous gales,
Fills the large ſheets of her expanded ſails,
And gains th' intended port; thick on the ſtrand
Like ſwarming bees, th' aſſembled Britons ſtand,
And preſs to ſee their welcome ſovereign land;
At his approach, unruly tranſport reigns
In every breaſt, and rapture fires their veins.
A general ſhout ſucceeds, as when on high
Exploded thunder rends the vaulted ſky.
A ſhort convulſion ſhakes the ſolid ſhore,
And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before;
Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
While to Auguſta's wall the crowd attend their
king.
And now behold a * finiſh'd temple riſe,
On lofty pillars climbing to the ſkies!
Of bulk ſtupendous, its proud pile it rears,
The gradual product of ſucceſſive years.
An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
The charm'd ſpectator's entering ſteps receives,
Where curious works in twiſted ſtems are ſeen
Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
On marble columns, ſtrikes the wondering eye;
And feeds at once two ſenſes with delight,
Sweet to the ear, and ſplendid to the ſight.
Marble the floor, enrich'd with native ſtains
Of various dye, and ſtreak'd with azure veins.
Ev'n emulous art with nature ſeems to ſtrive,
And the carv'd figures almoſt breathe and live;
The painted altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold.
Here firſt th' illuſtrious three, of heavenly race,
Religion, liberty, and peace, embrace;
Here joyful crowds their pious thanks expreſs,
For peace reſtor'd, and heaven's indulgence bleſs.
Auſpicious ſtructure! born in happy days,
Whoſe firſt employment is the nobleſt, praiſe!
So, when by juſt degrees th' eternal thought
His ſix days labour to perfection brought,
With laws of motion firſt endued the whole,
And bade the heavens in deſtin'd circles roll,
The poliſh'd ſpheres commenc'd their harmony;
All nature in a chorus did agree,
And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

* The choir of St. Paul's was firſt opened on the day of thankſgiving for the peace.

THE COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S RETURN FROM HOLLAND, 1699.

Addreſſed to the Right Honourable
CHARLES MONTAGUE, Eſq.

Begin, celeſtial muſe! a tuneful ſtrain
Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
Of courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's
watry reign;
Sing, from beneath, how the green deity
Rote to the ſovereign of the Britiſh ſea;
To power conteſs'd, the triple mace reſign'd,
O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
Secur'd his paſſage homeward, and reſtor'd,
Safe to the loveliеſt iſle, the beſt lov'd lord.
The generous name of Montague has long
Been fam'd in verſe, and grac'd the poet's ſong;
In verſe, himſelf can happy wonders do,
The beſt of patrons, and of poets too.
Amid the ſkilful choir that court his ear,
If he vouchſafe theſe ruder lays to hear,
His bright example, while to him I ſing, [wing,
Shall raiſe my feeble flight, and mount me on the
On Albion's eaſtern coaſt, an * ancient town
O'erlooks the ſea, to mariners well known;
Where the ſwift † Stourus ends his ſnaky train,
And pays his watery tribute to the main:
Stourus, whoſe ſtream, proliſic as it glides,
Two fertile counties in its courſe divides,
And rolls to ſeaward with a lover's pace:
There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace;

* Harwich.
† The river Stoure, that runs between Suffolk and Eſſex.

They mix their amorous ſtreams, the briny tide
Receives them join'd; their crooked ſhores pro-
vide
A ſpacious bay within, for anchor'd ſhips to ride.
Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
Divinely fair, like ſea-born Venus, ſtood
Britannia's genius, in a robe array'd
Of broider'd arms, and heraldry diſplay'd:
A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows;
In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows;
Celeſtial glories in her eyes are ſeen;
Her ſtature tall, majeſtic is her mien.
With ſuch a preſence through th' adoring ſkies
Shines the great parent of the deities;
Such towery honours on her temples riſe,
When, drawn by lions, ſhe proceeds in ſtate;
Trains of attendant gods around her chariot wait;
The mother goddeſs, with ſuperior grace,
Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright immortal race.
While thus the lovely genius hovers o'er
The water's brink, and from the ſandy ſhore
Beholds th' alternate billows fall and riſe
(By turns they ſink below, by turns they mount
the ſkies):
" And muſt, ſhe ſaid——
" Then paus'd, and drew a ſigh of anxious love;
" Muſt my dear lord this faithleſs ocean prove;
" Eſcap'd the chance of war, and fraud of foes:
" Wilt thou to warring waves thy ſacred life ex-
" poſe?
" Why am I thus divided by the ſea,
" From all the world, and all the world in thee?
" Could ſighs and tears the rage of tempeſts bind,
" With tears I'd bribe the ſeas, with ſighs the
" wind:
" Soft ſighing gales thy canvaſs ſhould inſpire;
" But hence, ye boiſterous ſtorms! far hence retire
" To inland woods; there your mad powers ap-
" peaſe, [trees;
" And ſcour the duſty plains, or ſtrip the foreſt
" Or lodg'd in hollow rocks profoundly ſleep,
" And reſt from the loud labours of the deep!
" Why ſhould I fear?—If heroes be the care
" Of Heaven above, and Heaven inclines to prayer,
" Thou ſail'ſt ſecure; my ſons with lifted eyes,
" And pious vows, for thee have gain'd the ſkies.
" Come then, my much-lov'd lord! No more
" th' alarms
" Of waſteful war require thee from my arms.
" Thy ſword gives plenteous peace; but without
" thee,
" Peace has no charms, and plenty's poverty.
" At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the
" queen
" Of iſlands, bright, majeſtic, and ſerene!
" Unveil'd from clouds, which did her form
" diſguiſe,
" And hid a thouſand beauties from thy eyes.
" A thouſand treaſures unſurvey'd invite
" Their lord to various ſcenes of new delight.
" Come ſee the dower I brought! My ſpacious
" downs,
" My numerous counties, and my ancient towns;
" Landſcapes of riſing mountains, ſhaggy woods,
" Green valleys, ſmiling meadows, ſilver floods,
" And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
" The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces
" crown'd. [tain,
" All theſe with native wealth thy power main-
" And bloom with bleſſings of thy eaſy reign.
" Haſte, hoiſt thy ſails! and through the foamy
" brine,
" Roſh to my arms! henceforth be wholly mine;
" After nine toilſome years, let ſlaughter ceaſe,
" And flouriſh now leſure, in the ſoft arts of
" peace!
She ſaid; th' entreated winds her accents bore,
And wing'd the meſſage to the Belgic ſhore.
The pious hero heard, nor could delay
To meet the lovely voice, that ſummon'd him away;
The lovely voice, whoſe ſoft complaining charms
Before had call'd the ſuccour of his arms,
Nor call'd in vain; when fir'd with generous rage
T' oppoſe the fury of a barbarous age,
Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
Through ſtorms and fleets at ſea, and foes at land,
He urg'd his daring way; before his ſight,
On ſilver wings, bright glory took her flight,
And left, to guide his courſe, long ſhining tracks
of light!
And now once more embark'd, propitious gale
Blow freſh from ſhore, and fill his hollow ſails.
As when the golden god, that rules the day,
Drives down his flaming chariot to the ſea,
And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
To diſtant regions he tranſports his light;
So William's rays, by turns, two nations cheer;
And when he ſets to them, he riſes here.
Forſaken Belgia, ere the ſhip withdrew,
Shed generous tears, and breath'd this ſoft adieu;
" Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,
" Thy people's weighty intereſts, and thy own;
" (Though ſtruggling love would fain perſuad
" thy ſtay)
" Go, where thy better fortune leads the way!
" Meanwhile my loſs, allow me to complain,
" And wiſh—ah no! that partial wiſh were vain.
" Though honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thun-
" dering god,
" Crete was not always bleſt with his abode;
" Nor was it fit, that William's godlike mind,
" For nations born, ſhould be to one confin'd.
" This only grant, ſince I muſt aſk no more,
" Reviſit once again your native ſhore!
" That hope my ſorrows ſhall beguile; and thou,
" My happy rival! wilt that hope allow;
" 'Tis all th' enjoyment, fate has left me now.
" So may'ſt thou, fair Britannia! ever be
" Firm to thy ſovereign's love, and his to thee!
" While widow'd I"—There riſing ſighs re-
preſs'd
Her fainting voice, and ſtifled—in the reſt.
Now, while the bounding veſſel drives before
The gulfy gales, and leaves the leſſening ſhore,
Behold the parting clouds to diſtance fly,
And golden glories, pouring from on high
New dreſs the day, and cheer th' enlighten'd
ſky!
One ſhooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its ſtreaming light.

Lo! William's guardian angel there deſcends;
To Neptune's court his heavenly meſſage tends:
In arms celeſtial, how he ſhines afar,
Like Pallas marching to th' awaken'd war!
His left hand gripes a ſpacious orb of ſhield,
With thouſand intercepted dangers fill'd,
And deaths of various kind; his right diſplays
A temper'd blade, that ſpreads a formidable blaze.
He ſtrikes the waves; th' obſequious waves obey,
And, opening in a gulf, diſcloſe the downward way.
O muſe! by thee conducted down, I dare
The ſecrets of the watery world declare;
For nothing ſcapes thy view; to thee 'tis given,
To range the ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and heaven,
Deſcry a thouſand forms, conceal'd from ſight,
And in immortal verſe to give the viſions light.
A rock there lies, in depth of ſea profound;
About its clefts, rich beds of pearl abound,
Where ſportful nature, covering her retreat
With flowing waters, holds her ſecret ſeat:
In woods of coral, intricate ſhe ſtrays,
And wreathes the ſhells of fiſh a thouſand ways,
And animates the ſpawn of all her finny race.
Th' unnumber'd ſpecies of the fertile tide,
In ſhoals, around their mighty mother, glide.
From out the rock's wide cavern's deep below,
The ruſhing ocean riſes to its flow;
And, ebbing, here retires; within its ſides,
In roomy caves the god of ſea reſides.
Pillars unhewn, of living ſtone, bear high
His vaulted courts; in ſtorms the billows fly
O'er th' echoing roof, like thunder through the ſkies,
And warn the ruler of the floods to riſe,
And check the raving winds, and the ſwoln waves chaſtiſe.
Rich ſpoils, by plundering tempeſts hither borne,
An univerſe of wealth, the palace rooms adorn.
Before its entrance, broken wrecks are ſeen
In heaps deform'd, a melancholy ſcene.
But far within, upon a moſſy throne,
With waſhy ooze and ſamphire overgrown,
The ſea-green king his forky ſceptre rears;
Awful his aſpect, numerous are his years.
A pearly crown circles his brows divine; [brine.
His beard and dewy hair ſhed trickling drops of
The river-gods, his numerous progeny,
On beds of ruſhes round their parent lie.
Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's ſecret ſource
Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his courſe;
Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours;
And, iſſuing from his urn, majeſtic Padus roars;
And Alpheus, ſeeks, with ſilent pace, the lov'd Sicilian ſhores.
But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling ſon,
The beauteous Thames lies neareſt to his throne,
Nor thou, fair Boyne! ſhall paſs unmention'd by,
Already ſung in ſtrains that ne'er ſhall die. [trains
These, and a thouſand more, whoſe winding
Seek various lands, the wealthy ſire maintains;
Each day, the fluid portions he divides, [tides.
And fills their craving urns with freſh recruited
But not alike; for oft his partial care
Bellows on ſome a diſproportion'd ſhare;
From whence their ſwelling currents, o'er-ſupply'd
Through delug'd fields in noiſy triumph ride.
The god was juſt preparing to renew
His daily taſk, when ſudden in his view
Appear'd the guardian power, all dazzling bright;
And, entering, flaſh'd the caves with beamy light.
Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had ſeen
The glorious form, and knew his martial mien;
In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him preſs'd,
And Tritons crowd to view the heavenly gueſt.
Then thus, advancing, he his will explains:
"O mighty ſovereign of the liquid plains!
"Haſte, to the ſurface of the deep repair,
"This ſolemn day requires thy preſence there,
"To rule the ſtorms, the riſing waves reſtrain,
"And ſhake thy ſceptre o'er the govern'd main.
"By breathing gales on thy dominions driven,
"To thee three kingdoms hopes in charge are given, [heaven.
"The glory of the world, and beſt belov'd of
"Behold him figur'd here!"—He ſaid, and held,
Refulgent to his view, the guardian ſhield.
On the rich mould, inwrought with ſkill divine,
Great William's wars in ſplendid ſculpture ſhine.
Here, how his living power was firſt diſplay'd,
And Holland reſcued by his youthful aid;
When, kindling in his ſoul, the martial flame
Broke fiercely out, preluding future fame,
And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire;
Swift from the hot purſuit the blaſted foes retire;
Then battles, ſieges, camps are grav'd afar,
And the long progreſs of the dreadful war.
Above the reſt, Syneſſe's immortal fight,
In larger figures offer'd to the ſight,
With martial terror charms, and gives a fierce delight.
Here the confederate troops are forc'd to yield,
Driven by unequal numbers through the field:
With his bright ſword, young Naſſau there withſtands [commands,
Their flight; with prayers and blows he urges his
Upbraids their fainting force, and boldly throws
Himſelf the firſt amidſt the wondering foes.
What dare not men, by ſuch a general led?
Rallying with ſhouts, their hero at their head,
Fir'd with new rage, aſham'd they once did fly,
Reſolv'd t' o'ercome, or reſolute to die,
Through trampled heaps of ſlain they ruſh to victory.
Earth trembles at the charge; death, blood, and prey,
Inſatiate riot all the murderous day;
Nor night itſelf their fury can allay;
Till the pale moon, that ſickens at the ſight,
Retires behind a cloud, to blind the bloody fight.
Again, the ſhield in ſavage proſpect ſhows
An ancient * abbey, which rough woods encloſe;
And precipices vaſt abruptly riſe, [defies
Where, ſafe encamp'd, proud Luxembourgh
All open violence, or cloſe ſurpriſe.
But ſee! a ſecond Hannibal from far,
Up the ſteep height, conducts th' entangled war.
Brave Oſſory, attended with the pride
Of Engliſh valour, charges by his ſide.

† St. Dennis near Mons.

Enclos'd they fight; the forests shine around
With flashing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound;
And the shock'd country, wide beneath, rebellows to the sound.
Forc'd from their holds, at length they speed their flight;
Rich tents, and stores of war, the victor's toils requite.
Then peace ensues; and, in a shining train,
The friendly chiefs assemble on the plain.
An ardent zeal the Gallic general warms
To see the youth, that kindled such alarms;
Wondering he views; secure the soldiers press
Round their late dread, and the glad treaty bless.
Next, on the broad circumference is wrought
The nine years war for lov'd Britannia fought;
The cause the same: fair liberty betray'd,
And banish'd justice, fly to him for aid.
Here sailing ships are drawn, the crowded strand,
And heaven's avenger hastening to the land.
Oppression, fraud, confusion, and affright,
Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
Of lawless power, defeated, fly before his dazzling light.
So to th' eclipsing moon, by the still tide
Of some lone thicket, revelling hags provide
Dire charms, that threat the sleeping neighbourhood,
And quaff, with magic mix'd, vast bowls of human blood;
But, when the dawn reveals the purple east,
They vanish sullen from th' unfinish'd feast.
Here joyful crowds triumphant arches rear
To their deliverer's praise; glad senates there,
In splendid pomp, the regal state confer.
Hibernia's fields new triumphs then supply;
The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
See where the Boyne two warring hosts divides,
And rolls between the fight his murmuring tides!
In vain—hills, forests, streams, must all give place,
When William leads, and victory's the chace.
Thou saw'st him, Boyne! when thy charg'd waters bore
The swimming coursers to th' opposing shore,
And, round thy banks, thou heard'st the murdering cannons roar.
What more than mortal bravery inspir'd
The daring troops, by his example fir'd! [court
Thou saw'st their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's
Thy flying waves convey'd the swift report,
And, red with slaughter, to their father show'd
Streams not their own, and a discolour'd flood.
Here, on th' æthereal mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted scar.
'Twas destin'd thus; for when all glowing red,
The angel took it from the forge, he said;
This part be left unfated from the foe!
And, scarce escap'd, once let the hero know,
How much to my protection he shall owe;
Yet, from the batter'd shield, the ball shall bound,
And on his arm inflict a scarlet wound.
Elsewhere, behold Namur's proud turrets rise,
Majestic to the sight, advancing to the skies!
The Meuse and Sambre here united flow,
Nature's defence against th' invading foe:
Industrious art her strength of walls supplies:
Before the town the British army lies.
The works are mann'd; with fury they contend:
These thunder from the plains, those from the walls defend.
Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
And lead a sweeping blaze, like comets, through the sky
The kindled region glows; with deafening sound
They burst; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-scatter'd deaths the crimson ground.
See, where the genius of the war appears,
Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears!
In clouds of sulphurous smoke he shines more bright, [light.
For glory round him waits, with beams of living
At length the widen'd gates a conquest own,
And to his arms resign the yielding town.
Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince surround:
Bright honours in his glorious entry shine,
And peace restor'd concludes the great design.
Long o'er the figur'd work, with vast surprise,
Admiring Neptune roll'd his ravish'd eyes;
Then, rising from his throne, thus call'd aloud;
"Ye lovely daughters of the briny flood! [pare,
"Haste, comb your silver locks, and straight pre-
"To fill my train, and gaze in upper air.
"This day, majestic glories you shall see;
"Come, all ye watery powers, who under me
"Your little tridents wield, and rule the boister-
"ous sea!"
"What God, that views the triumphs here dis-
"play'd,
"Can to such worth refuse his heavenly aid?"
He said no more—but bade two Tritons sound
Their crooked shells, to spread the summons round.
Through the wide caves the blast is heard afar;
With speed two more provide his azure car,
A concave shell; two the finn'd coursers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accustom'd sign;
The god ascends; his better hand sustains
The three-fork'd spear, his left directs the reins.
Through breaking waves, the chariot mounts him high;
Before its thundering course, the frothy waters fly;
He gains the surface; on his either side,
The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,
Advance in just array, and grace the pompous tide.
Meanwhile Britannia's king conspicuous stood,
And, from his deck, survey'd the boundless flood.
Smooth was the glassy scene, the sun beheld
His face unclouded in the liquid field.
The gazing Nereids, in a shining train,
Enclose the ruler of the British main,
And sweetly sing; suspended winds forbear
Their loud complaints, the soothing lay to hear.
"Hail, sacred charge, they cry; the beauties we
"Of Neptune's court, are come t' attend on thee;
"Accept our offer'd aid! thy potent sway,
"Unbounded by the land, these watery realms
"obey; [mage pay.
And we thy subject-powers our duteous ho-

" See Neptune's ſelf, inferior in command,
" Preſents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"
They ſaid; the ſire approach'd with awe profound; [found;
The rite perform'd, their ſhells the Tritons
Swell'd with the ſhrill alarm, the joyful billows bound.
Now, from the ſhore, Britannia firſt deſcries
White ſails afar; then bulky veſſels riſe,
Nearer to view; her beating heart foretels
The pleaſing news, and eager tranſport feels.
Safe to her arms, imperial Neptune bears
Th' entruſted charge, then diving diſappears.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A PINDARIC ODE, 1702.

" ——Cælo demittitur alto
" Chara Deûm ſoboles." VIRG.

To His Grace,

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

Though the great loſs we ſuffered in the death of the king has been ſo happily ſupplied by her majeſty's acceſſion to the throne, and her late coronation juſtly filled the hearts of her ſubjects with joy; yet ſo glorious a reign as the laſt will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wiſe men; and your Grace has given ſufficient proofs, that you are of that number. It can never therefore be thought too late to offer a juſt tribute to his late majeſty's memory, and to that of his great anceſtors; a race ſo illuſtriouſly diſtinguiſhed in Europe; though this indeed might ſooner have been attempted, but for many interruptions, too inconſiderable for your Grace's notice. How I have performed is humbly ſubmitted to your Grace's judgment, and to the judgment of all thoſe gentlemen who are uſed to entertain themſelves with writings of this ſort. But if, through the author's want of genius, the poem itſelf ſhould be thought inconſiderable, I am ſure it will have ſome diſtinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inſcribed to. And to whom ſhould the praiſes of eminent virtue be addreſſed, but to ſuch as are poſſeſſed of great virtues themſelves? To whom can I better preſent the chief characters of a noble and ancient family, than to your Grace, whoſe family is ſo ancient and ſo noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge that ſome of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your Grace's illuſtrious anceſtors. This I confeſs has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your Grace; but chiefly that valuable character your Grace has obtained among all worthy perſons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a ſubject ſo well known as your Grace's merits. Therefore I conclude with my humble requeſt, that your Grace would favour this ode with your acceptance, and do me the honour of believing that, among the crowd of your admirers, there is not one who is more paſſionately or ſincerely ſo, than

Your Grace's moſt humble,
And moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN HUGHES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

I.

Goddeſs of numbers, and of thoughts ſublime!
Celeſtial muſe! whoſe tuneful long
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
Down the vaſt ſea of ever waſting time,
And all the gilded images can ſtay,
Till time's vaſt ſea itſelf be roll'd away;
O now aſſiſt with conſecrated ſtrains!
Let art and nature join to raiſe
A living monument of praiſe
O'er William's great remains.
While Thames, majeſtically ſad, and ſlow,
Seems by that reverend dome to flow,
Which new-inter'd his ſacred urn contains.
If thou, O muſe, would'ſt e'er immortal be,
This ſong bequeaths thee immortality;
For William's praiſe can ne'er expire,
Thou nature's ſelf at laſt muſt die,
And all this fair-erected ſky
Muſt ſink with earth and ſea, and melt away in fire.

II.

Begin—the ſpring of virtue trace,
That, from afar deſcending, flow'd
Through the rich veins of all the godlike race,
And fair renown on all the godlike race beſtow'd!
This ancient ſource of noble blood
Through thee, Germania, wandering wide,
Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
In numerous branches long diffus'd its flood.
Rhine, ſcarce more ancient, never grac'd thee more,
Though mantling vines his comely head furrour
And all along his funny ſhore
Eternal plenty's found.

III.

From heaven itſelf the illuſtrious line began;
Ten ages in deſcent it ran,
In each deſcent increas'd with honours new.
Never did heaven's Supreme inſpire
In mortal breaſts a nobler fire,
Nor his own image livelier drew.
Of pure æthereal flame their ſouls he made,
And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
He bleſs'd the maſter-work, and ſaid;
" Go forth, my honour'd champions, go,
" To vindicate my cauſe below!
" Awful in power, defend for me
" Religion, juſtice, liberty,
" And at aſpiring tyranny,
" My delegated thunder throw!

" For this, the great Naſſovian name I raiſe,
" And ſtill this character divine,
" Diſtinguiſh'd through the race ſhall ſhine,
" Zeal for their country's good, and thirſt of vir-
" tuous praiſe,"

IV.

Now look, Britannia, look, and ſee
Through the clear glaſs of hiſtory,
From whom thy mighty ſovereign came,
And take a large review of far extended fame.
See, crowds of heroes riſe to fight!
Adolphus *, with imperial ſplendor gay:
Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
Who led the German eagle to his prey; [way,
Through Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd
And made proud Rome and Naples own his unre-
ſiſted might.
His gallant † nephew next appears,
And on his brows the wreaths of conqueſt wears,
Though ſtreaming wounds the martial figure
ſtain;
For thee, great ‖ Charles, in battle ſlain,
Slain in all a ſoldier's pride,
He fell triumphant by thy ſide,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
And lay, a manly corpſe, extended on the plain.

V.

See next, majeſtically great,
The founder of the Belgic ſtate!
The ſun of glory, which ſo bright
Beam'd on all the darling line,
Did, from its golden urn of light,
On William's head redoubled ſhine;
His youthful looks diffus'd an awe.
Charles, who had try'd the race before,
And knew great merits to explore,
When he his riſing virtue ſaw,
He put in friendſhip's noble claim;
To his imperial court the hero brought,
And there by early honours fought
Alliance with his future fame.
O generous ſympathy, that binds
In chains unſeen the braveſt minds!
O love to worthy deeds, in all great ſouls the ſame!

VI.

But time at laſt brought forth th' amazing day,
When Charles, reſolv'd to diſengage
From empire's toils his weary age,
Gave with each hand a crown away.
Philip, his haughty ſon, afraid
Of William's virtues, baſely choſe
His father's favourite to depoſe;
His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid; [roſe;
And Alva's fiery duke, his ſcourge of vengeance,
With flames of inquiſition roſe from hell,
Of ſlaughter proud, and inſolent in blood.
What hand can paint the ſcenes of tragic woes?
What tongue, ſad Belgia! can thy ſtory tell,
When with her lifted axe proud murder ſtood,
And thy brave ſons, in crowds unnumber'd, fell,
The ſun, with horror of the ſight,
Withdraws his ſickly beams, and ſhrouds
His muffled face in ſullen clouds,
And, on the ſcaffolds, faintly ſheds a pale malig-
nant light.

VII.

Thus Belgia's liberty expiring lay,
And almoſt gaſp'd her generous life away,
Till Orange hears her moving cries;
He hears, and marching * from afar,
Brings to her aid the ſprightly war.
At his approach, reviv'd with freſh ſupplies
Of gather'd ſtrength, ſhe on her murderers flies.
But heaven, at firſt, reſolv'd to try
By proofs adverſe his conſtancy,
Four armies loſt, two gallant brothers † ſlain,
Will he deſperate war maintain?
Though rolling tempeſts darken all the ſky,
And thunder breaks around his head,
Will he again the faithleſs ſea explore,
And, oft driven back, ſtill quit the ſhore?
He will—his ſoul averſe to dread,
Unwearied, ſtill the ſpite of fortune braves,
Superior, and § ſerene, amidſt the ſtormy waves.

VIII.

Such was the man, ſo vaſt his mind!
The ſteady inſtrument of fate,
To fix the baſis of a riſing ſtate!
My muſe with horror views the ſcene behind,
And fain would draw a ſhade, and fain
Would hide his deſtin'd end, nor tell
How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
More fear'd than thouſands on the plain,
By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell.
No more—th' ungrateful proſpect let us leave!
And, in his room, behold ariſe,
Bright as th' immortal twins that grace the ſkies,
A noble ‖ pair, his abſence to retrieve!
In theſe the hero's ſoul ſurvives,
And William doubly in his offspring lives.

IX.

Maurice, for martial greatneſs, far
His father's glorious fame exceeds;
Henry along can match his brother's deeds;
Both were, like Scipio's ſons, the thunderbolts of war.
None e'er, than Maurice, better knew,
Camps, ſieges, battles, to ordain;
None e'er, than Henry, fiercer did purſue
The flying foe, or earlier conqueſts gain.
For ſcarce ſixteen revolving years he told,
When, eager for the fight, and bold,
Inflam'd by glory's ſprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field;
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to
wield,
And practis'd him betimes to arms.

X.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
Before her walls, that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchleſs valour did diſplay!
How, ere the battle join'd, they ſtrove
With emulous honour, and with mutual love;

* Adolphus the emperor, of the houſe of Naſſau.
† Rene of Naſſau. ‖ Charles V.

* He was then in Germany.
† The Counts Lodowick and Henry.
§ "Saevis tranquillus in undis," the Prince's motto.
‖ Maurice and Henry.

How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's ſafety, begg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd his blooming youth to ſpare,
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers ſhare.
O generous ſtrife! and worthy ſuch a pair!
How dear did Albert this contention pay!
Witneſs the floods of ſtreaming gore;
Witneſs the trampled heaps, that chok'd the plain,
And ſtopp'd the victors in their way;
Witneſs the neighbouring ſea, and ſandy ſhore,
Drunk with the purple life of twice three thouſand ſlain!

XI.

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious ſtands,
And waves her painted wings, inconſtant, proud,
Hood-wink'd, and ſhaking from her hands
Promiſcuous gifts among the crowd,
Reſtleſs of place, and ſtill prepar'd for flight,
Was conſtant here, and ſeem'd reſtor'd to fight;
Won by their merit, and reſolv'd to bleſs
The happy brothers with a long ſucceſs—
Maurice, the firſt reſign'd to fate;
The youngeſt had a longer date,
And liv'd the ſpace appointed to complete
The great republic, rais'd ſo high before;
Finiſh'd by him, the ſtately fabric bore
Its lofty top aſpiring to the ſky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempeſtuous roar;
They daſh themſelves, and break, and backward fly,
Diſpers'd and murmuring at his feet.
Inſulting Spain the fruitleſs ſtrife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more,
Then Henry, ripe for immortality,
His flight to heaven eternal ſprings,
And, o'er his quiet grave, peace ſpreads her downy wings.

XII.

His ſon, a ſecond William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with ſo ſwift a pace,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay;
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly ſnatch'd away.
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
His tender limbs in ſhining armour dreſs'd,
Where, with his father, the hot ſiege he preſs'd.
His father ſaw, with pleaſing joy,
His own reflected worth, and youthful charms expreſs'd.
But, when his country breath'd from war's alarms,
His martial virtues lay obſcure;
Nor could a warrior, fam'd for arms,
Th' inglorious reſt endure;
But ſicken'd ſoon, and ſudden dy'd,
And left in tears his pregnant bride,
His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
Nor ſaw th' auſpicious pledge of nuptial love,
Which from that happy marriage was to ſpring,
But with the great forefathers gain'd a bliſsful ſeat above.

XIII.

Here pauſe, my muſe! and wind up higher
The ſtrings of thy Pindaric lyre!
Then with bold ſtrains the lofty ſong purſue;
And bid Britannia once again review
The numerous worthies of the line,
See, like immortals, how they ſhine!
Each life a hiſtory alone!
And laſt, to crown the great deſign,
Look forward, and behold them all in one!
Look, but ſpare thy fruitleſs tears—
'Tis thy own William next appears.
Advance, celeſtial form! let Britain ſee
Th' accompliſh'd glory of thy race in thee!

XIV.

So, when ſome ſplendid triumph was to come,
In long proceſſion through the ſtreets of Rome,
The crowd behold, with vaſt ſurpriſe,
The glittering train in awful order move,
To the bright temple of Eretrian Jove; [eyes;
And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled
But when the laurel'd emperor, mounted high
Above the reſt, appear'd to ſight,
In his proud car of victory,
Shining with rays exceſſive bright,
He put the long preceding pomp to flight;
Their wonder could no higher riſe,
With joy they throng his chariot wheels, and rend with ſhouts the ſkies.

XV.

To thee, great prince! to thy extenſive mind,
Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd,
The fates an ample ſcene afford;
And injur'd nations claim the ſuccour of thy ſword.
No reſpite to thy toils is given,
Till thou aſcend thy native heaven:
One hydra-head cut off, ſtill more abound;
And twins ſprout up to fill the wound.
So endleſs is the taſk that heroes find
To tame the monſter vice, and to reform mankind.
For this, Alcides heretofore,
And mighty Theſeus, travel'd o'er
Vaſt tracts of ſea and land, and flew
Wild beaſts and ſerpents gorg'd with human prey;
From ſtony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
And bid the cheerful traveller paſs on his peaceful way.
Yet, though the toilſome work they long purſue,
To rid the world's wild pathleſs field,
Still poiſonous weeds and thorns in cluſters grew,
And large unwholeſome crops did yield,
To exerciſe their hands with labours ever new.

XVI.

Thou, like Alcides, early didſt begin,
And ev'n a child didſt laurels win.
Two ſnaky plagues around his cradle twin'd,
Sent by the jealous wife of Jove,
In ſpeckled wreaths of Death they ſtrove,
The mighty babe to bind;
And twiſted faction, in thy infancy,
Darted her forky tongue at thee.
But, as Jove's offspring ſlew his hiſſing foes;
So thou, deſcended from a line
Of patriots no leſs divine,

Didſt quench the brutal rage of thoſe,
Who durſt thy dawning worth oppoſe.
The viper ſpite, cruſh'd by thy virtues, ſhed
Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
Thus, like the ſun, did thy great genius riſe,
With clouds around his ſacred head,
Yet ſoon diſpell'd the drooping miſts, and gilded
all the ſkies.

XVII.

Great Julius, who with generous envy view'd
The ſtatue of brave Philip's braver ſon,
And wept to think what ſuch a youth ſubdued,
While, more in age, himſelf had yet ſo little done,
Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to ſee
The glorious deeds atchiev'd by thee;
To ſee thee at a beardleſs age,
Stand arm'd againſt th' invader's rage,
And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
While he inglorious laurels fought,
And not to ſave his country fought;
While he—O ſtain upon the greateſt name,
That e'er before was known to fame!
When Rome, his awful mother, did demand
The ſword from his unruly hand,
The ſword ſhe gave before,
Enrag'd, he ſpurn'd at her command,
Hurl'd at her breaſt the impious ſteel, and bath'd
it in her gore.

XVIII.

Far other battles thou haſt won,
Thy ſtandard ſtill the public good:
Laviſh of thine, to ſave thy people's blood:
And when the hardy taſk of war was done,
With what a mild well-temper'd mind,
(A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious ſon)
Thy powerful armies were reſign'd;
This victory o'er thyſelf was more,
Than all thy conqueſts gain'd before:
'Twas more than Philip's ſon could do,
When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild breaſt had ſpy'd
Towers of ambition, hills of boundleſs pride,
Too great for armies to ſubdue.

XIX.

O ſavage luſt of arbitrary ſway!
Inſatiate fury, which in man we find,
In barbarous man, to prey upon his kind,
And make the world, enſlav'd, his vicious will
obey!
How has this fiend ambition long defac'd
Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation
waſte! [crown'd,
Aſk ſilver Rhine, with ſpringing ruſhes
As to the ſea his waters flow,
Where are the numerous cities now,
That once he ſaw, his honour'd banks around?
Scarce are their ſilent ruins found;
But, in th' enſuing age,
Trampled into common ground,
Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's de-
ſtroying rage.
All Europe too had ſhar'd this wretch'd fate,
And mourn'd her heavy woes too late,
Had not Britannia's chief withſtood
The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
To its forſaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
And in his hand the ſcales of balane'd king-
doms held.
Well was this mighty truſt repos'd in thee,
Whoſe faithful ſoul, from private intereſt free
(Intereſts which vulgar princes know),
O'er all its paſſions ſat exalted high,
As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer ſky,
And ſees the moving clouds at diſtance fly below.

XX.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
Behold reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.
Great Edward † and his glorious ſon
Will own themſelves to thee outdone, [won.
Though Crecy's deſperate fight eternal honours
Though the fifth Henry too does claim
A ſhining place among Britannia's kings,
And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
Yet the loud voice of ever-living fame
Of thee more numerous triumphs ſings.
But, though no chief contends with thee,
In all the long records of hiſtory,
Thy own great deeds together ſtrive,
Which ſhall the faireſt light derive,
On thy immortal memory;
Whether Seneff's amazing field
To celebrated Mons ſhall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing Boyne;
Or if Namur's well-cover'd ſiege muſt all the reſt
outſhine!

XXI.

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring ſwain
Shall paſs the plough o'er ſkull's of warriors ſlain,
And turn up bones, and broken ſpears,
Amaz'd, he'll ſhew his fellows of the plain,
The relicks of victorious years [regain.
And tell, how ſwift thy arms that kingdom did
Flandria, a longer witneſs to thy glory,
With wonder too repeats thy ſtory;
How oft the foes thy lifted ſword have ſeen
In the hot battle, when it bled
At all its open veins, and oft have fled,
As if their evil genius thou hadſt been: [pear,
How, when the blooming ſpring began t' ap-
And with new life reſtor'd the year,
Confederate princes us'd to cry:
"Call Britain's king—the ſprightly trumpet ſound,
"And ſpread the joyful ſummons round!
"Call Britain's king, and victory!"
So when the flower of Greece, to battle led
In beauty's cauſe, juſt vengeance ſwore
Upon the foul adulterer's head,
That from her royal lord the raviſh'd Helen bore,
The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,
Impatient for the ſon of Thetis wait;
At laſt the ſon of Thetis came;
Troy ſhook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th'
impending fate.

XXII.

O ſacred peace! goddeſs ſerene!
Adorn'd with robes of ſpotleſs white,
Fairer than ſilver floods of light!
How ſhort has thy mild empire been!

† Edward III. and the Black Prince.

When pregnant time brought forth this new-born age,
At firſt we ſaw thee gently ſmile
On the young birth, and thy ſweet voice a while
Sung a ſoft charm to martial rage;
But ſoon the lion wak'd again,
And ſtretch'd his opening claws, and ſhook his griſly mane.
Soon was the year of triumphs paſt;
And Janus, uſhering in anew,
With backward look did pompous ſcenes review;
But his fore-face with frowns was overcaſt;
He ſaw the gathering ſtorms of war,
And bid his prieſts aloud, his iron gates unbar.

XXIII.

But heaven its hero can no longer ſpare,
To mix in our tumultuous broils below;
Yet ſuffer'd his foreſeeing care,
Thoſe bolts of vengeance to prepare,
Which other hands ſhall throw;
That glory to a mighty queen remains,
To triumph o'er the extinguiſh'd foe;
¶ She ſhall ſupply the thunderer's place;
As Pallas, from th' ethereal plains,
Warr'd on the giants impious race,
And laid their huge demoliſh'd works in ſmoky ruins low.
Then Anne's ſhall rival great Eliza's reign;
And William's genius, with a grateful ſmile,
Look down, and bleſs this happy iſle;
And peace, reſtor'd, ſhall wear her olive crown again.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I.

Apollo, god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inſpire!
Whilſt we thy Damon's praiſe rehearſe:
Damon himſelf could animate the lyre.
Apollo, god of ſounds and verſe,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inſpire!
Look down! and warm the ſong with thy celeſtial fire.

II.

Ah, lovely youth! when thou wert here,
Thyſelf a young Apollo did appear;
Young as that god, ſo ſweet a grace,
Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
So ſoft thy air, thy viſage ſo ſerene,
That harmony ev'n in thy look was ſeen.

III.

But when thou didſt th' obedient ſtrings command,
And join in conſort thy melodious hand,
Ev'n fate itſelf, ſuch wondrous ſtrains to hear,
Fate had been charm'd, had fate an ear.
But what does muſic's ſkill avail?
When Orpheus did his loſs deplore,
Trees bow'd attentive to his tale; [roar;
Huſh'd were the winds, wild beaſts forgot to
But dear Eurydice came back no more.

IV.

Then ceaſe, ye ſons of harmony, to mourn;
Since Damon never can return.
See, ſee! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way;
Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
For the new gueſt's arrival ſtay,
And hymns of triumph ſing.
They bear him to the happy ſeats above,
Seats of eternal harmony and love;
Where artful Purcell went before.
Ceaſe then, ye ſons of muſic, ceaſe to mourn:
Your Damon never will return,
No, never, never more!

ANACREON, ODE III.

At dead of night, when mortals loſe
Their various cares in ſoft repoſe,
I heard a knocking at my door:
Who's that, ſaid I, at this late hour
Diſturbs my reſt?—It ſobb'd and cry'd,
And thus in mournful tone reply'd.
" A poor unhappy child am I,
" That's come to beg your charity;
" Pray let me in!—You need not fear;
" I mean no harm, I vow and ſwear;
" But, wet and cold, crave ſhelter here;
" Betray'd by night, and led aſtray,
" I've loſt—alas! I've loſt my way."
Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op'd the gate;
When ſee! a naked boy before
The threſhold; at his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his ſide
A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
" My pretty angel! come, ſaid I,
" Come to the fire, and do not cry!"
I ſtrok'd his neck and ſhoulders bare,
And ſquez'd the water from his hair;
Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
And cheer'd him with a draught of wine.
Recover'd thus ſays he, " I'd know,
" Whether the rain has ſpoil'd my bow;
" Let's try"—then ſhot me with a dart.
The venom throbb'd, did ache and ſmart,
As if a bee had ſtung my heart.
" Are theſe your thanks, ungrateful child,
" Are theſe your thanks?"—Th' impoſtor ſmil'd;
" Farewell, my loving hoſt, ſays he;
" All's well; my bow's unhurt, I ſee;
" But what a wretch I've made of thee!

THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

From the Fourth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes.

Where Babylon's proud walls, erected high,
By fam'd Semiramis, aſcend the ſky,
Dwelt youthful Pyramus, and Thiſbe fair;
Adjoining houſes held the lovely pair.

¶ " Vicem gerit illa Tonantis;" the motto on her Majeſty's Coronation Medals.

His perfect form all other youths surpass'd;
Charms such as her's no eastern beauty grac'd.
Near neighbourhood the first acquaintance drew,
An early promise of the love t' ensue.
Time nurs'd the growing flame; had fate been kind,
The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd;
But, with vain threats, forbidding parents strove
To check the joy; they could not check the love.
Each captive heart consumes in like desire;
The more conceal'd, the fiercer rag'd the fire.
Soft looks, the silent eloquence of eyes,
And secret signs, secure from household spies,
Exchange their thoughts; the common wall, between
Each parted house, retain'd a chink, unseen
For ages past. The lovers soon espy'd
This small defect, for love is eagle-ey'd,
And in soft whispers soon the passage try'd.
Safe went the murmur'd sounds, and every day
A thousand amorous blandishments convey;
And often, as they stood on either side,
To catch by turns the flitting voice, they cry'd,
Why, envious wall, ah! why dost thou destroy
The lovers hopes, and why forbid the joy?
How should we bless thee, would'st thou yield to charms,
And, opening, let us rush into each other's arms?
At least, if that's too much, afford a space
To meeting lips, nor shall we slight the grace;
We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! in vain.
Thus having said, when evening call'd to rest,
The faithful pair on either side impress
An intercepted kiss, then bade good night;
But when th' ensuing dawn had put to flight
The stars, and Phœbus, rising from his bed,
Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flowery mead,
Again they meet, in sighs again disclose
Their grief, and last this bold design propose;
That, in the dead of night, both would deceive
Their keepers, and the house and city leave;
And left, escap'd, without the walls they stray
In pathless fields, and wander from the way,
At Ninus' tomb their meeting they agree,
Beneath the shady covert of the tree;
The tree well known near a cool fountain grew,
And bore fair mulberries of snowy hue.
The project pleas'd; the sun's unwelcome light
(That slowly seem'd to move, and slack his flight)
Sunk in the seas; from the same seas arose the sable night;
When, stealing through the dark, the crafty fair
Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air;
Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went,
Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument.
Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
But, by the glimmering of the shining moon,
She sat not long, before from far she spy'd,
A lioness approach the fountain-side;
Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food;
For reeking from the prey, the savage came,
To drown her thirst within the neighbouring stream,
Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight,
Fled to a darksome den, but in her flight
Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
Returning, found the garment as it lay,
And, torn with bloody feet, dispers'd it in her way.
Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found
The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground;
All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
One night, he cry'd, two lovers shall destroy!
She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy,
But mine's the forfeit life; unhappy maid!
'Twas I that slew thee, I th' appointment made;
To places full of death thy innocence betray'd,
And came not first myself—O hither haste,
Ye lions all, that roam this rocky waste!
Tear my devoted entrails, gnaw, divide,
And gorge your famine in my open'd side!
But cowards call for death!—Thus having spoke,
The fatal garment from the ground he took,
And bore it to the tree; ardent he kiss'd,
And bath'd in flowing tears the well-known vest;
Now take a second stain, the lover said,
While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd blade,
And drove it in his groin; then from the wound
Withdrew the steel, and staggering fell to ground;
As when, a conduit broke, the streams shoot high,
Starting in sudden fountains through the sky,
So spouts the living stream, and sprinkled o'er
The tree's fair berries with a crimson gore,
While, sapp'd in purple floods, the conscious root
Transmits the stain of murder to the fruit.
The fair, who fear'd to disappoint her love,
Yet trembling with the fright, forsook the grove,
And sought the youth, impatient to relate
Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.
She saw the vary'd tree had lost its white,
And doubting stood if that could be the right,
Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
A dying person 'midst the sanguine field.
Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
As rising breezes curl the trembling main.
She gaz'd awhile entranc'd; but when she found
It was her lover weltering on the ground,
She beat her lovely breast, and tore her hair,
Clasp'd the dear corpse, and, frantic in despair,
Kiss'd his cold face, supply'd a briny flood
To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood,
Say, Pyramus, oh say, what chance severe
Has snatch'd thee from my arms?——
'Tis thy own Thisbe calls, look up and hear!
At Thisbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
And, having seen her, clos'd them up, and dies.
But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
The ivory scabbard empty by his side,
Ah! wretched youth, said she, by love betray'd!
Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade.
Weak as I am, I boast as strong a love;
For such a deed, this hand as bold shall prove.
I'll follow thee to death; the world shall call
Thisbe the cause, and partner of thy fall;
And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
But hear, in both our names, this dying prayer,
Ye wretched parents of a wretched pair!

Let in one urn our aſhes be confin'd,
Whom mutual love and the ſame fate have join'd.
And thou, fair tree, beneath whoſe friendly ſhade,
One lifeleſs lover is already laid,
And ſoon ſhall cover two; for ever wear
Death's ſable hue, and purple berries bear!
She ſaid, and plunges in her breaſt the ſword,
Yet warm, and reeking from its ſlaughter'd lord.
Relenting heaven allows her laſt requeſt,
And pity touch'd their mournful parents breaſt.
The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains;
And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID, AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL me, ſome god, whence does this change ariſe;
Why gentle ſleep forſakes my weary eyes?
Why, turning often, all the tedious night
In pain I lie, and watch the ſpringing light?—
What cruel dæmon haunts my tortur'd mind?
Sure, if 'twere love, I ſhould th' invader find;
Unleſs diſguis'd he lurks, the crafty boy,
With ſilent arts ingenious to deſtroy.
Alas! 'tis ſo—'tis fix'd the ſecret dart;
I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart.
Then, ſhall I yield; or th' infant flame oppoſe?
I yield:—Reſiſtance would increaſe my woes:
For ſtruggling ſlaves a ſharper doom ſuſtain,
Than ſuch as ſtoop obedient to the chain.
I own thy power, almighty love! I'm thine;
With pinion'd hands behold me here reſign!
Let this ſubmiſſion then my life obtain;
Small praiſe 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm ſlain.
Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy hair;
The god of war himſelf a chariot ſhall prepare;
Then thou triumphant through the ſhouting throng [along;
Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds
While captive youths and maids, in ſolemn ſtate,
Adorn the ſcene, and on thy triumph wait.
There I, a later conqueſt of thy bow,
In chains will follow too; and as I go,
To pitying eyes the new-made wound will ſhow,
Next, all that dare love's ſovereign power defy,
In fetters bound, inglorious ſhall paſs by;
All ſhall ſubmit to thee—Th' applauding crowd
Shall lift their hands, and ſing thy praiſe aloud.
Soft looks ſhall in thy equipage appear,
With amorous play, miſtake, and jealous fear.
Be this thy guard, great love! be this thy train;
Since theſe extend o'er men and gods thy reign;
But robb'd of theſe, thy power is weak and vain.
From heaven thy mother ſhall thy pomp ſurvey,
And, ſmiling, ſcatter fragrant ſhowers of roſes in thy way;
Whilſt thou, array'd in thy unrival'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thyſelf, ſhalt ride:
Thy ſpreading wings ſhall richeſt diamonds wear,
And gems ſhall ſparkle in thy lovely hair.
Thus paſſing by, thy arm ſhall hurl around
Ten thouſand fires, ten thouſand hearts ſhall wound.
This is thy practice, love, and this thy gain;
From this thou canſt not, if thou would'ſt, refrain
Since ev'n thy preſence, with prolific heat,
Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
From conquer'd India, ſo the *jovial god,
Drawn o'er the plains by harneſs'd tigers, rode.
Then ſince, great love, I take a willing place
Amidſt thy ſpoils, the ſacred ſhow to grace;
O ceaſe to wound, and let thy fatal ſtore
Of piercing ſhafts be ſpent on me no more.
No more, too powerful in my charmer's eyes,
Torment a ſlave, that for her beauty dies;
Or look in ſmiles from thence, and I ſhall be
A ſlave no longer, but a god, like thee.

THE PICTURE.

COME, my muſe, a Venus draw;
Not the ſame the Grecians ſaw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offſpring of his thought
No fantaſtic goddeſs mine,
Fiction far ſhe does outſhine.
Queen of fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd wing
All the beauties of the ſpring.
Like the bee's induſtrious pains
To collect his golden gains,
So from every flower and plant
Gather firſt th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roſes,
Daiſies, violets, cowſlip-poſies,
Amaranthus, parrot pride,
Woodbines, pinks, and what beſide
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn;
Where the fawns and ſatyrs play
In the merry month of May.
Steal the bluſh of opening morn;
Borrow Cynthia's ſilver white,
When ſhe ſhines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light:
Juno's bird his tail ſhall ſpread,
Iris' bow its colour ſhed,
All to deck this charming piece,
Far ſurpaſſing ancient Greece.
Firſt her graceful ſtature ſhow,
Not too tall, nor yet too low.
Fat ſhe muſt not be, nor lean;
Let her ſhape be ſtraight and clean;
Small her waiſt, and, thence increas'd,
Gently ſwells her riſing breaſt,
Next, in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of ivory,
Smiling cheeks and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and ſparkling eyes,
Whence reſiſtleſs lightning flies.
Fooliſh muſe! what haſt thou done?
Scarce th' outlines are yet begun,

* Bacchus.

Ere thy pencil's thrown aſide!
'Tis no matter, love reply'd;
(Love's unlucky god ſtood by)
At one ſtroke behold how I
Will th' unfiniſh'd draught ſupply
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her picture in my heart.

BARN-ELMS.

Let Phœbus his late happineſs rehearſe,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verſe!
Smooth was the Thames, his waters ſleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the ſurface play;
When th' early god, ariſing from the eaſt,
Diſclos'd the golden dawn, with bluſhes dreſt.
Firſt in the ſtream his own bright form he ſees,
But brighter forms ſhine through the neighbouring trees.
He ſpeeds the riſing day, and ſheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer ſight.
Not with more ſpeed his Daphne he purſu'd,
Nor fair Leucothoe with ſuch pleaſure view'd;
Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear:
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount Ide
Deſcending once the prize of beaty try'd.
Ye verdant elms, that towering grace this grove,
Be ſacred ſtill to beauty and to love!
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twiſted boughs, but ſuch as then was ſeen.
The grateful ſun will every morning riſe
Propitious here, ſaluting from the ſkies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with ſweeteſt air,
And every ſpring your loſſes he'll repair;
Nor his own laurels more ſhall be his care.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHŒBE AND ASTERIA;

AND

THE SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

An altar raiſe to friendſhip's holy flame,
Inſcrib'd with Phœbe's and Aſteria's name!
Around it mingled in a ſolemn band,
Let Phœbe's lovers, and Aſteria's ſtand,
With fervent vows t'attend the ſacrifice;
While rich perfumes from melted gums ariſe,
To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial ſkies.
Forbid it, love, that ſickly blaſts conſume
The flower of beauty in its tender bloom! ●
Shall ſhe ſo ſoon to her own heaven retire,
Who gave ſo oft, yet never felt thy fire?
Who late at ſplendid feaſts ſo graceful ſhone,
By pleaſing ſmiles and numerous conqueſts known;
Where, 'midſt the brighteſt nymphs, ſhe bore the prize
From all—from all but her Aſteria's eyes.
Behold the maid, who then ſecure repell'd
The ſhafts of love, by fainting ſickneſs quell'd!
(As beauty's goddeſs once a wound ſuſtain'd,
Not from her ſon, but from a † mortal's hand)
Aſteria too forgets her ſprightly charms,
And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.
Thus in romantic hiſtories we read
Of tournaments by ſome great prince decreed,
Where two companion knights their lances wield
With matchleſs force, and win, from all, the field;
Till one, o'erheated in the courſe, retires,
And feels within his veins a fever's fires;
His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the day.
So ſtrict's the union of this tender pair,
What heaven decrees for one, they both muſt ſhare.
Like meeting rivers, in one ſtream they flow,
And no divided joys or ſorrows know.
Not the bright ‖ twins, preferr'd in heaven to ſhine,
Fair Leda's ſons, in ſuch a league could join.
One ſoul, as fables tell, by turns ſupply'd
That heavenly pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd:
But theſe have ſworn a matchleſs ſympathy,
They'll live together, or together die.
When Heaven did at Aſteria's birth beſtow
Thoſe laviſh charms, with which ſhe wounds us ſo,
To form her glorious mind, it did inſpire
A double portion of th' æthereal fire,
That half might afterward be thence convey'd,
To animate that other lovely maid.
Thus native inſtinct does their hearts combine,
It knots too cloſe for fortune to untwine.
So India boaſts a tree, that ſpreads around
Its amorous boughs, which bending reach the ground,
Where taking root again, the branches raiſe
A ſecond tree to meet its fond embrace;
Then ſide by ſide the friendly neighbours thrive,
Fed by one ſap, and in each other live.
Of Phœbe's health we need not ſend to know
How nature ſtrives with her invading foe,
What ſymptoms good or ill each day ariſe;
We read thoſe changes in Aſteria's eyes.
Thus in ſome cryſtal fountain you may ſpy
The face of heaven, and the reflected ſky,
See what black clouds ariſe, when tempeſts lower
And gathering miſts portend a falling ſhower,
And when the ſun breaks out, with conquering ray
To chaſe the darkneſs, and reſtore the day.
Such be thy fate, bright maid! from this decline
Ariſe renew'd thy charms, and doubly ſhine!
And as that dawning planet was addreſt
With offer'd incenſe by th' adoring eaſt,
So we'll with ſongs thy glad recovery greet,
The muſe ſhall lay her preſents at thy feet;
With open arms, Aſteria ſhall receive
The deareſt pledge propitious Heaven can give.
Fann'd by theſe winds, your friendſhip's generous fire
Shall burn more bright, and to ſuch heights aſpire,
The wondering world ſhall think you from above
Come down to teach how happy angels love.

† Diomedes.
‖ Caſtor and Pollux.

SONG.

I.

FAME of Dorinda's conqueſt brought
The god of her charms to view;
To wound th' unwary nimid he thought,
But ſoon became her conqueſt too.

II.

He dropt, half drawn, his feeble bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and ſighing pin'd;
And wiſh'd in vain he had been now,
As painters falſely draw him, blind.

III.

Diſarm'd, he to his mother flies;
Help, Venus, help, thy wretched ſon!
Who now will pay us ſacrifice!
For love himſelf's, alas! undone.

IV.

To Cupid now no lover's prayer
Shall be addreſs'd in ſuppliant ſighs;
My darts are gone, but oh beware,
Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.

TO OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

Around your couch whilſt ſighing lovers view
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, ſuffering all in you;
So mournful is the ſcene, 'tis hard to tell
Which face betrays the ſick, or who is well.
They feel not their own pains, while your's they ſhare,
Worſe tortur'd now, than lately by deſpair.
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red hot by burning ſtops the wound.
Grant, Heaven, they cry, this moment our deſire,
To ſee her well, though we the next expire.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

YE ſwains, whom radiant beauty moves,
O muſic's art with ſounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two ſuch gifts celeſtial join;

II.

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the ſame powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame deſire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

III.

Inquire not who's the matchleſs fair,
That can this double death beſtow:
If young Harmonia's ſtrains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID'S REVIEW.

CUPID, ſurvey thy ſhining train around
Of favourite nymphs, for conqueſt moſt renown'd;
The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy power ſupport, and propagate thy ſway.
Then ſay, what beauteous general wilt thou chooſe,
To lead the fair brigade againſt thy rebel foes?
Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow, his quiver by his ſide;
Inferior Cupids on their maſter wait; [ſtate.
He ſmiles well pleas'd, and waves his wings in
His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel wreaths to grace th' elected fair.
Hyde-park the ſcene for the review he nam'd,
Hyde-park for pleaſure and for beauty fam'd,
Where, oft from weſtern ſkies the god of light
Sees new-ariſing ſuns, than his more bright;
Then ſets in bluſhes, and conveys his fire
To diſtant lands, that more his beams require.
And now the charming candidates appear
Behold Britannia's victor graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To Love's pre-eminence, and beauty's fame.
Some, who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd;
Preſerv'd in Kneller's pictures ever young,
In ſtrains immortal by the muſes ſung.
Around the ring th' illuſtrious rivals move,
And teach to love himſelf the power of love.
Scarce, though a god, he can with ſafety gaze
On glory ſo profuſe, ſuch mingled rays;
For love had eyes on this important day,
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding cloth away.
Here Mira paſs'd, and fix'd his wandering view,
Her perfect ſhape diſtinguiſhed praiſes drew;
Tall, beauteous, and majeſtic to the ſight,
She led the train, and ſparkled in the light. [eyes,
There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her
By which each day ſome new adorer dies.
Serena, by good-humour doubly fair,
With native ſweetneſs charms, and ſmiling air.
While Flora's youthful years and looks diſplay
The bloom of ripening fruits, the innocence of May,
The opening ſweets that months of pleaſure bring,
The dawn of love, and life's indulgent ſpring.
'Twere endleſs to deſcribe the various darts,
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the raviſh'd ſoul inſpire
With tender thoughts, and animate deſire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train;
And long the lovely rivals ſtrove in vain,
While Cupid unreſolv'd ſtill ſearch'd around the plain.
O! could I find, ſaid love, the phœnix ſhe,
In whom at once the ſeveral charms agree;
That phœnix ſhe the laurel crown ſhould have,
And love himſelf with pride become her ſlave.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when ſee—Harmonia came!
Chance brought her there, and not deſire of fame;
Unknowing of the choice, till ſhe beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wondrous modeſty,
Diſclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
Warm bluſhes on her tender cheeks ariſe,
And double ſoftneſs beautify'd her eyes.

At this, more charm'd, the rather I beſtow,
Said love, theſe honours you in vain forego;
Take then the wreath, which you, victorious fair,
Have moſt deſerv'd, yet leſt affect to wear.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY,

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

When fam'd Cecilia on the organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving ſounds the tuneful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the ſacred maid,
From heaven, 'tis ſaid, a liſtening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuſe;
In vain——for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the ſeraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom with pureſt light,
Virtue's united beams with beauty ſhine!
Should heavenly gueſts deſcend to bleſs our ſight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine!

SONNET.

Je mourrai de trop de plaiſir
Si je le trouve favourable;
Je mourrai de trop de deſir
Se je la trouve inexorable.

Ainſi je ne ſçaurois guerir
De la douleur qui me poſſede;
Je ſuis aſſuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remede.

IN ENGLISH.

I DIE with too tranſporting joy,
If ſhe I love rewards my fire;
If ſhe's inexorably coy,
With too much paſſion I expire.

No way the fates afford to ſhun
The cruel torment I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the diſeaſe or by the cure.

TO A PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canſt ſafely gaze
On all the wonders of that face;
If thou haſt charms to guard a heart
Secure by ſecrets of thy art;
O! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze ſecurely too, like thee.
Canſt thou love's brighteſt lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded ſaw?
To what then wilt thou next aſpire,
Unleſs to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a leſs adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus dy'd.

That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whoſe chains ſo many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuſe,
Create a painter, or a muſe;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view;
She ſits ſerene, and ſmiles on you!
Your genius thus inſpir'd will ſoar
To wondrous heights unknown before,
And to her beauty you will own
Your future ſkill and fix'd renown.
So when of old great Ammon's ſon,
Adorn'd with ſpoils in battle won,
In graceful picture choſe to ſtand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire, the monarch ſaid,
"Now be thy boldeſt ſtrokes diſplay'd,
"To let admiring nations ſee
"Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
"To others thou may'ſt life impart,
"But I'll immortalize thy art!"

TO THE

AUTHOR OF FATAL FRIENDSHIP,

A TRAGEDY.

As when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forſook her female arts, and choſe to bear
The ponderous ſhield, and heave the maſſy ſpear,
Superior to her ſex, ſo ſwift ſhe flew
Around the field, and ſuch vaſt numbers ſlew,
That friends and foes, alike ſurpris'd, beheld
The brave Virago deſperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mould.
Such is our wonder, matchleſs maid! to ſee
The tragic laurel thus deſerv'd by thee,
Still greater praiſe is yours; Camilla ſhines
For ever bright in Virgil's ſacred lines,
You in your own.——
Nor need you to another's bounty owe,
For what yourſelf can on yourſelf beſtow;
So monarchs in full health are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future ſepulchre.
Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Muſt think how others their vain hours miſpend,
In trifling viſits, pride, impertinence,
Dreſs, dancing, and diſcourſe devoid of ſenſe;
To twirl a fan, to pleaſe ſome fooliſh beau,
And ſing an empty ſong, the moſt they know;
In body weak, more impotent of mind.
Thus ſome have repreſented woman-kind.
But you, your ſex's champion, are come forth
To fight their quarrel, and aſſert their worth;
Our Salic law of wit you have deſtroy'd,
Eſtabliſh'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our pride.
While we look on, and with repining eyes
Behold you bearing off ſo rich a prize,
Spite of ill-nature, we are forc'd t' approve
Such dazzling charms, and, ſpite of envy, love.
Nor is this all th' applauſe that is your due,
You ſtand the firſt of ſtage-reformers too;

No vicious ſtrains pollute your moral ſcene,
Chaſte are your thoughts, and your expreſſion clean;
Strains ſuch as yours the ſtricteſt teſt will bear:
Sing boldly then, nor buſy cenſure fear,
Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
Proceed in tragic numbers to diſcloſe
Strange turns of fate, and unexpected woes.
Reward, and puniſh! awfully diſpenſe
Heaven's judgments, and declare a Providence;
Nor let the comic muſe your labours ſhare,
'Tis meanneſs, after this, the ſock to wear:
Though that to merit praiſe, 'tis nobler toil
T' extort a tear than to provoke a ſmile.
What hand, that can deſign a hiſtory,
Would copy low-land boors at Snic-a-Snee?
Accept this tribute, madam, and excuſe
The haſty raptures of a ſtranger muſe.

1698.

ON DIVINE POETRY.

In nature's golden age, when new-born day
Array'd the ſkies, and earth was green and gay;
When God, with pleaſure, all his works ſurvey'd,
And virgin innocence before him play'd;
In that illuſtrious morn, that lovely ſpring,
The muſe, by heaven inſpir'd, began to ſing.
Deſcending angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the firſt happy pair their maker's praiſe.
Such was the ſacred art—We now deplore
The muſe's loſs, ſince Eden is no more.
When vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid, with chaſte Aſtræa, fled,
And ſought protection in her native ſky;
In vain the heathen Nine her abſence would ſupply.
Yet to ſome few, whoſe dazzling virtues ſhone
In ages paſt, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty ſtrains to tell
How patient virtue triumph'd over hell;
And hence the chief, who led the choſen race
Through parting ſeas, deriv'd his ſongs of praiſe:
She gave the rapturous ode, whoſe ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquiſh'd Siſera;
She tun'd to pious notes the Pſalmiſt's lyre,
And fill'd Iſaiah's breaſt with more than Pindar's fire!

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.

While Venus in her ſnowy arms
The God of battles held,
And ſooth'd him with her tender charms,
Victorious from the field;
By chance ſhe caſt a lovely ſmile,
Propitious, down to earth,
And view'd in Britain's happy iſle
Great Glouceſter's glorious birth.

II.

Look, Mars, ſhe ſaid; look down, and ſee
A child of royal race!
Let's crown the bright nativity
With every princely grace:
Thy heavenly image let me bear,
And ſhine a Mars below;
From you his mind to warlike care,
I'll ſofter gifts beſtow.

III.

Thus at his birth two deities
Their bleſſings did impart;
And love was breath'd into his eyes,
And glory form'd his heart.
His childhood makes of war a game;
Betimes his beauty charms
The fair; who burn'd with equal flame
For him, as he for arms.

1699.

ON A PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM BY MOLINDA.

When fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
Without the help of colour, ſhade, or light,
To form in vellum, ſpotleſs as her mind,
The faireſt image of the feather'd kind;
Nature herſelf a ſtrict attendance paid,
Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illuſtrious maid,
Inſpir'd her thought, and, ſmiling, ſaid, I'll ſee
How well this fair-one's art can copy me.
So to her favourite Titian once ſhe came,
To guide his pencil, and atteſt his fame,
With tranſport granting all that ſhe could give,
And bid his works to wondering ages live.
Nor with leſs tranſport here the goddeſs ſees
The curious piece advance by ſlow degrees;
At laſt ſuch ſkill in every part was ſhown,
It ſeem'd a new creation of her own;
She ſtarts, to view the finiſh'd figure riſe,
And ſpread his ample train, enrich'd with eyes;
To ſee, with lively grace, his form expreſs'd,
The ſtately honours of his riſing creſt,
His comely wings, and his ſoft ſilky breaſt!
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And nature's leaves leſs perfect ſeem than they.
O matchleſs bird! whoſe race, with niceſt care,
Heaven ſeems in pleaſure to have form'd ſo fair!
From whoſe gay plumes ev'n Phœbus with delight
Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
Though numerous rivals of the wing there be
That ſhare our praiſe, when not compar'd to thee,
Soon as thy riſing glories ſtrike our eyes,
Their beauty ſhines no more, their luſtre dies.
So when Molinda, with ſuperior charms,
Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs diſarms.
To her the rallying loves and graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the victory.
No wonder, then, ſince ſhe was born t' excel,
This bird's fair image ſhe deſcribes ſo well:
Happy, as in ſome temple thus to ſtand,
Immortaliz'd by her ſucceſsful hand.

ON LUCINDA's TEA-TABLE

Poets invoke, when they rehearſe
In happy ſtrains their pleaſing dreams,
Some muſe unſeen to crown their verſe,
And boaſt of Heliconian ſtreams:

But here, a real muſe inſpires
(Who more reviving ſtreams imparts)
Our fancies with the poets fires,
And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd gueſt
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd,
He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feaſt,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, poets ſing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has ſway,
Who from the conſecrated ſpring,
Wild beaſts and ſatyrs drives away:

So hither dares no ſavage preſs,
Who beauty's ſovereign power defies;
All, drinking here, her charms confeſs,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had ſhe been there,
With tea ſhe would have cur'd the ſwain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.

January 1. 1701.

THE MARCH.

Victoria comes! ſhe leaves the forag'd groves!
Her flying camp of graces and of loves
Strike all their tents, and for the march prepare,
And to new ſcenes of triumph wait the fair.
Unlike the ſlaves which other warriors gain,
That loath ſubjection, and would break their chain,
Her rural ſlaves their abſent victor mourn,
And wiſh not liberty, but her return.
The conquer'd countries droop, while ſhe's away,
And ſlowly to the ſpring their contribution pay.
While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
With their loſt loves another loſs bemoan.
Mean time in peopled cities crowds preſs on,
And jealous ſeem who ſhall be firſt undone.
Victories, like fame, before th' invader fly,
And lovers yet unſeeing haſte to die.
While ſhe with careleſs unelated mind,
Hears daily conqueſts which ſhe ne'er deſign'd:
In her a ſoft, yet cruel heart is found,
Averſe to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound.

WRITTEN IN A LADY's PRAYER-BOOK.

So fair a form, with ſuch devotion join'd!
A virgin body, and a ſpotleſs mind! [ſees
Pleas'd with her prayers, while heaven propitious
The lovely votareſs on her bended knees.
Sure it muſt think ſome angel loſt its way,
And happening on our wretched earth to ſtray;
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be reſtor'd to thoſe bleſt realms of light.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

Wanton Zephyr, come away!
On this ſweet this ſilent grove,
Sacred to the muſe and love,
In gentle whiſper'd murmurs play!
Come let thy ſoft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuſe thy vernal ſweets around,
From ſprouting flowers and bloſſom'd trees;
While hills and echoing vales reſound
With notes, which wing'd muſicians ſing
In honour to the bloom of ſpring.

II.

Lovely ſeaſon of deſire!
Nature ſmiles with joy to ſee
The amorous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brighteſt object in the ſkies,
The faireſt lights that ſhine below,
The ſun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow;
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

The deſign of this ode was to inſinuate to Auguſtus the danger of transferring the ſeat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

I.

The man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poiſing on virtue's baſe his mind,
Reſts in himſelf ſecure,
Indiſſolubly firm in good;
Let tempeſts riſe, and billows rage,
All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,
Or waſteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer ſtrength, and louder roar,
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into power.
Let a proud tyrant caſt a killing frown;
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down
Nay, let the frame of nature crack,
And all the ſpacious globe on high,
Shatter'd with univerſal rack,
Come tumbling from the ſky:
Yet he'll ſurvey the horrid ſcene
With ſteady courage and undaunted mien,
The only thing ſerene!

II.

Thus Pollux and great Hercules, [round,
Roam'd through the world, and bleſt the nations
Till, rais'd at length to heavenly palaces,
Mankind, as gods, their benefactions crown'd;
With theſe, Auguſtus ſhall for ever ſhine,
And ſtain his roſy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntleſs Bacchus bear;
The glaring ſavages reſiſt in vain,
Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein;
Through yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
Great Romulus purſued the ſhining trace, [car.
And leapt the lake, where all
The reſt of mortals fall,
And with his * father's horſes ſcour'd the ſame
bright airy race.

III.

Then in full ſenate of the deities,
Settling the ſeats of power, and future fate,
Juno began the high debate, [ſkies:
And with this righteous ſentence pleas'd the
" O Troy! ſhe ſaid, O hated Troy!
" A † foreign woman, and a ‖ boy,
" Lewd, partial, and unjuſt,
" Shook all thy proudeſt towers to duſt;
" Inclin'd to ruin from the time,
" Thy king did mock two powers divine,
" And raz'd thy fated walls in perjury,
" But doubly damn'd by that offence,
" Which did Minerva's rage incenſe,
" And offer'd wrong to me.
" No more the treacherous raviſher
" Shines in full pomp and youthful charms;
" Nor Priam's impious houſe with Hector's ſpear,
" Repels the violence of Grecian arms.

IV.

" Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout,
" At laſt the ſtorm is ſpent,
" My fury with it ebbing out,
" Theſe terms of peace content;
" To Mars I grant among the ſtars a place
" For his ſon Romulus, of Trojan race;
" Here ſhall he dwell in theſe divine abodes,
" Drink of the heavenly bowl,
" And in this ſhining court his name enrol,
" With the ſerene and ever-vacant gods;
" While ſeas ſhall rage between his Rome and Troy,
" The horrid diſtance breaking wide,
" The baniſh'd Trojans ſhall the globe enjoy,
" And reign in every place beſide;
" While beaſts inſult my ¶ judge's duſt, and hide
" Their litter in his curſed tomb,
" The ſhining capitol of Rome
" Shall overlook the world with awful pride,
" And Parthians take their law from that eternal
" dome.

V.

" Let Rome extend her fame to every ſhore;
" And let no banks or mounds reſtrain
" Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command;
" The ſeas from Europe, Afric part in vain;
" Swelling above thoſe floods, her power
" Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Lybian land.
" Shining in poliſh'd ſteel, ſhe dares
" The glittering beams of gold deſpiſe,
" Gold, the great ſource of human cares,
" Hid wiſely deep from mortal eyes,
" Till, fought in evil hour by hands unbleſt,
" Opening the dark abodes,
" There iſſued forth a direful train of woes,
" That give mankind no reſt;
" For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
" No native human uſes knows.

VI.

" Where'er great Jove did place
" The bounds of nature yet unſeen,
" He meant a goal of glory to the race
" The Roman arms ſhall win:
" Rejoicing, onward they approach
" To view the outworks of the world,
" The maddening fires, in wild debauch,
" The ſnows and rains unborn, in endleſs eddies
" whirl'd!

VII.

" 'Tis I, O Rome, pronounce theſe fates behind,
" But will thy reign with this condition bind,
" That no falſe filial piety,
" In idle ſhapes deluding thee,
" Or confidence of power,
" Tempt thee again to raiſe a Trojan tower;
" Troy, plac'd beneath malignant ſtars,
" Haunted with omens ſtill the ſame,
" Rebuilt, ſhall but renew the former flame,
" Jove's wife and ſiſter leading on the wars.
" Thrice let her ſhine with brazen walls,
" Rear'd up by heavenly hands;
" And thrice in fatal duſt ſhe falls,
" By faithful Grecian bands;
" Thrice the dire ſcene ſhall on the world return,
" And captive wives again their ſons and huſbands
" mourn."

But ſtop, preſumptuous muſe, thy daring flight,
Nor hope in thy weak lyric lay,
The heavenly language to diſplay,
Or bring the counſels of the gods to light.

GREENWICH PARK.

The Paphian iſle was once the bleſt abode
Of beauty's goddeſs and her archer-god.
There bliſsful bowers and amorous ſhades were ſeen,
Fair cypreſs walks, and myrtles ever green.
'Twas there, ſurrounded by a hallow'd wood,
Sacred to love, a ſplendid temple ſtood;
Where altars were with coſtly gums perfum'd,
And lovers ſighs aroſe, and ſmoke from hearts con-
ſum'd.
Till, thence remov'd, the queen of beauty flies
To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes.
Here fix'd, ſhe choſe a ſweeter ſeat for love,
And Greenwich park is now her Cyprian grove.
Nor fair Parnaſſus with this hill can vie,
Which gently ſwells into the wondering ſky,
Commanding all that can tranſport our ſight,
And varying with each view the freſh delight.

* Romulus was ſuppoſed to be the ſon of Mars by the prieſteſs Ilia.
† Helen. ‖ Paris.
¶ Paris.

From hence my muſe prepares to wing her way,
And wanton, like the Thames, through ſmiling
meads would ſtray;
Deſcribe the groves beneath, the ſylvan bowers,
The river's winding train, and great Auguſta's
towers.
But ſee!—a living proſpect drawing near
At once tranſports, and raiſes awful fear!
Love's favourite band, ſelected to maintain
His choiceſt triumphs, and ſupport his reign.
Muſe, pay thy homage here—yet oh beware!
And draw the glorious ſcene with artful care,
For fooliſh praiſe is ſatire on the fair.
Behold where bright Urania does advance,
And lightens through the trees with every glance!
A careleſs pleaſure in her air is ſeen;
Diana ſhines with ſuch a graceful mien,
When in her darling woods ſhe's feign'd to rove,
The chace purſuing, and avoiding love.
At flying deer the goddeſs boaſts her aim,
But Cupid ſhews the nymph a nobler game.
Th' unerring ſhafts ſo various fly around,
'Tis hard to ſay which gives the deepeſt wound.
Or if with greater glory we ſubmit,
Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.
See next her charming ſiſter, young and gay,
In beauty's bloom like the ſweet mouth of May!
The ſportful nymph, once in the neighbouring grove
Surpris'd by chance the ſleeping god of love;
His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
And by him ſcatter'd lay his arrows bright and
keen;
She tied his wings, and ſtole his wanton darts,
Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts;
He ſmil'd,—and ſaid—'Tis well, inſulting fair!
Yet how you ſport with ſleeping love beware!
My loſs of darts I quickly can ſupply,
Your looks ſhall triumph for love's deity:
And though you now my feeble power diſdain,
You once perhaps may feel a lover's pain.
Though Helen's form, and Cleopatra's charms,
The boaſt of fame, once kindled dire alarms:
Thoſe dazzling lights the world no more muſt view,
And ſcarce would think the bright deſcription true,
Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
In Mira's eyes by tranſmigration ſhine.
Her ſhape, her air, proportion, lovely face,
And matchleſs ſkin contend with rival grace;
And Venus' ſelf, proud of th' officious aid,
With all her charms adorns th' illuſtrious maid.
But hark!—what more than mortal ſounds are
theſe?
Be ſtill, ye whiſpering winds, and moving trees!
A ſecond Mira does all hearts ſurpriſe,
At once victorious with her voice and eyes.
Her eyes alone can tendereſt love inſpire,
Her heavenly voice improves the young deſire.
So weſtern gales in fragrant gardens play
On buds produc'd by the ſun's quickening ray,
And ſpread them into life, and gently chide their
ſtay.
We court that ſkill, by which we're ſure to die;
The modeſt fair would fain our ſuit deny,
And ſings unwillingly with trembling fear,
As if concern'd our ruin is ſo near;
So generous victors ſofteſt pity know,
And with reluctance ſtrike the fatal blow.
Engaging Cynthia's arm'd with every grace;
Her lovely mind ſhines cheerful through her face,
A ſacred lamp in a fair cryſtal caſe.
Not Venus ſtar, the brighteſt of the ſphere,
Smiles ſo ſerene, or caſts a light ſo clear.
O happy brother of this wondrous fair!
The beſt of ſiſters well deſerves thy care;
Her ſighing lovers, who in crowds adore,
Would wiſh thy place, did they not wiſh for more.
What angels are, when we deſire to know,
We form a thought by ſuch as ſhe below,
And thence conclude they're bright beyond com-
pare,
Compos'd of all that's good, and all that's fair.
There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
Of nymphs, who to theſe happy ſhades belong.
O Venus! lovely queen of ſoft deſires!
For ever dwell where ſuch ſupply thy fires!
May virtue ſtill with beauty ſhare the ſway,
And the glad world with willing zeal obey!

TO MOLINDA.

Th' inſpiring muſes and the god of love,
Which moſt ſhould grace the fair Molinda ſtrove:
Love arm'd her with his bow and keeneſt darts,
The muſes more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Though Greece in ſhining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's powers adore,
The ancients thought no ſingle goddeſs fit,
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a ſeparate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Molinda join'd.
From hence, when at the court, the park, the play,
She gilds the evening, or improves the day,
All eyes regard her with tranſporting fire,
One ſex with envy burns, and one with fierce deſire:
But when withdrawn from public ſhew and noiſe,
In ſilent works her fancy ſhe employs,
A ſmiling train of arts around her ſtand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroneſs, o'er all preſides,
And with like ſkill the pen and needle guides;
By this we ſee gay ſilken landſcapes wrought,
By that the landſcape of a beauteous thought:
Whether her voice in tuneful airs ſhe moves,
Or cuts diſſembled flowers and paper groves,
Her voice tranſports the ear with ſoft delight,
Her flowers and groves ſurpriſe the raviſh'd ſight;
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer;
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A LETTER

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

Whilst thou art happy in a bleſt retreat,
And free from care doſt rural ſongs repeat,
Whilſt fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleaſant groves with ſprightly notes inſpire;
(Groves, whoſe receſſes and refreſhing ſhade
Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, midſt the ſmoke and clamours of the town,
That choke my muſe, and weigh my fancy down,

Paſs my unactive hours;——
In ſuch an air, how can ſoft numbers flow,
Or in ſuch ſoil the ſacred laurel grow?
All we can boaſt of the poetic fire,
Are but ſome ſparks that ſoon as born expire.
Hail happy woods! harbours of peace and joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repoſe deſtroy!
Where grateful ſilence unmoleſted reigns,
Aſſiſts the muſe, and quickens all her ſtrains.
Such were the ſcenes of our firſt parents' love,
In Eden's groves with equal flames they ſtrove,
While warbling birds, ſoft whiſpering breaths of wind, ſjoin'd.
And murmuring ſtreams, to grace their nuptials
All nature ſmil'd; the plains were freſh and green,
Unſtain'd the fountains, and the heavens ſerene.
Ye bleſt remains of that illuſtrious age!
Delightful ſprings and woods!—
Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whoſe abſence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
Diſcharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains,
We'd ſing of rural joys in rural ſtrains.
No falſe corrupt delights our thoughts ſhould move,
But joys of friendſhip, poetry, and love.
While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
And to the top of human ſtate aſpire,
That from their airy eminence they may
With pride and ſcorn th' inferior world ſurvey,
Here we ſhould dwell obſcure, yet happier far than they.

VERSES PRESENTED TO A LADY,

WITH A DRAWING (BY THE AUTHOR) OF CUPID.

When generous Dido in diſguiſe careſs'd
This god, and fondly claſp'd him to her breaſt,
Soon the fly urchin ſtorm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames diſpers'd through every part.
In vain ſhe ſtrove to check the new-born fire,
It ſcorn'd her weak eſſays, and roſe the higher:
In vain from feaſts and balls relief ſhe ſought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:
Yet fate oppos'd her unrewarded care;
Forſaken, ſcorn'd, ſhe periſh'd in deſpair.
No ſuch event, fair nymph, you need to fear,
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to ſurpriſe,
He waits for influence from your conquering eyes.
Heaven change the omen, then; and may this prove
A happy prelude to ſucceſsful love!

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

" Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
" Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

Hence ſlaviſh fear! thy Stygian wings diſplay!
Thou ugly fiend of hell, away!
Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and ſhades of night,
To conſcious ſouls direct thy flight!
There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace,
And propagate vain terrors, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd ſprights,
Thy viſionary tribe, thy black and monſtrous race.
Go, haunt the ſlave that ſtains his hands in gore!
Poſſeſs the perjur'd mind, and rack the uſurer more,
Than his oppreſſion did the poor before.

II.

Vainly, you feeble wretches, you prepare
The glittering forgery of war;
The poiſon'd ſhaft, the Parthian bow, and ſpear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which pois'd and guided from his ear
He hurls impetuous through the field;
In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the ſhield;
He's only ſafe, whoſe armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence.

III.

If o'er the ſteepy Alps he go,
Vaſt mountains of eternal ſnow,
Or where ſam'd Ganges and Hydaſpes flow;
If o'er parch'd Libya's deſert land,
Where threatening from afar
Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of ſand;
No ſenſe of danger can diſturb his reſt;
He fears no human force, nor ſavage beaſt;
Impenetrable courage ſteels his manly breaſt.

IV.

Thus, late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care, and full of love,
I raiſe my tuneful voice, and ſtray
Regardleſs of myſelf and way,
A grizly wolf, with glaring eye,
View'd me unarm'd, yet paſs'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer monſter ne'er, in queſt of food,
Aupulian foreſts did moleſt;
Numidia never ſaw a more prodigious beaſt;
Numidia, mother of the yellow brood,
Where the ſtern lion ſhakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and ſcours the ſpacious plain.

V.

Place me where no ſoft breeze of ſummer wind
Did e'er the ſtiffen'd ſoil unbind,
Where no refreſhing warmth e'er durſt invade,
But winter holds his unmoleſted ſeat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling ſtorms of hail, and noiſy tempeſts beat.
Place me beneath the ſcorching blaze
Of the fierce ſun's immediate rays,
Where houſe or cottage ne'er were ſeen,
Nor rooted plant or tree, nor ſpringing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage, my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly ſing of thee,
Charm'd with the muſic of thy name,
And guarded by the gods of love and poetry.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

" Otium Divos rogat in patenti
" Prenſus Ægæo," &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

I.

INDULGENT quiet! power ſerene,
Mother of peace, and joy, and love!
O ſay, thou calm propitious queen,
Say, in what ſolitary grove,
Within what hollow rock, or winding cell,
By human eyes unſeen,
Like ſome retreated Druid doſt thou dwell?
And why, illuſive goddeſs! why,
When we thy manſion would ſurround,
Why doſt thou lead us through enchanted ground,
To mock our vain reſearch, and from our wiſhes fly?

II.

The wandering ſailors, pale with fear,
For thee the gods implore,
When the tempeſtuous ſea runs high,
And when, through all the dark benighted ſky,
No friendly moon or ſtars appear
To guide their ſteerage to the ſhore:
For thee the weary ſoldier prays;
Furious in fight the ſons of Thrace,
And Medes, that wear majeſtic by their ſide
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would paſs inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praiſe,
And buy thee, if thou might'ſt be ſold, [gold.
With gems, and purple veſts, and ſtores of plunder'd

III.

But neither boundleſs wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the conſul's honour'd gate,
Nor anti-chambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen cares, that fly
Acroſs the gilded rooms of ſtate,
And their foul neſts, like ſwallows, build
Cloſe to the palace-roofs, and towers that pierce the ſky.
Much leſs will nature's modeſt wants ſupply;
And happier lives the homely ſwain,
Who, in ſome cottage, far from noiſe,
His few paternal goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid luſt of gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
His hovering ſteps deſtroys.

IV.

Vain man! that in a narrow ſpace
At endleſs game projects the daring ſpear!
For ſhort is life's uncertain race;
Then why, capricious mortal! why
Doſt thou for happineſs repair
To diſtant climates, and a foreign air?
Fool! from thyſelf thou canſt not fly,
Thyſelf, the ſource of all thy care.
So flies the wounded ſtag, provok'd with pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious downs in vain;
The feather'd torment ſticks within his ſide,
And from the ſmarting wound a purple tide
Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the graſſy plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable care
Than ſtags, or winds that through the ſkies
Thick-driving ſnows and gather'd tempeſts bear;
Purſuing care the ſailing ſhip out-flies,
Climbs the tall veſſel's painted ſides;
Nor leaves arm'd ſquadrons in the field,
But with the marching horſemen rides,
And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all places yield.

VI.

Then, ſince no ſtate's completely bleſt,
Let's learn the bitter to allay
With gentle mirth, and wiſely gay
Enjoy at leaſt the preſent day,
And leave to fate the reſt.
Nor with vain fear of ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed doom,
Soon did Achilles quit the ſtage,
The hero fell by ſudden death;
While Tithon to a tedious waſting age
Drew his protracted breath.
And thus old partial time, my friend,
Perhaps unaſk'd to worthleſs me
Thoſe hours of lengthen'd life may lend,
Which he'll refuſe to thee.

VII.

Thee ſhining wealth and plenteous joys ſurround,
And, all thy fruitful fields around,
Unnumber'd herds of cattle ſtray.
Thy harneſs'd ſteeds with ſprightly voice
Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice,
While ſmoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the ſwift meaſur'd way.
To me the ſtars, with leſs profuſion kind,
An humble fortune have aſſign'd,
And no untuneful lyric vein,
But a ſincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd diſdain.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, on a ſolemn feſtal day
Held by th' immortals in the ſkies,
Flora had ſummon'd all the deities
That rule o'er gardens, or ſurvey
The birth of greens and ſpringing flowers
And thus addreſs'd the genial powers.

Ye ſhining graces of my courtly train,
The cauſe of this aſſembly know!
In ſovereign majeſty I reign
O'er the gay flowery univerſe below;
Yet, my increaſing glory to maintain,
A queen I'll chooſe with ſpotleſs honour fair,
The delegated crown to wear.
Let me your counſel and aſſiſtance aſk,
T' accompliſh this momentous taſk.

The deities that ſtood around,
At firſt return'd a murmuring ſound;
Then ſaid, Fair goddeſs, do you know
The factious feuds this muſt create,
What jealous rage and mutual hate
Among the rival flowers will grow?
The vileſt thiſtle that infeſts the plain
Will think his tawdry painted pride
Deſerves the crown; and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with traitor-plots moleſt your reign.
Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cauſe decide.

Deep in a venerable wood,
Where oaks, with vocal ſkill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
Beneath a little hill's inclining ſide,
A grotto's ſeen where nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her ſmiling pride.
Retir'd in this ſweet graſſy cell,
A lovely wood nymph once did dwell.
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inſpire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was her ſire.

Chaſte, wiſe, devout, ſhe ſtill obey'd
With humble zeal heaven's dread commands,
To every action aſk'd our aid,
And oft before our altars pray'd;
Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
She's dead—and from her ſweet remains
The wondrous mixture I would take,
This much deſir'd, this perfect flower to make.
Aſſiſt, and thus with our transforming pains,
We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our favourite plains.
Th' applauding deities with pleaſure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd.
A buſy face the god of gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various ſweets th' exhaling ſpirits drew;
While, in full caniſters, Pomona bore
Of richeſt fruits a plenteous ſtore;
And Veſta promis'd wondrous things to do.
Gay Venus led a lively train
Of ſmiles and graces: the plump god of wine
From cluſters did the flowing nectar ſtrain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.
Thus charg'd, they ſeek the honour'd ſhade
Where liv'd and died the ſpotleſs maid.
On a ſoft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching deities preſs'd all around,
Prepar'd the ſacred rites to pay
In ſilence, and with awe profound.
Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray.
Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore;
Exert thy great creative power!
Let this fair corpſe be mortal clay no more;
Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flower—
Scarce had the goddeſs ſpoke; when ſee!
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches wear;
Behold the wondrous change, the fragant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair;
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.
Heavens! what new charm, what ſudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the ſight!
A ſprouting bud begins the tree t'adorn;
The large, the ſweet vermilion flower is born!
The goddeſs thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To ſpread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant ſoul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princeſs gay;
Then kiſs'd it thrice: the general ſilence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing accents ſpoke.

Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your ſovereign Roſe revere!
No ſorrow on your drooping leaves be ſeen;
Let all be proud of ſuch a queen,
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year.

Thus ſpeaking, ſhe the new-born favourite crown'd;
The transformation was complete; [greet:
The deities with ſongs the queen of flowers did
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to ſound;
While now to heaven the well-pleas'd goddeſs flies
With her bright train and reaſcends the ſkies.

SIX CANTATAS,

OR

POEMS FOR MUSIC.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

Set to Muſic by Mr. Pepuſch.

" Non ante vulgatas per artes,
" Verba loquor ſocianda chordis." HOR.

THE PREFACE,

(AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.)

TO THE

LOVERS OF MUSIC.

MR. PEPUSCH having deſired that ſome account ſhould be preſixed to theſe cantatas, relating to the words, it may be proper to acquaint the public, that they are the firſt eſſays of this kind, and were written as an experiment of introducing a ſort of compoſition which had never been naturalized in our language. Thoſe who are affectedly partial to the Italian tongue, will ſcarce allow muſic to ſpeak any other; but if reaſon may be admitted to have any ſhare in theſe entertainments, nothing is more neceſſary than that the words ſhould be underſtood, without which the end of vocal muſic is loſt. The want of this occaſions a common complaint, and is the chief, if not

the only reaſon, that the beſt works of Scarlati and other Italians, except thoſe performed in operas, are generally but little known or regarded here. Beſides, it may be obſerved, without any diſhonour to a language which has been adorned by ſome writers of excellent genius, and was the firſt among the moderns in which the art of poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their operas, ſerenatas, and cantatas, the words are often much inferior to the compoſition; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptneſs and facility for notes, the writers for muſic have not always made the beſt uſe of this advantage, or ſeem to have relied on ſo much as to have regarded little elſe; ſo that Mr. Waller's remark on another occaſion may be frequently applied to them.

"Soft words, with nothing in them make a ſong."

Yet ſo great is the force of ſounds well choſen and ſkilfully executed, that as they can hide indifferent ſenſe, and a kind of aſſociated pleaſure ariſes from the words though they are but mean; ſo the impreſſion cannot fail of being in proportion much greater, when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expreſſions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the Engliſh language, though inferior in ſmoothneſs, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the moſt elegant ſtyle of muſic, in a nation which has given ſuch generous encouragements to it, if our beſt poets would ſometimes aſſiſt this deſign, and make it their diverſion to improve a ſort of verſe, in regular meaſures, purpoſely fitted for muſic, and which, of all the modern kinds, ſeems to be the only one that can now properly be called lyrics.

It cannot but be obſerved on this occaſion, that ſince poetry and muſic are ſo nearly allied, it is a misfortune that thoſe who excel in one, are often perfect ſtrangers to the other. If, therefore, a better correſpondence were ſettled between the two ſiſter arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expreſſions of harmony, cadence, and a good ear, which are ſaid to be ſo neceſſary in poetry, being all borrowed from muſic, ſhew at leaſt, if they ſignify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a poet to underſtand more than the metaphorical ſenſe of them. And on the other hand, a compoſer can never judge where to lay the accent of his muſic, who does not know, or is not made ſenſible, where the words have the greateſt beauty and force.

There is one thing in compoſitions of this ſort which ſeem a little to want explaining, and that is the recitative muſic, which many people hear without pleaſure, the reaſon of which is, perhaps, that they have a miſtaken notion of it. They are accuſtomed to think that all muſic ſhould be air; and being diſappointed of what they expect, they loſe the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to obſerve, therefore, that the recitative ſtyle in compoſition is founded on that variety of accent which pleaſes in the pronunciation of a good orator, with as little deviation from it as poſſible. The different tones of the voice, in aſtoniſhment, joy, ſorrow, rage, tenderneſs in affirmations, apoſtrophes, interrogations, and all the varieties of ſpeech, make a ſort of natural muſic, which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with ſome helps by the compoſer, but without approaching to what we call a tune or air; ſo that it is but a kind of improved elocution or pronouncing the words in muſical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his ſkill or ignorance, like the reading of verſe, which is not every one's talent. This ſhort account may poſſibly ſuffice to ſhew how properly the recitative has a place in compoſitions of any length, to relieve the ear with a variety, and to introduce the airs with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepuſch's ſucceſs in theſe compoſitions, I am not at liberty to ſay any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expreſſed the ſenſe of the words. He is deſirous the public ſhould be informed that they are not only the firſt he has attempted in Engliſh, but the firſt of any of his works publiſhed by himſelf; and as he wholly ſubmits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleaſure to him to find that his endeavours to promote the compoſing of muſic in the Engliſh language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

CANTATA I.

ON ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

When beauty's goddeſs from the ocean ſprung,
Aſcending, o'er the waves ſhe caſt a ſmile
On fair Britannia's happy iſle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus ſhe ſung.

AIR.

Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.
Cyprus too ſhall own my ſway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of loves
Will with happier Britain ſtay.
Hail Britannia! hail to thee,
Faireſt iſland of the ſea!
Thou my favourite land ſhalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffuſing wide,
And ſaw the power whom gods and men adore,
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my ſhore!

AIR.

Lovely iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's palm is thine confeſs'd.
Thy daughters all the world outſhine,
Nor Venus' ſelf is ſo divine.
Lovely iſle! ſo richly bleſt!
Beauty's palm is thine confeſs'd.

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

See,—from the ſilent grove Alexis flies,
And ſeeks with every pleaſing art
To eaſe the pain, which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To ſhining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to muſic's power the ſwain addreſs'd his prayers.

AIR.

Charming ſounds! that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſic, O compoſe my anguiſh
Every paſſion yeilds to thee!
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid ſhall no more deceive me;
I'll to ſprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the fooliſh ſwain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t'aſſuage an amorous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking ſtrings,
Preluding to his voice, and ſings.

AIR.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, ſhepherd, then deceive thee,
Muſic is the voice of love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind conſenting,
Will alone thy pain remove.

CANTATA III.

ON THE SPRING.

[WITH VIOLINS.]

AIR.

Fragrant Flora! haſte, appear,
Goddeſs of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now;
On thy buds of roſes playing,
All thy breathing ſweets diſplaying,
Hark, his amorous breezes blow!
Fragrant Flora! haſte, appear!
Goddeſs of the youthful year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now.

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of ſpring,
The tuneful Colinet his voice did raiſe,
The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
And liſtening birds hung hovering on the wing,
In whiſpering ſighs ſoft Zephyr by him flew,
While thus the ſhepherd did his ſong renew.

AIR.

Love and pleaſures gaily flowing,
Come this charming ſeaſon grace!
Smile, ye fair! your joys beſtowing,
Spring and youth will ſoon be going,
Seize the bleſſings ere they paſs:
Love and pleaſures gaily flowing,
Come this charming ſeaſon grace!

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

Miranda's tuneful voice and fame
Had reach'd the wondering ſkies;
From heaven the god of muſic came,
And own'd a pleas'd ſurpriſe;
Then in a ſoft melodious lay,
Apollo did theſe grateful praiſes pay.

AIR,

Matchleſs charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt prize of harmony.
Phœbus ever will inſpire thee,
And th' applauding world admire thee;
All ſhall in thy praiſe agree.
Matchleſs charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt prize of harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The god then ſummon'd every muſe t'appear,
And hail their ſiſter of the quire; [hear,
Smiling they ſtood around, her ſoothing ſtrains to
And fill'd her happy ſoul with all their fire.

AIR.

O harmony! how wondrous ſweet,
Doſt thou our cares allay!
When all thy moving graces meet,
How ſoftly doſt thou ſteal our eaſy hours away!
O harmony! how wondrous ſweet,
Doſt thou our cares allay!

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

While Corydon the lonely ſhepherd try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that ſtrove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd;
At laſt he hears within a myrtle ſhade
An echo anſwer all his ſtrain;
Love ſtole the pipe of ſleeping Pan, and play'd;
Then with his voice decoys the liſtening ſwain.

AIR. [*with a flute.*]

Gay ſhepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee,
O this way ſpeed thy pace!
If muſic can delight thee,
Or viſions fair invite thee,
This bower's the happy place.
Gay ſhepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing ſcenes attend thee,
O this way ſpeed thy pace!

RECITATIVE.

The ſhepherd roſe, he gaz'd around,
And vainly ſought the magic ſound;

The God of love his motion ſpies,
Lays by the pipe, and ſhoots a dart
Through Corydon's unwary heart,
Then, ſmiling, from his ambuſh flies;
While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves ſurpris'd the ſhepherd's ſight,

AIR.

Who, from love his heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' inchanting pain?
Pleaſure calls with voice alluring,
Beauty ſoftly binds the chain.
Who from love his heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' inchanting pain?

CANTATA VI.

THE COQUET.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY Cloe, proud and young,
The faireſt tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring ſwain.
He ſadly ſigh'd—She gayly ſung,
And, wanton, thus reproach'd his pain.

AIR.

Leave me, ſilly ſhepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand charms in me;
Then ceaſe thy prayers, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view ſuch charms in thee.
Leave me, ſilly ſhepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this diſdain,
Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain;
He rav'd, and at the ſcorner ſwore,
And vow'd he'd be love's fool no more—
But Cloe ſmil'd, and thus ſhe call'd him back again.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee;
And without a bluſh reſign.
But ungrateful is the paſſion,
And deſtroys our inclination,
When, like ſlaves, our lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a bluſh reſign.

THE PRAISES OF HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM

THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1701.

On occaſion of the King of France's breaking the peace of Reſwick.

O SPARTAN youths! what faſcinating charms
Have froze your blood? why ruſt your idle arms?
When with awaken'd courage will you go,
And minds reſolv'd, to meet the threatening foe?
What! ſhall our vile lethargic ſloth betray
To greedy neighbours an unguarded prey?
Or can you ſee their armies ruſh from far,
And ſit ſecure amidſt the rage of war?
Ye gods! how great, how glorious 'tis to ſee
The warrior-hero fight for liberty,
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valued joys, and ſoft ſupports of life!
Then let him draw his ſword, and take the field,
And fortify his breaſt behind the ſpacious ſhield.
Nor fear to die; in vain you ſhun your fate,
Nor can you ſhorten, nor prolong its date;
For life's a meaſur'd race, and he that flies
From darts and fighting foes, at home inglorious dies;
No grieving crowds his obſequies attend;
But all applaud and weep the ſoldier's end,
Who, deſperately brave, in fight ſuſtains
Inflicted wounds, and honourable ſtains,
And falls a ſacrifice to glories charms:
But if a juſt ſucceſs ſhall crown his arms,
For his return the reſcued people wait,
To ſee the guardian genius of the ſtate;
With rapture viewing his majeſtic face,
His dauntleſs mien, and every martial grace,
They'll bleſs the toils he for their ſafety bore,
Admire them living, and when dead adore.

UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON,

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN,

THOUGH mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
Well-pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain:
Cyllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove,
Come, willing gueſts to poor Philemon's grove.
Let uſeleſs pomp behold, and bluſh to find
So low a ſtation, ſuch a liberal mind.

SONG.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

1.

IN young Aſtrea's ſparkling eye,
Reſiſtleſs love has fix'd his throne;
A thouſand lovers bleeding lie
For her, with wounds they fear to own.

II.

While the coy beauty ſpeeds her flight
To diſtant groves from whence ſhe came;
So lightning vaniſhes from ſight,
But leaves the foreſt in a flame!

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. D. Purcell.

AIR.

LOVE, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!

I'm of chaſte Diana's train.
Away, thou winged boy!
Thou bear'ſt thy darts in vain,
I hate the languid joy,
I mock the trifling pain.
Love, I defy thee!
Venus! I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte Diana's train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her ſon ſtood by,
And heard a proud diſdainful fair
Thus boaſt her wretched liberty;
They ſcorn'd ſhe ſhould the raptures ſhare,
Which their happier captives know,
Nor would Cupid draw his bow
To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

AIR.

Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate!
Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
For joys which now you ſay you hate.
When your decaying eyes
Can dart their fires no more,
The wrinkles of threeſcore
Shall make you vainly wiſe.
Proud and fooliſh! hear your fate!
Waſte your youth, and ſigh too late
For joys which now you ſay you hate.

SONG.

Would you gain the tender creature.
Softly—gently—kindly—treat her!
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by conſtraint poſſeſſing,
You enjoy but half the bleſſing,
Lifeleſs charms without the heart.

CUPID AND SCARLATI.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Pepuſch.

RECITATIVE.

On ſilver Tyber's vocal ſhore,
The fam'd Scarlati ſtrook his lyre,
And ſtrove, with charms unknown before,
The ſprings of tuneful ſound t' explore,
Beyond what art alone could e'er inſpire;
When ſee—the ſweet eſſay to hear,
Venus with her ſon drew near,
And pleas'd to aſk the maſter's aid,
The mother goddeſs ſmiling ſaid.

AIR.

Harmonious ſon of Phœbus, ſee,
'Tis love, 'tis little love I bring.
The queen of beauty ſues to thee,
To teach her wanton boy to ſing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd muſician heard with joy,
And, proud to teach th' immortal boy,
Did all his ſongs and heavenly ſkill impart;
The boy to recompenſe his art,
Repeating did each ſong improve,
And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
And taught the maſter thus to touch the heart.

AIR.

Love inſpiring,
Sounds perſuading,
Makes his darts reſiſtleſs fly;
Beauty aiding,
Arts aſpiring,
Gives them wings to riſe more high.

A CANTATA.

Set, with Symphonies, by Signior Nicolini Haym.

AIR.

Ye tender powers! how ſhall I move
A careleſs maid that laughs at love?
Cupid to my ſuccour fly:
Come with all thy thrilling darts,
Thy melting flames to ſoften hearts;
Conquer for me, or I die!
Ye tender powers! how ſhall I move
A careleſs maid that laughs at love?
Cupid, to my ſuccour fly!

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy ſhade,
A penſive lover to his aid
Invok'd the god of warm deſire;
Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
Did this ſucceſsful thought inſpire.

AIR.

Take her humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.
Caſt thy ſerious airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, ſporting,
Sooth her hours with amorous play.
Take her humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.

PASTORA,

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Pepuſch.

RECITATIVE.

On fam'd Arcadia's flowery plains,
The gay Paſtora once was heard to ſing;
Cloſe by a fountain's cryſtal ſpring,
She warbled out her merry ſtrains.

AIR.

Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try;
Sometimes flatter, ſometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and ſometimes cry.
Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try.

Soft denials
Are but trials,
You muſt follow when we fly.
Shepherds, would you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd the ſprightly maid,
Yet never durſt his love relate,
Reſolv'd at laſt to try his fate;
He ſigh'd!—ſhe ſmil'd!—he kneel'd and pray'd!
She frown'd;—He roſe, and walk'd away,
But ſoon returning look'd more gay,
And ſung, and danc'd, and on his pipe a cheerful echo play'd.

AIR. [*with an echo of flutes.*]

Paſtora fled to a ſhady grove,
Damon view'd her,
And purſued her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
The nymph look'd back, well-pleas'd to ſee
That Damon ran as ſwift as ſhe.
Paſtora fled to a ſhady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And purſued her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

A PASTORAL MASQUE.

Scene, A Proſpect of a Wood.

Enter a Shepherd, and ſings.

YE nymphs and ſhepherds of the grove,
That know the pleaſing pains of love,
Eager for th' expected bleſſing,
Sighing, panting for poſſeſſing!
Leave your flocks, and haſte away,
With ſolemn ſtate,
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

Enter a band of Shepherds on one ſide with garlands; on the other ſide, Shepherdeſſes with caniſters of flowers.

CHORUS.

From the echoing hills, and the jovial plains,
Where pleaſure, and plenty, and happineſs reigns;
We leave our flocks, and haſte away,
With ſolemn ſtate
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

[*A Dance here.*]

Scene opening, diſcovers a pleaſant bower, with the God of Love aſleep, attended by Cupids, ſome playing with his bow, others ſharpening his arrows, &c. On each ſide the bower, walks of cypreſs trees, and fountains playing; a diſtant landſcape terminates the proſpect.

Verſe for a ſhepherdeſs, with flutes.

See the mighty power of love,
Sleeping in a Cyprian grove
Nymphs and ſhepherds gently ſhed
Spices round his ſacred head;
On his lovely body ſhower
Leaves of roſes, virgin lilies,
Cowſlips, violets, daffadilies,
And with garlands dreſs the bower.

Rittornel of flutes. After which Cupid riſes, and ſings with his bow drawn.

Yield to the god of ſoft deſires!
Whoſe gentle influence inſpires
Every creature
Throughout nature
With ſprightly joys and genial fires.

Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

Hail, thou potent deity!
Every creature
Throughout nature
Owns thy power as well as we.

Enter Hymen, *in a ſaffron-coloured robe, a chaplet of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial torch; attended by prieſts.*

Hymen.

Behold a greater power than he,
Behold the marriage deity!

Chorus, by Hymen's *attendants.*

Behold the marriage deity!

Cupid, ſmiling.

Behold the god of houſehold ſtrife,
That ſpoils the happy lover's life,
And turns a miſtreſs to a wife!

Hymen.

Fooliſh and inconſtant boy!
Thine's a tranſitory joy;
Sudden fits in pleaſure's fever;
Hymen's bleſſings laſt for ever.

Cupid.

Hymen's bondage laſts for ever;
Love's free pleaſures failing never.

Hymen.

Love's ſtolen pleaſures, inſincere,
Purchas'd at a rate too dear,
Shame and ſorrow will deſtroy,
If Hymen licenſe not the joy.

Both together.

Then let us join hands and unite.

Laſt Chorus of the Shepherds and Nymphs.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where Cupid and Hymen in conſort agree!
We'll ravel all day with ſports and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid ſhall govern the night.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Galliard.

RECITATIVE.

VENUS! thy throne of beauty now reſign!
Behold on earth a conquering fair,

Who more deſerves love's crown to wear!
Not thy own ſtar ſo bright in heaven does ſhine.
Aſk of thy ſon her name, who with his dart
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart;
Or aſk the god of tuneful ſound,
Who ſings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inſpire
With his own art, to give a ſurer wound.

AIR.

Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet;
Could Narciſſus ſee or hear her,
From his fountain he would fly,
And, with awe approaching near her,
For a real beauty die.
Hark! the groves her ſongs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow ſprings,
And, tranſported while ſhe ſings,
Learns her voice, and grows more ſweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet Venus once again my ſuit attend!
And when from heaven you ſhall deſcend,
This ſhining empreſs to array,
When you preſent her all your train of loves,
Your chariot, and your murmuring doves,
Tell her ſhe wants one charm to make the reſt more gay,
Then ſmiling to th' harmonious beauty ſay:

AIR.

To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.
Love can make you doubly fair;
Muſic's ſweeter when you're kind.
To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.

A FRAGMENT.

In every age to brighter honours born,
Which loveliеſt nymphs and ſweeteſt bards adorn,
Beauty and wit each other's aid require,
And poets ſing what once the fair inſpire;
The fair for ever thus her charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful ſong.
Thus Sachariſſa ſhines in Waller's lays,
And ſhe, who rais'd his genius, ſhares his praiſe.
Each does in each a mutual life infuſe,
'Th' inſpiring beauty, the recording muſe.

. . . . . .

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIÆ.

Cunctatur ſtupefacta Venus Nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo crefcenti, plenæ par altera lunæ:
Aſſurgit ceu fortè minor ſub matre virenti
Laurus: et ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva comas: vel flore ſub uno,
Ceu geminæ Pæſtana roſæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura die, ſaturataque vernis
Roribus, indulget ſpatio: latet altera nodo,
Nec teneris audet foliis admittere ſoles.

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, ſees the bride and her mother ſitting together, &c. On which occaſion Claudian makes the following deſcription.

The goddeſs paus'd; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's, now the daughter's face
Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
That, the full moon, and this, the creſcent ſhows;
Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree is ſeen
The laurel ſhoot, while, in its early green,
Thick-ſprouting leaves and branches are eſſay'd,
And all the promiſe of a future ſhade.
Or, blooming thus, in happy Pæſtan fields,
One common ſtock two lovely roſes yields;
Mature by vernal dews, this dares diſplay
Its leaves full blown, and boldly meets the day;
That, folded in its tender nonage lies,
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the ſkies.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Pepuſch.

AIR.

Foolish love! I ſcorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.
Shall a woman, proud and coy,
Make me languiſh for a toy?
Fooliſh love; I ſcorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the power of love, and ſwore
His freedom he would ſtill maintain,
Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,
Or ſlaviſhly adore.
But when Lamira croſs'd the plain,
The ſhepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his ſtrain.

AIR.

Love, I feel thy power divine,
And bluſhing now my heart reſign!
Ye ſwains, my folly don't deſpiſe;
But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
Then tell me if you can be wiſe.
Love, I feel thy power divine,
And bluſhing now my heart reſign!

THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A CANTATA.

Set with Symphonies by Mr. Pepuſch.

AIR.

Why, too amorous hero! why
Doſt thou the war forego,

At Celia's feet to lie,
And ſighing tell thy woe!
Can you think that ſneaking air
Fit to move th' unpitying fair?
She laughs to ſee thee trifle ſo.
Why, too amorous hero! why
Doſt thou the war forego,
At Cælia's feet to lie,
And ſighing tell thy woe?

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languiſhing refrain.
But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his image in a glaſs he ſpies,
And, bluſhing at the ſight, he grew a man again.

AIR. [*with a trumpet.*]

Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from ſcornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.
Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
And would regain her lover now.
Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from ſcornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.

AN ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

Performed in Stationer's Hall, 1703.

Deſcende Cælo, et dic age tibiâ
Regina longum Calliope melos!
Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,
Seu ſidibus, Cytharâve Phœbi.
HOR.

[*Begin with a Chorus.*]

I.

AWAKE, celeſtial harmony!
Awake, celeſtial harmony!
Turn thy vocal ſphere around,
Goddeſs of melodious ſound.
Let the trumpet's ſhrill voice,
And the drum's thundering noiſe,
Rouſe every dull mortal from ſorrows profound.
See, ſee!
The mighty power of harmony!
Behold how ſoon its charms can chace
Grief and gloom from every face!
How ſwift its raptures fly. [eye!
And thrill through every ſoul, and brighten every

II.

Proceed, ſweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed; and through the mellow flute,
The moving lyre,
And ſolitary lute,
Melting airs ſoft joys inſpire:
Airs for drooping hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull deſpair,
And ſoftly ſoothe the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs ſoft joys inſpire:
Airs for drooping hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull deſpair,
And ſoftly ſoothe the amorous fire.

III.

Now let the ſprightly violin
A louder ſtrain begin;
And now
Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow,
Swell it high, and ſink it low
Hark!—how the treble and baſe
In wanton fugues each other chace,
And ſwift diviſions run their airy race!
Through all the travers'd ſcale they fly,
In winding labyrinths of harmony: [die.
By turns they riſe and fall, by turns we live and

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,
Through all the travers'd ſcale they fly: [die
By turns they riſe and fall, by turns we live and

IV.

Ye ſons of art, once more renew your ſtrains;
In loftier verſe, and loftier lays,
Your voices raiſe,
To muſic's praiſe!
A nobler ſong remains.
Sing how the great Creator God,
On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
To make a world; and round the dark abyſs,
Turn'd the * golden compaſſes,
The compaſſes in fate's high ſtorehouſe found;
Thus far extend, he ſaid; be this
O world, thy meaſur'd bound.
Meanwhile a thouſand harps were play'd on high;
Be this thy meaſur'd bound,
Was echo'd all around;
And now ariſe, ye earth, and ſeas, and ſky;
A thouſand voices made reply,
Ariſe, ye earth, and ſeas, and ſky.

V.

What can muſic's power controul?
When nature's ſleeping ſoul
Perceiv'd th' enchanting ſound,
It wak'd, and ſhook of foul deformity;
The mighty melody
Nature's ſecret chains unbound;
And earth aroſe, and ſeas and ſky.
Aloft expanded ſpheres were ſlung,
With ſhining luminaries hung;
A vaſt creation ſtood diſplay'd,
By heaven's inſpiring muſic made.

CHORUS.

O wondrous force of harmony!

VI.

Divineſt art, whoſe fame ſhall never ceaſe!
Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth;
When heaven vouchſaf'd to treat with earth,
Muſic was herald of the peace:
Thy voice could beſt the joyful tidings tell;
Immortal mercy! boundleſs love!
A God deſcending from above,
To conquer death and hell.

* Milton.

VII.

There yet remains an hour of fate,
When muſic muſt again its charms employ;
The trumpet's ſound
Shall call the numerous nations under ground.
The numerous nations ſtraight
Appear: and ſome with grief, and ſome with joy,
Their final ſentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts ſhall paſs away:
Proud architecture ſhall in ruins lie,
And painting fade and die,
Nay earth, and heaven itſelf, in waſteful fire decay.
Muſic alone, and poeſy,
Triumphant o'er the flame, ſhall ſee
The world's laſt blaze.
The tuneful ſiſters ſhall embrace,
And praiſe and ſing, and ſing and praiſe,
In never-ceaſing choirs to all eternity.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Galliard.

RECITATIVE.

Daphne, the beautiful, the coy,
Along the winding ſhore of Peneus flew,
To ſhun love's tender, offer'd joy;
Though 'twas a god that did her charms purſue.
While thus Apollo, in a moving ſtrain, [pain.
Awak'd his lyre, and ſoftly breath'd his amorous

AIR.

Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear;
Cannot love, with muſic join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear;
Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear;
Cannot love, with muſic join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?

RECITATIVE.

The river's echoing banks with pleaſure did pro-
long [the ſong.
The ſweetly-warbled ſounds, and murmur'd with
Daphne fled ſwifter, in deſpair,
To 'ſcape the god's embrace:
And to the genius of the place,
She ſigh'd this wondrous prayer:

AIR.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.
Ceaſe, Apollo, to perſuade me;
I am Daphne now no more.
Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo wondering ſtood to ſee
The nymph tranſform'd into a tree.
Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,
His paſſion, and his race divine;
Nor could th' eternal beams that round his temple
ſhine,
Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart.

AIR.

Nature alone can love inſpire;
Art is vain to move deſire.
If nature once the fair incline,
To their own paſſion they reſign.
Nature alone can love inſpire;
Art is vain to move deſire.

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Delightful manſion! bleſt retreat!
Where all is ſilent, all's ſweet!
Here contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd muſe more tuneful ſings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers,
Gay pleaſure here all dreſſes wears,
And in a thouſand ſhapes appears.
Purſu'd by fancy, how ſhe roves
Through airy walks, and muſeful groves;
Springs in each plant and bloſſom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and ſee!
In this elyſium while I ſtray,
And nature's faireſt face ſurvey,
Earth ſeems new-born, and life more bright;
Time ſteals away, and ſmooths his flight;
And thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I ſaw of late?
What are thoſe tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spaniſh crown;
And leagues to pull uſurpers down?
Of marching armies, diſtant wars;
Of factions, and domeſtic jars?
Sure theſe are laſt night's dreams, no more;
Or ſome romance, read lately o'er;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to deſtroy
Priam's proud houſe, the Dardan name,
With him that ſtole the raviſh'd dame,
And, to poſſeſs another's right,
Durſt the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle ſleep, my eye-lids cloſe,
Theſe dull impreſſions help me loſe:
Let fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to ſooth my mind;
Or waking let me learn to live;
The proſpect will inſtruction give.
For ſee, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not ſwell'd too high, nor ſunk too low:
Such let my life's ſmooth current be,
Till from time's narrow ſhore ſet free,
It mingle with th' eternal ſea;
And, there enlarg'd, ſhall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

A WISH,

TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

I.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's paſt no vows can e'er reſtore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er,
No longer now deſerve a ſmile or tear;
Cloſe the fantaſtic ſcenes—but grace
With brighteſt aſpects thy foreface,
While time's new offspring haſtens to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling ſeaſons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleaſures fraught, and bleſs'd by friendly powers.

II.

Thy mouth, O Janus! gave me firſt to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor ſpurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot ſhun, nor wiſe reflection cure.

III.

But oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canſt thou ſpy
Events that yet in embryo lie
For me, in time's myſterious womb?
Tell me—nor ſhall I dread to hear,
A thouſand accidents ſevere;
I'll fortify my ſoul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finiſh me in woes, and cruſh me down with fate.

IV.

But if the goddeſs, in whoſe charming eyes,
More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If ſhe muſt with a leſs propitious look
Forbid my humble ſacrifice,
Or blaſt me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou ſeeſt in ſtore,
Cut ſhort my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didſt beſtow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And ceaſe to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Galliard.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your ſoft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I'm fill'd with pleaſure and ſurpriſe:
But, cruel goddeſs! when I find
Diana's coldneſs in your mind,
How can I bear that fix'd diſdain?
My pleaſure dies, and I but live in pain.

AIR.

Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?
Sooth her breaſt to ſoft conſenting,
Or remove from mine the dart!
Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?

RECITATIVE.

But ſee! while to my paſſion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks as ſhe would let me live;
And yet ſhe chides, but with ſo ſweet an air,
That while ſhe love denies, ſhe yet forbids deſpair.

AIR.

Fear not, doubting fair! t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Frown not, if you anſwer no;
If you anſwer, frown not, no.
When again I aſk, purſuing,
If you'll ſtay and ſee my ruin?
Fly—but let me with you go!
Bluſh not, doubting fair! t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Smile, and every fear forego!

AN ODE

FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

To the Memory of the Moſt Noble

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

ANNO MDCCVII.

Set to Muſic by Mr. Pepuſch.

[OVERTURE OF SOFT MUSIC.]

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

YE generous arts and muſes, join; [flow,
While down your cheeks the ſtreaming ſorrows
Let murmuring ſtrings with the ſoft voice combine
T' expreſs the melody of woe.
And thou, Auguſta! riſe and wait
With decent honours on the great;
Condole my loſs, and weep Devonia's fate.

AIR. [*with flutes.*]

Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous ſmile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.
From thy ſhore of Thames replying,
Gentleſt echoes, fainting, dying,
Shall their ſorrow too employ.
Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous ſmile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis fame's chief immortality,
Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.

I know the loſs; from midnight ſkies
Ill omens late did ſtrike my eyes;
Near the radiant northern car
I look'd, and ſaw a falling ſtar.

AIR.

Lands remote the loſs will hear;
From rocks reporting,
Seas tranſporting,
Will the wafted ſorrow bear.
Winds that fly
Will ſoftly ſigh,
A ſtar has left the Britiſh ſphere.
Lands remote, &c.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Great George! whoſe azure emblems of renown
Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
Patron of my illuſtrious iſle!
Thou ſaw'ſt thy order late expreſs'd
With added brightneſs on Devonia's breaſt;
Meet the companion knight, and own him with a ſmile.

DUETTO FOR BRITANNIA AND AUGUSTA.

BRIT. To ſhade his peaceful grave,
Let growing palms extend!
AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,
Let hovering loves attend!
BOTH. { To ſhade, &c.
{ To grace, &c.
BRIT. And wakeful fame defend,
AUG. And grateful truth commend,
BOTH. The generous and the brave!

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now ſhall Auguſta's ſons their ſkill impart,
And ſummon the dumb ſiſter art,
In marble life to ſhow,
What the patriot was below.
Here, let a weeping Cupid ſtand,
And wound himſelf with his own dart;
There place the ducal crown, the ſword, the wand,
The mark of Anna's truſt and his command.

AIR.

Lofty birth and honours ſhining,
Bring a light on noble minds.
Every courtly grace combining,
Every generous action joining,
With eternal laurel binds.
Lofty birth and honours ſhining,
Bring a light on noble minds.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair liberty attend,
And in Devonia's loſs bewail a friend.
See o'er his tomb perpetual lamps ſhe lights,
Then, on his urn the goddeſs writes:
" Preſerve, O urn! his ſilent duſt,
" Who faithful did obey
" Princes like Anna, good and juſt,
" Yet ſcorn'd his freedom to betray;
" And, hated by all tyrants, choſe
" The glory to have ſuch his foes."

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy ſorrows o'er:
A grateful tribute thou haſt paid
To thy Devonia's noble ſhade;
Now vainly weep the dead no more!
For ſee—the duke and patriot ſtill ſurvives,
And in his great ſucceſſor lives.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new-ariſing light,
I ſee paternal grandeur ſhine,
Deſcending through th' illuſtrious line,
In the ſame royal favours bright.

Laſt DUETTO, *with all the inſtruments.*

BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time!
BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court ſublime.
BRIT. Lead along their ſmiling hours;
AUG. Long produce their ſmiling hours;
BOTH. Bleſt by all auſpicious powers.
BRIT. Gently ſmooth thy flight, O time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O time!
BOTH. And as thou flying groweſt old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court ſublime.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS,

At the Queen's Theatre, on his Benefit-night, February 16, 1709.; a little before the Duke of Marlborough's going for Holland.

WHETHER our ſtage all others does excel
In ſtrength of wit, we'll not preſume to tell:
But this, with noble, conſcious pride, we'll ſay,
No theatre ſuch glories can diſplay;
Such worth conſpicuous, beauty ſo divine,
As in one Britiſh audience mingled ſhine.
Who can, without amazement, turn his ſight,
And mark the awful circle here to-night?
Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought
From empires ſav'd, from battles bravely fought,
Here ſit; whoſe matchleſs ſtory ſhall adorn
Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en ages yet unborn.
Yet who would not expect ſuch martial fire,
That ſees what eyes thoſe gallant deeds inſpire?
Valour and beauty ſtill were Britain's claim,
Both are her great prerogatives of fame;
By both the muſes live, from both they catch their flame.
Then as by you, in ſolid glory bright,
Our envy'd iſle through Europe ſpreads her light,

And rising honours every year sustain, [reign;
And mark the golden track of Anne's distinguish'd
So, by your presence here, we'll strive to raise
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And poets from your favours shall derive
That immortality they boast to give.

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW
AT GREENHITHE.

Great president of light, and eye of day,
As through this glass you cast your visual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers blest,
And see us celebrate the genial feast,
Confess that in your progress round the sphere,
You've found the happiest youths and brightest beauties here.

THE TOASTERS.

While circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,
And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,
You ask, my friends, how can my silent muse
To Montague's soft name a verse refuse?
Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung;
Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,
I see her features uninspiring shine;
A fairer fair my soul to transport warms,
And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

Music has learn'd the discords of the state,
And concerts jar with whig and tory hate:
Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
The British Tosts, and every note commend;
To native merit just, and pleas'd to see
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free:
There fam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,
While listening peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy:
Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forsakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes:
Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares
Of England's safety, in Italian airs.
Who would not send each year blank passes o'er,
Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.

The graces and the wandering loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or deep in groves
To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistress there they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

II.

But see! implor'd by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine!

DIALOGUE
DE
L'AMOUR ET DE POËTE.

Le P. Amour, je ne veux plus aimer;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire:
Mon cœur, lassé de son martire,
A résolu de se calmer.

L'Am. Contre moi, qui peut t'animer?
Iris dans ses bras te rapelle.
Le P. Non, Iris est une infidelle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am. Pour toi, j'ai pris soin d'enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle;
Daphné.—Le P. Non, Daphné n'est que belle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

DIALOGUE
FROM THE FRENCH OF
MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE.

Poet. No, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy tyrant empire I abjure;
My weary heart resolves to cure
Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

Love. Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recalls thee to her arms.
Poet. She's false—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, love—I ne'er will love again.

Love. But know for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphné, the bright, the reigning toast.
Poet. Daphné but common eyes can boast;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

L'Am. D'un ſoupir, tu peux déſarmer
Dircé, juſqu'ici ſi ſauvage.
Le P. Elle n'eſt plus dans le bel age;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'Am. Mais ſi je t'aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brillante Flore.—
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

Le P. Non, Dieu charmant, daigne former
Pour nous une chaine eternelle;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'eſt point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

Love. She who before ſcorn'd every ſwain,
Dircé, ſhall for one ſigh be thine.
Poet. Age makes her rays too faintly ſhine;
No, love—I ne'er will love again.

Love. But ſhould I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I ſee thee bluſh—now, rebel, ſay,
No, love—I ne'er will love again.

Poet. No, charming god, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet ſtill know every fair but ſhe,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS AND ADONIS,

A CANTATA.

Set by Mr. Handel.

RECITATIVE.

Behold where weeping Venus ſtands!
What more than mortal grief can move
The bright, th' immortal queen of love?
She beats her breaſt, ſhe wrings her hands;
And hark, ſhe mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her beauteous, lov'd Adonis, ſlain.
The hills and woods her loſs deplore;
The Naiads hear, and flock around;
And echo ſighs, with mimic ſound,
Adonis is no more!
Again the goddeſs raves, and tears her hair;
Then vents her grief, her love, and her deſpair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, beauty's treaſure,
Now my ſorrow, once my pleaſure;
O return to Venus' arms!
Venus never will forſake thee;
Let the voice of love o'ertake thee,
And revive thy drooping charms.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, queen of beauty, as the poets feign,
While thou didſt call the lovely ſwain;
Transform'd by heavenly power,
The lovely ſwain aroſe a flower,
And, ſmiling, grac'd the plain.
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy Proſerpine
Alternate claim his charms divine;
By turns reſtor'd to light, by turns he ſeeks the [ſhades.

AIR.

Tranſporting joy,
Tormenting fears,
Reviving ſmiles,
Succeeding tears,
Are Cupid's various train.
The tyrant boy
Prepares his darts,
With ſoothing wiles,
With cruel arts,
And pleaſure blends with pain.

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

Set by Dr. Pepuſch.

RECITATIVE.

Young Strephon, by his folded ſheep,
Sat wakeful on the plains:
Love held his weary eyes from ſleep,
While ſilent in the vale,
The liſtening nightingale,
Forgot her own, to hear his ſtrains.
And now the beauteous queen of night,
Unclouded and ſerene,
Sheds on the neighbouring ſea her ſilver light;
The neighbouring ſea was calm and bright;
The ſhepherd ſung inſpir'd, and bleſs'd the lovely ſcene.

AIR.

While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear;
Secret night, my joys divining,
Pleas'd my amorous tale to hear,
Smiles, and ſoftly turns her ſphere.
While the ſky and ſeas are ſhining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear.

RECITATIVE.

Ah, fooliſh Strephon! change thy ſtrain;
The lovely ſcene falſe joy inſpires:
For look, thou fond, deluded ſwain,
A riſing ſtorm invades the main!
The planet of the night,
Inconſtant, from thy ſight
Behind a cloud retires.

Flora is fled; thou lov'ſt in vain:
Ah, fooliſh Strephon! change thy ſtrain.

AIR.

Hope beguiling,
Like the moon and ocean ſmiling,
Does thy eaſy faith betray;
Flora ranging,
Like the moon and ocean changing,
More inconſtant proves than they.

BEAUTY, AN ODE.

I.

FAIR rival to the god of day,
Beauty, to thy celeſtial ray
A thouſand ſprightly fruits we owe;
Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
And every art t' improve the ſenſe,
And every grace that ſhines below.

II.

Not Phœbus does our ſongs inſpire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'Tis thou art muſic's living ſpring;
To thee the poet tunes his lays,
And, ſweetly warbling beauty's praiſe,
Deſcribes the power that makes him ſing.

III.

Painters from thee their ſkill derive,
By thee their works to ages live,
For ev'n thy ſhadows give ſurpriſe,
As when we view in cryſtal ſtreams
The morning ſun, and riſing beams,
That ſeem to ſhoot from other ſkies.

IV.

Enchanting viſion! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
Yet brighter ſtill thy glories ſhine,
And double charms thy power improve,
When beauty, dreſs'd in ſmiles of love,
Grows, like its parent heaven, divine!

MYRA, A CANTATA,

Set by Dr. Pepuſch.

AIR.

Love frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
Ah, nymph! thoſe cruel looks give o'er.
While love is frowning, beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, how when ſullen clouds appear,
And wintry ſtorms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer ſtay,
But take the wing, and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and ſeas to warmer climes repair.
Juſt ſo, my heart—But ſee—Ah no!
She ſmiles—I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

Love and the graces ſmiling,
In Myra's eyes beguiling,
Again their charms recover.
Would you ſecure your duty,
Let kindneſs aid your beauty,
Ye fair, to ſooth the lover.

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

By Mr. Dryden.

ALTERED FOR MUSIC BY MR. HUGHES.

I.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon;
Aloft in awful ſtate,
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

Lovely Thais by his ſide
Blooming ſat in beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave deſerves the fair!

II.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
Trembling the notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above;
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt;
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign o
the world.
The liſtening crowd adore the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around;
A preſent deity, the echoing roofs rebound!

AIR.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

RECITATIVE.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſun
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
Behold he comes, the victor god!
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face; [rod
As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains h

While, loud with conqueſt and with wine,
His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal ſkies to join
In this applauding ſong.

DUETTO.

Bacchus ever gay and young,
Firſt did drinking joys ordain:
1. Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
2. Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure.
1. Rich the treaſure!
2. Sweet the pleaſure!
Both. Sweet is pleaſure after pain!

IV.

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe;
Then thus he chang'd his ſong, and check'd his pride.

AIR.

See Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n from his high eſtate;
Behold his flowing blood!
On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.

V.

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move:
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.

AIR. [*with flutes.*]

War is toil and trouble,
Honour is an airy bubble,
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it, worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

VI.

RECITATIVE.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
2. Cupid, god of ſoft deſire,
1. Cupid, god of ſoft deſire,
2. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
1. and 2. How victorious are your charms!
1. Crown'd with conqueſt,
2. Full of glory,
1. and 2. See a monarch fall'n before ye,
Chain'd in beauty's claſping arms!

VII.

RECITATIVE.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain:
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has raiſ'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around!

AIR. [*with ſymphonies.*]

Revenge, revenge, Alecto cries,
See the furies ariſe!
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!

VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods:

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

IX.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

AIR.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raiſ'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

SONGS.

I.

THY origin's divine, I ſee,
Of mortal race thou canſt not be;
Thy lip a ruby luſtre ſhows;
Thy purple cheek outſhines the roſe,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any ſtar
Thy fordid way of life deſpiſe,
Above thy ſlavery, Silvia, riſe;
Diſplay thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddeſs, or a queen.

II.

CONSTANTIA, ſee, thy faithful ſlave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond purſuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my ſighs and flowing tears,
And with a ſmile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou wouldſt be,
By ſacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the weſtern ſun decline,
My hand and heart ſhall both be thine.

III.

THRICE lov'd Conſtantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a ſervant's form I wear;
Though bleſt with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee, both wealth and birth I ſcorn:
Truſt me, fair maid, my conſtant flame
For ever will remain the ſame;
My love, that ne'er will ceaſe, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED FROM PERSIAN VERSES,

Alluding to the cuſtom of Women being buried with their Huſbands, and Men with their Wives.

ETERNAL are the chains which here
The generous ſouls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we ſwear
To be for ever true and kind;
And when, by death, the fair are ſnatch'd away,
Leſt we our ſolemn vows ſhould break,
In the ſame grave our living corpſe we lay,
And willing the ſame fate partake.

ANOTHER.

MY deareſt ſpouſe, that thou and I
May ſhun the fear which firſt ſhall die,
Claſp'd in each other's arms we'll live,
Alike conſum'd in love's ſoft fire,
That neither may at laſt ſurvive,
But gently both at once expire.

ON ARQUEÄNASSA OF COLOPHOS.

ARQUEÄNASSA's charms inſpire
Within my breaſt a lover's fire;
Age, its feeble ſpite diſplaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with laſting grace:
But, before old time purſued her,
Ere he ſunk theſe little caves,
How I pity thoſe who view'd her,
And in youth were made her ſlaves!

ON FULVIA, THE WIFE OF ANTHONY

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHILE from his conſort falſe Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Repriſals ſeeks, and ſpreads for me her ſnares.
"The huſband's falſe."—But why muſt I endure
This nauſeous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though ſhe aſk?—How happy were my doom,
Should all the diſcontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when ſcorn'd at home!
"'Tis war," ſhe ſays, "if I refuſe her charms:"
Let's think—ſhe's ugly.—Trumpets, ſound to arms!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

Written in 1710.

O BLESSED time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And ſwear all Whigs ſhall kiſs the rump on't.
See how they draw the beaſtly rabble
With zeal and noiſes formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join notes to roar fanatics down!
As bigots give the ſign about,
They ſtretch their throats with hideous ſhout.
Black tinkers bawl aloud "to ſettle
"Church privilege"—for "mending kettle."
Each ſow-gelder that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have diſſenters ſworn."
The oyſter-wenches lock their fiſh up,
And cry "no Preſbyterian biſhop!"
The mouſe-trap men lay ſave-alls by,
And 'gainſt "low-church men" loudly cry;
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To ſide with rebels 'gainſt the church:
Some cry for "penal laws," inſtead
Of "pudding-pies, and gingerbread:"
And ſome, for "brooms, old boots, and ſhoes,
Roar out, "God bleſs our common houſe!"

Some bawl " the votes" about the town,
And wiſh they'd " vote diſſenters down,"
Inſtead of " kitchen-ſtuff," ſome cry,
" Confound the late Whig-miniſtry!"
And ſome, for " any chairs to mend,"
The commons late addreſs commend.
Some for " old gowns for china ware,"
Exclaim againſt " extempore prayer:"
And ſome for " old ſuits, cloaks, or coats,"
Cry, " D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries " coney-ſkins, or onions,"
Blames " toleration of opinions,"
Blue-apron whores, that ſit with furmety,
Rail at " occaſional conformity."
Inſtead of " cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud, " no conventicle!"
Maſons, inſtead of " building houſes,"
To " build the church," would ſtarve their ſpouſes,
And gladly leave their trades, for ſtorming
The meeting-houſes, or informing.
Bawds, ſtrumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, pandars, atheiſts, fornicators,
Rogues, that, like Falſtaff, ſcarce know whether
A church's inſide's ſtone or leather,
Yet join the parſons and the people,
To cry " the church,"— but mean " the ſteeple."

If, holy mother, ſuch you'll own
For your true ſons, and ſuch alone,
Then heaven have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beaſtly crew!

AN ODE

TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD:

Occaſioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.

" Quid prius dicam ſolitis parentis
" Laudibus?——
" Qui mare et terras variiſque mundum
" Temperat horis?
" Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
" Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum."
HOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THAT the praiſes of the Author of Nature, which is the fitteſt ſubject for the ſublime way of writing, was the moſt ancient uſe of poetry, cannot be learned from a more proper inſtance (next to examples of holy writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus; a relique of great antiquity: they contain ſeveral verſes concerning God, and his making and governing the univerſe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expreſſions. Yet, whether theſe verſes were indeed written by that celebrated father of poetry and muſic, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus, who lived about the time of Piſiſtratus, and only contain ſome of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a queſtion of little uſe or importance.

A large paraphraſe of theſe in French verſe has been prefixed to the tranſlation of Phocylides, but in a flat ſtyle, much inferior to the deſign. The following Ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the ſame model, in a language which, having ſtronger ſinews than the French, is, by the confeſſion of their beſt critic Rapin, more capable of ſuſtaining great ſubjects.

O D E.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celeſtial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Deſcend! a mortal tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great immortal lay!
Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated lyre!
Hence, ye profane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious ſlaves that bow
To idol luſts, or altars raiſe,
And to falſe heroes give fantaſtic praiſe!
And hence ye gods, who to a crime your ſpurious beings owe!
But hear, O heaven, and earth, and ſeas profound!
Hear, ye fathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the ſound;
Let nature, trembling all around,
Attend her maſter's awful name,
From whom heaven, earth, and ſeas, and all the wide creation came.

II.

He ſpoke the great command; and light,
Heaven's eldeſt-born and faireſt child,
Flath'd in the lowering face of ancient night,
And, pleas'd with its own birth, ſerenely ſmil'd.
The ſons of morning, on the wing,
Hovering in choirs, his praiſes ſung,
When from th' unbounded vacuous ſpace
A beauteous riſing world they ſaw,
When nature ſhew'd her yet unfiniſh'd face,
And motion took the eſtabliſh'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier ſprung to his appointed race.

III.

Supreme, Almighty, ſtill the ſame!
'Tis he, the great inſpiring mind,
That animates and moves this univerſal frame,
Preſent at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not heaven itſelf can bound his ſway;
Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the ſky,
Inviſible to mortal eye
He dwells in uncreated day.
Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
That fills th' unmeaſur'd growing orb of vaſt immenſity.

IV.

What power but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the ſleeping ſtorm, or its loud rage reſtrain?
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd ocean proudly ſwells in vain,

His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
And the ſpent tempeſt dies upon the ſhore.
The meteor world is his, heaven's wintry ſtore,
The moulded hail, the feather'd ſnow;
The ſummer breeze, the ſoft refreſhing ſhower,
The looſe divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
The crooked lightning darts around,
His ſovereign orders to fulfil;
The ſhooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
Launch'd from his hand, inſtructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blaſt th' unſhelter'd ground.

V.

Yet, pleas'd to bleſs, indulgent to ſupply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family
That peoples earth, and ſea, and air.
From nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant
Down to the inſect worm and creeping ant;
From th' eagle, ſovereign of the ſky,
To each inferior feather'd brood;
From crowns and purple majeſty
To humble ſhepherds on the plain,
His hand unſeen divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life ſuſtains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye ſurveys
His works, in every diſtant clime;
He ſhifts the ſeaſons, months, and days,
The ſhort-liv'd offſpring of revolving time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now cheerful ſpring the circle leads,
And ſtrows with flowers the ſmiling meads;
Gay ſummer next, whom ruſſet robes adorn,
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then autumn, who with laviſh ſtores the lap of nature ſpreads;
Decrepit winter, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble age oppreſs'd with pain)
A heavy ſeaſon does maintain,
With driving ſnows, and winds and rain;
'Till ſpring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou great ador'd, who can withſtand
The terrors of thy lifted hand,
When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conſcious nature to her centre ſhakes?
Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confuſion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable ſound,
The ſhock of earth and ſeas, and labour of the ſkies!
Then where's ambition's haughty creſt?
Where the gay head of wanton pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wiſh the opening ground
Would take them quick to ſhades of reſt,
And in their common parent's breaſt
From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide;
In vain—for all the elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd earth, the ruſhing ſea,
Tempeſtuous air, and raging fire,
To puniſh vile mankind, and fight for thee;
Nor death itſelf can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

VIII.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball!
Once gods of earth, the living deſtinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where's your extent of empire now!
Say where preſerv'd your phantom glory lies?
Can braſs the fleeting thing ſecure?
Enſhrin'd in temples does it ſtay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling time, and ſcorn decay?
Ah no! the mouldering monuments of fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor ſhew th' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourſelves in the ſame maſs of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my muſe! Time's waſting thread purſue,
And ſee at laſt th' unravel'd clue,
When cities ſink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary nature ſhall her work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of fate!
Myriads of ſpirits fill the ſky
T'attend, with dread ſolemnity,
The world's laſt ſcene, and time's concluding date.
The feeble race of ſhort-liv'd vanity
The ſickly pomp at once ſhall die;
Foul guilt to midnight caves will ſhrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her flight,
And curſe at heaven's purſuing light.
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will you then, ye impious, 'ſcape your dooms.
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliſs ſhall melt before your fight.
Yet ſhall you not the giddy chaſe refrain,
Nor hope more ſolid bliſs t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But ſigh, a long eternity of pain,
Toſt in an ocean of deſire, yet never find a ſhore.

X.

But ſee where the mild Sovereign ſits prepar'd
His better ſubjects to reward!
Where am I now! what power divine
Tranſports me! what immortal ſplendors ſhine!
Torrents of glory that oppreſs the ſight!
What joys, celeſtial King! thy throne ſurround!
The ſun, who, with thy borrow'd beams ſo bright,
Seem not his peer in all the ſtarry round,
Would here diminiſh'd fade away,
Like his pale ſiſter of the night,
When ſhe reſigns her delegated light,
Loſt in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place;—
Then, muſe, th' adventurous flight forbear!
Theſe myſtic ſcenes thou canſt no farther trace;
Hope may ſome boundleſs future bliſs embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vaſt immeaſurable thought contain.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Though Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
Though Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length: a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tiber's bank thy thought was first inspir'd;
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done—the hero lives and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakspeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and wondering view
His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sibyl's books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was found inroll'd,
'Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
'Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
'When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
'His annual race shall through the zodiac run
'An isle remote his monument shall rear,
'And every generous Briton pay a tear.'

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

On his intended Translation of Homer's Iliad, 1714.

O thou, who, with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the listening ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid—though late, and paid to thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF MILTON.

Homer's Description of himself, under the Character of Demodochus the Musician at the Feast of King Alcinous.

From the Eighth Book of the Odysseys.

The muse with transport lov'd him; yet, to fill
His various lot, she blended good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heavenly gift of song, and all the tuneful art.

TO A LADY,

With the Tragedy of Cato.

Two shining maids this happy work displays;
Each moves our rapture, both divide our praise;
In Marcia, we her godlike father trace;
While Lucia triumphs with each softer grace,
One strikes with awe, and one gives chaste delight;
That bright as lightning, this serene as light.
Yet by the muse the shadow'd forms were wrought,
And both are creatures of the poet's thought.

In her that animates these lines, we view
The wonder greater, the description true;
Each living virtue, every grace combin'd,
And Marcia's worth with Lucia's sweetness join'd.

Had she been born ally'd to Cato's name,
Numidia's prince had felt a real flame;
And, pouring his resistless troops from far,
With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
Cæsar had fled before his conquering arms,
And Roman muses sung her beauty's charms.

A FRAGMENT.

Promiscuous crowds to worthless riches born,
Thy pencil paints, 'tis true, yet paints with scorn.
Sometimes the fool, by nature left half-made,
Mov'd by some happy instinct asks thy aid,
To give his face to reason some pretence,
And raise his looks with supplemental sense.

SERENATA FOR TWO VOICES,

On the Marriage of the

RIGHT HON. LORD COBHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

DUETTO.

Wake th' harmonious voice and string,
Love and Hymen's triumph sing.
Sounds with secret charms combining,
In melodious union joining,

Beſt the wondrous joys can tell,
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

Firſt Voice.

To young Victoria's happy fame,
Well may the arts a trophy raiſe,
Muſic grows ſweeter in her praiſe,
And, own'd by her, with rapture ſpeaks her name.
To touch the brave Cleander's heart,
The graces all in her conſpire;
Love arms her with his ſureſt dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

The liſtening muſes, all around her,
Think 'tis Phœbus' ſtrains they hear:
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
Drops his bow, and ſtands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

Second Voice.

While crowds of rivals, with deſpair,
Silent admire, or vainly court the fair;
Behold the happy conqueſt of her eyes,
A hero is the glorious prize!
In courts, in camps, through diſtant realms renown'd,
Cleander comes—Victoria, ſee,
He comes, with Britiſh honour crown'd;
Love leads his eager ſteps to thee.

AIR.

In tender ſighs he ſilence breaks,
The fair his flame approves.
Conſenting bluſhes warm her cheeks,
She ſmiles,—ſhe yields,—ſhe loves.

RECITATIVE.

Firſt Voice.

Now Hymen at the altar ſtands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
Immortal concord, heavenly bright,
Array'd in robes of pureſt light,
Deſcends, th' auſpicious rites to crown.
Her golden harp the goddeſs brings;
Its magic ſound
Commands a ſudden ſilence all around,
And ſtrains prophetic thus attune the ſtrings.

DUETTO.

1 *Voice.* The ſwain his nymph poſſeſſing,
2 *Voice.* The nymph her ſwain careſſing,
1 *and* 2. Shall ſtill improve the bleſſing.
For ever kind and true.
Both. While rolling years are flying,
Love, Hymen's lamp ſupplying,
With fuel never dying,
Shall ſtill the flame renew.

HORATIUS,

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incipe. Vivendi qui rectè prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

To-MORROW cheats us all. Why doſt thou ſtay
And leave undone what ſhould be done to-day?
Begin—the preſent minute's in thy power;
But ſtill t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who at ſome river's ſide
Expecting ſtands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be paſt—Fool! not to know
It ſtill has flow'd the ſame, and will for ever flow.

ON A COLLAR

PRESENTED FOR HAPPY GILL, 1712.

Thou little favourite of the fair!
When thou theſe golden bands ſhalt wear,
The hand that binds them ſoftly kiſs,
With conſcious joy, and own thy bliſs.
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A ſlave, to gain her ſmiles, like thee!

THE CHARACTER

OF THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES,

1712-13.

Such early wiſdom, ſuch a lovely face,
Such modeſt greatneſs, ſuch attractive grace;
Wit, beauty, goodneſs, charity, and truth,
The riper ſenſe of age, the bloom of youth:
Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
Thoſe various beauties of the female kind
Sure but in one ſuch different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phœnix-ſhe.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY:

The Motto choſen by the Right Honourable the Lady Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles.

In thee, bright maid, though all the virtues ſhine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, diſtinguiſh'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praiſe, and well deſerve thy choice.

Immortal truth in heaven itſelf diſplays
Her charms celeſtial born, and pureſt rays, [flow,
Which thence in ſtreams, like golden ſunſhine,
And ſhed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the ſecond place;
She fills the well-born ſoul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inſpires.

Then Honeſty, with native air, ſucceeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;

And, juſt alike to friends and foes, ſhe draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from
equal laws.

From heaven this ſcale of virtue thus deſcends,
By juſt degrees, and thy full choice defends,
So when, in viſionary trains, by night
Attending angels bleſs'd good Jacob's ſight,
The myſtic ladder thus appear'd to riſe,
Its foot on earth, its ſummit in the ſkies.

H Y M N

SUNG BY

THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL'

At the Entry of King George into London, 1714.

I.

Hear us, O God, this joyful day!
Whole nations join their voice,
To thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy ſtrength rejoice.

II.

For led by thee, O King of Kings!
Our ſovereign George we ſee;
Thy hand the royal bleſſing brings,
He comes, he reigns by thee!

III.

Plenteous of grace, pour from above
Thy favours on his head;
Truth, mercy, righteouſneſs, and love,
As guards around him ſpread.

IV.

With length of days, and glory crown'd,
With wealth and fair increaſe,
Let him abroad be far renown'd,
Still bleſt at home with peace.

A MONUMENTAL ODE,

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

Late Wife of Edward Hughes, Eſq. of Hertingfordbury in the County of Hertford, and Daughter of Richard Harriſon, Eſq. of Balls, in the ſame County. Obiit Nov. 15 1714.

I.

See! how thoſe drooping monuments decay!
Frail manſions of the ſilent dead,
Whoſe ſouls to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wiſe ſcorn their mouldering duſt ſurvey. [they;
Their tombs are rais'd from duſt as well as
For ſee! to duſt they both return,
And time conſumes alike the aſhes and the urn.

II.

We aſk the ſculptor's art in vain
To make us for a ſpace ourſelves ſurvive;
In Parian ſtone we proudly breathe again,
Or ſeem in figur'd braſs to live.
Yet ſtone and braſs our hopes betray,
Age ſteals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering ſkies
With giant pride thy pyramids ariſe;
Whate'er their vaſt and gloomy vaults contain,
No names diſtinct of their great dead remain.
Beneath the maſs confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

III.

To death ourſelves and all our works we owe.
But is their nought, O muſe, can ſave
Our memories from darkneſs and the grave,
And ſome ſhort after-life beſtow?
That taſk is mine, the muſe replies,
And hark! ſhe tunes the ſacred lyre!
Verſe is the laſt of human works that dies,
When virtue does the ſong inſpire.

IV.

Then look, Eliza, happy ſaint, look down!
Pauſe from immortal joys a while
To hear, and gracious with a ſmile
The dedicated numbers own;
Say how in thy life's ſcanty ſpace,
So ſhort a ſpace, ſo wondrous bright, [night,
Bright as a ſummer's day, ſhort as a ſummer's
Could'ſt thou find room for every crowded grace?
As if the thrifty ſoul foreknew,
Like a wiſe envoy, Heaven's intent,
Soon to recal whom it had ſent,
And all its taſk reſolv'd at once to do,
Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither didſt a while repair,
Curious our cuſtoms and our laws to know?
And, ſickening in our groſſer air,
And tir'd of vain repeated ſights,
Our fooliſh cares, our falſe delights,
Back to thy native ſeats would'ſt go?
Oh! ſince to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few
Who beſt thy numerous virtues knew,
Themſelves, not thee to mourn.

V.

Now, penſive muſe, enlarge thy flight!
(By turns the penſive muſes love
The hilly heights and ſhady grove)
Behold where, ſwelling to the ſight,
Balls, a fair ſtructure, graceful ſtands!
And from yon verdant riſing brow
Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands
Where nature's hand in ſlow meanders leads
The Lee's clear ſtream its courſe to flow
Through flowery vales, and moiſten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous proſpects ſpreads.
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and ſacred be the ſpot of earth!
Eliza's ſoul, born firſt above,
Deſcended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties ſtrove.
So, on ſome towering peak that meets the ſky,
When miſſive ſeraphs downward fly,
They ſtop, and for a while alight,
Put off their rays celeſtial bright,
Then take ſome milder form familiar to our eye.

VI.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew;
Water'd by heaven's peculiar care,

Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
Like ſummer's day-break, when we ſee
The freſh drop'd ſtores of roſy dew
(Tranſparent beauties of the dawn)
Spread o'er the graſs their cobweb-lawn,
Or hang moiſt pearls on every tree.
Pleas'd with the lovely ſight a while
Her friends behold, and joyful ſmile,
Nor think the ſun's exhaling ray
Will change the ſcene ere noon of day,
Dry up the gliſtering drops, and draw thoſe dews away.

VII.

Yet firſt, to fill her orb of life,
Behold, in each relation dear,
The pious ſaint, the duteous child appear,
The tender ſiſter, and the faithful wife.
Alas! but muſt one circlet of the year
Unite in bliſs, in grief divide
The deſtin'd bridegroom and the bride?
Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
That, as you read theſe lines, or hear,
Perhaps may ſtart, and ſeem to ſay,
That ſhort-liv'd year was but a day!
Forbear—nor fruitleſs ſorrowings now employ,
Think ſhe was lent a while, not given,
(Such was th' appointed will of Heaven)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Printed at the breaking out of the Rebellion, in the year 1715.

THE man that loves his king and nation,
And ſhuns each vile aſſociation,
That ſcorns his honeſt deeds i' th' light,
Nor ſneets in dark cabals, by night,
With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themſelves hang'd, and ſave the ſtate,
Needs not his hall with weapons ſtore;
Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
Nor ſculks in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parſon's gown;
Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
The poniard or the poiſon'd dart;
And, but for ornament and pride,
A ſword of lath might croſs his ſide.

If o'er St. James's park he ſtray,
He ſtops not, pauſing in his way;
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor ſtarts, looks back, and mends his pace:
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
Humming—O every month was May—
And, thoughtleſs how my time I ſquander'd,
From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
A meſſenger with ſurly eye
View'd me quite round, and yet paſs'd by.
No ſharper look or rougher mien
In Scottiſh Highlands e'er was ſeen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or noſe more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breaſt,
Careleſs I walk'd, nor ſhunn'd the beaſt.

Place me among a hundred ſpies,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or ſearch my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line ſhall give me vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,
As ever pity'd poor Macearty;
Let Townſend, Sunderland, be there,
Or Robin Walpole in the chair:
Or ſend me to a club of Tories,
That damn and curſe at Marlborough's glories,
And drink—but ſure none ſuch there are
The devil, the pope, and rebel Mar;
Yet ſtill my loyalty I'll boaſt,
King George ſhall ever be my toaſt;
Unbrib'd his glorious cauſe I'll own,
And fearleſs ſcorn each traitor's frown.

A FRAGMENT.

O SAY, ye ſaints, who ſhine in realms above,
And turn your harps to ſing eternal love,
When ſhall my voice attain your high degree;
When ſhall my ſoul from clouds of ſorrow free,
Hear your celeſtial ſong, and aid the harmony?

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A MASQUE.

Set to Muſic by Dr. Pepuſch, and performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

"Protinus alter amat, fugit altera nomen amantis."
OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Apollo,	- -	Mrs. Margarita.
Daphne,	- -	Mrs. Barbier.
Peneus,	- -	Mr. Turner.
Doris,	- -	Mrs. Willis.

Scene, the Valley of Tempe, in Theſſaly.

The Firſt Scene is a River.

Peneus, *a River-God, appears on a bed of ruſhes, leaning on his urn. He riſes, and comes forward, his head crowned with ruſhes and flowers, a reed in his hand.*

Peneus.

How long muſt Peneus chide in vain
His daughter's coyneſs and diſdain?

Through Tempe's pleaſant vales and bowers
As my full urn its current pours,
In every plain, from every grove,
I hear the ſighs of ſlighted love;
And on my ruſhy banks the Sylvans cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous cauſe;
Daphne, my juſt commands attend,
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield the laſt to love and Hymen's laws.

Daphne.

O Peneus, urge this cruel ſuit no more;
Have I not to Diana ſwore?
Behold again to her I bow,
Devoted ever to remain
A virgin of her ſpotleſs train;
Hear Cynthia, and confirm my vow.

How happy are we,
How airy, how free,
That rove through the woods and the plains!
In vain the blind boy
Our hearts would decoy,
We ſcorn all his joys and his pains.

[*Exit* Daphne.

Peneus.

Raſh maid, return——
What haſt thou ſworn?
With thee ſhall Peneus' race expire?
Then hear once more thy ſlighted ſire,
And know, thy fatal vow draws down
The curſe of heaven, a father's frown,
And ſure deſtruction waits thy ſcorn.

Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
What avails thy boaſted quiver?
Where are all thy conquering arts?
They that fly thee
May defy thee;
They who fear thee
And revere thee,
Ever meet thy keeneſt darts. [*Exit* Peneus.

Scene *changes to a Foreſt.*

Apollo *enters with his bow and arrows, as having newly ſlain the* Python.

Apollo.

'Tis done—the monſter Python ſlain
By Phœbus' ſhafts, lies breathleſs on the plain.
Yet why with conqueſt am I thus adorn'd?
Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
Conquer'd by love, whom once I ſcorn'd.
O Daphne! till thy ſmiles I can obtain,
No more theſe marks of triumph let me bear;
But thus a ſhepherd's ſemblance wear,
Till bleſt by thee I grow a god again.

[*Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes up a ſheep-hook.*

See—ſhe appears: how wondrous fair!
Hail, goddeſs of theſe verdant groves!

Daphne.

What art thou, or from whence?

Apollo.

A ſwain that loves.

Daphne.

Thy unavailing courtſhip ſpare.
Doſt thou not daily hear the ſhepherds cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
Go—with the reſt deſpair.

Apollo.

No, let the reſt deſpair, while I
Diſtinguiſh'd, triumph in the joy.

Fair blooming creature!
Each tender feature
Speaks thee by nature
For love deſign'd.
Then ſmile conſenting,
Loſt time repenting,
Let ſoft relenting
Now ſhew thee kind.

Daphne.

Canſt thou the mountain tiger bind,
Or ſtop the floods, or fix the wind?
Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

Apollo.

Ev'n tigers love's ſoft laws obey;
Art thou more ſavage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above!
Love lights the ſkies, and paints the meads;
Its genial flame
Through heav'n, and earth, and ocean ſpreads;
Thou art thyſelf the happieſt child of love,
Do not thy birth diſclaim.

Daphne.

Though fair as Phœbus thou ſhould'ſt ſeem;
And were thy words ſoft as his lyre,
They could not move me to deſire;
Wake, ſhepherd, from thy dream.

Ceaſe to ſoothe thy fruitleſs pain;
Why for frowns wilt thou be ſuing?
Ceaſe to languiſh and complain.
'Tis to ſeek thy own undoing,
Still to love, and love in vain.

Apollo.

In her ſoft cheeks and beauteous eyes,
What new enchanting graces riſe! [*Aſide.*

DUETTO *for* Apollo *and* Daphne.

Apol. No more deny me,
O ceaſe to fly me
Your faithful ſwain.
Daph. No longer try me,
For ever fly me,
Deſpairing ſwain.
Apol. Yet hear me.
Daph. Forbear me.
Apol. Let ſighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
Still ſpeak my pain.
Daph. Your ſighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
But move diſdain. [*Exit* Daphne.

Apollo.

She's gone—nor knows from whom ſhe flies.
Miſtaken cyprefs! falſe diſdain!

Phœbus ſhe prais'd, but ſcorns the ſwain—
Then, breaking from this dark diſguiſe,
When Phœbus what he is ſhall ſeem,
My glittering rays, and melting lyre,
At laſt ſhall warm thee to deſire,
And wake thee, Daphne, from thy dream.

Where Cupid's bow is failing,
Ambition's charms prevailing,
Shall triumph o'er the fair.
The nymph that love deſpiſes,
Some ſecret paſſion prizes,
That ſtill forbids deſpair. [*Exit* Apollo.

Enter **Daphne** *and* **Doris.**

Daphne.

Doris, why this trifling tale?

Doris.

That good advice may once prevail;
Save one—nor all your lovers loſe,
Alas! that I, poor I might gain
What you each day refuſe!

Daphne.

Take all, and eaſe me of the pain.

Doris.

I would—but ah! 'twere now in vain.
When I was a maiden of twenty,
And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
Ah! why did I ever ſay no?
Now the ſwains, though I court them, all fly me,
I ſigh, but no lover comes nigh me;
Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe!
Ah! why did I ever ſay no!

Daphne.

Poor Doris! dry thy weeping eyes;
Doſt thou repent thou once wert wiſe?

Tender hearts to every paſſion
Still thy freedom would betray,
But how calm is inclination,
When our reaſon bears the ſway!

Swains themſelves, while they purſue us,
Often teach us to deny.
While we fly, they fondly woo us;
If we grow too fond, they fly.

Doris.

Yet might I ſee one courting ſwain,
Though but to ſlight him once again!—
But come— I'll amorous thoughts give o'er.

Daphne.

'Tis well to leave them at threeſcore.
Haſte then, and at th' appointed place,
See if the nymphs expect me for the chaſe.

[*Exit* Doris.

[*A Symphony of inſtruments is heard, whilſt Apollo deſcends in the chariot of the ſun; a crown of rays about his head, and his lyre in his hand.*]

Daphne.

What ſounds celeſtial ſtrike my ear!
Why does the golden ſource of light
Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
Some god deſcends to human ſight;
I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.

Apollo.

Daphne, on Phœbus fix thy eye,
With meaner ſhapes deceiv'd no more!
Know, I thy beauteous form adore:
Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo *ſtrikes his lyre, and* Daphne *turns back as ſurpriſed at the ſound.*]

Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear!
Cannot love with muſic join'd
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Faireſt mortal! ſtay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear.

Hark how the river-ſhores prolong
My ſoft complaints, and murmur to my ſong!
Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
See! how his oſiers greatly bow,
And ſeem my ſecret ſoul to know

Daph. [*aſide.*] Alas! my raſh, my fatal vow!
Apol. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

[*As* Daphne *is going out, ſhe ſtops, and ſings the following air.*]

Daphne.

Shall I return—or no?
Charms yet unknown ſurround me;
Yet, love, thou ne'er ſhalt wound me,
No more alarm my breaſt,
Then let me haſte to go—
Ah no, my heart replies
In tender heaving ſighs—
Ye powers reſtore my reſt.

Apol. O do not go—
Daph. Doſt thou not know,
I'm of Diana's train?
Thy love forbear—
Apol. Thy ſcorn forbear—
Daph. I muſt not hear;
Apol. O ſtay and hear;
Daph. Thy love } is vain
Apol. Thy flight }

[*Exit* Daphne *purſued by* Apollo.

Scene *changes to the River.*

Re-enter Daphne, *looking back as affrighted.*

Daphne.

He comes—the ſwift purſuer comes—O where
Shall I eſcape his piercing ſight,
Where hide me from the god of light?
Ah! 'tis in vain—he's here.

[Daphne *runs to the ſide of the river, and as ſhe ſings the following air, is transformed into a laurel-tree.*]

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let ſome ſudden change invade me,
Fix me rooted on thy ſhore.
Ceaſe, Apollo, to perſuade me,
I am Daphne now no more.—

[Apollo *enters at the latter end of the air, and is met by* Peneus.]

Apollo.

O fatal flight!—O curſt diſdain!
O Peneus, how ſhall we our loſs deplore?
But ſee!
The trembling branches yet her ſhape retain!
Though Daphne lives a nymph no more,
She lives, fair verdant plant, in thee:
Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
And bear what honours to thy leaves remain.
No thunder e'er ſhall blaſt thy boughs,
Preſerv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
Oft in Britannia's iſle thy proſperous green
Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be ſeen,
And by a Naſſau, and a George, be worn.

Peneus.

Still Peneus, with a father's care,
Shall feed thee from his flowing urn
With verdure ever freſh and fair,
Nor this thy deſtin'd change ſhall mourn.

CHORUS, *or Duetto of* Apollo *and* Peneus.

Nature alone can love inſpire,
Art is vain to move deſire.
If nature once the fair incline,
To their own paſſion they reſign.
Nature alone can love inſpire,
Art is vain to move deſire.

AN ODE

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

ST. DAVID'S DAY, THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1715-16.

Set to Muſic by Dr. Pepuſch,

And performed at the Anniverſary Meeting of the Society of Ancient Britons, eſtabliſhed in honour of Her Royal Highneſs's Birth-Day, and of the Principality of Wales.

" Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere ſemper,
" A populo rerum digna potente coli!

OVID.

ODE FOR TWO VOICES.

Firſt Voice, FAME.

Second Voice, CAMBRIA, *or the Principality of Wales.*

BOTH VOICES, *with a Trumpet.*

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!

CAMBRIA.

Riſe, goddeſs of immortal fame,
And, with thy trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddeſs of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's diſtant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each Britiſh ſoul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

FAME.

Hail, Cambria! long to fame well known!
Thy patron-ſaint looks ſmiling down,
Well pleas'd to ſee
This day, prolific of renown,
Increas'd in honours to himſelf, and thee;
See Carolina's natal ſtar ariſe,
And with new beams adorn thy azure ſkies!
Though on her virtues I ſhould ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her numerous virtues tell.
Bright in herſelf, and in her offspring bright,
On Britain's throne ſhe caſts diffuſive light;
Detraction from her preſence flies;
And, while promiſcuous crowds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n tongues diſloyal learn her praiſe,
And murmuring envy ſees her ſmile, and dies.

Happy morn! ſuch gifts beſtowing!
Britain's joys from thee are flowing;
Ever thus auſpicious ſhine!
Happy iſle! ſuch gifts poſſeſſing!
Britain, ever own the bleſſing!
Carolina's charms are thine.

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, doſt thou diſplay
All the triumphs of this day;
More wonders yet ariſe to ſight;
See! o'er theſe rites what mighty power preſides;
Behold, to thee his early ſteps he guides;
What noble ardour does his ſoul excite;
Henceforth, when to the liſtening univerſe
Thou number'ſt o'er my princes of renown,
The ſecond hope of Britain's crown,
When my great Edward's deeds thou ſhalt rehearſe,
And tell of Creſſy's well-fought plain,
Thy golden trumpet ſound again!
The brave Auguſtus ſhall renew thy ſtrain,
And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verſe.

AIR, *with a Harp.*

Heavenly muſes! tune your lyres,
Far reſounding;
Grace the hero's glorious name.
See! the ſong new life inſpires!
Every breaſt with joy abounding,
Seems to ſhare the hero's flame.

FAME.

O thou, with every virtue crown'd,
Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
Thus in thy offspring greatly bleſt,
While through th' extended royal line
Thou ſeeſt thy propagated luſtre ſhine,
What ſecret raptures fill thy breaſt!

So smiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

CAMBRIA.

Hail source of bleſſings to our iſle!
While gloomy clouds ſhall take their flight,
Shot through by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons ſmile!

BOTH VOICES.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

CAMBRIA.

Riſe, goddeſs of immortal fame,
And with thy trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddeſs of immortal fame
Shall, with her trumpet's ſwelling ſound,
To all Britannia's realms around,
The double feſtival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's diſtant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each Britiſh ſoul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM

MR. HUGHES TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

——" THIS little poem was writ by this acci-
" dent of having Horace for my companion in a
" confinement by ſickneſs, and fancying I had diſ-
" covered a new ſenſe of one of his odes, for which
" I have found your Lordſhip's great indulgence
" and partiality to me, the beſt expoſition.

" Perhaps we never read with that attention, as
" when we think we have found ſomething appli-
" cable to ourſelves. I am now grown fond enough
" of this ſenſe to believe it the true one, and have
" drawn two or three learned friends (to whom I
" have mentioned it) into my opinion.

" The Ode, your Lordſhip will ſee, is that in
" which Horace feigns himſelf turned into a ſwan.
" It paſſes (for aught I know univerſally) for a
" compliment on himſelf, and a mere enthuſiaſtic
" rant of the poet in his own praiſe, like his *exegi*
" *monumentum*, &c. I confeſs I had often ſlightly
" read it in that view, and have found every one
" I have lately aſked, deceived by the ſame opi-
" nion, which I cannot but think ſpoils the ode,
" and ſinks it to nothing; I had almoſt ſaid, turns
" the ſwan into a gooſe.

" The grammarians ſeem to have fallen into this
" miſtake, by wholly overlooking the reaſon of his
" rapture, viz. its being addreſſed to Mæcenas; and
" have prefaced it with this, and the like general
" inſcriptions—*vaticinatur carminum ſuorum immorta-*
" *litatem*, &c. which I think is not the ſubject.

" I am very happy in the occaſion which ſhewed
" it me in a quite different ſenſe from what I had
" ever apprehended, till I had the honour to be
" known to your Lordſhip; I am ſure a much
" more advantageous one to the poet, as well as
" more juſt to his great patron. If I have ex-
" ceeded the liberty of an imitator, in purſuing the
" ſame hint further, to make it leſs doubtful, yet
" his favourers will forgive me, when I own I have
" not on this occaſion ſo much thought of emulat-
" ing his poetry, as of rivaling his pride, by the
" ambition of being known as,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,
and devoted humble ſervant,
J. HUGHES.

ODE

To the Right Honourable

LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER,

ANNO MDCCXVII.

In Alluſion to Horace, Lib. ii. Ode XX.

I.

I'M rais'd, tranſported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a towering ſwan, to ſoar
Aloft; ſee, ſee the down ariſe,
And clothe my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings ſhoot forth; now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the ſky;
Nor envy, nor ill-fortune's ſpite,
Shall ſtop my courſe, or damp my flight.

II.

Shall I, obſcure or diſeſteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to ſave
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—He can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condeſcends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

III.

'Tis done—I ſcorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths ſhall bind my brow.
Whether the muſe vouchſafe t'inſpire
My breaſt with the celeſtial fire;
Whether my verſe be fill'd with flame,
Or I deſerve a poet's name,
Let Fame be ſilent; only tell
That generous Cowper loves me well.

IV.

Through Britain's realms I ſhall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my duſt ſhall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be ſpar'd, and every tear;
Let but ſome ſtone this ſculpture bear;
" Here lies his clay to earth conſign'd,
" To whom great Cowper once was kind".

WHAT IS MAN.

O son of man! O creature of a day!
Proud of vain wisdom, with false greatness gay!
Heir of thy father's vice, to whose bad store
Thy guilty days are spent in adding more;
Thou propagated folly!—What in thee
Could heaven's Supreme, could perfect Wisdom see,
To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
Why art thou chose the favourite of the sky?
While angels wonder at the mercy known,
And scarce the wretch himself the debt immense will own!

BOILEAU,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROY.

Pourquoi ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
Et ces vaisseaux tout prests à quitter le rivage?
Disoit au roi Pyrrhus, un sage confident,
Conseiller tres-sensé d'un roi tres-imprudent.
Je vais, lui dit ce prince, à Rome où l'on m'apelle.
Quoi faire? l'assieger. L'entreprise est fort belle,
Et digne seulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
Mais quand nous l'aurons prise, & bien que ferons-nous?
Du reste des Latins la conqueste este facile.
Sans doute, ils sont à nous: est-ce tout? La Sicile
Delà nous tend les bras et bien-tost sans effort
Syracuse recoit nos vaisseaux dans son port.
En demeurés-vous là? Dés que nous l'aurons prise,
Il ne faut qu'un bon vent et Carthage est conquise:
Les chemins sont ouverts: qui peut nous arrester?
Je vous entens, seigneur, nous allons tout dompter:
Nous allons traverser les sables de Lybie;
Asservir en passant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;
Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs;
Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs;
Et ranger sous nos loix tout ce vaste Hemisphere;
Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire?
Alors, cher Cineas, victorieux, contens,
Nous pourrons rire à l'aise, et prendre du bon temps.
Hé, seigneur, dés ce jour, sans sortir de l'Epire,
Du matin jusqu'au soir qui vous défend de rire?

FROM BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

What mean these elephants, arms, warlike store,
And all these ships, prepar'd to leave the shore?
Thus Cyneas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wise,
Address'd king Pyrrhus;—thus the king replies;
'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go.
For what?—To conquer.—Rome's a noble foe,
A prize for Alexander fit, or you;
But Rome reduc'd, what next, Sir, will you do?
The rest of Italy my chains shall wear.
And is that all?—No, Sicily lies near;
See how she stretches out her beauteous arms,
And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
In Syracusa's port this fleet shall ride.
'Tis well—and there you will at last abide?—
No; that subdued, again we'll hoist our sails,
And put to sea; and, blow but prosperous gales,
Carthage must soon be ours, an easy prey,
The passage open: what obstructs our way?—
Then, Sir, your vast design I understand,
To conquer all the earth, cross seas and land,
O'er Afric's spacious wilds your reign extend,
Beneath your sword make proud Arabia bend;
Then seek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
His swelling stream; beyond Hydaspes' shores,
Through Indian realms to carry dire alarms,
And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms.
But say—this wondrous race of glory run,
When we return, say what shall then be done?
Then pleas'd, my friend, we'll spend the joyful day
In full delight, and laugh our cares away.
And why not now? Alas! Sir, need we roam
For this so far, or quit our native home?
No—let us now each valued hour employ,
Nor for the future lose the present joy.

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

I.

Solace of life, my sweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

II.

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and flowers,
Play through thy strings, and gently make them sound,
Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

III.

But ſee—what ſudden gloom obſcures the air!
What falling ſhowers impetuous change the day!
Let's riſe, my lyre—Ah pleaſure falſe as fair!
How faithleſs are thy charms, how ſhort thy ſtay!

AN ODE

IN THE PARK AT ASTED.

I.

Ye muſes, that frequent theſe walks and ſhades,
The ſeat of calm repoſe,
Which Howard's happy genius choſe;
Where, taught by you, his lyre he ſtrung,
And oft, like Philomel, in duſky glades,
Sweet amorous voluntaries ſung!
O ſay, ye kind inſpiring powers!
With what melodious ſtrain
Will you indulge my penſive vein,
And charm my ſolitary hours?

II.

Begin, and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat;
While, ſkreen'd from Auguſt's feveriſh heat,
Beneath this ſpreading elm I lie,
And view the yellow harveſt far around,
The neighbouring fields with plenty crown'd,
And over head a fair unclouded ſky.
The wood, the park's romantic ſcene,
The deer, that innocent and gay
On the ſoft turf's perpetual green
Paſs all their lives in love and play,
Are various objects of delight,
That ſport with fancy, and invite
Your aid, the pleaſure to complete;
Begin—and Echo ſhall the ſong repeat.

III.

Hark!—the kind inſpiring powers
Anſwer from their ſecret bowers,
Propitious to my call!
They join the choral voices all,
To charm my ſolitary hours.
Liſten, they cry, thou penſive ſwain!
Though much the tuneful ſiſters love
The fields, the park, the ſhady grove:
The fields, and park, and ſhady grove,
The tuneful ſiſters now diſdain,
And chooſe to ſooth thee with a ſweeter ſtrain;
Molinda's praiſes ſhall our ſkill employ,
Molinda, Nature's pride, and every muſe's joy!
The muſes triumph'd at her birth,
When, firſt deſcending from her parent ſkies,
This ſtar of beauty ſhot to earth;
Love ſaw the fires that darted from her eyes,
He ſaw, and ſmil'd—the winged boy
Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
And to his mother liſp'd her name,
Molinda!—Nature's pride, and every muſe's joy.

IV.

Say, beauteous Aſted! has thy honour'd ſhade
Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
Ye nymphs and ſylvan deities, confeſs
That ſhining feſtal day of happineſs!
For if the lovely maid was here,
April himſelf, though in ſo fair a dreſs
He clothe the meads, though his delicious ſhowers
Awake the bloſſoms and the breathing flowers,
And new-create the fragrant year;
April himſelf, or brighter May,
Aſſiſted by the god of day,
Never made your grove ſo gay,
Or half ſo full of charms appear.

V.

Whatever rural ſeat ſhe now doth grace,
And ſhines a goddeſs of the plains,
Imperial love new triumphs there ordains,
Removes with her from place to place,
With her he keeps his court, and where ſhe lives he reigns.
A thouſand bright attendants more
Her glorious equipage compoſe:
There circling pleaſure ever flows:
Friendſhip, and arts, a well-ſelected ſtore,
Good-humour, wit, and muſic's ſoft delight,
The ſhorten'd minutes there beguile,
And ſparkling mirth, that never looks ſo bright,
As when it lightens in Molinda's ſmile.

VI.

Thither, ye guardian powers (if ſuch there are deputed from the ſky
To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care),
Thither, ye gentle ſpirits, fly!
If goodneſs like your own can move,
Your conſtant zeal, your tendereſt love,
For ever wait on this accompliſh'd fair!
Shield her from every ruder breath of air,
Nor let invading ſickneſs come
To blaſt thoſe beauties in their bloom.
May no miſguided choice, no hapleſs doom,
Diſturb the heaven of her fair life
With clouds of grief, or ſhowers of melting tears;
Let harſh unkindneſs, and ungenerous ſtrife,
Repining diſcontent, and boding fears,
With every ſhape of woe be driven away,
Let ghoſts prohibited the day.
Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings diſplay,
And ſmiling joys crown all her bliſsful years.

TO MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS PAINTINGS.

While o'er the cloth thy happy pencil ſtrays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful courſe ſurveys,
Behold the magic power of ſhade and light!
A new creation opens to our ſight.
Here tufted groves riſe boldly to the ſky,
There ſpacious lawns more diſtant charm the eye;
The cryſtal lakes in borrow'd tinctures ſhine,
And miſty hills the fair horizon join,
Loſt in the azure borders of the day,
Like ſounds remote that die in air away.
The peopled proſpect various pleaſure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or ſwains the fields;
Harmonious order o'er the whole preſides,
And Nature crowns the work, which Judgment guides.

Nor with leſs ſkill diſplay'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year;
While fruits with imitated ripeneſs glow,
And ſudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and ſo various, thy extenſive hand,
Oft in ſuſpenſe the pleas'd ſpectators ſtand,
Doubtful to chooſe, and fearing ſtill to err,
When to thyſelf they would thyſelf prefer.
So when the rival gods at Athens ſtrove,
By wondrous works, their power divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident ſtrook the teeming earth,
Here the proud horſe upſtarted to his birth;
And there, as Pallas bleſs'd the fruitful ſcene,
The ſpreading olive rear'd its ſtately green;
In dumb ſurpriſe the gazing crowds were loſt,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder moſt.

TO URANIA,

ON HER ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA.

Through yielding waves the veſſel ſwiftly ſlies,
That bears Urania from our eager eyes;
Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er,
With ſpeed obſequious to a diſtant ſhore;
A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could boaſt
From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coaſt!
There the glad natives, on the crowded ſtrand,
With wonder ſee the matchleſs ſtranger land;
Tranſplanted glories in her features ſmile,
And a new dawn of beauty gilds their iſle.

So from the ſea when Venus roſe ſerene,
And by the Nymphs and Tritons firſt was ſeen,
The watery world beheld, with pleas'd ſurpriſe,
O'er its wide waſte new tracks of light ariſe;
The winds were huſh'd, the floods forgot to move,
And Nature own'd th' auſpicious Queen of Love.

Henceforth no more the Cyprian iſle be nam'd,
Though for the abode of that bright goddeſs fam'd;
Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd ſo long
Through ages paſt, are now the poets ſong.
The Graces there, and Virtues fix their throne;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The muſe, with her in thought tranſported, ſees
The opening ſcene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter ſkies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay
To grace the pomp of ſome lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd ſoil in all its plenty ſhines,
New ſpreads its branching palms, and new adorns its pines;
With gifts prepares the ſhining gueſt to meet,
And pours its verdant offerings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleaſure ſhe appears,
Smiles on the labourers, and their labours cheers,
The luſcious canes with ſweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And ſlaves forget their toil, while ſhe is by.

Not Ceres' ſelf more bleſſings could diſplay,
When through the earth ſhe took her wandering way,
Far from her native coaſt, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harveſts through the teeming ground.

Mean while our drooping vales deſerted mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wiſh'd return;
New honours then, Urania, ſhall be thine,
And Britain ſhall again the world outſhine.

So when of late our ſun was veil'd from ſight
In dark eclipſe, and loſt in ſudden night,
A ſhivering cold each heart with horror thrill'd,
The birds forſook the ſkies, the herds the field;
But when the conquering orb, with one bright ray,
Broke through the gloom, and re-enthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their ſtrains,
Unuſual tranſports rais'd the cheerful ſwains,
And joy returning echo'd through the plains.

THE FOLLOWING

SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

To Mr. Milton's incomparable Poem, entitled, Il Penſeroſo, *or* The Penſive Man, *was alſo writ by Mr. Hughes.*

It ſeems neceſſary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right underſtanding of it.

'And may at laſt my weary age
'Find out the peaceful hermitage,
'The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
'Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
'Of every ſtar that heaven doth ſhew,
'And every herb that ſips the dew;
'Till old experience do attain
'To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.'
There let time's creeping winter ſhed
His hoary ſnow around my head;
And while I feel, by faſt degrees,
My ſluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixt eye
The ſcenes of deep eternity,
Till life diſſolving at the view,
I wake, and find thoſe viſions true!

THE HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Muſicians, poets, 'ſquires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's haſty flight?
Why in new groves ſhe takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and ſtop the lovely ſtray!

Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtleſs her conduct, free her air;
Gay, ſcornful, ſober, indiſcreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peeviſh, eaſy,
Form'd both to charm you and diſpleaſe you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modiſh her dreſs, her hoop full wide;
Brown ſkin, her eyes of ſable hue,
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a ſhrew.

Genteel her motion, when ſhe walks,
Sweetly ſhe ſings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives
Leads honeſt, or diſhoneſt, lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each maſquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herſelf unknown.

By this deſcription, if you meet her,
With lowly bows, and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Aſk for reward a lover's bliſs,
And (if ſhe'll let you) take a kiſs;
Or more, if more you wiſh and may,
Try if at church the words ſhe'll ſay,
Then ſhake her, if you can—"obey."

THE PATRIOT.

To the Right Honourable
WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

How godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, midſt contending factions of the ſtate,
In council cool, in reſolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears control'd,
And proof alike againſt both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!
But wiſely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the ſteady purpoſe of his mind.

So Atlas, pois'd on his broad baſe, defies
The ſhock of gathering ſtorms and wintry ſkies;
Above the clouds, ſerene, he lifts his brow,
And ſees unmov'd the thunder break below.

But where's the patriot, by theſe virtues known,
Unſway'd by others paſſions, or his own?
Juſt to his prince, and to the public true,
That ſhuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And ſcorns the ſhort-liv'd wiſdom of a day?

If there be one—hold muſe, nor more reveal—
(Yet oh that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of ſuch wealth poſſeſt!
On thy firm throne, great George, unſhaken reſt,
Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy!

Rich in itſelf, the genuine diamond ſhines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet ſet in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
Of the ſun's light, and caſts a wider blaze.
With pleaſure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
That adds a luſtre to the royal gold.

January 25. 1717-18.

THE
SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT
OF
ORESTES, A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

Argument.

Oreſtes had killed his mother Clytemneſtra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the ſtory is the ſubject of the Electra of Sophocles, where, in the concluſion of the play, Clytemneſtra is heard behind the ſcene crying out in vain for mercy, while her ſon is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written firſt; and Euripides took up the ſtory where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Oreſtes's mind with ſo much horror as afterwards cauſed his diſtraction. In this condition he is repreſented in the following ſcene, lying on a couch, and his ſiſter Electra, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I ſhall detain the reader no longer than to obſerve, that the tenderneſs of Electra, and the alternate ſtarts and returns of madneſs and reaſon in Oreſtes, are touched with the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of nature and paſſion.

Chorus, Oreſtes, Electra.

Chorus.

DRAW near, Electra, to thy brother's couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted reſt
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

Oreſtes, waking.

O ſweet refreſhing ſleep! thou balmy cure
Of ſickneſs and of pain!
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me!
O ſoft oblivion of ſurrounding ills,
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms!
Where am I?—ſpeak—inform me, tell me where.
How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of reaſon!
And now no tract of former thought remains.

Electra.

O my much-lov'd Oreſtes! O my brother!
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing ſlumbers.
Come—ſhall I help to raiſe thee from thy couch?

Oreſtes.

Soft, I pray thee—firſt wipe away theſe drops,
That ſit all dewy o'er my face.

Electra.

Ye gods!
How pleaſant is this taſk to a ſiſter's love!

Oreſtes.

Come, let me lean upon thee;—how canſt thou bear me?—
Put forth thy hand; remove the clotted locks
That ſhade my ſight; I ſcarcely yet can ſee—

Electra.

O my poor brother! how has ſickneſs chang'd thee!
Thy face, thy beard, ſo long unwaſh'd deform thee,
And ſpread an unknown horror o'er thy mien.

Oreſtes.

I'm weary;—lead me to my couch again.
When my fit leaves me I am weak and faint,
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

Electra.

How friendly is the ſick man's bed; though pain
Dwell there, yet there he beſt may bear it.

Oreſtes.

O! help once more; and gently bend me forward.

Chorus.

The ſick are ever reſtleſs;
Uneaſineſs and pain make them impatient.

Electra.

Wilt thou get up, and try again to walk?
Change will perhaps relieve thee.

Oreſtes.

I fain would walk—and, ſeeming well awhile,
Delude my anxious thoughts.

Electra.

Now hear me, brother;
Hear me, while yet the cruel furies leave thee
This pauſe from grief, this interval of reaſon.

Oreſtes.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis welcome;
If ill—I've load enough; nor add thou more.

Electra.

Then know thy uncle Menelaus comes;
His ſhip is in the port—

Oreſtes.

What doſt thou ſay?—
He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs,
And chaſe away the blackneſs of deſpair;
My father's brother, and his beſt-lov'd friend!

Electra.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd Troy
His beauteous Helen—

Oreſtes.

Say'ſt thou?—better far
He came alone—and he alone ſurviving:
But if with Helen—then he brings a curſe,
A heavy curſe—

Electra.

The race of Tyndarus
Have through all Greece ſpread infamy and ſhame,

Oreſtes.

Beware then—ſhun the deeds of impious women.
Wear no falſe face—be good, as well as ſeem ſo—
Beware I ſay—

Electra.

Alas! what means my brother? you are chang'd.
Your colour ſhifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—
Your fit returns—O heaven's! he's loſt again.

Oreſtes.

Mother, forbear!—What! no forgiveneſs—never?
O! take away thoſe furies—how they ſhake
Their ſnaky locks, and grin around me!

Electra.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms thee.
Compoſe thyſelf: why doſt thou leave thy couch?
Here are no fiends; thou talk'ſt to ſhapeleſs air.

Oreſtes.

Help, help me, Phœbus—See thoſe dogs of hell
With famiſh'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!
Th' infernal prieſteſſes look fiercely on me;
They thirſt for blood, and I'm the deſtin'd victim!

Electra.

Nay, ſtrive not—for I will not let thee go,
While theſe weak arms can fold thee—

Oreſtes.

What art thou? [thee;
One of my curſt tormenters?—Hence—I know
Thou graſp'ſt me thus to plunge me down to hell.

Electra.

Oh! whence can wretched mortals hope for ſuccour,
When heaven is deaf, and all the gods our foes!

Oreſtes.

Reach me the weapons of the ſhooting god,
Apollo's gift, the ſhafts and horny bow;
With theſe he bade me drive the fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me—

Electra.

Can they feel?
Can deathleſs beings feel a mortal wound?

Oreſtes.

They ſhall—or leave my tortur'd ſight—behold!
Doſt thou not ſee their feather'd ſhafts fly round me?
Begone, ye miniſters of wrath—Away! away!
The guilt's not mine—Hence, through the yielding ſkies,
Fly ſwift to heaven—and charge Apollo there
Whoſe oracle betray'd me—Ah! I faint;
My ſpirits ſink—Where am I now? Alas!
How have I left my bed?—how ſtray'd I hither?
O—I perceive—once more the raging waves
Have ſpent their force—and all is calm again—
My ſiſter?—weeping too? Why doſt thou turn
Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment!
I grieve to think what I have made thee ſuffer;
I know my ſickneſs bears too hard upon thee;
Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid!
The deed was mine—Thou only didſt conſent:
'Twas I that ſlew my mother—Phœbus himſelf
Adviſ'd that impious act—the guilt be his, [me.
Whoſe words ſpoke comfort, but who now forſakes
But oh! Electra, had our father's ſhade
Been preſent then—had I, before the god,

Aſk'd his conſent, to ſtrike the murdereſs dead,
The pitying manes ſure had ſtopp'd my hand,
Nor would have wiſh'd for his own life again,
Redeem'd by guilt, ſo horrid in a ſon.
Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid;
Though we're both wretched, tears are ſhed in vain;
And when thou ſeeſt again my faltering reaſon,
Be ready thou to rule my broken ſenſe,
And comfort my affliction—And when thou
Shalt ſink beneath thy preſſing woes, I'll ſtrive
By ſoothing words to mitigate thy ſorrows.
Such offices become our fond affection.
But now, retiring to thy own apartment,
Let gentle ſlumber cloſe thy wakeful eyes;
Then riſe refreſh'd; anoint thy wearied limbs,
And with due nouriſhment recruit thy ſpirits.
Such ceaſeleſs watchings will exhauſt thy ſtrength,
And make thy languid life a burden to thee.
Thou ſeeſt all other friends are fled; thou art
My only ſolace in this dire affliction.
Should'ſt thou forſake me too, I'm loſt indeed.

Electra.

O no! thy ſiſter never will forſake thee;
Nor only will I live, but die, with thee;
What joy could life afford a wretched woman,
Bereft of father, brother, every friend?—

But if you ſo command, I will retire;
In the meanwhile compoſe thyſelf to reſt,
Reclin'd upon thy couch; nor let vain terrors
Rouſe thee again—Thy own upbraiding conſcience
Is the revengeful fiend that haunts thy breaſt!

ON THE BIRTH DAY

Of the Right Honourable

THE LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.

JULY XXIII. M.DCC.XIX.

As father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with ſpeed his waters flow;
But where ſome beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river ſeems to move more ſlow;

As if he ſtopp'd awhile, with conſcious pride,
Nor to the ocean would purſue his race,
Till he reflect its glories in his tide,
And call the water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in time's common flood the huddled throng
Of mouths and hours unheeded paſs away,
Unleſs ſome general good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of ſome feſtal day.

Not fair July, though plenty clothe his fields,
Though golden ſuns make all his mornings ſmile,
Can boaſt of aught that ſuch a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our iſle.

Hail happy month! ſecure of laſting fame!
Doubly diſtinguiſh'd through the circling year:
In Rome a hero gave thee firſt thy name;
A patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

THE XIVth OLYMPIC OF PINDAR,

TO

ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS.

I.

Ye heavenly graces, who preſide
O'er Minyæa's happy ſoil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the faireſt ſteeds;
And rule the land, where with a gentle tide
Your lov'd Cephiſian waters glide!
To you Orchomenus's towers belong,
Then hear, ye goddeſſes, and aid the ſong.

II.

Whatever honours ſhine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or ſooth the raviſh'd ſoul, or charm the ſight,
To you their power of pleaſing owe.
Fame, beauty, wiſdom, you beſtow;
Nor will the gods the ſacred banquet own,
Nor on the chorus look propitious down,
If you your preſence have deny'd,
To rule the banquet, and the chorus guide.

III.

In heaven itſelf all own your happy care;
Bleſs'd by your influence divine,
There all is good, and all is fair:
On thrones ſublime you there illuſtrious ſhine;
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inſpire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual ſing,
To Jove, of heaven the father and the king.

IV.

Now hear, Aglaia, venerable maid!
Hear thou that tuneful verſe doſt love,
Euphroſyne! join your cœleſtial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!
Thalia too be preſent with my lays;
Aſopicus has rais'd his city's name,
And, victor in th' Olympic ſtrife, may claim,
From you his juſt reward of virtuous praiſe.

V.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph ſpread;
Fly to the regions of the dead, [ſound,
Through Proſerpine's dark empire bear the
There ſeek Cleodamus below,
And let the pleas'd paternal ſpirit know,
How on the plains of Piſa far renown'd,
His ſon, his youthful ſon, of matchleſs ſpeed,
Bore off from all the victor's meed,
And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples crown'd.

THE MORNING APPARITION.

Written at Wallington-houſe, in Surry, the Seat of Mr. Bridges.

All things were huſh'd, as noiſe itſelf were dead;
No midnight mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent bed;
Not e'en a gnat diſturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;

No breeze the caſement ſhook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell ſoft from off the eaves;
Nor noiſy ſplinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight ſeem'd itſelf aſleep,
When tir'd I cloſ'd my eyes—How long I lay
In ſlumber wrapp'd, I liſt not now to ſay:
When hark! a ſudden noiſe—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, ſtarting, rubb'd my eyes,
Faſt cloſ'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains ruſhing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure ſpoke.
Cold ſweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth's my theme.
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo! 'twas honeſt maſter Jones*;
Who wav'd his hand, to baniſh fear and ſorrow,
Well charg'd with toaſt and ſack, and cry'd "Good
" morrow!"

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW

AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE,

THEN THE SEAT OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES, 1719.

ENVY, if thy ſearching eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy ſorrow thou ſhalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodneſs, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then, if thou would'ſt ſhun this ſight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

THE SUPPLEMENT:

THE CHARACTER OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES†.

Imperfect.

PAINTER, give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou deſcribe th' immortal part?
Though Kneller's or though Raphael's ſkill were
thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did ſhine,
The labour'd piece muſt yet half-finiſh'd ſtand,
And mock the weakneſs of the maſter's hand.

Colours are but the phantoms of the day,
With that they're born, with that they fade away;
Like beauty's charms, they but amuſe the ſight,
Dark in themſelves, till, by reflection bright,
With the ſun's aid to rival him they boaſt,
But light withdrawn in their own ſhades are loſt.
Then what are theſe t' expreſs the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire?

That work can only by the muſe be wrought;
Souls muſt paint ſouls, and thought delineate
thought.
Then painter-muſe begin, and unconfin'd
Draw boldly firſt a large extent of mind:
Yet not a barren waſte, an empty ſpace.
For crowds of virtues fill up all the place.
See! o'er the reſt fair piety preſides,
As the bright ſun th' inferior planets guides;
To the ſoul's powers it vital heat ſupplies,
And hence a thouſand worthy habits riſe.
So when that genial father of the ſpring
Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to ſing,
And from the heavenly bull his influence ſheds
On the parterres and fruitful garden beds,
A thouſand beauteous births ſhoot up to ſight,
A thouſand buds unfolding meet the light;
Each uſeful plant does the rich earth adorn,
And all the flowery univerſe is born.

O! could my verſe deſcribe this ſacred queen,
This firſt of virtues, awful, yet ſerene,
Plain in her native charms, nor too ſevere,
Free from falſe zeal, and ſuperſtitious fear;
Such and ſo bright, as by th' effects we find
She dwells in this ſelected happy mind,
The ſource of every good ſhould ſtand confeſt,
And all who ſee applaud the heaven-born gueſt!

Proceed, my muſe, next in the picture place
Diffuſive charity to human race.
Juſtice thou need'ſt not in the draught expreſs,
Since every greater ſtill includes the leſs.
What were the praiſe if virtue idly ſtood,
Content alike to do nor harm nor good?
Though ſhunning ill, unactive and ſupine,
Like painted ſuns that warm not while they ſhine?
The nobler ſoul ſuch narrow life diſdains,
Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
Taſteleſs of bleſſings, if poſſeſt alone,
And in imparted pleaſures ſeeks its own.
Hence grows the ſenſe of friendſhip's generous fires,
Hence liberality the heart inſpires,
Hence ſtreams of good in conſtant actions flow,
And man to man becomes a god below!

A ſoul thus form'd, and ſuch a ſoul is here,
Needs not the dangerous teſt of riches fear,
But, unſubdued to wealth, may ſafely ſtand,
And count o'er heaps with an unſully'd hand.
Heaven, that knew this, and where t' intruſt its
ſtore,
And, bleſſing one, oft' bleſſes many more,
Firſt gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A liberal fortune to a liberal mind.
With ſuch a graceful eaſe her bounty flows;
She gives, and ſcarce that ſhe's the giver knows,
But ſeems receiving moſt, when ſhe the moſt
beſtows.
Rich in herſelf, well may ſhe value more
Her wealth within, the mind's immortal ſtore;
Paſſions ſubdued, and knowledge free from pride,
Good humour, ever to good ſenſe ally'd,
Well-ſeaſon'd mirth, and wiſdom unſevere,
An equal temper, and a heart ſincere;

* The butler.
† She died Dec. 1. 1745, aged 88.

Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which fortune may display, but not beſtow;
For wealth but ſets the picture more in ſight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' eſteem that's founded in deſert!
How pleaſing is the tribute of the heart!
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And ev'n dependence cannot feel its chain,
Yet whom ſhe thus ſets free ſhe cloſer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly bleſſing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune ſhare,
Leads by example, and by kindneſs guards,
And raiſes firſt the merit ſhe rewards.

Oft too abroad ſhe caſts a friendly eye,
As ſhe would help to every need ſupply.
The poor near her almoſt their cares forget,
Their want but ſerves as hunger to their meat;
For, ſince her ſoul's ally'd to human kind,
Not to her houſe alone her ſtore's confin'd,
But paſſing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
Through ſome fair garden thus a river leads
Its watery wealth, and firſt th' incloſure feeds,
Viſits each plant, and every flower ſupplies;
Or, taught in ſportive fountains to ariſe,
Caſts ſprinkled ſhowers o'er every figur'd green;
Or in canals walks round the beauteous ſcene,
Yet ſtops not there, but its free courſe maintains,
And ſpreads gay verdure through th' adjacent plains;
The labouring hinds with pleaſure ſee it flow,
And bleſs thoſe ſtreams by which their paſtures grow.

O generous uſe of power! O virtuous pride!
Ne'er may the means be to ſuch ſouls deny'd,
Executors of Heaven's all-bounteous will,
Who well the great Firſt-giver's ends fulfil,
Who from ſuperior heights ſtill looking down
On glittering heaps, which ſcarce they think their own,
Deſpiſe the empty ſhow of uſeleſs ſtate,
And only would by doing good be great!

Now pauſe awhile, my muſe, and then renew
The pleating taſk, and take a ſecond view!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
A train of virtues yet undrawn appear;
Here juſt economy, ſtrict prudence there;
Near liberality they ever ſtand;
This guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
By theſe ſee wild profuſion chas'd away,
And wanton luxury, like birds of prey.
Whilſt meek humility, with charms ſerene,
Forbids vain pomp t' approach the hallow'd ſcene;
Yet through her veil the more attracts the ſight,
And on her ſiſter-virtues caſts a light.

But wherefore ſtarts the painter-muſe, and why,
The piece unfiniſh'd, throws the pencil by?
Methinks (ſhe ſays) humility I hear,
With gentle voice reproving, cry—Forbear!
Forbear, raſh muſe! nor longer now commend,
Leſt whom thou would'ſt deſcribe, thou ſhould'ſt offend,
And in her breaſt a painful glowing raiſe,
Who, conſcious of the merit, ſhuns the praiſe.

THE ECSTACY.

AN ODE.

" Me vero primùm dulces ante omnia muſæ
" Accipiant, cœlíque vias et ſidera monſtrent."
VIRG.

Advertiſement.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Caſimire, intituled *e Rebus Humanis Exceſſus*, from which it is plain that Cowley likewiſe took the firſt hint of his ode called the *Ecſtacy*. The former part, therefore, is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with conſiderable variations, and the addition of the whole ſecond ſtanza, except the firſt three lines: but the plan itſelf ſeeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a ſhort view of the heavens according to the modern philoſophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I.

I LEAVE mortality's low ſphere.
Ye winds and clouds, come lift me high;
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the ſky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a ſpace of air
Extends new proſpects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,
(The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decreaſe beneath my riſing view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears,
Its ſcatter'd nations I ſurvey,
And all the maſs of earth and ſea;
Oh object well deſerving tears!
Capricious ſtate of things below, [know!
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration

II.

Here new-built towns, aſpiring high,
Aſcend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obſcure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waſte I ſpy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab ſhown,
Still load with uſeleſs pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts ſhe to heaven her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where's the pride of Afric's ſhore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?

In Rome herſelf behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatneſs ſunk, her modern boaſted
ſtate!
See her luxurious palaces arife,
With broken arches mixt between!
And here what ſplendid domes poſſeſs the ſkies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moſs diſplay;
And columns, awful in deçay, [ſcene.
Rear up their roofleſs heads to form the various

III.

Around the ſpace of earth I turn my eye;
But where's the region free from woe?
Where ſhall the muſe one little ſpot deſcry
The ſeat of happineſs below?
Here peace would all its joys diſpenſe,
The vines and olives unmoleſted grow,
But lo! a purple peſtilence
Unpeoples cities, ſweeps the plains,
Whilſt vainly through deſerted fields
Her unreap'd harveſts Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight ſilence reigns.
There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
But, ſlaves to arbitrary power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad poſſeſſors ruſh to arms.
I ſee, I ſee them from afar,
I view diſtinct the mingled war!
I ſee the changing ſquadrons preſt
Hand to hand, and breaſt to breaſt.
Deſtruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd
food.

IV.

Here cruel Diſcord takes a wider ſcene,
To exerciſe more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
With ſcarce a ſpace of ſea between.
Hark! what a brazen burſt of thunder
Rends the elements aſunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the diſtant ſhore;
The diſtant ſhore,
That ſuch a ſtorm ne'er felt before,
Tranſmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling
ſound.

V.

Still greater horrors ſtrike my eyes.
Behold convulſive earthquakes there
And ſhatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities ſink, and ſudden mountains riſe!
Through opening mines th' aſtoniſh'd wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin ſleeps; and nought remains
But duſt above and deſart plains,
Unleſs ſome ſtone this ſad inſcription wear,
Rais'd by ſome future traveller,
"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,
"One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where ſeas, diſdaining bound,
And bury ſpacious towns beneath their ſweeping
tide. [ſound.
Daſh'd with the ſudden flood the vaulted temples
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift
high
A watery monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie.
Ev'n now the floating wreck I ſpy,
And the wide ſurface far around
With ſpoils of plunder'd countries crown'd,
Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
When late thou ſaw'ſt thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and riſing in its might
Pour down ſwift ruin on thy plains below.
Thus fire, and air, and earth, and main,
A never-ceaſing fight maintain,
While man on every ſide is ſure to loſe;
And fate has furniſh'd out the ſtage of life
With war, misfortune, and with ſtrife; [woes.
Till death the curtain drops, and ſhuts the ſcene of

VII.

But why do I delay my flight?
Or on ſuch gloomy objects gaze?
I go to realms ſerene with ever-living light.
Haſte, clouds and whirlwinds, haſte a raptur'd bard
to raiſe;
Mount me ſublime along the ſhining way,
Where planets, in pure ſtreams of æther driv'n,
Swim through the blue expanſe of heav'n.
And lo! th' obſequious clouds and winds obey!
And lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide-ſtretch'd kingdoms periſh from my eye.
Heaven! what bright viſions now ariſe!
What opening worlds my raviſh'd ſenſe ſurpriſe!
I paſs cerulean gulfs, and now behold
New ſolid globes their weight, ſelf-balanc'd, bear,
Unprop'd amidſt the fluid air,
And all, around the central ſun, in circling eddies
roll'd.
Unequal in their courſe ſee they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the ſame laws ordain
To obey the earth, and rule the main;
Here ſpots no more in ſhadowy ſtreaks appear;
But lakes inſtead, and groves of trees,
The wondering muſe tranſported ſees,
And their tall heads diſcover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward caſt my ſight,
When lo! the earth a larger moon, diſplays
Far off, amidſt the heavens, her ſilver face,
And to her ſiſter moon by turns gives light!
Her ſeas are ſhadowy ſpots, her land a milky white.

VIII.

What power unknown my courſe ſtill upwards
guides,
Where Mars is ſeen his ruddy rays to throw
Through heatleſs ſkies that round him ſeem to
glow, [ſides?
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons pre-
And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturns chilling cold, [behold.
And paſs his planetary guards, and his bright ring
Here the ſun's beams ſo faintly play,
The mingled ſhades almoſt extinguiſh day.

His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;
And other suns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at last the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
Where stars, profuse in heaps, heaven's glittering heights adorn.
Lost in each other's neighbouring rays, [blaze.
They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous
So thick the lucid gems are strown,
As if th' Almighty builder here
Laid up his stores for many a sphere
In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,
Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
Like distant morning in the skies;
And wonders from what source its dawning splendors rise.

X.

But lo!—what's this I see appear?
It seems far off a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the shining meteor came.
How swift it climbs th' aerial space!
And now it traverses each sphere,
And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near
The great Columbus of the skies I know!
'Tis Newton's soul, that daily travels here
In search of knowledge for mankind below.
O stay, thou happy spirit, stay, [day;
And lead me on through all th' unbeaten wilds of
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
Safe through the downward roads of night,
And in Elysium blest his sight
With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.
Here let me, thy companion, stray
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold;
And trace each comet's wandering way,
And now descry light's fountain-head,
And measure its descending speed;
Or learn how sun-born colours rise
In rays distinct, and in the skies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watery bow;
Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures shed
On every planet's rising hills, and every verdant mead.

XI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on contemplation's wings,
Fresh wonders I would still explore,
Still the great Maker's power adore,
Lost in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth, and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low nest securely lies,
Amid the darkness of the sheltering wood,
Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the skies;
Till fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
The bird of heaven to heaven aspires,
Soars 'midst the meteors and celestial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,
And bears the thunder through th' æthereal plains.

THE TENTH BOOK
OF
LUCAN'S PHARSALIA,
TRANSLATED.

The Argument and Connection of the Story with the foregoing Books.

Pompey, flying to Egypt, after his defeat at Pharsalia, was, by the king's consent, basely murdered by Pothinus, and his head presented to Cæsar, as he approached the Egyptian coast, in pursuit of his enemy. The poet having represented this catastrophe in the two former books; the argument of the tenth book is as follows:

Cæsar lands in Egypt. He goes to Alexandria; visits the temple, and the sepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digression, declaims against the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Egypt, meets Cæsar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His sister Cleopatra, who had been kept a prisoner in Pharos, makes her escape, and privately getting admittance to Cæsar, implores his protection. By his means she is reconciled to her brother; after which she entertains Cæsar at a feast. The supper being ended, Cæsar requests of Achoreus, the priest, an account of the antiquities of Egypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The course of that river described, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its spring, and the causes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Cæsar. His message to Achillas to invite him to join in this attempt. Achillas marches against Alexandria with an army composed of Egyptians and Romans, and besieges Cæsar in the palace, who seizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own security. A herald, sent from the king to inquire the cause of this tumult, is slain. An attack being made, Cæsar defends himself, burns the Egyptian ships in the harbour, and possesses himself of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arsinoe, younger sister of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganimede, her governor, arriving in the camp, causes Achillas to be slain. Ganimede renews the attack against Cæsar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greatest extremity.

When conquering Cæsar follow'd to the land
His rival's head, and trod the barbarous strand,
His fortune strove with guilty Egypt's fate
In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate;

Shall Roman arms great Lagus' realm enthrall?
Or ſhall the victor, like the vanquiſh'd, fall
By Egypt's ſword? Pompey, the ghoſt withſtood
Th' impending blow, and ſav'd the general's blood,
Leſt Rome, too happy after loſs of thee,
Should rule the Nile, herſelf from bondage free.

Secure, and with this barbarous pledge content,
To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
The crowd that ſaw his entry, while, before,
Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
In murmur'd founds their jealous rage diſclos'd,
At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd.
Obſerving Cæſar ſoon his error ſpy'd,
That not for him his mighty rival dy'd,
Yet ſmooth'd his brow, all marks of fear ſuppreſs'd,
And hid his cares, deep bury'd in his breaſt.

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
The city walls and temples to ſurvey,
Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon, diſplay.
He view'd the ſplendid fanes with careleſs eyes,
Shrines rich with gold and ſacred myſteries,
Nor fix'd his ſight, but, eager in his pace,
Deſcends the vault, which holds the royal race.
Philip's mad ſon, the proſperous robber, bound
In fate's eternal chains, here ſleeps profound,
Whom death forbad his rapines to purſue,
And in the world's revenge the monſter ſlew.
His impious bones, which, through each climate toſt,
The ſport of winds, or in the ocean loſt,
Had met a juſter fate, this tomb obtain'd,
And ſacred, to that kingdom's end, remain'd.
O! ſhould auſpicious years roll round again,
And godlike liberty reſume her reign,
Preſerv'd to ſcorn the relics would be ſhown
Of the bold chief, whoſe boundleſs pride alone
This curſt example to ambition gave,
How many realms one mortal can enſlave!

Diſdaining what his father won before,
Aſpiring ſtill, and reſtleſs after more,
He left his home; while fortune ſmooth'd his way,
And o'er the fruitful eaſt enlarg'd his ſway.
Red ſlaughter mark'd his progreſs, as he paſt;
The guilty ſword laid human nature waſte,
Diſcolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
With Perſian this, and that with Indian blood.
He ſeem'd in terror to the nations ſent,
The wrath of heaven, a ſtar of dire portent,
And ſhook, like thunder, all the continent!

Nor yet content, a navy he provides,
To ſeas remote his triumphs now he guides,
Nor winds nor waves his progreſs could withſtand;
Nor Liby's ſcorching heat, and deſart land,
Nor rolling mountains of collected ſand.
Had Heaven but giv'n him line, he had outrun
The fartheſt journey of the ſetting ſun,
March'd round the poles, and drank diſcover'd Nile
At his ſpring-head—But winged fate the while
Comes on with ſpeed, the funeral hour draws near;
Death only could arreſt his mad career,
Who to his grave the world's ſole empire bore,
With the ſame envy 'twas acquir'd before;
And, wanting a ſucceſſor to his reign,
Left all to ſuffer conqueſt once again.

Yet Babylon firſt yielded to his arms,
And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
Oh ſhame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear
The Grecian dart, and not the Roman ſpear?
What though the north, and ſouth, and weſt, are ours,
Th' unconquer'd eaſt defies our feeble powers,
So fatal once to Rome's great Craſſi known,
A province now to Pella's puny town.

Now from Peluſium, where expanding wide
Nile pours into the ſea his ample tide,
Came the boy-king; his preſence ſoon appeas'd
The people's rage, and giddy tumult ceas'd.
In Egypt's palace, Cæſar ſleeps ſecure;
This princely hoſtage does awhile enſure
His terms of peace; when lo! the ſiſter-queen,
In a ſmall boat conceal'd, ſecurely mean,
With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
And undiſcover'd lands, and lurks within the court.
The royal whore; her country's worſt diſgrace,
The fate and fury of the Roman race!
As Helen's ſoft incendiary charms
Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,
No leſs did Cleopatra's eyes inſpire
Italian flames, and ſpread the kindled fire.
A rabble rout, a vile enervate band
Preſum'd th' imperial eagles to withſtand;
Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread,
E'en mighty Rome with terror heard the jar,
Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war,
And ſhook her lofty towers, and trembled from afar.
What triumphs had proud Alexandria ſeen,
Had great Octavius then a captive been,
When hovering victory, at Leucate's bay,
Hung on her wings, and 'twas a ſtrife that day,
If the loſt world a diſtaff ſhould obey.
From that curſt night this daring hope aroſe,
That ſhameful night, the ſource of future woes,
Which firſt commenc'd polluted loves, between
A Roman general and Egyptian queen.
O who can Anthony's wild paſſion blame?
Ev'n Cæſar's flinty heart confeſs'd the ſoftening flame!
The foul adulterer, reeking with the ſtains
Of impious ſlaughter on Theſſalian plains,
Unwaſh'd from blood, amidſt the rage of war,
In joys obſcene forgets his cruel care.
Though Pompey's ghoſt yet haunt thoſe barbarous walls,
And howling in his ears for vengeance calls,
Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
And mingles lawleſs love with lawleſs arms,
Nor mindful of his chaſter progeny,
A baſtard-brother, Julia, gives to thee.
His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin;
Luxurious Cæſar, ſhamefully ſupine,
Foregoes his gains, and for a kiſs or ſmile
Sells the dear purchaſe of his martial toil.

Him Cleopatra ſought t' eſpouſe her care;
Preſuming of her charms, the mournful fair
In wild diſorder loos'd her lovely hair,
And, with a face inviting ſure relief,
In tender accents thus diſclos'd her grief:

Great Cæſar, look! of Lagus' royal race,
So thou reſtore me to my rightful place,
I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
My hope of ſuccour is in you alone.
You riſe a proſperous ſtar to Egypt's aid;
O ſhine propitious on an injur'd maid!
My ſex has oft the Pharian ſceptre ſway'd,
For ſo the laws admit. Let Cæſar read
Our parent's will; my brother's crown and bed
Are mine to ſhare, and were the youth but free
From fancy tutors, he would marry me.
But by Pothinus' nod his paſſions move,
Pothinus wields his ſword, and manages his love.
Forbid that crime; I freely quit my claim,
But ſave from ſuch reproach our houſe and name.
Reſcue the royal boy from mean command,
Reſtore the ſceptre to his trembling hand,
This vile domeſtic's lawleſs pride reſtrain, [reign.
Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to
Th' imperious ſlave, who kill'd great Cæſar's foe,
Inur'd to blood, would murder Cæſar too,
But far, far hence, ye gods, avert the threaten'd blow!
Let Pompey's head ſuffice Pothinus' fame,
Nor let a nobler death increaſe our ſhame!

Here paus'd the queen, and ſpoke in looks the reſt;
Not words alone could move his ſavage breaſt;
Her eyes enforce her prayers, ſoft beauty pleads,
And brib'd the judge; a night of guilt ſucceeds.
Then ſoon for peace th' affrighted brother ſought,
And with rich gifts his reconcilement brought.

Affairs united thus, the court ordains
A ſolemn feaſt, where joy tumultuous reigns.
Here Cleopatra's genius firſt was ſhown,
And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown.
The hall a temple ſeem'd; corrupter days
Scarce to the gods would ſuch a ſtructure raiſe.
Rich was the fretted roof, and cover'd o'er
With ponderous gold; all onyx was the floor.
Nor marble plates alone the walls incas'd,
Beauteous to ſight, and all th' apartment grac'd;
But ſolid pillars of thick agate ſtood,
And ebony ſupply'd for common wood.
Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoiſe ſeen
Inlaid, and ſtudded emerald between.
The beds too ſhone, profuſe of gems, on high,
The coverings Tyrian ſilk, of double dye,
Embroider'd part with gold, with ſcarlet part,
A curious mixture of Egyptian art.

And now the crowd of menial ſlaves appears,
Of various ſkin, and ſize, and various years.
Some ſwarthy Africans with frizzled hair;
Black Ethiops theſe; and thoſe, like Germans, fair,
With yellow locks, which, Cæſar owns, outſhine
In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine;
Beſides th' unhappy youth by ſteel unmann'd,
And ſoften'd from their ſex, a beardleſs band;
An abler train was rang'd in adverſe rows,
Yet ſcarce their cheeks did the firſt down diſcloſe.

The princes took their ſeats; amid the reſt
Sat lordly Cæſar, their ſuperior gueſt.
Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
T' enjoy a brother-ſpouſe, and ſhare his throne,
Had ſtain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful care
Her fatal eyes, new conqueſt to prepare;
Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and ſparkled in her hair.
O'ercharg'd with ſpoils which the Red Sea ſupply'd,
Scarce can ſhe move beneath the ponderous pride.
Sidonian ſilk her ſnowy breaſts array'd,
Which through the net-work veil a thouſand charms diſplay'd,
Here might be ſeen large oval tables, wrought
Of citron from Atlantic foreſts brought,
Their treſſels ivory; not ſo rich a ſort
Was Cæſar's prize in vanquiſh'd Juba's court.
Blind oſtentatious madneſs! to diſplay
Your wealth to whom ev'n civil war's a play,
And tempt an armed gueſt to ſeize the prey!
Grant riches not the purpoſe of his toil,
Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for ſpoil,
Think him a hero of that chaſter time,
When poverty was praiſe and gold a crime;
Suppoſe Fabricius preſent at the ſhow,
Or the rough conſul choſen from the plough,
Or virtuous Curius; each would wiſh to come
With ſuch a triumph back to wondering Rome.

What earth and air, the ſea and Nile afford,
In golden veſſels heaps the plenteous board;
Whate'er ambitious luxury could find
Through the ſearch'd globe, and more than want enjoin'd;
Herds of Egyptian gods, and fowl of various kind.
In cryſtal ewers Nilus ſupplies around
His pureſt ſtreams; vaſt glittering bowls abound
With wine from Meroe's iſle, whoſe noble age,
Fermenting, ſparkles with ungovern'd rage:
With twiſted wreaths, which fragrant flowers compoſe,
Delightful nard, and ever-blooming roſe,
They crown their brows; and ſtrow their oily hair
With ſpice from neighbouring fields, not yet exhal'd in air.
Here Cæſar learns the fruitful world to drain,
While conſcious thoughts his ſecret ſoul arraign;
Bluſhing he inward mourns the dire debate
With his poor ſon, but mourns, alas! too late,
And longs for war with Egypt's wealthy ſtate.

At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
When fated luxury requir'd no more,
Cæſar protracts the ſilent hours of night,
And, turning to Achoreus, cloth'd in white,
High on a lofty couch—Say, holy ſeer!
Whoſe hoary age thy guardian gods revere,
Devoted to their rites! wilt thou relate
The riſe and progreſs of the Pharian ſtate?

Deſcribe the land's extent, what humours ſway
The people's minds, and to what powers you pray,
What cuſtoms keep, and what devotion pay.
Whate'er your ancient monuments contain,
Produce to light, and willing gods explain.
If Plato once obtain'd a like requeſt,
To whom your fires their myſtic rites confeſt,
This let me boaſt, perhaps you have not here
A meaner gueſt, or leſs judicious ear.
Fame of my rival led me firſt, 'tis true,
To Egypt's coaſt, yet join'd with fame of you.
I ſtill had vacant hours amidſt my wars,
To read the heavens, and to review the ſtars;
Henceforth all kalendars muſt yield to mine,
And ev'n Eudoxus ſhall the palm reſign.
But more than all, the love of truth, which fires
My glowing breaſt, an ardent wiſh inſpires
To learn what numerous ages ne'er could know,
Your river's ſource, and cauſes of its flow.
Indulge my hope Nile's ſecret birth to view,
No more in arms I'll civil ſtrife purſue.

He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply;
Ye reverend ſhades of our great anceſtry!
While I to Cæſar nature's works explain,
And open ſtores yet hid from eyes profane,
Be it no crime your ſecrets to reveal!
Let others hold it pious to conceal
Such mighty truths. I think the gods deſign'd
Works ſuch as theſe to paſs all human kind,
And teach the wondering world their laws and heavenly mind.

At nature's birth, a various power was given
To various ſtars that croſs the poles of heaven,
And ſlack the rolling ſphere. With ſovereign rays
The ſun divides the months, the nights, the days,
Fix'd in his orb, the wandering courſe reſtrains
Of other ſtars, and the great dance ordains.
The changeful moon attends th' alternate tides,
Saturn o'er ice and ſnowy zones preſides;
Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder guides;
Jove's is a ſky ſerene, and temperate air;
The ſeeds of life are Venus's kindly care.
O'er ſpreading ſtreams, Cyllenius, is thy reign:
And when that part of heaven thou doſt attain,
When Cancer with the lion mingles rays,
And Sirius all his fiery rage diſplays,
Beneath whoſe hot ſurvey, deep in his bed,
Obſcure from ſight, old Nilus veils his head;
When thou, from thence, in thy celeſtial courſe,
Ruler of floods, doſt ſtrike the river's courſe,
The conſcious ſtreams break out, and flowing ſoon
Obey thy call, as ocean does the moon;
Nor check their tide, till night has from the ſun
Regain'd thoſe hours th' advancing ſummer won.

Vain was the faith of old, that melted ſnow
From Ethiopian hills produce this flow;
For let the natives ſun-burnt ſkins declare,
That no bleak north breathes wintery tempeſts there,
But vapours from the ſouth poſſeſs the parching air.

Beſides, ſuch torrents as by ſnows increaſe,
Begin to ſwell when ſpring does firſt releaſe
Thoſe wintery ſtores; Nile ne'er provokes his ſtreams,
Till the hot Dog-ſtar ſhoot his angry beams;
Nor then reſumes his banks, till Libra weighs
In equal ſcale the meaſur'd nights and days.
Hence he the laws of other ſtreams declines,
Nor flows in winter, when at diſtance ſhines
The moderate ſun; commanded to repair,
In ſummer's heat, to cool th' intemperate air.
When ſcorch'd Siene feels her Cancer's fire.
Then left the world, conſum'd in flame, expire,
Nile to its aid his watery forces draws,
And ſwells againſt the Lion's burning jaws.
Moiſtening the plains, till Phœbus late deſcends
To autumn's cooler couch, and Meroe's ſhade extends.
Who can the cauſe of ſuch great changes read?
Ev'n ſo our parent nature had decreed
Nile's conſtant courſe, and ſo the world has need.

As vainly to antiquity apply'd
Th' Eteſian winds to raiſe this wondrous tide,
Which blow at ſtated ſeaſons of the year
For ſeveral days, and long poſſeſs the air;
Or thought vaſt clouds, which, driv'n before them, fly
Beyond the ſouth, diſcharg'd the burden'd ſky
On Nilus' head, and thence his current ſwell'd;
Or that thoſe winds the river's courſe repell'd,
Which ſtopp'd, and preſs'd by th' entering ſea diſdains
His banks, and iſſuing boils along the plains.

Some think vaſt pores, and gaps in earth abound,
Where ſtreams in ſilent veins creep under ground,
Led from the chilling north, the line to meet,
When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
While the parch'd earth a watery ſuccour craves;
Then Po and Ganges roll their ſmother'd waves
Deep through the vaults beneath; and Nile ſupply'd
Diſcharge at one vent their mingled tide,
Nor can the gather'd flood in one ſtraight channel ride.

Some think the ſea, which round all lands extends
His liquid arms, theſe guſhing waters ſends;
That length of courſe the ſaltneſs wears away;
Or thus; ſince Phœbus and the ſtars, we ſay,
Drink ocean's ſtreams; when, near but Cancer's claws,
The thirſty ſun a larger portion draws,
That more than air digeſts, attracted ſo,
Falls back by night, and cauſes Nile to flow.

Might I in ſo perplex'd a cauſe engage,
I think, ſince nature grew mature in age,
Some waters, Cæſar, have deriv'd their birth
From veins by ſtrong convulſions broke in earth;
And ſome coæval with the world began,
And ſtarting through appointed channels ran,
When this whole frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
Ordain'd its laws, and its firſt motions ſteer'd.

The kings of Greece, of Egypt, and the Eaſt,
Ardent like you, were with this wiſh poſſeſt,

And every age has labour'd to attain
The wondrous truth, but labour'd ſtill in vain,
For nature lurks obſcure, and mocks their pain.
Philip's great ſon, whoſe conſecrated name
Memphis adores, the firſt in regal fame,
Envious of this, detach'd a choſen band
To range th' extreme of Ethiopia's land!
They paſs the ſcorching ſoil, and only view
Where hotter ſtreams their conſtant way purſue.
The fartheſt weſt our great Seſoſtris ſaw,
While harmleſs kings his lofty chariot draw,
Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus firſt
At both their ſprings, ere Nile obey'd his thirſt.
Cambyſes, mad with luſt of power t' o'er-run
The long-liv'd nations of the riſing ſun,
To promis'd ſpoils a numerous army led;
His famiſh'd ſoldiers on each other fed,
Exhauſted he return'd, nor ſaw great Nilus' head;—
Nor boaſting fame pretends to make it known;
Where'er thou flow'ſt, thy ſprings poſſeſt by none,
And not one land can call thee, Nile, her own.
Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
Has giv'n to know, to Cæſar I'll reveal.

First from the ſouthern pole thy ſtream we trace,
Which rolling forward with a ſpeedy pace,
Under hot Cancer is directly driven
Againſt Bootes' wain, far in the north of heaven.
Yet winding in thy courſe from eaſt to weſt,
Arabia now, now Libya's ſands are bleſt
With thy cool flood; which firſt the Seres ſpy,
Yet ſeek thee too; thy current, rolling by,
Through Ethiopia next, a ſtranger, flows.
Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes
Thy ſacred birth, which nature hid from all,
Leſt any nation ſhould behold thee ſmall,
And, covering deep thy infant head, requir'd
That none ſhould find what is by all admir'd.

Thou, by a law to other ſtreams unknown,
In ſummer's ſolſtice o'er thy banks art thrown,
And bring'ſt in thy full tide a winter of thy own.
To thee alone 'tis given thy waves to roll
Athwart the globe, enlarg'd to either pole;
Theſe nations ſeek thy fountain, thoſe would trace
Thy gulf. With ſpacious arms thou doſt embrace
Hot Meroe, fruitful to a ſooty race,
And proud of dun woods; yet no retreat
Their uſeleſs ſhades afford to ſhun th' exceſſive heat.
Then through the regions of the ſcorching ſun,
Not leſſen'd by his thirſt, thy waters run.
O'er barren ſands they take a tedious courſe,
Now rolling in one tide their gather'd force;
Now wandering in their way, and ſprinkled round,
O'er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound.
Thy channel here its ſcatter'd troops regains,
Between th' Egyptian and Arabian plains,
Where Philas bounds the realm; with eaſy pace
Thy ſlippery waves through deſerts cut their race,
Where nature by a tract of land divides
Our ſea, diſtinguiſh'd from the Red Sea's tides.

Who that beholds thee here ſo gently flow,
Would think thou ever could'ſt tempeſtuous grow?
But when o'er rugged cliffs and ways unev'n
In ſteepy cataracts thou'rt headlong driv'n.
Thy ruſhing waves, reſiſted, fiercer fly,
And batter'd froth rebounding fills the ſky.
The hills remurmur with the daſhing ſound,
Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
And rear their conquering heads with hoary honours crown'd.
Hence ſhaken Abatos firſt feels thy rage,
And rocks, which in our great forefathers age
Were call'd the river's veins; becauſe they ſhow
His firſt increaſe, and ſymptoms of his flow.
Vaſt piles of mountains here encompaſs wide
His ſtreams, to Libya's thirſty lands deny'd,
Which thus enclos'd in a deep valley glide.
At Memphis firſt he ſees the open plains,
Then flows at large, and his low banks diſdains.

While thus ſecure, as if no danger nigh,
Till night's black ſteeds had travel'd half the ſky,
They paſs the hours of reſt, Pothinus' mind
From brooding miſchief can no leiſure find.
Seaſon'd in ſacred blood, what crime can ſcare
The wretch, that late could ſuch a murder dare?
Great Pompey's ghoſt dwells in his breaſt, t' inſpire
New monſters there; and furies add their fire.
He hopes ignoble hands ſhall wear thoſe ſtains,
Which heaven for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
And that blind fortune to a ſlave that day
The ſenate's vengeance ſhould bequeath away,
The debt for civil war, which Cæſar once ſhall pay.
But oh! ye righteous powers, exert your care!
The guilty life in Brutus' abſence ſpare!
Nor let vile Egypt Rome's great juſtice boaſt,
And this example to the world be loſt!

Vain is th' attempt; yet, ſcorning ſecret ſnares,
Steel'd by his crimes, the deſperate villain dares
With open war th' unconquer'd chief provoke,
And dooms his head already to the ſtroke,
Deſigns to bid the ſlaughter'd father go,
And ſeek his ſon in dreary ſhades below.
Yet firſt he ſends a truſty ſlave, to bear
This haſty meſſage to Achilles' ear,
His partner ruffian in great Pompey's fall,
Whom the weak king had made his general,
And thoughtleſs of his own defence, reſign'd
A power againſt himſelf and all mankind.

Go, ſluggard, to thy bed of down, and ſteep
Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious ſleep!
While Cleopatra does the court invade,
And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
But giv'n away; doſt thou alone forbear
To grace the nuptial of thy miſtreſs here?
Th' inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall her brother wed,
Ally'd already to the Roman's bed,
And ſharing both by turns; Egypt's her hire,
Already paid, and Rome ſhe may require.
Could Cleopatra's ſorceries decoy
Ev'n Cæſar's age, and ſhall we truſt a boy?

Whom if one night she fold within her arms,
Drunk with lewd joys, and fascinating charms,
Whatever pious name the crime allay,
Between each kiss, he'll give our heads away,
And we by racks or flames must for her beauty pay.
In this distress fate no relief allows;
Cæsar's her lover, and the king her spouse;
And she herself, no doubt, the doom has past
On us, and all who would have left her chaste.
But by the deed which we together shar'd,
In vain, if not by new attempts repair'd,
By that strict league a hero's blood has bound,
Bring speedy war, and all their joys confound,
Rush boldly on; with slaughter let us stain
Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be slain
Ev'n in her bed, and which soe'er supplies
In present turn the husband's place, he dies.
Nor Cæsar's name our purpose shall appall;
Fortune's the common mistress of us all,
And she, that lifts him now above mankind,
Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
We share his brightest glory, and are great
By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
Look on the shore, and read good omens there,
And ask the bloody waves what we may dare.
Behold what tomb the wretched trunk supplies,
Half hid in sands, half naked to the skies!
Yet this was Cæsar's equal whom we slew;
And doubt we then new glory to pursue?
Grant that our birth's obscure; yet, shall we need
Kings or rich states confederate to the deed?
No, fate's our own, and fortune in our way,
Without our toil, presents a nobler prey;
Appease we now the Romans while we may!
This second victim shall their rage remove
For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
Nor dread we mighty names, which slaves adore;
Stripp'd of his army, what's this soldier more
Than thou or I?—To night then let us end
His civil wars; to night the fates shall send
A sacrifice to troops of ghosts below,
And pay that head, which to the world they owe.
At Cæsar's throat let the fierce soldiery fly,
And Egypt's youth with Rome's their force apply,
Those for their king, and these for liberty.
No more, but haste, and take the foe supine,
Prepar'd for lust, and gorg'd with food and wine.
Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
The cause which Brutus' prayers, and Cato's will defend.

To mischief swift, Achillas soon obey'd
This summons, yet his sudden march betray'd
By no loud signal, nor the trumpet's jar:
In silent haste he led a barbarous train of war.
Degenerate crowds of Romans fill his bands,
So lost in vice, so chang'd in foreign lands,
That they, who should have scorn'd the king's commands,
Forgetful of their country and their fame,
Under a vile domestic's conduct came.
No faith, no honour, can the herd restrain,
That follow camps, and fight for sordid gain;
Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cause inquire,
That side's the just, which gives the largest hire.
If by your swords proud Cæsar was to bleed,
Strike for yourselves, ye slaves! nor sell the deed!
Oh wretched Rome! where'er thy eagle flies,
New civil wars, new fury, will arise:
Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Thessalian plains,
Amidst thy troops their country's madness reigns.
What more could the bold house of Lagus dare,
Had Pompey found a just protection there?
No Roman hand's exempt, but each must spill
His share of blood, and heaven's decrees fulfil.
Such vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to send,
And with such numerous wounds the Latian state to rend.

Not for the son or father now they fight;
A base born-slave can civil arms excite,
Achillas mingles in the Roman strife;
And, had not fate protected Cæsar's life,
These had prevail'd; each villain ready stood,
This waits without, and that within, for blood.
The court, dissolv'd in feasting, open lay
To treacherous snares, a careless easy prey.
Then o'er the royal cups had Cæsar bled,
And on the board had fall'n his sever'd head.
But left, amid the darkness of the night,
Their swords unconscious, in the huddled fight,
Might slay the king, the slaves a while took breath,
And slipp'd th' important hour of Cæsar's death.
They thought to make him soon the loss repay,
And fall a sacrifice in open day.
One night is given him; by Pothinus' grace
He sees the sun once more renew his race.

Now the fair morning-star began to show
The sign of day from Cassia's lofty brow,
And ev'n the dawn made sultry Egypt glow,
When from afar the marching troops appear,
Not in loose squadrons scatter'd here and there,
But one broad front of war, as if that day
To meet an equal force, and fight in just array.
While Cæsar thinks not the town-walls secure,
He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
Th' inglorious siege, and in a corner hide
Enclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
In haste he arms his friends; his anxious breast,
Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt depress,
Much fears th' assault, yet more that fear disdains;
So when some generous savage, bound with chains,
Is shut within his den, he howls with rage,
And breaks his teeth against the massy cage:
And thus, if by new weight of hills impos'd
Sicilian Ætna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
Ev'n thus th' imprison'd god of fire would rave,
And drive his flames rebellowing round the cave.
Behold the man, who lately scorn'd to dread
The senate's army to just battle led,
The flower of Roman lords, and Pompey at their head,
Who, in a cause forbidding hope, could trust
That Providence for him should prove unjust,
Behold him now oppress, forlorn of aid,
Driv'n to a house, and of a hare afraid!

He, whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuſe,
Nor ſavage Moors, who barbarouſly uſe
In ſport, to try inhoſpitable arts
On ſtrangers bound, their living mark for darts
Though Rome's extended world, though India join'd
With Tyrian Gades ſeems a realm confin'd,
A ſpace too ſcanty to his vaſter mind,
Now, like a boy or tender maid, he flies,
When ſudden arms th' invaded works ſurpriſe;
He traverſes the court, each room explores,
His hope is all in bars and bolted doors.
Yet doubtful while he wanders here and there,
He leads the captive kings his fate to ſhare,
Or expiate that death the ſlaves for him prepare.
If darts or miſſive flames ſhall fail, he'll throw
Their ſovereign's head againſt th' advancing foe.
So, when Medea fled her native clime,
And fear'd juſt vengeance on her impious crime,
With ready ſteel the cruel ſorcereſs ſtood,
To greet her father with her brother's blood,
Prepar'd his head, to ſtop, with dire affright,
A parent's ſpeed, and to aſſure her flight.

Yet Cæſar, that unequal arms might ceaſe,
Suſpends his fury, and eſſays a peace.
A herald from the king is ſent, t' aſſuage
His rebel ſervants, and upbraid their rage,
And in their abſent tyrant's name t' inquire
The ſecret author of this kindled fire.
But, ſcornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
The ſacred laws of nations overthrew,
And for his ſpeech the royal envoy ſlew.
Inhuman deed! that ſwells the guilty ſcore
Of Ægypt's monſters, well increas'd before.
Not Theſſaly, not Juba's ſavage train,
Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain,
Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtes' barbarous land,
Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

Th' attack is form'd, the palace cloſely pent;
Huge javelins to the ſhaken walls are ſent,
A ſtorm of flying ſpears; yet from below
No battering rams reſiſtleſs drive the blow,
No engine's brought, no fires; the giddy crowd
In parties roam, and with brute clamours loud,
In ſeveral bands their waſted ſtrength divide,
And here and there to force an entrance try'd;
In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæſar's ſide.

Then, where the palace 'midſt ſurrounding waves
Projects luxuriant, and their fury braves,
The ſhips too their united force apply,
And ſwiftly hurl the naval war on high,
Yet, preſent every where with ſword or fire,
Cæſar th' approaches guards, and makes the foes retire.
To all by turns he brings ſucceſsful aids,
Inverts the war, and though beſieg'd, invades.
Fireballs, and torches dreſt with unctuous ſpoil
Of tar combuſtible, and frying oil,
Kindled he launch'd againſt the fleet; nor ſlow
The catching flames inveſt the ſmouldering tow.
The pitchy planks their crackling prey become;
The painted ſterns, and rowers ſeats conſume.
There, hulks half burnt ſink in the main; and here
Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.

Nor thus ſuffic'd, the flames from thence aſpire,
And ſeize the buildings with contagious fire.
Swift o'er the roofs by winds increas'd, they fly;
So ſhooting meteors blaze along the ſky,
And lead their wandering courſe with ſudden glare,
By ſulphurous atoms fed in fields of thinneſt air.

Affrighted crowds the growing ruin view;
To ſave the city from the ſiege they flew,
When Cæſar, wont the lucky hour to chooſe
Of ſudden chance in war, and wiſely uſe,
Loſt not in ſlothful reſt the favouring night,
But ſhipp'd his men, and ſudden took his flight.
Pharos he ſeiz'd, an iſland heretofore,
When prophet Proteus Ægypt's ſceptre bore,
Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the ſhore.
Here Cæſar's arms a double uſe obtain;
Hence from the ſtraiten'd foe he bars the main,
While to his friends the important harbour lies
A ſafe retreat, and open to ſupplies.
Nor longer now the doom ſuſpended ſtands,
Which juſtice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt, unmatch'd like his, requires,
Not by the ſhameful croſs, or torturing fires,
Nor torn by ravenous beaſts, the howling wretch expires.
The ſword diſhonour'd did his head divide,
And by a fate like Rome's beſt ſon he dy'd.
Arſinoe now, by well-concerted ſnares
'Scap'd from the palace to the foe repairs;
The truſty Ganymede aſſiſts her flight,
Then o'er the camp ſhe claim'd a ſovereign's right;
Her brother abſent, ſhe aſſumes the ſword,
And frees the tyrant from his houſehold lord;
By her juſt hand Achilles meets his fate,
Rebel accurs'd! in blood and miſchief great!
Another victim, Pompey, to thy ſhade;
But think not yet the full atonement made,
Though Ægypt's king, though all the royal line
Should fall, thy murmuring ghoſt would ſtill repine;
Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain,
Till Cæſar's purple life the ſenate's ſwords ſhall ſtain.

Nor does the ſwelling tempeſt yet ſubſide.
The chief remov'd that did its fury guide,
To the ſame charge bold Ganymede ſucceeds,
Proſperous awhile in many hardy deeds.
So long th' event of war in balance lay,
So great the dangers of that doubtful day,
That Cæſar from that day alone might claim
Immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame.

Now while to quit the ſtraiten'd mole he ſtrove,
And to the vacant ſhips the fight remove,

War's utmoſt terrors preſs on every ſide;
Before the ſtrand beſieging navies ride;
Behind, the troops advance. No way is ſeen
T' eſcape, or ſcarce a glorious death to win.
No room with ſlaughter'd foes to ſtrew the plain,
And bravely fall amidſt a pile of ſlain.
A captive to the place he now appears,
Doubtful if death ſhould move his hope, or fears.
In this diſtreſs a ſudden thought inſpir'd
His hardy breaſt, by great examples fir'd;
Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,
And glory won near fam'd Dyrrhachium's walls;
Where, whilſt his men a doubtful fight maintain,
And Pompey ſtrove the batter'd works to gain,
Amidſt a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
Alone the brave Centurion kept his ground
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*** Here the original poem breaks off abruptly, having been left unfiniſhed by the author.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Containing his

ESSAY ON POETRY,		EPISTLES,
ODES,		TRANSLATIONS,
SONGS,		IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Muſe! 'tis enough! at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live; for BUCKINGHAM commends—
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain;
Time, health, and fortune are not loſt in vain,
SHEFFIELD approves: conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I, and Malice, from this hour are friends.

POPE'S MISCELLANIES.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF SHEFFIELD.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Earl of Mulgrave, better known by his title of Duke of Buckinghamſhire, was born in 1649. His father, Edmund Earl of Mulgrave, was grandſon of Edmund ſecond Earl of Mulgrave, and died in 1658. His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of Lionel Earl of Middleſex, marrying Lord Oſſulſton, ſoon after the death of his father, the care of his education was left to a tutor, who, though a man of learning, did not much improve him in his ſtudies.

At the age of twelve, he was ſo little ſatisfied with his tutor, that he reſolved to become his own maſter, and to dedicate a certain number of hours every day to ſtudy.

This purpoſe he proſecuted ſucceſsfully; and, by his own application, acquired a degree of learning which juſtly entitled him to the reputation he ever after maintained of a polite ſcholar.

His literary acquiſitions are the more wonderful, as thoſe years in which they are commonly made, were ſpent by him in the tumult of a military life, or the gaiety of a court.

At the age of ſeventeen, when war was declared againſt the Dutch, he went on board the ſhip in which Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle ſailed; but had no opportunity of ſignalizing his courage.

His zeal for the king's ſervice was rewarded by the command of one of the independent troops then raiſed to protect the coaſt.

At the age of eighteen, he received a ſummons to parliament, which the Earl of Northumberland thought at leaſt indecent; and his objection was allowed.

About this time, he had a quarrel with Rocheſter, for "having been reported to have ſaid ſomething very malicious of him." Rocheſter denied the words, and he was himſelf convinced he had never ſaid them. "But a mere report," ſays he, "though I found it to be falſe, obliged me (as I then foolihly thought) to go on with the quarrel." When Rocheſter came upon the ground, he refuſed to fight him, urging as a reaſon for his refuſal, that he was then ſo weak by a certain diſtemper, that he was incapable of fighting.

He has related the circumſtances of this quarrel in his *Memoirs*, perhaps too oſtentatiouſly, as Rocheſter's ſurviving ſiſter, Lady Sandwich, is ſaid to have told him with very ſharp reproaches.

When another Dutch war (1672) broke out, he went again a volunteer in the ſhip commanded by Lord Offory, who repreſented his behaviour, in the famous naval engagement at Solbay, ſo favourably, that he was advanced to the command of the Royal Catharine, the beſt ſecond rate ſhip in the navy.

He afterwards raiſed a regiment of foot, and commanded it as colonel. The land forces were ſent aſhore by Prince Rupert, and he lived in the camp very familiarly with Scomberg. He was then appointed colonel of the old Holland regiment, together with his own, and had the promiſe of a garter, which he obtained in his twenty-fifth year. He was likewiſe made Gentleman of the Bed-chamber.

He afterwards made a campaign in the French ſervice, under Turenne. Being oppoſed by Monmouth in his pretenſions to the firſt troop of horſe-guards, he, in return, made Monmouth ſuſpected by the Duke of York. He was not long after, when the unfortunate Monmouth fell into diſgrace, recompenſed with the Lieutenancy of Yorkſhire, and the government of Hull.

Coming very young to the poſſeſſion of a plentiful eſtate, and in an age when pleaſure was more in faſhion than buſineſs, he proſecuted his ſtudies amidſt the allurements of diſſipation; and in making his way to the military and civil employments ſuitable to his high birth and polite accompliſhments, he was never wholly negligent of literature, but at leaſt cultivated poetry; in which he muſt have early riſen to a conſiderable degree of eminence, if it be true, which is reported, that when he was not yet twenty years old, his recommendation advanced Dryden to the laurel, vacant by the death of Davenant.

In 1680, when Tangier was beſieged by the Moors, he was ſent with two thouſand men to its relief. A ſtory is told of the danger to which he was intentionally expoſed in a leaky veſſel, to

gratify ſome reſentful jealouſy of the king, whoſe health he therefore would never permit at his table, till he was himſelf in a ſafer place.

But Mrs. Manley, in her "Atalantis," and Boyer, in his "Hiſtory of Queen Anne," attribute it to the diſcovery of certain overtures of marriage, which he was bold enough to make to the Princeſs Anne, and which ſhe herſelf ſeemed not inclinable to diſcourage.

However it may be, this voyage was proſperouſly performed in three weeks, by the aſſiſtance of pumping the whole time, to diſcharge the water, which leaked in very faſt; and the conſequence of this expedition was the retreat of the Moors, and the blowing up of Tangier.

During the voyage, he compoſed the *Viſion*, which, conſidering the hourly dangers he was in, afford a ſtriking inſtance of innate firmneſs and magnanimity. At his return, he recovered the king's favour; and, forgetting the ill offices done him, continued a wit and a courtier, as before.

At the acceſſion of King James, with whom he lived in great familiarity, he was immediately admitted into the privy council, and made Lord Chamberlain.

Though he was, in ſome reſpects, a man of nice honour, he "was apt to comply with any thing that he thought might be acceptable," and went greater lengths to ſerve the king, than were conſiſtent with that, or any other ſocial principle.

He was not only an advocate for the *diſpenſing power*, but he ſat in the eccleſiaſtical commiſſion; not with a view of introducing Popery, as he ſeems to have been at leaſt indifferent to all religions, though he went to maſs, and kneeled with the reſt, but purely from a zeal of ſerving his ſovereign.

It muſt, however, be acknowledged, that he was far from being inclined to join the inquiſitors of that arbitrary court in *all* their illegal proceedings. His pardon, therefore, was procured with leſs difficulty at the Revolution, by the friendly mediation of Dr. Tillotſon.

In the Revolution he acquieſced, though he did not promote it. When King James, in oppoſition to his advice, quitted the kingdom, he appears to have been one of the lords who ſent ſuch letters to the fleet, the army, and all the conſiderable garriſons in England, as perſuaded them to continue in order and ſubjection till the government ſhould be ſettled.

To his humanity, and ſpirited behaviour in council alſo, King James was indebted for the protection he obtained from the lords in London, upon his being ſeized and inſulted by the populace at Feverſham.

When the crown was ſettled upon William and Mary, he voted for the conjunctive ſovereignty. This vote gratified King William, yet, either by the king's diſtruſt, or his own diſcontent, he lived ſome years without employment.

He was, notwithſtanding this averſion or indifference, made Marquis of Normanby, in Lincolnſhire, in 1694, but ſtill oppoſed the court on ſome important queſtions; yet at laſt he was received into the cabinet-council, with a penſion of 3000 l.

At the acceſſion of Qeen Anne, he was immediately rewarded for having made love to her before her marriage. Before her coronation (1702) ſhe made him Lord Privy Seal, and ſoon after Lord Lieutenant of the Weſt Riding of Yorkſhire, and one of the Governors of the Charter-houſe. He was then named Commiſſioner for treating with the Scots about the Union, and was made, next year, firſt Duke of Normanby, and then of Buckinghamſhire, there being ſuſpected to be ſomewhere a latent claim to the title of Buckingham.

Soon after, becoming jealous of Marlborough, he reſigned the Privy Seal, and joined the diſcontented Tories, in a motion for inviting the Princeſs Sophia to England, which was extremely offenſive to the Queen; who, notwithſtanding, courted him back with no leſs an offer than that of the chancellorſhip, which he refuſed. He now retired from buſineſs, and built that houſe in St. James's Park which is now the Queen's, upon ground granted by the Crown.

When the Whig miniſtry was removed (1710) to make room for Harley and the Tories, he was made Lord Steward of the Houſehold, and Preſident of the Council, and concurred in all the meaſures of the new miniſtry, except that he endeavoured to protect the Catalans.

After the acceſſion of King George, he became a conſtant opponent of the court; and having no public employment, is ſuppoſed to have amuſed himſelf by writing his two tragedies, *Julius Cæſar*, and *Marcus Brutus*; which, though never acted, were intended for the ſtage, and to be performed

after the manner of the ancients, with muſical choruſes between the acts. They are both taken from Shakſpeare's tragedy of " Julius Cæſar ;" but with great alterations.

In 1719, he wrote *The Election of a Laureat*, occaſioned by Euſden's appointment to the office of poet laureat, on the death of Rowe. Euſden's promotion gave great offence, perhaps unjuſtly; for as the firſt rate poets were either in oppoſition to government, or in higher ſituations, it was neceſſary to beſtow the laurel on one of inferiour rank. Euſden was probably equal to any of his competitors. His writings, though they do not diſcover great poetical genius, afford no juſt ground for the accuſation of dulneſs, and ought to have exempted him from the ſevere cenſure of Sheffield and Pope.

In ruſh'd Euſden, and cried who ſhall have it,
But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name.

He died at Buckingham-houſe, 24th February 1720-21, in the 72d year of his age, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory, upon which the following epitaph is inſcribed, by his own direction, as appears from a paſſage of his will. " Since ſomething is uſually written on monuments, I direct that the following lines ſhall be put on mine," viz.

In one place.

Pro Rege ſæpe, pro Republica ſemper.

In another.

Dubius, ſed non improbus vixi,
Incertus morior, ſed inturbatus
Humanum eſt neſcire et errare,
Chriſtum adveneror, Deo confido
Omnipotenti, benevolentiſſimo.
Ens entium miſere mihi.

The ſecond line ſtands thus on the monument : *Incertus morior, non perturbatus*, and the words *Chriſtum adveneror* are omitted, at the deſire of Dr. Atterbury, who thought *adveneror* not ſtrong enough as applied to Chriſt. Under the whole are the following words :

Catharina Buckinghamicæ Duciſſa mœrens extrui curavit, Anno MDCCXXI.

He was thrice married. By his two firſt wives he had no children : by his third, who was the daughter of King James, by Catharine Sedley, Counteſs of Dorcheſter, and the widow of the Earl of Angleſey, he had, beſides other children that died early, a ſon, born in 1716, who died at Rome in 1735, and put an end to the line of Sheffield. His epitaph is written by Pope. The Ducheſs died in 1742.

His works, conſiſting of *Poems*, *Hiſtorical Memoirs*, *Speeches*, *Characters*, *Critical Obſervations*, and *Eſſays*, were collected and printed by Alderman Barber, in 2 volumes, 4to, 1723. They have been ſince reprinted in 2 volumes, 8vo, 1729, with the omiſſion of ſome offenſive particulars relating to the Revolution.

Sheffield, as might be expected from his high rank, was very liberally complimented by his contemporaries. But his quality can avail him nothing in the eſtimation of the preſent age. His merits are now to be judged, not by flattery or favour, but by the deciſion of impartial criticiſm, uninfluenced by his bounty, and unawed by his ſplendor.

As a ſtateſman, he is characteriſed by a ſteady attachment to Tory principles of government, which is principally to be aſcribed to the perſonal obligations he was under to the royal family of Stuart.

As a courtier, he is diſtinguiſhed by perſonal dignity, gracefulneſs, and good-breeding. He poſſeſſed wit and ſpirit, gallantry and politeneſs, in an eminent degree. But his religion was the looſe ſcepticiſm of Hobbes, and his morality the groſs libertiniſm of the court of Charles. He has been cenſured as haughty, covetous, and paſſionate. He is, however, ſaid to have had much tenderneſs and generoſity, and to have been very ready to apologiſe for his violences of paſſion.

He is introduced into this collection only as a poet; and if credit is given to the eulogies of Dryden, Garth, Prior, Addiſon, and Pope, he was a poet of no vulgar rank. But it may be juſtly doubted, whether he was not indebted to his patronage of men of genius for a greater ſhare of his reputation, than was derived from his perſonal merit.

He cultivated an early aequaintance with Dryden, whoſe help he was always ſuppoſed to have had in the *Eſſay on Satire*, and the verſion from *Ovid*; and who has degraded himſelf by offering him the moſt extravagant adulation in the dedications to his " Virgil" and " Aurengzebe."

He was among the firſt to acknowledge the merit of Pope, and uſhered in the publication of his "Poems" with a recommendatory *Copy of Verſes*, which received the praiſe, and excited the emulation of Harcourt, and other admirers of our Engliſh Homer.

Great Sheffield's muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads;
Firſt gives the palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.

Pope himſelf appears to have valued this *Copy of Verſes* very highly, though they are extremely feeble and proſaic, and ſpeaks of Sheffield's commendation as the conſummation of his fame.

Muſe! 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends;
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends, &c.

Beſides this profeſſed teſtimony of his gratitude, Pope has incidentally mentioned his obligations to him; in his poems, and embelliſhed his *Tragedy of Brutus* with two choruſes.

Of his other poetical pieces, the *Eſſay on Poetry* is the moſt diſtinguiſhed. It ſeems to have been his favourite production; for he was all his life improving it by ſucceſſive reviſals; ſo that there is ſcarcely any poem to be found of which the laſt editions differ more from the firſt. It is ranked by Addiſon (Spectator, No. 253.) with Roſcommon's "Eſſay on tranſlated Verſe," and Pope's "Eſſay on Criticiſm." Though the verſification is careleſs, the ſenſe is always clear, and the rules are commonly juſt, and often delivered with eaſe, and ſometimes with energy. It is juſtly ranked among our beſt didactic poems.

The *Viſion* contains little invention, or propriety of ſentiment. The *Election of a Laureat* is an imitation of Suckling's "Seſſion of the Poets," in which he has characteriſed the contemporary poets, with ſome humour and vivacity. His *Odes* are written with Pindaric liberty, but are languid and unharmonious. His *Tranſlations* are ſufficiently licentious, but very deficient in animation and forte, compared with the original. His *Songs* and amatory pieces are ſometimes ſprightly and elegant; but have neither gallantry nor tenderneſs.

"I can recollect no performance of Buckingham," ſays Dr. Warton, "that ſtamps him a true genius; his reputation was owing to his rank. In reading his poems one is apt to exclaim with Pope,

What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonnetteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines
How the wit brightens, how the ſtyle refines!"

"It is certain," ſays Lord Orford, "that his Grace's compoſitions, in proſe, have nothing extraordinary in them; his poetry is moſt indifferent, and the greateſt part of both is already fallen into total neglect."

"Criticiſm," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "diſcovers him to be a writer that ſometimes glimmers, but rarely ſhines, feebly laborious, and at beſt but pretty. His ſongs are upon common topics; he hopes, and grieves, and repents, and deſpairs, and rejoices, like any other maker of little ſtanzas: to be great he hardly tries, to be gay is hardly in his power.

"Of the *Eſſay on Poetry*, which Dryden has exalted ſo highly, it may be juſtly ſaid that the precepts are judicious, ſometimes new, and often happily expreſſed; but there are many weak lines, and ſome ſtrange appearances of negligence; as, when he gives the laws of elegy, he inſiſts upon connection and coherence, without which, ſays he,

'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with ſkill;
No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.

Who would not ſuppoſe that Waller's "Panegyric," and Denham's "Cooper's Hill" were elegies?

"One celebrated line ſeems to be borrowed. The *Eſſay* calls a perfect character

A faultleſs monſter which the world ne'er ſaw.

"Scaliger, in his poems, terms Virgil, *Sine labe monſtrum*. Sheffield can ſcarcely be ſuppoſed to have read Scaliger's poetry; perhaps he found the words in a quotation.

"His verſes are often inſipid, but his memoirs are lively and agreeable; he had the perſpicuity and elegance of an hiſtorian, but not the fire and fancy of a poet."

POEMS.

"—— Nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt
" Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen." VIRG.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

THESE, HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS,

(THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND, AND MORE PERFECT IMAGE OF HIMSELF)

ARE HERE COLLECTED BY THE DIRECTION OF

CATHARINE HIS DUCHESS:

Deſirous that his Aſhes may be honoured, and his Fame and Merit committed to the Teſt of Time, Truth, and Poſterity.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

In thoſe cold climates, where the ſun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A diſmal vale lies in a deſert iſle,
On which indulgent heaven did never ſmile.
There a thick grove of aged cypreſs trees,
Which none without an awful horror ſees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-preſaging birds receives:
Poiſons are all the plants that ſoil will bear,
And winter is the only ſeaſon there:
Millions of graves o'erſpread the ſpacious field,
And ſprings of blood a thouſand rivers yield;
Whoſe ſtreams, oppreſs'd with carcaſſes and bones,
Inſtead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple ſtands,
Old as the world itſelf, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the fates:
Thither in crowds come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the ſlave.

Old age and pains, thoſe evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which ſadly load
The ſacred walls of this obſcure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy ſubſtance made,
With clouds of ſmoke increaſe the diſmal ſhade.
A monſter void of reaſon and of ſight
The goddeſs is, who ſways this realm of night:
Her power extends o'er all things that have breath,
A cruel tyrant, and her name is death.
The faireſt object of our wondering eyes
Was newly offer'd up her ſacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair Almeria's blood,
When griev'd Orontes, whoſe unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converſe with fame,
His mind poſſeſs'd by fury and deſpair,
Within the ſacred temple made this prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands doſt bear
That iron ſceptre which poor mortals fear;
Who, wanting eyes thyſelf, reſpecteſt none,
And neither ſpar'ſt the laurel nor the crown!
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withſtand,
Each of whoſe blood muſt one day ſtain thy hand!
O thou, who every eye that ſees the light
Cloſeſt for ever in the ſhades of night!
Goddeſs, attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief.
Alas! I aſk not to defer my fate,
But wiſh my hapleſs life a ſhorter date;
And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom Heaven invades on every ſide:
That from the ſight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
Thou only comfortet of minds oppreſt,
The port where wearied ſpirits are at reſt;
Conductor to Elyſium, take my life,
My breaſt I offer to thy ſacred knife;
So juſt a grace refuſe not, nor deſpiſe
A willing, though a worthleſs ſacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal ſtate forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without conſtraint; the noiſe of dying rage,
Heaps of the ſlain of every ſex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it ſhed,
With ſever'd heads and arms confus'dly ſpread;
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This tragic ſcene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they ſhould freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipſe the glory of their grave:
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breaſt,
And he a murderer who was a prieſt.
But againſt me thy ſtrongeſt forces call,
And on my head let all the tempeſt fall;
No mean retreat ſhall any weakneſs ſhow,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that time, our wonted ſure relief,
That univerſal cure for every grief,
Whoſe aid ſo many lovers oft have found,
With like ſucceſs can ever heal my wound:
Too weak the power of nature, or of art,
Nothing but death can eaſe a broken heart:
And that thou may'ſt behold my helpleſs ſtate,
Learn the extremeſt rigour of my fate.
Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The faireſt town, the largeſt, and the beſt)
The fair Almeria ſhin'd above the reſt:
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeleſs flame,
Was of our youth the moſt ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave;
She made a prince whene'er ſhe made a ſlave.
Love, under whoſe tyrannic power I groan,
Show'd me this beauty ere 'twas fully blown;
Her timorous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
Their firſt aſſurance from my conqueſt took;
By wounding me, ſhe learn'd the fatal art,
And the firſt ſigh ſhe had was from my heart:
My eyes, with tears moiſtening her ſnowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
But, as I ſooneſt of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty altars made;
So, among all thoſe ſlaves that ſigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my ſubmiſſive heart
Endur'd not long, before ſhe bore her part;
My violent flame melted her frozen breaſt,
And in ſoft ſighs her pity ſhe expreſs'd;
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands ſuſtain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were caſt on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were leſs mine than hers,
Thoſe fill'd her ſoul with joys, and theſe with fears;
Our hearts, united, had the ſame deſires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
Too faithful memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched maſter kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not poſſeſſor of her charms,
Let me not find her languiſh in my arms;
Paſt joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not ſuch bliſs before my eyes be brought,
O hide thoſe ſcenes from my tormenting thought;
And in their place diſdainful beauty ſhow;
If thou would'ſt not be cruel, make her ſo:
And, ſomething to abate my deep deſpair,
O let her ſeem leſs gentle, or leſs fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph ſo lovely or ſo kind:
No cold repulſes my deſire ſuppreſt,
I ſeldom ſigh'd, but on Almeria's breaſt:
Of all the paſſions which mankind deſtroy,
I only felt exceſs of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleaſures charm'd my ſenſe, and they
Were, as my love, without the leaſt allay.
As pure, alas! but not ſo ſure to laſt,
For, like a pleaſing dream, they are all paſt.
From heaven her beauties like fierce lightnings came,
Which break through darkneſs with a glorious flame;
Awhile they ſhine, awhile our minds amaze,
Our wondering eyes are dazzled with the blaze;

But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage;
And all that light which those bright flashes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.
When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.
A sacrifice to time, fate dooms us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust
Mankind, and temples too in which they trust.
Her wasted spirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at last to her resistless pains.
Thus while the fever, amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate's like Semele's; the flames destroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,
Pale grow the roses, and the lilies fade;
Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass'd
The sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Those stars now heavily and slowly move;
And sickness triumphs in the throne of love.
The fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whose disdain so many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment, as they sigh for love,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighbouring air,
Wounds my sad heart, and weakens my despair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loss,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other cross,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
This sends up humble prayers, while that blasphemes:
I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
And mingle sacrilege with piety.
But, that which must yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind;
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,
I must restrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
I show a calmness in the midst of storms;
I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almost dead with grief, discover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die?
When passion had with all its terrors brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,
And show'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehensions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my fears:
With sad pretages of her hopeless case,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am sensible of hers alone;
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and she bewails my fear;
Though thus we suffer under fortune's darts,
'Tis only those of love which reach our hearts.
Meanwhile the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears:
Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
Like wind and oil, increase the fatal fire.
Almeria then, feeling the destinies
About to shut her lips, and close her eyes;
Weeping, in mine, fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with these words I scarce could understand,
Her passion in a dying voice express'd
Half, and her sighs, alas! made out the rest.
'Tis past; this pang—Nature gives o'er the strife;
Thou must thy mistress lose, and I my life.
I die; but, dying thine, the fates may prove
Their conquest over me, but not my love:
Thy memory, my glory, and my pain,
In spite of death itself shall still remain.
Dearest Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the last thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts are fled,
And love survives it, though my hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit.
My flame increases as my strength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raise:
That still remains, though I from hence remove;
I lose my lover, but I keep my love.
The sighs which sent forth that last tender word,
Up tow'rds the heavens like a bright meteor soar'd;
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathless in her lover's arms.
Goddess, who now my fate hast understood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:
Here let me end the story of my cares;
My dismal grief enough the rest declares.
Judge thou by all this misery display'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws;
Never sad wishes had so just a cause.
Come then, my only hope; in every place
Thou visitest, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a swain that does the blow demand.
Vouchsafe thy dart; I need not one of those,
With which thou dost unwilling kings depose:
A welcome death the slightest wound can bring,
And free a soul already on her wing.
Without thy aid most miserable I
Must ever wish, yet not obtain to die.

ODE ON LOVE.

I.

Let others songs or satires write,
Provok'd by vanity or spite;
My muse a nobler cause shall move,
To sound aloud the praise of love:

That gentle, yet reſiſtleſs heat,
Which raiſes men to all things good and great:
While other paſſions of the mind
To low brutality debaſe mankind,
By love we are above ourſelves refin'd.
Oh love, thou trance divine! in which the ſoul,
Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may range without control;
And ſoaring to her heaven, from thence inſpir'd can teach
High myſteries, above poor reaſon's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age, prudence ſome aid may prove,
And curb thoſe appetites that faintly move;
But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing leſs than love.
Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's power can penetrate the hardeſt hearts;
And through the cloſeſt pores a paſſage find,
Like that of light, to ſhine all o'er the mind.
The want of love does both extremes produce;
Maids are too nice, and men as much too looſe;
While equal good an amorous couple find,
She makes him conſtant, and he makes her kind.
New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove;
Hermits or bed-rid men they'll ſooner move:
The fair inveigler will but ſadly find
There's no ſuch eunuch as a man in love.
But when by his chaſte nymph embrac'd,
(For love makes all embraces chaſte)
Then the tranſported creature can
Do wonders, and is more than man.
Both heaven and earth would our deſires confine;
But yet in vain both heaven and earth combine,
Unleſs where love bleſſes the great deſign.
Hymen makes faſt the hand, but love the heart;
He the fool's god, thou nature's Hymen art;
Whoſe laws once broke, we are not held by force,
But the falſe breach itſelf is a divorce.

III.

For love the miſer will his gold deſpiſe,
The falſe grow faithful, and the fooliſh wiſe;
Cautious the young, and complaiſant the old,
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
Thou glorious ſun within our ſouls,
Whoſe influence ſo much controls;
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
Quicken'd by thee, more lively move;
And if their heads but any ſubſtance hold,
Love ripens all that droſs into the pureſt gold.
In heaven's great work thy part is ſuch,
That maſter-like thou giv'ſt the laſt great touch
To heaven's own maſter-piece of man;
And finiſheſt what nature but began:
Thy happy ſtroke can into ſoftneſs bring
Reaſon, that rough and wrangling thing.
From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children every day:
So, reaſon, how can we be ſaid to riſe?
So many cares attend the being wiſe,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
From ſenſe to reaſon unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance, when reaſon turns to love.

IV.

Thou reigneſt o'er our earthly gods:
Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are loads;
One beauty's ſmile their meaneſt courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings;
His fellow ſlaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by love perhaps much leſs than he.
For love, the timorous baſhful maid
Of nothing but denying is afraid;
For love ſhe overcomes her ſhame,
Forſakes her fortune, and forgets her fame;
Yet, if but with a conſtant lover bleſt,
Thanks heaven for that, and never minds the reſt.

V.

Love is the ſalt of life; a higher taſte
It gives to pleaſure, and then makes it laſt.
Thoſe ſlighted favours which cold nymphs diſpenſe,
Mere common counters of the ſenſe,
Defective both in metal and in meaſure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treaſure.
How vaſt the ſubject! what a boundleſs ſtore
Of bright ideas ſhining all before!
The muſe's ſighs forbid me to give o'er!
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raiſe,
His precepts to perform, as well as praiſe.

ELEGY TO THE DUCHESS OF R——

Thou lovely ſlave to a rude huſband's will,
By nature us'd ſo well, by him ſo ill!
For all that grief we ſee your mind endure,
Your glaſs preſents you with a pleaſing cure.
Thoſe maids you envy for their happier ſtate,
To have your form, would gladly have your fate;
And of like ſlavery each wife complains,
Without ſuch beauty's help to bear her chains.
Huſbands like him we every where may ſee;
But where can we behold a wife like thee?
While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beſide:
Thoſe eyes, though weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You, while ſo fair (do fortune what ſhe pleaſe)
Can be no more in pain than we at eaſe;
Unleſs, unſatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition ſo unbounded grows,
That you repine a huſband ſhould eſcape
Th' united force of ſuch a face and ſhape.
If ſo, alas! for all thoſe charming powers,
Your caſe is juſt as deſperate as ours.
Expect that birds ſhould only ſing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree ſhould bow;
Expect thoſe ſtatues, as you paſs, ſhould burn;
And that with wonder men ſhould ſtatues turn;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a huſband love his wife:
A huſband, worſe than ſtatues, or than trees;
Colder than thoſe, leſs ſenſible than theſe.
Then from ſo dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waſte not ſighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity, ſighs from ſuch a breaſt ſhould part,
Unleſs to eaſe ſome doubtful lover's heart;

Who dies because he must too justly prize
What yet the dull possessor does despise.
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow;
Who nor their use, nor wondrous value know;
But we for those bright treasures tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools disdain.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAIREST, if time and absence can incline
Your heart to wandering thoughts no more than mine;
Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then, while this note my constancy assures,
You'll be almost as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And trust me, when I feel that kind relief,
Absence itself awhile suspends its grief:
So may it do with you, but strait return;
For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn
His fate, who this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and sighs out all the day;
Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
Must not be happy, or must not be true.
But since to me it seems a blacker fate
To be inconstant, than unfortunate;
Remember all those vows between us past,
When I from all I value parted last;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And something miss, till I with joy return;
And soon may pitying heaven that blessing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are
By that defect secure
From slavery and toils of war,
Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seems so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts,
They pass alone the night.

But Celia never breaks their rest;
Such servants she disdains;
And so the fops are dully blest,
While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

READY to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient those delights to meet
Which I enjoy'd the night before;

By her wonted scornful brow,
Soon the fond mistake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his error so,
When Juno's form the cloud resign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which most prevail,
Had cunningly itself disguis'd
In a shape that could not fail.

There my Celia's snowy arms,
Breasts, and other parts more dear,
Exposing new and unknown charms,
To my transported soul appear.

Then you so much kindness show,
My despair deluded flies;
And indulgent dreams bestow
What your cruelty denies.

Blush not that your image love
Naked to my fancy brought;
'Tis hard, methinks, to disapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliss
Can such griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantastic is,
Which makes you slight such constant love.

The virtue which you value so,
Is but a fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is solid here below,
Except my love and your disdain.

TO ONE WHO ACCUSED HIM OF BEING TOO SENSUAL IN HIS LOVE.

THINK not, my fair, 'tis sin or shame,
To bless the man who so adores;
Nor give so hard, unjust a name
To all those favours he implores.
Beauty is heaven's most bounteous gift esteem'd,
Because by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet wish not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear:
That is reserv'd for those above,
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
For sensual joys ye scorn that we should love ye,
But love without them is as much above ye.

THE WARNING.

LOVERS, who waste your thoughts and youth
In passion's fond extremes,

Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams:

I ſhould not here your fancy take
From ſuch a pleaſing ſtate,
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake,
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares is all but wiles,
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtic frowns,
And ſoft diſſembling ſmiles.

With anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affected love.

As if ſome injury was meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe lovers are the moſt content
That have been ſtill refus'd.

Since each has in his boſom nurſt
A falſe and fawning foe,
'Tis juſt and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal blow.

TO AMORETTA.

When I held out againſt your eyes,
You took the ſureſt courſe
A heart unwary to ſurpriſe,
You ne'er could take by force.

However, though I ſtrive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if ſurrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been deſpis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta, though
I cannot love reſiſt,
Think not, when you have caught me ſo,
To uſe me as you liſt.

Inconſtancy or coldneſs will
My foolish heart reclaim:
Then I come off with honour ſtill,
But you, alas! with ſhame.

A heart by kindneſs only gain'd,
Will a dear conqueſt prove;
And, to be kept, muſt be maintain'd
At vaſt expence of love.

THE VENTURE.

Oh, how I languiſh! what a ſtrange
Unruly fierce deſire!
My ſpirits feel ſome wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiſer thoughts, away,
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
Love's foppiſh part; farewell.

Suppoſe one week's delay would give
All that my wiſhes move;
Oh, who ſo long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her ſoul perhaps is too ſublime,
To like ſuch ſlaviſh fear;
Diſcretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the ſoldier call
To ſome unequal fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his general's ſight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill fate denies,
The noble raſhneſs heaven forgives,
And glorioufly he dies.

INCONSTANCY EXCUSED,

S O N G.

I must confeſs, I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes;
But he that's ſmil'd upon by you,
Muſt all the world deſpiſe.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull deſire;
But when the ſun breaks kindly forth,
Thoſe fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for ſlighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languiſhing within your arms,
I ſigh my ſoul away.

S O N G.

Oh, conceal that charming creature
From my wondering, wiſhing eyes!
Every motion, every feature
Does ſome raviſh'd heart ſurpriſe;
But oh, I ſighing, ſighing, ſee
The happy ſwain! ſhe ne'er can be
Falſe to him, or kind to me.

Yet, If I could humbly ſhow her,
Ah! how wretched I remain:
'Tis not, ſure, a thing below her,
Still to pity ſo much pain.
The gods ſome pleaſure, pleaſure take,
Happy as themſelves to make
Thoſe who ſuffer for their ſake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care;
Like ſome angel ſent from heaven,
Come, and raiſe me from deſpair,
Your heart I cannot, cannot miſs,
And I deſire no other bliſs;
Let all the world beſides be his.

DESPAIR.

All hopeleſs of relief,
Incapable of reſt,
In vain I ſtrive to vent a grief
That's not to be expreſt.

This rage within my veins
No reaſon can remove;
Of all the minds's moſt cruel pains,
The ſharpeſt, ſure is love.

Yet while I languiſh ſo,
And on thee vainly call;
Take head, fair cauſe of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle ſex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conſcience vex!

When welcome death ſhall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My ſoul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haſte will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghoſt its moan ſhall make,
With ſaddeſt ſigns that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear ſake;

Struck with that conſcious blow,
Thy very ſoul will ſtart:
Pale as my ſhadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorſe will then
Untimely pity ſhow
To him, who, of all mortal men,
Did moſt thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wiſh thou never be
Tormented with the thouſandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

ON APPREHENSION OF LOSING WHAT HE HAD NEWLY GAINED.

IN IMITAITON OF OVID.

Sure I of all men am the firſt
That ever was by kindneſs curſt,
Who muſt my only bliſs bemoan,
And am by happineſs undone.
Had I at diſtance only ſeen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this paſſion ſeiz'd.
When afterwards ſo near I came
As to be ſcorch'd in beauty's flame;
To ſo much ſoftneſs, ſo much ſenſe,
Reaſon itſelf made no defence.
What pleaſing thoughts poſſeſs'd my mind,
When little favours ſhow'd you kind!
And though, when coldneſs oft' prevail'd,
My heart would ſink, and ſpirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Deſiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet bleſt within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?
Charms of ſuch a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, muſt not find,
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er ſo high reflect,
Nor love itſelf ſuch joys expect.
After ſuch embraces paſt,
Whoſe memory will ever laſt,
Love is ſtill reflecting back;
All my ſoul is on a rack:
To be in hell's ſufficient curſe,
But to fall from heaven is worſe.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkneſs too.
Of gains, alas! I could not boaſt;
But little thought how much I loſt.
Now heart-devouring eagerneſs,
And ſharp impatience to poſſeſs;
Now reſtleſs cares, conſuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce deſires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I ſhall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

SONG.

Come, let us now reſolve at laſt
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot ſo very faſt,
That time ſhall ne'er untie it.

The trueſt joys they ſeldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;

'Tis the moſt tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When leaſt I ſeem'd concern'd, I took
No pleaſure, nor no reſt;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you beſt.

Own but the ſame to me, you'll find
How bleſt will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SONG.

From all uneaſy paſſions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealouſy,
Contented I had been too bleſt,
If love and you had let me reſt;
Yet that dull life I now deſpiſe;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidſt a thouſand kind deſires,
Which beauty moves, and love inſpires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart ſo ſoft as mine can bear:
Yet I'll defy the worſt of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

From wars and plagues come no ſuch harms,
As from a nymph ſo full of charms,
So much ſweetneſs in her face,
In her motions ſuch a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a ſoft enchantment lies;
That we pleaſe ourſelves too ſoon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her ſoftneſs, we
Are but ſlaves, while ſhe is free;
Free, alas! from all deſire,
Except to ſet the world on fire.
Thou, fair diſſembler, doſt but thus
Deceive thyſelf, as well as us.
Like a reſtleſs monarch, thou
Wouldſt rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But truſt me, Celia, truſt me when
Apollo's ſelf inſpires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of univerſal praiſe;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty ſerve?
Why more than all your ſex deſerve?
Why ſuch ſoft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loſs you nothing gain?
Unleſs you love, you pleaſe in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

Like children in a ſtarry night,
When I beheld thoſe eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Inſenſible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame ſo long,
At laſt I felt the ſcorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my paſſion ſtrong,
And I lay dying with deſire.

By all the helps of human art,
I juſt recover'd ſo much ſenſe,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, ſince you ſhine away deſpair,
And now my ſighs no longer ſhun,
No Perſian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the riſing ſun.

If once again my vows diſpleaſe,
There never was ſo loſt a lover;
In love, that languiſhing diſeaſe,
A ſad relapſe we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

Sighing and languiſhing I lay,
A ſtranger grown to all delight,
Paſſing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear ſake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with deſpair,
Neglecting all the world beſide:

Till, like ſome angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Thoſe pleaſing hopes I now purſue
Might fail if you could prove unjuſt;
But promiſes from heaven and you,
Who is ſo impious to miſtruſt?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my ſoul aſſures;
Nor am I vain, ſince I depend
Not on my own deſert, but yours.

THE CONVERT.

Dejected, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,

So, faireſt! at your feet I lie,
Of all my ſex's faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and ſacred flame,
And that divineſt power have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A crime which may your ſcorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs
By any juſt and fair excuſe.

I then did vulgar joys purſue,
Variety was all my bliſs;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I chooſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wandering eyes
Seek out amuſements as before;
If e'er I look, but to deſpiſe
Such charms, and value yours the more;

May ſad remorſe, and guilty ſhame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
May I loſe all in loſing thee!

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Thou flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your ſkill and care;
Draw me ſuch a ſhape and face,
As your flattery would diſgrace.
Wiſh not that ſhe would appear,
'Tis well for you ſhe is not here;
Scarce can you with ſafety ſee
All her charms deſcrib'd by me:
I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as loſt, my former days,
That never ſung of Célia's praiſe;
And thoſe few that are behind
I ſhall bleſt or wretched find,
Only juſt as ſhe is kind.
With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a ſecond ſweeter ſin.
Oh, thoſe wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.
Next, draw her forehead; then her noſe,
And lips juſt opening, that diſcloſe
Teeth ſo bright, and breath ſo ſweet,
So much beauty, ſo much wit,
To our very ſoul they ſtrike,
All our ſenſes pleas'd alike.
But ſo pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be ſaid:
What are words in ſuch a caſe?
What is paint to ſuch a face?
How ſhould either art avail us?
Fancy here itſelf muſt fail us.
In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is ſeen,
That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the ſmalleſt part;
Next to her, the matchleſs ſhe,
We ſhall wonder moſt at thee.
Then her neck, and breaſts, and hair,
And her——but my charming fair
Does in a thouſand things excel,
Which I muſt not, dare not tell.
How go on then? Oh! I ſee
A lovely Venus drawn by thee;
Oh how fair ſhe does appear!
Touch it only here and there.
Make her yet ſeem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine,
Whoſe bright form if once you ſaw,
You by her would Venus draw.

ON DON ALONZO'S BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL, UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA, IN THE YEAR 1683.

In ſuch a cauſe no muſe ſhould fail
To bear a mournful part;
'Tis juſt and noble to bewail
The fate of fall'n deſert.

In vain ambitious hopes deſign'd
To make his ſoul aſpire,
If love and beauty had not join'd,
To raiſe a brighter fire.

Amidſt ſo many dangerous foes
How weak the wiſeſt prove!
Reaſon itſelf would ſcarce oppoſe,
And ſeems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

THE SURPRISE.

Safely perhaps dull crowds admire;
But I, alas! am all on fire.
Like him who thought in childhood paſt
That dire diſeaſe which kill'd at laſt,
I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
And borne the blaſts of cold diſdain;
Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
That full reward of all our pains!
But what was all ſuch grief or joy,
That did my heedleſs ears employ?

Mere dreams of feign'd fantaſtic powers,
But the diſeaſe of idle hours;
Amuſement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this ſublimer paſſion,
Whoſe raptures, bright as thoſe above,
Outſhine the flames of zeal or love.
Yet think not, faireſt, what I ſing
Can from a love Platonic ſpring;
That formal ſoftneſs (falſe and vain)
Not of the heart, but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature;
But I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of huſband, rivals, friends, afraid!
Amidſt all this ſeraphic fire,
Am almoſt dying with deſire,
With eager wiſhes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildeſt faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The luſty patriarch did of old)
Would force a bleſſing from thoſe charms;
And graſp an angel in my arms.

A DIALOGUE,

SUNG ON THE STAGE,

Between an Elderly Shepherd and a very Young Nymph.

SHEPHERD.

Bright and blooming as the ſpring,
Univerſal love inſpiring;
All our ſwains thy praiſes ſing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH.

Praiſes in ſo high a ſtrain,
And by ſuch a ſhepherd ſung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet ſo harmleſs and ſo young.

SHEPHERD.

I ſhould have deſpair'd among
Rivals that appear ſo gaily:
But your eyes have made me young,
By their ſmiling on me daily.

NYMPH.

Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconſtant, wild, and bold;
And your uſing me ſo kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEPHERD.

With thy pleaſing voice and faſhion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Cheer my ſoul, and crown my paſſion:
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH.

With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Trueſt friend as well as lover.
Oh! deſerve ſo kind a thought.

Each apart firſt, and then both together.

Happy we ſhall lie poſſeſſing,
Folded in each other's arms,
Love and Nature's chiefeſt bleſſing
In the ſtill increaſing charms.
So the deareſt joys of loving,
Which ſcarce heaven can go beyond,
We'll be every day improving.

SHEPHERD.

You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH.

I more fair, and you more fond.

ON ONE WHO DIED DISCOVERING HER KINDNESS.

Some vex their ſouls with jealous pain,
While others ſigh for cold diſdain;
Love's various ſlaves we daily ſee!
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.
Of all mankind, I lov'd the beſt
A nymph ſo far above the reſt,
That we outſhin'd the bleſt above,
In beauty ſhe, and I in love.
And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themſelves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.
All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very ſcorn;
But oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account! both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! if yet I live,
'Tis but to ſhow how much I grieve.

ON LUCINDA's DEATH.

Come all ye doleful, diſmal cáres,
That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it deſpairs,
And all thoſe ſtings the jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!
Who now have loſt—but oh! how much?
No language, nothing can expreſs,
Except my grief! for ſhe was ſuch,
That praiſes would but make her leſs.
Yet who can ever dare to raiſe
His voice on her, unleſs to praiſe?
Free from her ſex's ſmalleſt faults,
And fair as womankind can be;
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only ſighs and endleſs pains!

TO A LADY

RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

What breaſt but your's can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion, and of fond deſire?
Love would ſhine forth, were not your zeal ſo bright
Whoſe glaring flames eclipſe his gentler light:

Leſs ſeems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.
But ſhall ſome threatening prieſt divide us two?
What worſe than that could all his curſes do?
Thus with a fright ſome have reſign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death.
Heaven ſees our paſſions with indulgence ſtill,
And they who lov'd well, can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourſelves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and power, thoſe high-priz'd gifts of fate,
The low concerns of a leſs happy ſtate,
Are far beneath us: fortune's ſelf may take
Her aim at us, yet no impreſſion make;
Let worldings aſk her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie ſafe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the bleſt ſaints, eternal raptures know,
And ſlight thoſe ſtorms that vainly reſt below.
Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit;
I ſee my ruin, and I muſt ſubmit:
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How loſt a wretch you leave forlorn behind.
Malignant envy, mixt with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itſelf, from whence all miſchiefs ſpring,
Have never done ſo barbarous a thing.
With ſuch a fate the heavens decreed to vex
Armida once, though of the fairer ſex;
Rinaldo ſhe had charm'd with ſo much art,
Hers was his power, his perſon, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move;
She ſooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When ſtraight a guſt of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
Matchleſs till now, for love or for deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad nymph complains?
Yet you now act what Taſſo only feigns:
And after all our vows, our ſighs, our tears,
My baniſh'd ſorrows, and your conquer'd fears;
So many doubts, ſo many dangers, paſt,
Viſions of zeal muſt vanquiſh me at laſt.
Thus, in great Homer's war, throughout the field
Some hero ſtill made all things mortal yield;
But when a god once took the vanquiſh'd ſide;
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

THE VISION.

Written during a Sea Voyage, when ſent to command the Forces for the Relief of Tangier.

WITHIN the ſilent ſhades of ſoft repoſe,
Where fancy's boundleſs ſtream for ever flows;
Where the infranchis'd ſoul at eaſe can play,
Tir'd with the toilſome buſineſs of the day;
Where princes gladly reſt their weary heads,
And change uneaſy thrones for downy beds;
Where ſeeming joys delude deſpairing minds;
And where ev'n jealouſy ſome quiet finds;
There I and ſorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a ſighing heart.
But here too ſoon a wretched lover found
In deepeſt griefs that ſleep can ne'er be found;
With ſtrange ſurpriſe my troubled fancy brings
Odd antick ſhapes of wild unheard-of things;
Diſmal and terrible they all appear,
My ſoul was ſhook with an unuſual fear.
But as when viſions glad the eyes of ſaints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will ſhine,
And ſpread a glory round, that's all divine;
Juſt ſuch a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monſters vaniſh, and with them my fears.
The faireſt ſhape was then before me brought,
That eyes e'er ſaw, or fancy ever thought;
How weak are words to ſhew ſuch excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the ſoul, as well as ſenſe!
And, while our eyes tranſporting pleaſure find,
It ſtops not here, but ſtrikes the very mind.
Some angel ſpeaks her praiſe; no human tongue,
But with its utmoſt art muſt do her wrong.
The only woman that has power to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will;
Who needs no ſoft alluring words repeat
Nor ſtudy'd looks of languiſhing deceit.
Fantaſtic beauty, always in the wrong,
Still thinks ſome pride muſt to its power belong;
An air affected, and an haughty mien,
Something that ſeems to ſay, I would be ſeen.
But of all womankind this only ſhe,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,
Deſerves ſome nobler muſe her fame to raiſe,
By making the whole ſex beſide her pyramid of praiſe
She, ſhe appear'd the ſource of all my joys,
The deareſt care that all my thought employs:
Gently ſhe look'd, as when I left her laſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeiz'd my heart, and held it faſt:
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I ſaw my doom came not from her, but fate.
With pity then ſhe eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could ſcarce from tears refrain:
Why, gentle ſwain, ſaid ſhe, why do ye grieve
In words I ſhould not hear, much leſs believe?
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
And ought to fly the danger which I find;
Of falſe mankind though you may be the beſt,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their reſt.
I ſee your pain, and ſee it too with grief,
Becauſe I would, yet muſt not, give relief.
Thus, for a huſband's ſake, as well as yours,
My ſcrupulous ſoul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapleſs ſwain,
A paſſion moving, but a paſſion vain:
Not chance nor time ſhall ever change my thought
'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.
Oh, worſe than ever! Is it then my doom
Juſt to ſee heaven, where I muſt never come?
Your ſoft compaſſion, if not ſomething more;
Yet I remain as wretched as before,
The wind indeed is fair, but ah! no ſight of ſhore.
Farewell, too ſcrupulous fair one; oh, farewell
What torments I endure, no tongue can tell.

Thank heaven, my fate tranſports me now where I,
Your martyr, may with eaſe and ſafety die.
With that I kneel'd, and ſeiz'd her trembling hand,
While ſhe impos'd this cruel kind command:
Live, and love on; you will be true, I know,
But live then, and come back to tell me ſo;
For though I bluſh at this laſt guilty breath,
I can endure that better than your death.
Tormenting kindneſs! barbarous reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!
This tender ſcene my dream repeated o'er,
Juſt as it paſs'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell grovelling to the ground,
Till, on a ſudden rais'd, I wondering found
A ſtrange appearance all in taintleſs white;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight,
Goodneſs and greatneſs in his eyes were ſeen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mien.
A kindly notice of me thus he took:
"What mean theſe flowing eyes, this ghaſtly look!
"Theſe trembling joints, this looſe diſhevell'd hair,
"And this cold dew, the drops of deep deſpair?"
With grief and wonder firſt my ſpirits faint,
But thus at laſt I vented my complaint:
Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.
There ſhines a nymph, to whom an envy'd ſwain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;
But, cloy'd with charms of ſuch a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;
And will, moſt huſband-like, not only range,
For love perhaps of nothing elſe but change,
But to inferior beauty proſtrate lies,
And courts her love in ſcorn of Flavia's eyes.
All this I knew, (the form divine reply'd)
And did but aſk to have thy temper try'd,
Which prove ſincere. Of both I know the mind;
She is too ſcrupulous, and thou too kind:
But ſince thy fatal love's f r ever fix'd,
Whatever time or abſence come betwixt:
Since thy fond heart ev'n her diſdain prefers
To others' love, I'll ſomething ſoften hers:
Elſe in the ſearch of virtue ſhe may ſtray:
Well-meaning mortals ſhould not loſe their way.
She now indeed ſins on the ſafer ſide,
For hearts too looſe are never to be ty'd;
But no extremes are either good or wiſe,
And in the midſt alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more ſtrictly than the bride:
For circumſtances alter every ill,
And woman meets with moſt temptation ſtill;
She a forſaken bed muſt often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore leſs excus'd to range elſewhere.
Yet this ſhe ought to ſuffer, and ſubmit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If uſage baſe ſhall juſt reſentment move,
Or, what is worſe, affronts of wandering love;
No obligation after that remains,
'Tis mean, not juſt, to wear a rival's chains.

Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of intereſt, children, and remote affairs;
But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife:
Heaven, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
Permits a lover in her huſband's ſtead.
I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiſs,
And cry'd—Ev'n our baſe world is juſt in this;
Amidſt our cenſures, love we gently blame,
And love ſometimes preſerves a female fame.
What tie leſs ſtrong can woman's will reſtrain?
When honour checks, and conſcience pleads in vain;
When parents' threats, and friends' perſuaſions fail,
When intereſt and ambition ſcarce prevail,
To bound that ſex when nothing elſe can move,
They'll live reſerv'd, to pleaſe the man they love!
The ſpirit then reply'd to all I ſaid,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:
Then ſhe will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
Of all thy pains ſhe will no pity have,
Till ſad deſpair has ſent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haſte,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft' repeat adventures paſt,
And tell our ills to come.

HELEN TO PARIS.

FROM OVID.

Tranſlated by the Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Dryden.

When looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies;
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights profane?
Was it for this your fate did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſe here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger, or a foe!
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee:
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame;
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.

You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs.
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear—not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the beſt—
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready found for me:
But ſhe was couzen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape:
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover luſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that ſprings herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would ſhow I valued, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs,
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field
As would move goddeſſes themſelves to yield:
But, if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize;
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd, (though I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do:
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardour preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs;
Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſat for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing, I hope 'twas no miſtake
Oft have I read within this pleaſant grove,
Under my name, theſe charming words, *I love.*
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.

For oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind:
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin love when thouſand rivals fought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice,
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late,
Another now is maſter of my fate;
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill;
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey:
Some right your claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three goddeſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t'other crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But, firſt, I am not of belief ſo light, [ſight:
To think ſuch nymphs would ſhew you ſuch a
Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd,
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhould myſelf regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward;
I humbly am content with human praiſe,
A goddeſs's applauſe would envy raiſe;
But be it as you ſay; for 'tis confeſt,
The men who flatter higheſt pleaſe us beſt:
That I ſuſpect it ought not to diſpleaſe,
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O ye powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen;
Happy thoſe nymphs, whom uſe has perfect made,
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade:
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurpriſe;
For now the rumour ſpreads among the crowd,
At court in whiſpers, but in town aloud.
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear them ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet, if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay,
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away.
To go or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he could:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, But moſt my Trojan friend.

I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence:
Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame's my burden, for the more I'm prais'd,
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd:
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt,
Great beauty through great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard:
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in your hands by the good eaſy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my huſband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone;
One houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too preſſing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conſpires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you ſhould force employ;
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy;
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid! for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change.
And, like themſelves, their wandering paſſions range.
Hypſipyla and the fond Minoian maid,
Were both, by truſting of their gueſt, betray'd:
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But, leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
You grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight;
Some bewailing mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court.
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find!
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind!
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I, from your rage, a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear:
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh! let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won;
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land;
To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire:
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take,
And for one friend, two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue;
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouſe,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex:
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I, perhaps, may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference:
Theſe are your words, but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

Being a Tranſlation out of the fourth Book of Virgil's Georgic.

'Tis not for nothing when juſt heaven does frown;
The injur'd Orpheus calls theſe judgments down;
Whoſe ſpouſe, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The nymph, foredoom'd that fatal way to paſs,
Spy'd not the ſerpent lurking in the graſs:
A mournful cry the ſpacious valley fills. [hills;
With echoing groans from all the neighbouring
The Dryades roar out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail the fair.
For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
Along the ſhore he oft would wildly ſtray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day.
At length to hell a frightful journey made,
Paſs'd the wide-gaping gulf and diſmal ſhade;
Viſits the ghoſts, and to that king repairs
Whoſe heart's inflexible to human prayers.

All hell is ravish'd with so sweet a song;
Light souls and airy spirits glide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driven home by night, or some tempestuous wind:
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades;
And sons entomb'd before their parents face;
These the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noisome weeds,
And all that filth which standing water breeds.
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of death;
The sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
Ixion's wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice restrain'd.
When safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
His wife, restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,
Following (for so Proserpina was pleas'd),
A sudden rage th' unwary lover seiz'd;
He, as the first bright glimpse of day-light shin'd,
Could not refrain to cast one look behind;
A fault of love! could hell compassion find.
A dreadful sound thrice shook the Stygian coast,
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour lost!
Why hast thou thus undone thyself and me?
What rage is this? oh, I am snatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd) Night and the powers of hell
Surround my sight; oh, Orpheus! oh, farewell!
My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before;
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!—
Then from his eyes, like smoke, she fleets away.
Much he would fain have spoke: but fate, alas!
Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.
Thus twice undone, what course remain'd to take,
To gain her back, already pass'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him ease?
Or, ah! what vows the angry powers appease?
'Tis said, he seven long moons bewail'd his loss
To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss,
While languishing he sung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.
So the sad nightingale, when childless made
By some rough swain who stole her young away,
Bewails her loss beneath a poplar shade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs wastes the day;
Her melting songs a doleful pleasure yield,
And melancholy music fills the field.
Marriage nor love could ever move his mind;
But all alone, beat by the nothern wind,
Shivering on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
As they the feast of Bacchus solemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, swims
Down that swift current where the Heber flows,
And still its tongue in doleful accents goes.
Ah, poor Eurydice! he dying cry'd;
Eurydice resounds from every side.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY *.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes:
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but described by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn, [return,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away, [day!
From pleasures of the night, and business of the
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
What need has satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.

* The "Essay on Satire," which was written by Sheffield and Dryden, is printed among the poems of the latter.

But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
Defects so witty men deserve a cure,
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.
First then, of songs, which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author † made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.
Next, elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft' despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft' have try'd)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this muse harmonius numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:
Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No ‖ panegyric, nor a ¶ Cooper's-hill.
A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are odes the muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.

† The Earl of Rochester.
‖ Waller's. ¶ Denham's

Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft' before:
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureat † here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mack Fleckno ‖ with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus ¶ has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest, my muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar,
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herself with care,
At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my muse, adventurously engage
To give instructions that concern the stage.
The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.
First then, soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.

† Dryden.
‖ A famous satirical poem of his.
¶ A poem called, The Hind and Panther.

Our lovers talking to themſelves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They truſt a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occaſion ſhould as naturally fall,
As when Bellario † confeſſes all.
Figures of ſpeech, which poets think ſo fine,
(Art's needleſs varniſh to make nature ſhine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in deſcriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief diſcourſe,
From lovers in deſpair fine things to force,
Muſt needs ſucceed; for who can chooſe but pity
A dying hero, miſerably witty?
But oh! the dialogues, where jeſt and mock
Is held up like a reſt at ſhittle-cock;
Or elſe, like bells, eternally they chime,
They ſigh in ſimile, and die in rhyme.
What things are theſe who would be poets thought,
By nature not inſpir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better courſe than this, by which they ſtarve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold preſence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they muſt look within, to find
Thoſe ſecret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a ſoul.
All this united yet but makes a part
Of dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans ſalutter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the beſt remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourſelves we juſtice muſt allow,
Shakſpeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Conſider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go ſee them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they groſsly fail,
Over our paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wiſe to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
Firſt, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thouſand ſeveral ways;
This oft', alone, has given ſucceſs to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no ſuch thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultleſs monſter which the world ne'er ſaw.
Some faults muſt be, that his misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.
Beſides the main deſign compos'd with art,
Each moving ſcene muſt be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters firſt chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own ſlave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where ſhining thoughts to place,
As what a man would ſay in ſuch a caſe:
Neither in comedy will this ſuffice,
The player too muſt be before your eyes!

† In Philaſter, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

And, though 'tis drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your ſecret meaning ſhow.
Expoſe no ſingle fop, but lay the load
More equally, and ſpread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft' we ſee
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compoſe that precious juice,
Which ſerves the world for pleaſure and for uſe,
In ſpite of faction this would favour get;
But Falſtaff † ſtands inimitable yet.
Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of ſome great poet ſhall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That ev'n his fools ſpeak ſenſe, as if poſſeſt,
And each by inſpiration breaks his jeſt.
If once the juſtneſs of each part be loſt,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's coſt.
That filly thing men call ſheer-wit avoid,
With which our age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd;
Humour is all; wit ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper thought.
But ſince the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dreſs ſo much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Caſt but a view on this wrong ſide of ſenſe.
Firſt, a ſoliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reaſon is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noiſe of drums;
For her ſweet ſake, whom at firſt ſight he loves,
And all in metaphor his paſſion proves;
But ſome ſad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the ſwain alone;
He ſtrait grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But firſt he makes a ſpeech, wherein he tells
The abſent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generouſly now
To that loy'd rival whom he does not know!
Who ſtrait appears; but who can fate withſtand?
Too late, alas! to hold his haſty hand,
That juſt has given himſelf the cruel ſtroke!
At which his very rival's heart it broke:
He, more to his new friend than miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind,
Of ſuch a death prefers the pleaſing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms. [theſe!
What ſhameful and what monſtrous things are
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the ſign of old Ben Jonſon's head;
When the intrinſic value of the ſtage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian ſongs, and rhyme,
May keep up ſinking nonſenſe for a time;
But that muſt fail, which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And ſenſe no longer will ſubmit to fools.
By painful ſteps at laſt we labour up
Parnaſſus' hill, on whoſe bright airy top

† The matchleſs character of Shakſpeare.

The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such ineſtimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe,
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast;
So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

'Tis said, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another so.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beasts we claim,
Reason our best credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how absurdly, we may see with shame.
Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air,
Driven up and down by censure or applause;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.
In any nice and weighty cause,
How weak, at best, is reason! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In all those wits, whose names have spread so wide,
And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be descry'd.
Among the rest, with wonder be it told,
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæsar's death;
By which he yet survives in fame's immortal breath.
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the rest,
In whom we should that deed the most detest,
Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
As snow, descending from some lofty hill,
Is by its rolling course augmenting still,
So from illustrious authors down have roll'd
Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators will show esteem,
And gild their eloquence with praise of him:
But truth, unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,
To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious wit,
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit)
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve.
Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay,
Than any master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only Brutus dy'd.
For he, whose soul disdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would sure much rather kill himself, than only hurt his friend.
To his own sword on the Philippian field
Brutus indeed at last did yield:
But in those times self-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from despair:
He might have chosen else to live,
In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tendrest share;
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,
Yet not betray them, though it be for her
Hard is his heart, whom no desert can move,
A mistress or a friend to love,
Above whate'er he does besides enjoy;
But may he, for their sakes, his sire or sons destroy!
For sacred justice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood:
In such a cause, want is a happy state,
Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itself, when noble fame survives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives.
But 'tis not surely of so fair renown
To spill another's blood, as to expose our own:
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to friendship, oh! 'tis sacrilege to touch.

V.

Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
Our mother robb'd and ravish'd? Can we be

Excus'd, if in her cauſe we never ſtir,
Pleas'd with the ſtrength and beauty of the raviſher?
Thus ſings our bard with heat almoſt divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as ſtrong as fine.
Would it more juſtly did the caſe expreſs,
Or that its beauty and its grace were leſs.
(Thus a nymph ſometimes we ſee,
Who ſo charming ſeems to be,
That, jealous of a ſoft ſurpriſe,
We ſcarce durſt truſt our eager eyes)
Such a fallacious ambuſh to eſcape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant ſon would be provok'd the more;
A force we therefore muſt confeſs, but acted long before;
A marriage ſince did intervene,
With all the ſolemn and the ſacred ſcene;
Loud was the Hymenean ſong;
The violated dame * walk'd ſmilingly along,
And in the midſt of the moſt ſacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his ſight,
Often ſhe caſt a kind admiring glance
On the bold ſtruggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear'd ſo moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he ſo deſir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Againſt a Roman of ſo great a ſoul!
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears ſo foul!
Friendſhip, that ſacred and ſublimeſt thing!
The nobleſt quality, and chiefeſt good,
(In this dull age ſcarce underſtood)
Inſpires us with unuſual warmth her injur'd rites to ſing.
Aſſiſt, ye angels! whoſe immortal bliſs,
Though more refin'd, chiefly conſiſts in this.
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another ſhine!
Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A courſe, as far from any end, as when at firſt begun.
Ye ſaw, and ſmil'd upon this matchleſs pair,
Who ſtill betwixt them did ſo many virtues ſhare,
Some which belong to peace, and ſome to ſtrife,
Thoſe of a calm, and of an active life,

* Rome.

That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which friendſhip did ſo faſt and cloſely bind,
Not the leaſt cement could appear by which their ſouls were join'd.
That tie which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a ſoul and body name,
Seems not a compoſition more divine,
Or more abſtruſe, than all that does in friendſhip ſhine.

VII.

From mighty Cæſar and his boundleſs grace,
Though Brutus, once at leaſt, his life receiv'd;
Such obligations, though ſo high believ'd,
Are yet but flight in ſuch a caſe.
Where friendſhip ſo poſſeſſes all the place,
There is no room for gratitude; ſince he,
Who ſo obliges, is more pleas'd than his ſav'd friend can be.
Juſt in the midſt of all this noble heat,
While their great hearts did both ſo kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to ſuſpect a father and a ſon *;
(Though here ev'n Nature's ſelf ſtill ſeem to be outdone)
From ſuch a friendſhip unprovok'd to fall
Is horrid, yet I wiſh that fact were all
Which does with too much cauſe ungrateful Brutus call.

VIII.

In cooleſt blood he laid a long deſign
Againſt his beſt and deareſt friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
To ſpirit others up to work ſo black a deed;
Himſelf the centre where they all did join.
Cæſar, meantime, fearleſs, and fond of him,
Was as induſtrious all the while
To give ſuch ample marks of fond eſteem,
As made the graveſt Romans ſmile
To ſee with how much eaſe love can the wiſe beguile.
He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, ſetting his own race aſide,
Nothing leſs for him provide,
Than in the world's great empire to ſucceed:
Which we are bound in juſtice to allow,
Is all-ſufficient proof to ſhow
That Brutus did not ſtrike for his own ſake:
And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by miſtake.

* Cæſar was ſuſpected to have begotten Brutus.

MISCELLANIES.

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer ſtay
My eager thoughts, that force themſelves away.
Sure none inſpir'd (whoſe heat tranſports them ſtill
Above their reaſon, and beyond their will)
Can firm againſt the ſtrong impulſe remain;
Cenſure itſelf were not ſo ſharp a pain.
Let vulgar minds ſubmit to vulgar ſway;
What ignorance ſhall think, or malice ſay,
To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
Who can ſee faults, but can ſee beauties too,
Applaud that genius which themſelves partake,
And ſpare the poet for the muſe's ſake.
  The muſe, who raiſes me from humble ground,
To view the vaſt and various world around;
How faſt I mount! in what a wondrous way
I grow tranſported to this large ſurvey!
I value earth no more, and far below
Methinks I ſee the buſy pigmies go.
My ſoul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
And with contempt look down on human care.
  Airy ambition, ever ſoaring high,
Stands firſt expos'd to my cenſorious eye.
Behold ſome toiling up a ſlippery hill,
Where, though arriv'd, they muſt be toiling ſtill:
Some, with unſteady feet, juſt fallen to ground,
Others at top, whoſe heads are turning round.
To this high ſphere it happens ſtill that ſome,
The moſt unfit, are forwardeſt to come;
Yet among theſe are princes forc'd to chooſe,
Or ſeek out ſuch as would perhaps refuſe.
Favour too great is ſafely plac'd on none,
And ſoon becomes a dragon or a drone;
Either remiſs and negligent of all,
Or elſe imperious and tyrannical.
  The muſe inſpires me now to look again,
And ſee a meaner ſort of ſordid men
Doating on little heaps of yellow duſt;
For that deſpiſing honour, eaſe, and luſt.
Let other bards, expreſſing how it ſhines,
Deſcribe with envy what the miſer finds;
Only as heaps of dirt it ſeems to me,
Where we ſuch deſpicable vermin ſee,
Who creep through filth a thouſand crooked ways,
Inſenſible of infamy or praiſe:
Loaded with guilt, they ſtill purſue their courſe,
Not ev'n reſtrain'd by love or friendſhip's force.
  Not to enlarge on ſuch an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which tranſcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to loſe the end.
Like heroes in romances, ſtill in fight
For miſtreſſes that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does moſt debaſe the mind,
Gold is itſelf th' allay to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no ſuch thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among thoſe harmleſs men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and ſilver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.
  Ev'n traffic now is intercourſe of ill,
And every wind brings a new miſchief ſtill;
By trade we flouriſh in our leaves and fruit,
But avarice and exceſs devour the root.
  Thus far the muſe unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, leſs happy ſorts of ſin;
But now, more pleas'd, ſhe views the different ways
Of luxury, and all its charms ſurveys.
Dear luxury! thou ſoft, but ſure deceit!
Riſe of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou ſure preſage of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires, and the change of ſtates!
Armies in vain reſiſt thy mighty power;
Not the worſt conduct would confound them more.
Thus Rome herſelf, while o'er the world ſhe flew,
And did by virtue all that world ſubdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppreſs'd,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd eaſt;
Whence all thoſe vices came, which ſoon devour
The beſt foundations of renown and power.
  But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the ſad effects at home,
Of wild exceſs? which we ſo plainly find
Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
But yet grave ſops muſt not preſume from hence
To ſlight the ſacred pleaſures of the ſenſe:
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic ſeal of heaven.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put reſtraint on innocent delight,
But Heaven and Nature's always in the right;

They would not draw poor mortals in,
Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin.
Yet, that in height of harmless joy we may
Last to old age, and never lose a day,
Amidst our pleasures we ourselves should spare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we sometimes may steep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep:
It raises nature, ripens seeds of worth,
As moistening pictures calls the colours forth;
But if the varnish we too oft apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint, and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous muse: I would restrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to delights, she longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now she flies to love;
Shows me some rural nymph, by shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd:
The grass by her, as she by him, is press'd;
For shame, my muse, let fancy guess the rest:
At such a point fancy can never stay,
But flies beyond whatever you can say.
Behold the silent shades, the amorous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
Where love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet springing up without the help of art,
Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,
More healthfully, though not so finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in courts where most he makes a show,
And, high enthron'd, governs the world below;
For though in histories learn'd ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in those disguises often smile,
And knows the cause was kindness all the while.
What story, place, or person, cannot prove
The boundless influence of mighty love?
Where'er the sun can vigorous heat inspire,
Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.
The weary'd swain, fast in the arms of sleep,
Love can awake, and often sighing keep;
And busy gown-men, by fond love disguis'd,
Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.
The proudest kings submit to beauty's sway;
Beauty itself, a greater prince than they,
Lies sometimes languishing with all its pride
By a belov'd, though fickle lover's side,
I mean to slight the soft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
I doat on woman-kind with all their faults,
Love turns my satire into softest thoughts;
Of all that passion which our peace destroys
Instead of mischiefs, I describe the joys.
But short will be his reign (I fear too short),
And present cares shall be my future sport.
Then love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
Loose from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
To all fond thoughts I'll sing such counter-charms,
The fair shall listen in their lovers arms.
Now the enthusiastic fit is spent,
I feel my weakness, and too late repent.
As they who walk in dreams oft climb too high
For sense to follow with a waking eye;
And in such wild attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold:
So I review these sallies of my pen,
And modest reason is return'd again;
My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred muse.
No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong side of wit,
Is more severe from ignorance and spite,
Than I with judgment against all I write.

ON MR. HOBBES, AND HIS WRITINGS.

Such is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
Yet whatsoever is by vain critics thought,
Praising is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.
As strings, alike wound up, so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;
From such a cause our satires please so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the sharp infection spreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the muse inspires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a cause.
While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghosts, and every empty shade;
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reason's light
Put such fantastic forms to shameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs must be
To vice enslav'd, if from vain terrors free;
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.
In other authors though the thought be good,
'Tis not sometimes so easily understood;
That jewel oft' unpolish'd has remain'd;
Some words should be left out, and some explain'd;
So that, in search of sense, we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a way.
But here sweet eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reason, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man.
Bacon himself, whose universal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.
While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice pursues her, like some bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels cease;
Envy herself is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with so high a flight,
Above her reach, and scarce within her sight.

Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at laſt,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers paſt:
But ſuch the frailty is of human kind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;
Long ripening under ground this China lies;
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.
  Thus Nature, tir'd with his unuſual length
Of life, which put her to her utmoſt ſtrength,
Such ſtock of wit unable to ſupply,
To ſpare herſelf, was glad to let him die.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

Here lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predeſtination;
For which the learned and the wiſe
His underſtanding much deſpiſe:
But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could ſuch a wretch ſucceed,
But that, alas, it was decreed?

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

Merit they hate, and wit they ſlight;
They neither act nor reaſon right,
  And nothing mind but pence.
Unſkilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
  A council without ſenſe.
So Moſes once, and Joſhua,
And that virago Debora,
  Beſtrid poor Iſrael:
Like reverence pay to theſe! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
  Without a miracle?

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

Good angels ſnatch'd him eagerly on high; [ſky,
Joyful they flew, ſinging and ſoaring through the
Teaching his new-fledg'd ſoul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
  He went muſing all along
  Compoſing new their heavenly ſong.
A while his ſkilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd;
But ſoon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleaſ-
  ing ſound.
    David himſelf improv'd the harmony,
    David, in ſacred ſtory ſo renown'd
    No leſs for muſic, than for poetry!
    Genius ſublime in either art!
Crown'd with applauſe ſurpaſſing all deſert!
    A man juſt after God's own heart!
If human cares are lawful to the bleſt,
Already ſettled in eternal reſt;
Needs muſt he wiſh that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to ſet what he vouchſaf'd to write;
For, ſure, the noble thirſt of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the ſoul aſcends the ſkies,
  From whence at firſt it came.
'Tis ſure no little proof we have
That part of us ſurvives the grave,
And in our fame below ſtill bears a ſhare:
Why is the future elſe ſo much our care,
Ev'n in our lateſt moment of deſpair? [brave!
And death deſpis'd for fame by all the wiſe and
  Oh, all ye bleſt harmonious choir! [mire
Who power almighty only love, and only that ad-
Look down with pity from your peaceful bower,
  On this ſad iſle perplex'd,
  And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth and power
In our rough minds due reverence infuſe
For ſweet melodious ſounds, and each harmonious
  muſe.
Muſic exalts man's nature, and inſpires
High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind deſires.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON,

ROBERT MARQUIS OF NORMANDY.

Our morning's gay and ſhining;
  The days our joys declare;
At evening no repining;
  And night's all void of care.

A fond tranſported mother
  Was often heard to cry,
Oh, where is ſuch an other
  So bleſs'd by Heaven as I?

A child at firſt was wanting;
  Now ſuch a ſon is ſent,
As parents moſt lamenting
  In him would find content.

A child of whom kind Heaven
  Not only hope beſtows,
But has already given
  Him all our hopes propoſe.

The happy ſire's poſſeſſing
  His ſhare in ſuch a boy,
Adds ſtill a greater bleſſing
  To all my other joy.

But ah! this ſhiny weather
  Became too hot at laſt;
Black clouds began to gather,
  And all the ſky o'ercaſt.

So fierce a fever rages,
  We all lie drown'd in tears;
And diſmal ſad preſages
  Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languiſh
  Did worſe, far worſe than kill.
Yet, oh, with all their anguiſh,
  Would we had doubted ſtill!

But why ſo much digreſſion,
This fatal loſs to ſhow?
Alas, there's no expreſſion
Can tell a parent's woe!

ON MR. POPE, AND HIS POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and buſineſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd,
Too ſerious now a wanton muſe to court,
And from the critics ſafe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth again,
Amidſt adventurous rovers of the pen;
And, after ſome ſmall undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.
But to this genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome men's ways;
But a much greater to give merit praiſe.

STANZAS.

WHENE'ER my fooliſh heat to public good,
Or fonder zeal for ſome miſguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour underſtood,
For changing miniſters for men of ſenſe:

When, vainly proud to ſhow my public care,
And ev'n aſham'd to ſee three nations fool'd,
I ſhall no longer bear a wretched ſhare
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks diſcloſe;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impoſe:

Juſt ſo ſhall I as idly entertain
Some ſtripling patriots, fond of ſeeming wiſe;
Tell, how I ſtill could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whiſpering lies!

Boaſt of ſucceeding in my country's cauſe
Ev'n againſt ſome almoſt too high to blame:
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft' had ridicul'd to ſenſe and ſhame;

Say, I reſiſted the moſt potent fraud;
But friendleſs merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but thoſe he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may pleaſe
Such noble, hopeful ſpirits as appear
Willing to ſlight their pleaſures and their eaſe,
For fame and honour? till at laſt they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown aſſiſted, and my country ſerv'd;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good eſtate I might have ſtarv'd.

THE ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT

IN M.DCC.XIX.

A FAMOUS aſſembly was ſummon'd of late:
To crown a new laureat, came Phœbus in ſtate,
With all that Montfaucon himſelf could deſire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies ſo juſtle,
No country election e'er made ſuch a buſtle:
From garret, mint, tavern, they all poſt away,
Some thirſting for ſack, ſome ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope.
Phœbus ſmil'd on theſe laſt, but yet ne'ertheleſs,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the preſs.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonſon to Curll every preſs had groan'd under,
Came Blackmore, and cry'd, Look, all theſe are my lays,
But at preſent I beg you'd but read my Eſſays.

Lampooners and critics ruſh'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came firſt ſide-by-ſide.
Apollo confeſs'd that their laſhes had ſtings,
But beadles and hangmen were never choſe kings.

Steele long had ſo cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wiſh,
But wiſh'd him good luck in his project of fiſh.

Lame Congreve, unable ſuch things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuſe ſuch a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almoſt inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he ſcarce car'd to be ſeen,
Till Phœbus deſir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er ſo inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of ſuch preferment would only make ſport,
And laugh'd at all ſuitors for places at court.

Notwithſtanding this law, yet Lanſdowne was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindneſs his indolence blam'd.

And said he would choose him, but that he should fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon miss'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so bright,
No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the muses neglect:
But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trap, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For some things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, those works must be good, which had Addison's praise;
But Apollo reply'd, Child Eustace, 'tis known,
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own.

When Philips came forth, as starch as a Quaker,
Whose simple profession's a pastoral-maker;
Apollo advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to nought else but his dog and his sheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came last in the train,
Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too bashful, and said they would need
More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed.

Apollo, now driven to a cursed quandary,
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:
Nay, had honest Tom Southerne but been within call—
But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And so spying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verse, and despiser of plays;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election so odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Most others were ready to sink in the place.

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well understood,
Though the function was wicked, the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, "Who shall have it, [it?"
* But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then, he ne'er heard of his name.

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

ON THE TIMES.

Since in vain our parsons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.
Vice has lost its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the fame;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we see
Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,
Which an aukward child afford
Enough to wed the greatest lord.
The miser starves to raise a son,
But, if once the fool is gone,
Years of thrift scarce serve a day,
Rake-hell squanders all away.
Husbands seeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;
While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play:
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mama's intrigues are shown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having first at sermon slept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worse hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the noblest-born,
Moral virtue is a scorn;
Gratitude, but rare at best,
And fidelity a jest.
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wisdom raising stocks:
Counted folly to defend
Sinking side, or falling friend.
Long an officer may serve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may starve:
No receipt, to make him rise,
Like inventing loyal lies.
We, whose ancestors have shin'd
In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleness inclin'd,
Now are grown a public shame.
Fatal that intestine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever since, how sad a race!
Senseless, violent, and base!

ON THE DUKE OF YORK

BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I feel a strange impulse, a strong desire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a muse inspire?)
To sing on lofty subjects, and to raise
My own low fame, by writing James's praise.
Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth,
Observ'd those seeds of fortitude and truth,
Which since have spread so wide, so wondrous high,
The good distress'd beneath that shelter lie.

In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
And in the midſt of mighty chiefs admir'd.
Of all Heaven's gifts, no temper is ſo rare,
As ſo much courage mix'd with ſo much care.
When martial fire makes all the ſpirits boil,
And forces youth to military toil;
No wonder it ſhould fiercely then engage:
Women themſelves will venture in a rage:
But in the midſt of all that furious heat,
While ſo intent on actions brave and great,
For other lives to feel ſuch tender fears,
And, careleſs of his own, to care for theirs,
Is that compoſure which a hero makes,
And which illuſtrious York alone partakes,
With that great man *, whoſe fame has flown ſo far,
Who taught him firſt the noble art of war.
Oh, wondrous pair! whom equal virtues crown,
Oh worthy of each other's vaſt renown!
None but Turenne with York could glory ſhare,
And none but York deſerve ſo great a maſter's care.
Scarce was he come to bleſs his native iſle,
And reap the ſoft reward of glorious toil,
But, like Alcides, ſtill new dangers call
His courage forth, and ſtill he vanquiſh'd all.
At ſea, that bloody ſcene of boundleſs rage,
Where floating caſtles in fierce flames engage
(Where Mars himſelf does frowningly command,
And by lieutenants only fights at land);
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.
In thoſe black times, when, faction raging high,
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly,
With York they fled; but not depreſt his mind,
Still, like a diamond in the duſt, it ſhin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in diſtreſs he ev'n himſelf excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
His brother's will, he ſacrific'd his own;
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that juſt Heaven would all our joys reſtore.
So when black clouds ſurround heaven's glorious face,
Tempeſtuous darkneſs covering all the place,
If we diſcern but the leaſt glimmering ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The cheerful ſight our fainting courage warms:
Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms.

ON THE DEITY.

Wretched mankind! void of both ſtrength and ſkill!
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!
In merit humble, in pretenſions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: though ſtill I worthleſs thought
The beſt I ever ſpoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humbleſt mind;
Within my ſoul ſuch ſtrong impulſe I find
The heavenly tribute of due praiſe to pay:
Perhaps 'tis ſacred, and I muſt obey.

Yet ſuch the ſubjects, various, and ſo high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundleſs power!
And that as boundleſs goodneſs ſhining more!
All theſe ſo numberleſs my thoughts attend,
Oh where ſhall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wiſe abuſe,
So ſacred, ſo ſublime, and ſo abſtruſe,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuſe.

While others vainly ſtrive to know thee more,
Let me in ſilent reverence adore;
Wiſhing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling thee!

PROLOGUE
TO THE
ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Hope to mend Shakſpeare! or to match his ſtyle!
'Tis ſuch a jeſt would make a Stoic ſmile.
Too fond of fame, our poet ſoars too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly!
So ſenſible of his preſumptuous thought,
That he confeſſes while he does the fault:
This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft in bluſhes yield to what they love.
Of greateſt actions, and of nobleſt men,
This ſtory moſt deſerves a poet's pen:
For who can wiſh a ſcene more juſtly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That ſtate of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who ſuch a ſtate enſlav'd!
Yet loth he was to take ſo rough a way,
And after govern'd with ſo mild a ſway.
At diſtance now of ſeventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely raviſher appears;
Whom, though forbid by virtue to excuſe,
A nymph might pardon and could ſcarce refuſe.

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS I.

I.

Whither is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
That valour, which ſo bright has ſhone,
And with the wings of conqueſt flown,
Muſt to a haughty maſter bow: [beſide,
Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have
Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearleſs he will his life expoſe;
So does a lion or a bear.
His very virtues threaten thoſe,
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How ſtupid wretches we appear,

* The Mareſchal de Turenne.

Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what ſlaves we are at home!

III.

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beaſt did e'er deſign
The ſetting up his fellow-creature,
And of two miſchiefs chooſe the greater?
Oh! rather than be ſlaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildneſs, and our woods, our huts and caves again.

IV.

There, ſecure from lawleſs ſway,
Out of pride or envy's way;
Living up to nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools; [ſheep,
Happily we all ſhould live, and harmleſs as our
And at laſt as calmly die as infants fall aſleep.

CHORUS II.

Lo! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliſs I come,
The awful genius of majeſtic Rome.

Great is her danger: but I will engage
Some few, the maſter-ſouls of all this age,
To do an act of juſt heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man ſo great ſhould fall ſo low;
More hard to let ſo brave a people bow, [now.
To one themſelves have rais'd, who ſcorns them

Yet oh! I grieve that Brutus ſhould be ſtain'd,
Whoſe life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the reſt combine;
The very life and ſoul of their deſign,
The centre, where thoſe mighty ſpirits join.

Unthinking men no ſort of ſcruple make;
Others do ill, only for miſchief's ſake;
But ev'n the beſt are guilty by miſtake.

Thus ſome for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold uſurper to his end;
But for his country Brutus ſtabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

BY TWO AERIAL SPIRITS.

I.

TELL me, oh! tell me, whence ariſe
Theſe diſorders in our ſkies?
Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods ſeem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in ſight of this day's ſun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to ſhroud the light
Of all this world in diſmal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man,
The greateſt ſince mankind began:
Learned, eloquent and wiſe,
Generous, merciful, and brave?

I.

Yet not too great a ſacrifice,
The liberty of Rome to ſave.

II.

But will not goodneſs claim regard,
And does not worth deſerve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at ſtake?
Can they do too much for her ſake?

Both Spirits together.

Though dreadful be this doom of fate,
Juſt is that power which governs all:
Better this wondrous man ſhould fall,
Than a moſt glorious, virtuous ſtate.

CHORUS IV.

How great a curſe has Providence
Thought fit to caſt on human kind!
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentleſt nature, nobleſt mind,
Were intermixt in one alone;
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance, or ſenſeleſs atoms, join
To form a ſoul ſo great as his?
Or would thoſe powers we hold divine
Deſtroy their own chief maſter-piece?
Where ſo much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wiſe.

And, what muſt more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the beſt of Romans ſends,
To do the very worſt of faults,
And kill the kindeſt of his friends.
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever prieſts preſume to preach.

PROLOGUE TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

OUR ſcene is Athens. And, great Athens nam'd,
What ſoul ſo dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that ſacred place,
A reverend awe appears in every face,
For men ſo fam'd, of ſuch prodigious parts,
As taught the world all ſciences and arts.
Amidſt all theſe ye ſhall behold a man
The moſt applauded ſince mankind began,
Outſhining ev'n thoſe Greeks who moſt excel,
Whoſe life was one fix'd courſe of doing well.

Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On ſuch a life, and ſuch a fatal end?
But here our author, beſides other faults
Of ill expreſſions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place:
Yet to ſuch noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and baniſh'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield;
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field?
Some critics judge ev'n love itſelf too mean
A care to mix in ſuch a lofty ſcene,
And with thoſe ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendſhip has ſtronger charms to pleaſe or grieve;
But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidſt all other cares, ſtill ſhines above,
Lets not the beſt of Romans end their lives
Without juſt ſoftneſs for the kindeſt wives.
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature ſuch
As to have ſoften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and paſſion fall,
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugal.
This to the few and knowing was addreſt;
And now 'tis fit I ſhould ſalute the reſt.
Moſt reverend dull judges of the pit,
By nature curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit!
You need not care, whate'er you ſee to-night,
How ill ſome players act, or poets write;
Should our miſtakes be never ſo notorious,
You'll have the joy of being more cenſorious:
Show your ſmall talent then, let that ſuffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye:
Each petty critic can objections raiſe,
The greateſt ſkill is knowing when to praiſe.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

†CHORUS III.

I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread;
Wiſdom itſelf a guide will need:
We little thought, when Cæſar bled,
That a worſe Cæſar would ſucceed.
And are we under ſuch a curſe,
We cannot change but for the worſe?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,
By which Rome muſt herſelf enthral;
Theſe, without bluſhes or remorſe,
Proſcribe the beſt, impoveriſh all.
The Gauls themſelves, our greateſt foes,
Could act no miſchiefs worſe than thoſe.

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find;
Theſe equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born ſpirits ſhould obey
Wretches, who know not how to ſway!

IV.

Late we repent our haſty choice,
In vain bemoan ſo quick a turn.
Hark all to Rome's united voice!!
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all thoſe ills which moſt diſpleaſe,
Than ſought a cure far worſe than the diſeaſe.

† See the firſt and ſecond choruſes, in the Poems of Mr. Pope.

CHORUS IV.

OUR vows thus cheerfully we ſing,
While martial muſic fires our blood;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And takes heavy to be borne;
May ſhe beware of foreign arms,
And ſend them back with noble ſcorn:
And, for reward, &c.

May ſhe no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther underſtood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waſte her wealth, and ſpill her blood;
And, for reward, &c.

Our ſenators, great Jove, reſtrain
From private piques, they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the loſing all:
And, for reward, &c.

The ſhining arms with haſte prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly;
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
Except to overcome or die:
And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppreſſion to increaſe,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a ſin to doubt ſucceſs,
When freedom is the noble cauſe:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

Containing his

SOLOMON,		EPISTLES,
ALMA,		LOVE-VERSES,
TALES,		SONGS,
ODES,		EPILOGUES,
EPIGRAMS,		TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Ye Sons of Men, with juſt regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious Muse inſpires him to explain
That all we act, and all we think is vain.

SOLOMON, BOOK FIRST.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF PRIOR.

Of Matthew Prior, eminent as he was, both as a poet and a ſtateſman, the memorials that have been left by his contemporaries, are diſproportionate to the dignity of his employments, and the extent of his reputation.

He was born July 21. 1664, according to ſome, at Winborne in Dorſetſhire, of parents whoſe rank is unſettled; others ſay, that he was the ſon of Mr. George Prior, a joiner and citizen of London.

In the regiſter of St. John's College, Cambridge, he is deſigned, at his admiſſion, by the preſident, of *Winborne* in *Middleſex*; by himſelf, next day, of *Dorſetſhire*, in which county *Winborne* is found. When he ſtood candidate for his fellowſhip, five years afterwards, he was regiſtered again by himſelf as of *Middleſex*. The laſt record ought to be preferred, becauſe it was made upon oath.

It is obſervable, that, as a native of *Winborne*, he is ſtyled, *Filius Georgii Prior, Generoſi*, not conſiſtently with the common account of the meanneſs of his birth.

His father, dying when he was very young, is ſuppoſed to have left him to the care of an uncle, Mr. Samuel Prior, a vintner, near Charing-croſs; who diſcharged the truſt repoſed in him with paternal tenderneſs, as he himſelf always acknowledged with filial gratitude.

He placed him for ſome time at Weſtminſter ſchool, under Dr. Buſby; but not intending to give him any education beyond that of the ſchool, took him, when he was well advanced in claſſical learning, to his own houſe (the Rummer Tavern), where the Earl of Dorſet found him by chance, as Burnet relates, reading Horace, and was ſo well pleaſed with his proficiency, that he undertook the care and expence of his academical education.

He was admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, April 2. 1683; and on the 3d of that month was appointed a *ſcholar* of the houſe, on the Ducheſs of Somerſet's foundation, by her own nomination.

The ſame year, he wrote a copy of Latin *Verſes on the Marriage of George Prince of Denmark, and the Lady Anne*, printed in the "Hymenæus Cantabrigenſis" 1683, with the ſignature of *M. Prior*; probably from the preſident of the college not knowing, or miſtaking his *Chriſtian* name, when he gave them in to the *Univerſity Inſpectors* for their approbation. They bear internal evidence of being written by one, though a *Freſhman*, uſed to write Latin verſe in a great ſchool under a great maſter. There is a claſſical terſeneſs in the diction, and eaſe and harmony in the numbers. The alluſion to Martial's admirable lines on the *happy married pair*, (for it can hardly be called an imitation), ſhows the taſte of a maſter at the years of a boy.

In 1686, he was admitted to his bachelor's degree; and two years afterwards, wrote an *Ode* on Exodus iii. 14. *I am that I am*, as a college exerciſe, to be preſented agreeable to the eſtabliſhed practice of St. John's College, to the Earl of Exeter, in acknowledgment of a benefaction enjoyed by them from the bounty of his anceſtor. This ode, though nothing is ſaid of its ſucceſs, ſeems to have recommended him to the notice of the Earl of Exeter; for his verſes *to the Counteſs of Exeter playing on the Lute*, the *Epiſtle to Sir Fleetwood Shephard*, May 14. 1689., and his lines on the famous *picture of Seneca dying in a Bath* at Burleigh-houſe, afford reaſon for imagining, that he was more or leſs converſant with that family.

The year before, he wrote, in conjunction with Charles Montague, Eſq. of Trinity College, *The Hind and Panther, tranſverted to the Story of the Country Mouſe and City Mouſe*, printed 1687, to ridicule Dryden's "Hind and Panther," publiſhed in 1686

This humorous performance procured its author more ſolid advantages than the pleaſure of fretting Dryden, who thought it hard, that "an old man ſhould be ſo treated by thoſe to whom he had always been civil," for they were both ſpeedily preferred. Montague obtained the firſt notice, with ſome degree of diſcontent, as it ſeems, in Prior.

My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd,
Nor would I have it long obſerv'd,
That one *Mouſe* eats, while t'other's ſtarv'd.

He had not much reaſon to complain, for having been invited to London by his patron, the Earl of Dorſet, he obtained ſuch notice, that in 1691. he was made Secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, Ambaſſador and Plenipotentiary from King William at the Congreſs at the Hague, in which was formed the grand alliance againſt Lewis XIV.

In this ſplendid initiation into public buſineſs, his conduct was ſo pleaſing to the King, that he made him one of the Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber; and he is ſuppoſed to have paſſed ſome of the next years in the quiet cultivation of literature and poetry.

On the death of Queen Mary, in 1695, when an emulation of elegy was univerſal, he brought his tribute of tuneful ſorrow, among the reſt, in a long *Ode preſented to the King on His Majeſty's arrival in Holland*, of which the language might be cenſured as encomiaſtic, if Mary's virtues did not juſtify the moſt unqualified praiſe.

In 1697, he was appointed Secretary to the Earls of Pembroke and Jerſey, and Sir Joſeph Williamſon, Plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Ryſwick. When the treaty was concluded, he received a preſent of 100 guineas from the Lords Juſtices, for the trouble of bringing it over to England. The ſame year he was made Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

In 1698, he was appointed Secretary to the Earl of Portland, Ambaſſador at the Court of France, where he is ſaid to have been conſidered with great diſtinction.

As he was one day ſurveying the apartments at Verſailles, being ſhown the victories of Lewis, painted by Le Brun, and aſked, whether the King of England's palace had any ſuch decorations: "The monuments of my Maſter's actions," ſaid he, "are to be ſeen every where but in his own houſe."

In 1699, he went to the King at Loo, from whom, after a long audience, he carried orders to England; and, upon his arrival, was made Under Secretary in the office of the Earl of Jerſey; a place which he did not retain long, having been ordered back to Paris, to aſſiſt the Ambaſſador in the buſineſs of the partition-treaty.

In 1700, he was created Maſter of Arts, by Mandamus, and appointed one of the Commiſſioners of Trade.

The ſame year, he publiſhed the *Carmen Seculare*, one of his largeſt and moſt ſplendid compoſitions. In praiſe of King William he exhauſts all his powers of celebration. William ſupplied copious materials for either verſe or proſe. His whole life had been action; and he poſſeſſed the reſplendent qualities of ſteady reſolution and perſonal courage. After defending his own country from foreign invaſion, and delivering ours from domeſtic uſurpation, he headed a confederacy, formed by his wiſdom and his vigour, againſt Lewis, who wiſhed to reduce England under the arbitrary ſway of a tyrant depending on himſelf, and to ſubjugate the reſt of Europe. By his efforts, Lewis was ſtopped in his ambitious career, and compelled to acknowledge that man as Chief Magiſtrate of England, on whom the people were pleaſed to confer the office. Ends more noble than he purſued, or ſucceſs more glorious than their attainment, cannot well be imagined. He was really in Prior's mind what he repreſents him in his verſes; he conſidered him as a hero, and was accuſtomed to ſay, that he praiſed others in compliance with the faſhion; but that in celebrating William, he followed his inclinations.

In the parliament that met in 1701, he was choſen repreſentative of Eaſt-Grinſtead. His election was followed by a change of his party; for he joined the Tories in voting for the impeachment of Lord Somers, and the other Lords charged with adviſing the partition-treaty, in which he himſelf had been miniſterially employed.

By abandoning the Whigs, with whom he had hitherto avowedly acted upon principle, and to whom he owed his promotion, his character and conduct were chargeable with apparent inconſiſtency and ingratitude, which ingenuity has laboured in vain to juſtify or explain.

To whatever cauſe the notorious deſertion of his party may have been owing, he ſtuck at nothing to ſerve his new friends; and, with the zeal of a convert, became a Tory, ſo ardent and determinate, that he did not willingly aſſociate with men of the oppoſite party.

Upon the ſucceſs of the war with France, after the acceſſion of Queen Anne, he ſhowed his delight, with the poets of both parties, in the increaſing honour of his country, by a *Letter to M. Boileau, occaſioned by the victory at Blenheim*, 1704. On this occaſion he had two formidable rivals in Addiſon and Philips.

He ſoon after publiſhed a volume of poems, with a dedication to Lionel Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex, containing an elegant but encomiaſtic character of his deceaſed patron, Charles Earl of Dorſet, which does honour to his gratitude. It began with the *College Exerciſe*, and ended with *Henry and Emma*.

As no proſperous event of that reign paſſed undignified by poetry, the battle of Ramillies ſoon afterwards excited him to another poetical effort in honour of his country, in his *Ode on the glorious Succeſs of her Majeſty's Arms in* 1706. It is written in Spenſer's ſtanza, and is perhaps the only compoſition, produced by the battle of Ramillies, which is now remembered.

Yet he afterwards concurred with Harley and his friends, in condemning the war as burdenſome, and the *conduct of the Allies* as unreaſonable.

The intelligence of miniſterial abuſes, the avarice of generals, the tyranny of favourites, and the general danger of approaching ruin, was conveyed in a paper, called *The Examiner*, written by King, Swift, and other wits of the party, and ſometimes by Mrs. Manley. One paper, in ridicule of Garth's verſes on Godolphin, was written by Prior, and anſwered by Addiſon, in the Whig-Examiner.

The Tories, having driven the Whigs from court and from power, were in haſte to end the war, and Prior was ſent (July 1711) privately to Paris with propoſitions of peace; and, after returning with Meſnager, the French Plenipotentiary, was much employed in the negotiations at London; and again ſent to Paris, in Auguſt 1712, to accommodate ſuch matters as then remained unſettled in the Congreſs at Utrecht. From the end of Auguſt 1713, he had the appointment and rank of an Ambaſſador, though attended with ſome perplexities and mortifications, and continued till the Queen's death.

He remained at Paris alſo, in the character of a public Miniſter, ſome months after the acceſſion of George I., and then was ſucceeded by the Earl of Stair.

He returned to England as ſoon as he was enabled to diſcharge the debts which he had found it neceſſary to contract; and, upon his arrival on the 25th March 1715, was immediately taken up by an order of the Houſe of Commons, and ſoon after examined by a committee of the Privy Council.

On the 10th of June, Walpole moved the Houſe for an impeachment againſt him, on a charge of high-treaſon, for holding clandeſtine conferences with the French Plenipotentiary; and on the 17th, he was ordered into cloſe cuſtody, which he made leſs tedious by writing his *Alma, or the Progreſs of the Mind.*

In 1717, when an act of grace was paſſed, he was excepted; but, at the cloſe of the year, he was diſcharged.

He had now, at the age of fifty-three, his liberty; but he had nothing elſe; having yet no ſolid revenue, but from the fellowſhip of his college, which, when, in his exaltation, he was cenſured for retaining, he ſaid, he could live on at laſt.

Having finiſhed his *Solomon*, he was encouraged to make a collection of his poems, and to publiſh them in folio by ſubſcription. The expedient ſucceeded by the induſtry and kindneſs of his friends. The price of the volume was two guineas; the whole collection was four thouſand; to which Lord Harley, ſon of the Earl of Oxford, to whom he had invariably adhered, added an equal ſum for the purchaſe of Downhall in Eſſex, which Prior was to enjoy during his life, and Harley after his deceaſe.

Of any occurrences in his remaining life there is no account, except that he formed a deſign of writing a *Hiſtory of his own Time*; but had made very little progreſs in it, when a lingering fever carried him off, the 18th of September 1721, in the 57th year of his age.

He died at Wimpole, a ſeat of the Earl of Oxford near Cambridge, and was burried in Weſtminſter Abbey, where, on a monument, for which he left five hundred pounds, is engraven this epitaph, written by Dr. Robert Freind.

Sui temporis Hiſtoriam meditantis
Paulatim obrepens Febris
Operi ſimul et vitæ filum abrupit,
Sept. 18. An. Dom. 1721. Ætat. 57.
H. S. E.
Vir eximius
Sereniſſimis
Regi GULIELMO Reginæque MARIÆ,
In Congreſſione Fœderatorum
Hagæ, anno 1690 celebrata,
Deinde Magnæ Britanniæ Legatis,
Tum iis,
Qui anno 1697, Pacem RYSWICKI confecerunt,
Tum iis,
Qui apud Gallos annis proximis legationem obierunt
Eodem etiam, anno 1697, in Hibernia,
SECRETARIUS;
Nec non in utroque Honorabili conceſſu
Eorum,
Qui anno 1700, ordinandis commercii negotiis,
Quique anno 1711, diregendis Portorii rebus,
Preſidebant,
COMMISSIONARIUS;
Portremo
Ab ANNA
Feliciſſimæ memoriæ Regina
Ad LUDOVICUM XIV. Galliæ Regem
Miſſus anno 1711,
De Pace ſtabilienda,
(Pace etiamnum durante
Diuque ut boni jam omnes ſperant duratura)
Cum ſumma poteſtate Legatus
MATHÆUS PRIOR, Armiger;
Qui
Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus eſt, Titulos
Humanitatis, Ingenii, Eruditionis laude
Superavit;
Cui enim naſcenti faciles arriſerant Muſæ.
Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpolivit;
Juvenem in Collegio Sti. Johannis
Cantabrigia optimis ſcientiis inſtruxit;
Virum denique auxit; et perfecit
Multa cum viris Principibus conſuetudo;
Ità natus, ita inſtitutus,
A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,
Sed ſolebat ſæpe rerum civilium gravitatem
Amæniorum Literarum ſtudiis condire;
Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus
Haud infeliciter tentaret,
Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideque texendis
Mirus Artifex
Neminem habuit parem.
Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta;
Quam nullo Illi labore conſtiterent,
Facile ii perſpexere quibus uſus eſt amici,
Apud quos Urbanitatem et leporum plenus
Cum ad rem, quæcunque forte inciderat
Apte varie copioſeque alluderet,

Interea nihil quæſitum, nihil vi expreſſum
Videbatur,
Sed omnia ultro effluere,
Et quaſi jugi e fonte affatim exuberare,
Ita ſuos tandem dubios reliquit,
Effetne in ſcriptis, poeta elegantior
An in convictu comes jucundior.

His poems were reprinted, with additions, by Samuel Humphreys, Eſq., in 3 volumes 8vo., 1733; and in 1740, came out *The Hiſtory of his own Times*; a performance little worthy of him, and undoubtedly little of it is his.

The character of Prior as a ſtateſman belongs to general hiſtory. Of his private character, and familiar habits, very little is known. Tradition repreſents him as uniting the elegance and politeneſs of a courtier with the ſcholar and the man of genius; yet willing to deſcend from the dignity of the poet and ſtateſman to the low delights of mean company. The *Chloe*, whom he celebrates, was probably ſometimes ideal; but the woman with whom he cohabited was of the loweſt rank. "His opinions," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "as far as the means of judging are left us, ſeem to have been right; but his life was, it ſeems, irregular, negligent, and ſenſual."

As a poet, he holds the firſt rank for elegance and correctneſs, by the ſuffrage of all men of taſte.

His works may be diſtinctly conſidered as compriſing *Tales, Love Verſes, Occaſional Poems, Alma, and Solomon.* His *Tales* are univerſally admired, being written with great familiarity and great ſprightlineſs; the language is eaſy, but ſeldom groſs, and the numbers ſmooth without the appearance of care.

In his *Love Verſes* he is leſs happy, for they are not dictated by nature or by paſſion. They have the coldneſs of Cowley, without his wit, and abound in mythological fictions, which excite no tenderneſs. From this cenſure, however, the diſtreſsful dramatic dialogue of *Henry and Emma*, paraphraſed from the "Not-browne Mayde," muſt be excepted.

The "Not-browne Mayde" firſt appeared in Arnolde's "Chronicle or Cuſtoms of London," printed in 1525. It was revived in a collection, called, "The Monthly Miſcellany, or Memoirs for the Curious," printed in 1707, with a preface, in which it is ſaid to have been three hundred years old. Fortunately for modern poetry, this republication ſuggeſted it to the notice of Prior, who, perhaps from the ſame ſource, might have adopted this haſty conjecture, that it was coeval with the commencement of the fifteenth century.

The author of this ancient ballad, has ſhown no common ſkill in contriving a dialogue, which powerfully detains the attention, and intereſts the paſſions by a conſtant ſucceſſion of ſuſpenſe and pleaſure, of anxiety and ſatisfaction. Nor is his invention leſs commendable in imagining the modes of trying the Lady's patience, and in feigning ſo many new ſituations; which, at the ſame time, opens a way to deſcription, and to a variety of new ſcenes and images.

Prior has not cloſely copied the caſt of the original. He preſuppoſes a long connection between the lovers, which is attended with the warmeſt profeſſions of a reciprocal paſſion. *Henry's* hypocriſy is not characteriſtically nor conſiſtently ſuſtained. He frequently talks in too reſpectful and complaiſant a ſtyle. After ſo many mutual promiſes and proteſtations, to have made him more obdurate, would have enhanced the ſufferings and the ſincerity of the amiable *Emma*.

Dr. Johnſon has called *Henry and Emma* "a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither eſteem for the man, nor tenderneſs for the woman." The writer of this narrative is not aſhamed to confeſs that it has made him weep; nor prevented, by the appearance of ſome ſlight defects, from ranking it with the moſt beautiful and intereſting poems in the Engliſh language.

His occaſional poems neceſſarily loſt part of their popularity with the fluctuation of public opinion; but the burleſque of *Boileau on Namur*, the *Epiſtle to Boileau*, the *Odes* to the *King*, the poem on the *Battle of Ramillies*, and the *Carmen Seculare*, are preſerved by their inherent excellence; the laſt was tranſlated into Latin by Mr. Dibben.

The *Epilogues* to Smith's "Phædra and Hippolitus," and to Mrs. Manley's "Lucius," are happily facetious. *The Epiſtles to Sir Fleetwood Shepherd* are humorous and familiar. His *Epigrams* and lighter pieces are ſometimes elegant and ſometimes trifling. Among the beſt are the *Camelion*, and

verſion of *Callimachus* is ſufficiently licentious. The paraphraſe on *St. Paul's exhortation to Charity* is eminently beautiful.

His *Alma* is a profeſſed imitation of Hudibras, which it excels in verſification, and is ſcarcely inferior to it in exuberance of matter and variety of illuſtration. It has as many admirers as readers, and was the only poem of Prior's, of which Pope ſaid, that he ſhould wiſh to be the author.

Solomon is his largeſt and moſt elaborate performance, and to which he entruſted the protection of his name. It cannot be denied, that he has infuſed into it much knowledge and much thought; that he has often poliſhed it to elegance, often dignified it with ſplendor, and ſometimes heightened it to ſublimity; but the power of engaging attention and alluring curioſity is wanting. This defect does not proceed from the uniformity of the ſubject, for it is ſufficiently diverſified, but from the continued tenour of the narration, in which Solomon relates the ſucceſſive viciſſitudes of his own mind, without the intervention of any other ſpeaker, or agent, except *Abra*.

"Yet is the work," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "far from deſerving to be neglected. He that ſhall peruſe it will be able to mark many paſſages, to which he may recur for inſtruction or delight; many from which the poet may learn to write and the philoſopher to reaſon.

Of Prior it is remarkable, that no eulogy is to be found in the writings of the contemporary poets. The proſe writers, however, have made him ample amends for the envy or neglect of his brethren.

"Mr. Prior," ſays Dr. Felton, "enjoys the freeſt and eaſieſt muſe in the world, and perhaps is the only man who may rival Horace in an admirable felicity of expreſſion, both in the ſublime and familiar way. Like our celebrated Cowley he hath excelled in all kinds of poetry. In his works we meet an aſſembly of the muſes. Since the *Roman Swan* expired, none hath taken bolder and happier flights, or touched the lyre with a more maſterly hand; and ſince Chaucer's days, none hath told a merry or heroic tale ſo well."

His character is given by Dr. Johnſon leſs favourably; but with admirable preciſion, diſcrimination, and force. He allows him wit, art, and laboured metre, but not genius; a judgment in which, it is believed, the readers of poetry will not generally acquieſce.

"If Prior's poetry be generally conſidered," ſays our great poetical biographer, "his praiſe will be that of correctneſs and induſtry, rather than of compaſs of comprehenſion or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention; his greater pieces are only tiſſues of common thoughts; and his ſmaller, which conſiſt of light images or ſingle conceits, are not always his own. What he has valuable, he owes to his diligence and his judgment. His diligence has juſtly placed him amongſt the moſt correct of the Engliſh poets; and he was one of the firſt that reſolutely endeavoured at correctneſs. He never ſacrifices accuracy to haſte, nor indulges himſelf in contemptuous negligence, or impatient idleneſs; he has no careleſs lines, or entangled ſentiments; his words are nicely ſelected, and his thoughts fully expanded.

"Prior is never low, nor very often ſublime. Whatever he obtains above mediocrity, ſeems the effort of ſtruggle and of toil. He has many vigorous, but few happy lines; he has every thing by purchaſe, and nothing by gift; he had no *nightly viſitations* of the muſe, no infuſions of ſentiment or felicities of fancy. His diction, however, is more his own than that of any among the ſucceſſors of Dryden; he borrows no lucky turns, or commodious modes of language from his predeceſſors. His phraſes are original; but they are ſometimes harſh; as he inherited no elegancies, none has he bequeathed. His expreſſion has every mark of laborious ſtudy; the line ſeldom ſeems to have been formed at once; the words did not come till they were called, and were then put by conſtraint into their places, where they do their duty, but do it ſullenly. In his greater compoſitions there may be found more rigid ſtatelineſs than graceful dignity.

"His numbers are ſuch as mere diligence may attain; they ſeldom offend the ear, and ſeldom ſoothe it; they commonly want airineſs, lightneſs, and facility; what is ſmooth is not ſoft. His verſes always roll; but they ſeldom flow!

"A ſurvey of the life and writings of Prior may exemplify a ſentence which he doubtleſs underſtood well when he read Horace at his uncle's: "The veſſel long retains the ſcent which it firſt receives." In his private relaxation, he revived the tavern; and in his amorous pedantries he exhibited the college; but on higher occaſions, and nobler ſubjects, when habit was overpowered by the neceſſity of reflection, he wanted not wiſdom as a ſtateſman, nor elegance as a poet."

DEDICATION.

To the Right Honourable

LIONEL EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

It looks like no great compliment to your Lordſhip, that I prefix your name to this epiſtle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is publiſhed almoſt againſt my inclination. But, in all caſes, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and moſt of the reſt, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which theſe parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and ſeeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordſhip all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. "Tu Marcellus eris—" Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You muſt be a judge and maſter of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counſellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country; an ornament and honour to the titles you poſſeſs; and, in one word, a worthy ſon to the great Earl of Dorſet.

It is as impoſſible to mention that name, without deſiring to commend the perſon, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deſerved. But I aſſure myſelf, the moſt agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordſhip, is to pay a grateful reſpect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were ſuch, that the world muſt pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miſcarry in the attempt.

A thouſand ornaments and graces met in the compoſition of this great man, and contributed to make him univerſally beloved and eſteemed. The figure of his body was ſtrong, proportioable, beautiful: and were his picture well drawn, it muſt deſerve the praiſe given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and reſpect. While the greatneſs of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the ſweetneſs of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and geſture ſomething that is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed; that gained upon you in his favour, before he ſpake one word. His behaviour was eaſy and courteous to all; but diſtinguiſhed and adapted to each man in particular, according to his ſtation and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good ſenſe.

Such were the natural faculties and ſtrength of his mind, that he had occaſion to borrow very little from education; and he owed thoſe advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by ſtudy and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in moſt writers is like a fountain in a garden, ſupplied by ſeveral ſtreams brought through artful pipes, and playing ſometimes agreeably. But the Earl of Dorſet's was a ſource riſing from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhauſtible ſupplies delighted and enriched the country through which it paſſed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with ſo true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that, whatever ſubject was before him, he diſcourſed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his ſtudy had been applied that way: and he perfected his judgment by reading and digeſting the beſt authors, though he quoted them very ſeldom.

"Contemnebat potius literas, quam neſciebat:"

and rather ſeemed to draw his knowledge from his own ſtores, than to owe it to any foreign aſſiſtance.

The brightneſs of his parts, the ſolidity of his judgment, and the candour and generoſity of his temper, diſtinguiſhed him in an age of great politeneſs, and at a court abounding with men of the fineſt ſenſe and learning. The moſt eminent maſters, in their ſeveral ways, appealed to his deter-

mination. Waller thought it an honour to conſult him in the ſoftneſs and harmony of his verſe: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his proſe. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him, that the court taſted his Hudibras: Wycherley, that the town liked his Plain Dealer: and the late Duke of Buckingham deferred to publiſh his Rehearſal, till he was ſure (as he expreſſed it) that my Lord Dorſet would not rehearſe upon him again. If we wanted a foreign teſtimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremond have acknowledged, that he was a perfect maſter in the beauty and fineneſs of their language, and of all that they call les Belles Lettres. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the ſame in ſtatuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bermini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely, that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finiſhed, till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurſt.

As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinſically and ſolidly valuable; ſuch as, wrought or beaten thinner, would ſhine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expreſſion of it ſo particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorſet's: and yet it was ſo eaſy too, that every body was ready to imagine himſelf capable of writing it. There is a luſtre in his verſes, like that of the ſun in Claude Lorrain's landſkips: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love verſes have a mixture of delicacy and ſtrength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the ſoftneſs of Tibullus. His ſatire indeed is ſo ſeverely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the earl of Rocheſter (that other prodigy of the age) ſays he was,

" The beſt good man, with the worſt-natur'd
" muſe:

Yet even here, that character may juſtly be applied to him, which Perſius gives of the beſt writer of this kind that ever lived:

" Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
" Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit:"

And the gentleman had always ſo much the better of the ſatiriſt, that the perſons touched did not know where to fix their reſentments; and were forced to appear rather aſhamed than angry. Yet ſo far was this great author from valuing himſelf upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body elſe did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which, however, are always repeated: like the verſes and ſayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an univerſal veneration, though they are preſerved only by memory.

As it is often ſeen, that thoſe men who are leaſt qualified for buſineſs love it moſt; my Lord Dorſet's character was, that he certainly underſtood it, but did not care for it

Coming very young to the poſſeſſion of two plentiful eſtates, and in an age when pleaſure was more in faſhion than buſineſs, he turned his parts rather to books and converſation, than to politics and what more immediately related to the public. But, whenever the ſafety of his country demanded his aſſiſtance, he readily entered into the moſt active parts of life; and underwent the greateſt dangers, with a conſtancy of mind, which ſhowed, that he had not only read the rules of philoſophy, but underſtood the practice of them.

In the firſt Dutch war, he went a volunteer under the Duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was ſuch, as diſtinguiſhed the Sackville deſcended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greateſt captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a ſong the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettieſt that ever was made) carries with it ſo ſedate a preſence of mind, and ſuch an unuſual gallantry, that it deſerves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jeſting with his ſoldiers before he paſſed the Granicus; or William the Firſt of Orange giving orders over-night for a battle, and deſiring to be called in the morning, leſt he ſhould happen to ſleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leiſure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and poſſeſſed not only his maſter's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was ſent to that of France, on ſome ſhort commiſſions and embaſſies of compliment: as if the king deſigned to ſhow the French (who would be thought the politeſt nation) that one of the fineſt gentlemen in Europe was his ſubject; and that we had a prince who underſtood his worth ſo well, as not to ſuffer him to be long out of his preſence.

The ſucceding reign neither reliſhed my Lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: ſo he retired altogether from court. But, as the irretrievable miſtakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with ſomething more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to reſume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himſelf in defending the liberty of his country. He entered in the Prince of Orange's intereſt, and carried on his part of that great enterpriſe here in London, and under the eye of the court, with the ſame reſolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late Duke of Devonſhire, did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of thoſe times increaſed to extremity, and juſt apprehenſions aroſe for the ſafety of the princeſs, our preſent glorious queen: then the Earl of Dorſet was thought the propereſt guide of her neceſſary flight, and the perſon under whoſe courage and direction the nation might moſt ſafely truſt a charge ſo precious and important.

After the eſtabliſhment of their late majeſties upon the throne, there was room again at court

for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of thoſe princes, a great ſhare in their friendſhip, and all the marks of diſtinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majeſties houſehold, a place which he ſo eminently adorned by the grace of his perſon, the fineneſs of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in theſe qualifications by one great man, who has ſince held the ſame ſtaff.

The laſt honours he received from his ſovereign (and indeed they were the greateſt which a ſubject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and conſtituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his majeſty's abſence. But his health, about that time, ſenſibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the buſineſs to thoſe who delighted more in the ſtate of it, and appeared only ſometimes at council, to ſhow his reſpect to the commiſſion; giving as much leiſure as he could to the relief of thoſe pains with which it pleaſed God to afflict him, and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the proſpect. Upon the whole, it may very juſtly be ſaid of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the courſe of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to ſit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters ſmooth; but vigilent and ready to reſume the helm when the ſtorm aroſe, and the ſea grew tumultuous.

I aſk your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorſet's character: if I examine it not without ſome intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) ſet his blemiſhes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to ſome exceſſes; but they were accompanied with a moſt lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and eaſy miſtakes of a night too gaily ſpent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always ſet right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuſe with them; and his very failings had their beauties. So much ſweetneſs accompanied what he ſaid, and ſo great generoſity what he did, that people were always prepoſſeſſed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late earl of Rocheſter ſaid in jeſt to King Charles, that he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorſet might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very ſubject to paſſion: but the ſhort guſt was ſoon over, and ſerved only to ſet off the charms of his temper, when more compoſed. That very paſſion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it laſted, he ſaid and forgot a thouſand things, which other men would have been glad to have ſtudied and wrote; but the impetuoſity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the meaſure altered with ſuch grace and delicacy, that you could ſcarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very ſharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were ſure to wound; but they were ſure too to hit none, but thoſe whoſe follies gave him very fair aim. And, when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumſtantial recitals of their affairs; or by their multiplied queſtions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of theſe, an ill-judged and never-ceaſing civility; or, laſtly, by the two things which were his utter averſion, the inſinuation of a flatterer, and the whiſper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we ſet the piece in its worſt poſition, if its faults be moſt expoſed, the ſhades will ſtill appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminiſhed by the luſtre of ſome neighbouring virtue. But, if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole muſt appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He poſſeſſed all thoſe virtues, in the higheſt degree, upon which the pleaſure of ſociety, and the happineſs of life, depend: and he exerciſed them with the greateſt decency, and beſt manners. As good-nature is ſaid, by a great * author, to belong more particularly to the Engliſh, than any other nation; it may again be ſaid, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorſet, than to any other Engliſhman.

A kind huſband he was, without fondneſs: and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a maſter, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often ſerved worſe than became his ſtation, from his unwillingneſs to aſſume an authority too ſevere. And, during thoſe little tranſports of paſſion, to which I juſt now ſaid he was ſubject, I have known his ſervants get into his way that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he, that had the good fortune to be chid, was ſure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the laſt that gave us an example of the old houſe-keeping of an Engliſh nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his gueſts think himſelf at home; and an abundance, which ſhowed that the maſter's hoſpitality extended to many more than thoſe who had the honour to ſit at the table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactneſs, that every man ſhould have his due, was ſuch, that you would think he had never ſeen a court: the politeneſs and civility, with which this juſtice was adminiſtered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was ſo ſtrict an obſerver of his word, that no conſideration whatever could make him break it; yet ſo cautious, leſt the merit of his act ſhould ariſe from that obligation only, that he uſually did the greateſt favours, without making any previous promiſe. So inviolable was he in his friendſhip,

† Sprat.

and ſo kind to the character of thoſe whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing leſs than a demonſtration of ſome eſſential fault could make him break with them; and then too, his good-nature did not conſent to it, without the greateſt reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one inſtance of this amongſt many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's penſion from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himſelf out of a poſſibility of receiving any favour from the court; my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own eſtate. However diſpleaſed with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his neceſſities; and, while he gave him his aſſiſtance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of theſe excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorſet's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and ſat as viſibly predominant over the other faculties of his ſoul, as ſhe is ſaid to do in heaven above her ſiſter-virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were ſtill leſſened by his ſending the moſt proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeſhips or hoſpitals. The lazy and the ſick, as he accidentally ſaw them, were removed from the ſtreet to the phyſician; and many of them not only reſtored to health, but ſupplied with what might enable them to reſume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The priſoner has often been releaſed, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been ſaved, by his interceſſion with the ſovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To thoſe whoſe circumſtances were ſuch as made them aſhamed of their poverty, he knew how to beſtow his munificence, without offending their modeſty; and, under the notion of frequent preſents, gave them what amounted to a ſubſiſtence. Many yet alive know this to be true; though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneaſy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find, among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Auguſtus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning; Ariſtides the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my Lord Dorſet's wit, his judgment, his juſtice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can ſcarce find a parallel in hiſtory itſelf.

Titus was not more the "deliciæ humani generis," on this account, than my Lord Dorſet was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father, out of the income of a private eſtate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your poſterity a poſſeſſion for ever; to be imitated, and, if poſſible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I ſcarce knew what life was, ſooner than I found myſelf obliged to his favour; nor have had reaſon to feel any ſorrow ſo ſenſibly as that of his death.

"Ille dies—quem ſemper acerbum
"Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo!"

Æneas could not reflect upon the loſs of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I muſt recal the memory of your's: and, when I think whoſe ſon I am writing to, the leaſt I promiſe myſelf from your goodneſs, is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendſhip for life. To which, that I may with ſome juſtice entitle myſelf, I ſend your Lordſhip a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praiſes, but with my ſincereſt wiſhes that you may deſerve them; that you may employ thoſe extraordinary parts and abilities, with which heaven has bleſſed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, ſuch as may tell the world whoſe ſon and whoſe ſucceſſor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordſhip is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verſes of my writing ſhould appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorſet, people might ſuſpect them not to be genuine. I have attained my preſent end, if theſe poems prove the diverſion of ſome of your youthful hours, as they have been occaſionally the amuſement of ſome of mine; and I humbly hope, that, as I may hereafter bind up my fuller ſheaf, and lay ſome pieces of a very different nature (the product of my ſeverer ſtudies) at your Lordſhip's feet, I ſhall engage your more ſerious reflection; happy, if, in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your inſtruction.

I am, with all duty and reſpect,
My Lord,
Your Lordſhip's
moſt obedient, and
moſt humble ſervant.
MAT. PRIOR.

PREFACE.

The greateſt part of what I have written having been already publiſhed, either ſingly or in ſome of the miſcellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuſe for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publiſher has given me the honour of ſome things that did not belong to me; and has tranſcribed others ſo imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon ſome of thoſe lighter ſtudies, which I ought long ſince to have quitted; and to publiſh an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worſe.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting ſome pieces, which, as they came ſingly from their firſt impreſſion, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonſon's ſhop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more ſafely, in a corner of my own ſtudy.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very diſtant times, and on very different occaſions; and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyrics, amorous odes, ſerious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leiſure hours, who had buſineſs enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myſelf much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a paſtoral of her writing, that poem having produced the verſes immediately following it. I wiſh ſhe might be prevailed upon to publiſh ſome other pieces of that kind, in which the ſoftneſs of her ſex, and the fineneſs of her genius, conſpire to give her a very diſtinguiſhing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I must help my preface by a poſtſcript, to tell the reader, that there is ten years diſtance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have ſomewhere ſaid, that I would publiſh no more poetry) he will find ſeveral copies of verſes ſcattered through this edition, which were not printed in the firſt. Thoſe relating to the public, ſtand in the order they did before, according to the ſeveral years in which they were written; however the diſpoſition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of ſome men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Proſe and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have ſomething of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already ſaid, that he expects his works ſhould live for ever: and it had been very fooliſh in my friend Horace, if, ſome years after his "Exegi Monumentum," he ſhould have deſired to ſee his building taken down again.

The dedication likewiſe is reprinted, to the Earl of Dorſet, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration, though I had the faireſt opportunity, and the ſtrongeſt inclination, to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I ſaid the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by moſt noble and diſtinguiſhed firſt-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harveſt of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondneſs of my wiſhes could invent in his favour; his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging huſband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the perſuaſion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the ſolidity of his reaſoning. He has long ſince deſerved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed ſome of the greateſt charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire diſintereſtment. And as he continues the exerciſes of theſe eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age, ſhall be my perpetual wiſh) he may be one of the greateſt men that our age, or poſſibly our nation, has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of ſome future Pliny.

From ſo noble a ſubject as the Earl of Dorſet, to ſo mean a man as myſelf, is (I confeſs) a very Pindaric tranſition: I ſhall only ſay one word, and trouble the reader no further. I publiſhed my poems formerly, as Monſieur Jourdan ſold his ſilk: he would not be thought a tradeſmen; but ordered ſome pieces to be meaſured out to his particular friends. Now, I give up my ſhop, and diſpoſe of all my poetical goods at once: I muſt therefore deſire, that the public would pleaſe to take them in the groſs; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

POEMS.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK, AND THE LADY ANNE. *

By Mr. Prior, 1683.

Conjunctum Veneri Martem, Danoſque Britannis
Dum canit altiſonis docta caterva modis,
Affero ſincerum culto pro carmine votum,
Quod minus ingenii, plus pietatis habet.
Vivant Ambo diu, vivant felicitur, opto;
Diligat hic Sponſam, diligat illa Virum.
Junctos perpetua teneas, Hymenæe, catenâ;
Junctos, Juno, die protege; nocte, Venus!
Exultent ſimili felices prole Parentes,
Ut petat hinc multos natio bina duces!
Cumque ſenes pariter cupiant valedicere terris,
Nè mors auguſtum dividat atra jugum:
Sed qualis raptum tranſvexit curris Elijam,
Tranſvehat ad ſuperas talis utrumque domos!

A. Prior, *Coll. Div. Joh. Alumn.*

AN ODE.

ON EXODUS III. 14. "I AM THAT I AM."

Written 1688, *as an Exerciſe at St. John's College, Cambridge.*

I.

Man! fooliſh man!
Scarce know'ſt thou how thyſelf began;
Scarce haſt thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet, ſteel'd with ſtudy'd boldneſs, thou dar'ſt try
To ſend thy doubting reaſon's dazzled eye
Through the myſterious gulf of vaſt immenſity.
Much thou canſt there diſcern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch! ſuppreſs thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned luſt.
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyſelf art duſt.

II.

Let wit her ſails, her oars let wiſdom lend;
The helm let politic experience guide:
Yet ceaſe to hope thy ſhort-liv'd bark ſhall ride
Down ſpreading fate's unnavigable tide.
What though ſtill it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the boſom of that boundleſs ſea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and inſolent delight,
Your doubts reſolv'd you boaſt, your labours crown'd,
And, "ΕΥΡΗΚΑ! your God, forſooth, is found
Incomprehenſible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain ſearcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition ſhow
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why ſhould the collected main
Itſelf within itſelf contain!
Why to its caverns ſhould it ſometimes creep,
And with delighted ſilence ſleep,
On the lov'd boſom of its parent deep?
Why ſhould its numerous waters ſtay
In comely diſcipline, and fair array,
'Till winds and tides exert their high commands!
Then, prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the riſing ſurges ſpread
Their opening ranks o'er earth's ſubmiſſive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands!

V.

Why does the conſtant ſun
With meaſur'd ſteps his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and riſe in ours?
Why does he wake the correſpondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bleſs the night?
Why does each animated ſtar
Love the juſt limits of its proper ſphere?
Why does each conſenting ſign
With prudent harmony combine

* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigienſis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."

In turns to move, and ſubſequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curioſity
Theſe unfathom'd wonders try:
With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he reſtrains;
And ſtudied lines and fictious circles draws:
Then with imagin'd ſovereignty
Lord of his new hypotheſis he reigns.
He reigns: how long? till ſome uſurper riſe;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wiſe,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this laſt toil again what knowledge flows?
Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows
That all his predeceſſor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the ſchools;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne;
And ſhows his friend's miſtake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidſt the ſeas and ſkies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders riſe;
Whoſe towering ſtrength will ne'er ſubmit
To reaſon's batteries, or the mines of wit;
Yet ſtill inquiring, ſtill miſtaken man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward preſs;
And, levelling at God his wandering gueſs
(That feeble engine of his reaſoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his deſpair),
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give;
Can bound that nature, and preſcribe that will,
Whoſe pregnant word did either ocean fill;
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move and live.
Through either ocean, fooliſh man!
That pregnant word ſent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there;
For every drop call forth a ſea, a heaven for every ſtar.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy ſtaggering reaſon up,
To trembling Calvary's aſtoniſh'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection ſuffer'd pain,
Almighty languiſh'd, and Eternal died:
How by her patient victor death was ſlain;
And earth profan'd, yet bleſs'd, with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boaſted volumes, down;
Only reſerve the ſacred one:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy ſtubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy reaſon's and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyſelf, that thou may'ſt riſe;
To look to heaven, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then faith, for reaſon's glimmering light, ſhall give
Her immortal perſpective;
And grace's preſence nature's loſs retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd ſoul ſhall ſee,
That all the volumes of philoſophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an inſtrument,
To reach the heaven of heavens, the high abode,
Where Moſes places his myſterious God,
As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkneſs clear'd;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which faith had dictated, and angels trod.

CONSIDERATIONS ON PART OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

I.

Heavy, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
Accurſt I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkneſs and deſpair I groan;
And every place is hell; for God is gone.
O! Lord, ariſe, and let thy beams control
Thoſe horrid clouds, that preſs my frighted ſoul;
Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of light.

II.

Downward I haſten to my deſtin'd place;
There none obtain thy aid, or ſing thy praiſe.
Soon I ſhall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd:
Is mercy there, or ſweet forgiveneſs found?
O ſave me yet, whilſt on the brink I ſtand;
Rebuke the ſtorm, and waft my ſoul to land.
O let her reſt beneath thy wing ſecure,
Thou that art the God of power.

III.

Behold the prodigal! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to ſeek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and deſtitute of God.
O let thy terrors, and my anguiſh end!
Be thou my refuge and be thou my friend:
Receive the ſon thou didſt ſo long reprove,
Thou that art the God of Love.

TO THE REV. DR. F. TURNER,

BISHOP OF ELY,

** Who had adviſed a tranſlation of Prudentius.*

If poets, ere they cloth'd their infant thought,
And the rude work to juſt perfection brought,
Did ſtill ſome god, or godlike man invoke,
Whoſe mighty name their ſacred ſilence broke:
Your goodneſs, Sir, will eaſily excuſe
The bold requeſts of an aſpiring muſe;
Who, with your bleſſing, would your aid implore,
And in her weakneſs juſtify your power.—
From your fair pattern ſhe would ſtrive to write,
And with unequal ſtrength purſue your flight;
Yet hopes ſhe ne'er can err that follows you, [too.
Led by your bleſt commands, and great example
Then ſmiling and aſpiring influence give,
And make the muſe and her endeavours live;
Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every ſong begin and end with you:

So to the blest retreat she'll gladly go,
Where the saints' palm and muses' laurel grow;
Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours twine;
Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well —
So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,
And mighty things in mighty numbers sing;
Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

A PASTORAL.

TO THE BISHOP OF ELY, ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie?
Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting breast?
And steal from life the needful hours of rest?
Are thy kids starv'd by winter's early frost?
Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost? [groun'd?
Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd
Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd frown'd?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browse, my lambs securely play:
(Ah! were their master unconcern'd as they!)
No beasts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground;
Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,
Nor let those sighs from your swoln bosom rise;
Chase sadness, friend, and solitude away;
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd souls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy?
Whose fate more hard than those who sadly run,
For the last glimpse of the departing sun?
Or what severer sentence can be given,
Than, having seen, to be excluded heaven?

DAMON.

None, shepherd, none—

ALEXIS.

Then cease to chide my cares!
And rather pity than restrain my tears;
Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,
To think how great my joys;—how soon they fled.
I told thee, friend (now bless the shepherd's name,
From whose dear care the kind occasion came),
That I, even I, might happily receive [give:
The sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis
That I might see the lovely awful swain,
Whose holy crosier guides our willing plain;
Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep
Our souls with equal care as we our sheep;
Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each tongue:
Whilst only he who caus'd, dislikes the song.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Access, and happy for an hour I reign'd;
Happy as new-form'd man in paradise,
Ere sin debauch'd his inoffensive bliss;
Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne;
But (oh, my friend!) those joys with Daphnis flew:
To them these tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he so humble then? those joys so vast?
Cease to admire that both so quickly past.
Too happy should we be, would smiling fate
Render one blessing durable and great;
But (oh the sad vicissitude!) how soon
Unwelcome night succeeds the cheerful noon;
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June!
Then grieve not, friend, like you, since all mankind
A certain change of joy and sorrow find.
Suppress your sigh, your down-cast eyelids raise,
Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you sprung,
Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
Of Ca'ndish' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit,
But when you please to show the labouring muse,
What greater theme your music can produce;
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.
The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone:
But, as his power was known, their thoughts were rais'd;
And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.
Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The muse might dictate, and the poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To show how well you play, must play anew:
Your music's power your music must disclose;
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.
Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your God did place,
That your high power might worldly thoughts destroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,
And, like himself, communicate your joy.
When to your native heaven you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude Athiest know
That there's a heaven by what he hears below.

As in ſome piece, while Luke his ſkill expreſt,
A cunning angel came, and drew the reſt:
So when you play, ſome godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art;
Some cherub finiſhes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.
To burning Rome, when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had ſurvey'd
The raging flames; but, ſtruck with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
Confeſs'd them leſs than thoſe of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he ſoon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the ſtone,
And from deſtruction call'd the riſing town:
Malice to muſic had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn ſo faſt, as thou could'ſt build.

ON A

PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH;

BY JORDAIN:

At the Earl of Exeter's, at Burleigh-Houſe.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The mortal Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By ſtudy worn, and ſtuck with age,
How dull, how thoughtleſs, is his rage!
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,
He ſhould have burnt his tutor's book;
And long have reign'd ſupreme in vice:
One nobler wretch can only riſe;
'Tis he whoſe fury ſhall deface
The ſtoic's image in this piece;
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He ſtill has body, ſtill has ſoul,
And lives and ſpeaks, reſtor'd and whole.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy roſy cheeks confeſt,
Thou haſt, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this deſtin'd breaſt.
My reaſon bends to what thy eyes ordain;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power you know I muſt obey?
Exert a legal tyranny,
And do an ill becauſe you may?
Still muſt I thee, as Atheiſts Heaven, adore;
Not ſee thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

III.

Take heed, my dear: youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, time is blind:
Soon muſt thoſe glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thouſand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Muſt drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou ſigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peeviſh humours on,
Seems but the ſad effect of years:
Kindneſs itſelf too weak a charm will prove
To raiſe the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will ſhow thee juſt above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold reſpect:
A talking dull Platonic I ſhall turn:
Learn to be civil, when I ceaſe to burn.

VI.

Then ſhun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindneſs and conſtancy will prove
The only pillars, fit to bear
So vaſt a weight as that of love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make my flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haſte, Celia, haſte, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's preſent voice;
Fill every ſenſe with ſoft delights,
And give thy ſoul a looſe to joys:
Let millions of repeated bliſſes prove
That thou all kindneſs art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone; nor come ſo far,
As liking any youth beſide:
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
They're ſerpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So ſhall I court thy deareſt truth,
When beauty ceaſes to engage;
So, thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So time itſelf our raptures ſhall improve,
While ſtill we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN EPISTLE

TO

FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, Eſq.

WHEN crowding folks, with ſtrange ill faces,
Were making legs, and begging places,
And ſome with patents, ſome with merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord Dorſet's ſpirit:
Sneaking I ſtood amongſt the crew,
Deſiring much to ſpeak with you.
I waited while the clock ſtruck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies;
Till, patience vext, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry;
But did opine it might be better,
By penny-poſt to ſend a letter;

Now, if you miſs of this epiſtle,
I'm baulk'd again, and may go whiſtle.
My buſineſs, Sir, you'll quickly gueſs,
Is to deſire ſome little place;
And fair pretenſions I have for't,
Much need, and very ſmall deſert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning and my vittle;
Aſk'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
Kind as I 'ad been your own begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at ſix and ſeven,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.
No family, that takes a whelp
When firſt he laps, and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of gate
When he's grown up to dog's eſtate:
Nor pariſh, if they once adopt
The ſpurious brats by ſtrollers dropt,
Leave them, when grown up luſty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No, thank them for their love, that's worſe,
Than if they 'ad throttled them at nurſe.
My uncle, reſt his ſouſ! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to repleniſh
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rheniſh.
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine.
Or ſent me with ten pounds to Furnival's inn, to ſome good rogue attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I 'ad found ſome handſome ways of getting.
All this you made me quit, to follow
That ſneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks, I 'ad never ſeen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You ſpoil'd the youth, to make a poet.
In common juſtice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Among all honeſt Chriſtian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.
The ſum of all I have to ſay,
Is, that you'd put me in ſome way;
And your petitioner ſhall pray—
There's one thing more I had almoſt ſlipt,
But that may do as well in poſtſcript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long obſerv'd,
That one mouſe eats, while t' other's ſtarv'd.

ANOTHER EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

SIR, *Burleigh, May* 14. 1689.

As once a twelvemonth to the prieſt,
Holy at Rome, here Antichriſt,
The Spaniſh king preſents a jennet,
To ſhow his love;—that's all that's in it:
For if his holineſs would thump
His reverend bum 'gainſt horſe's rump,
He might b' equipt from his own ſtable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as, with gondolas and men, his
Good excellence the Duke of Venice
(I wiſh, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the gulf a ring;
Which trick of ſtate, he wiſely maintains,
Keeps kindneſs up 'twixt old acquaintance;
For elſe, in honeſt truth, the ſea
Has much leſs need of gold than he.
Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For Popiſh ſimiles beyond ſea;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
Preſent a turkey, or a hen,
To thoſe might better ſpare them ten;
Ev'n ſo, with all ſubmiſſion, I
(For firſt men inſtance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay reſpect, and not ſhow wit:
Nor look aſkew at what it ſaith;
There's no petition in it—'faith.
Here ſome would ſcratch their heads, and try
What they ſhould write, and how, and why;
But I conceive, ſuch folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head;
I argue thus: the world agrees
That he writes well, who writes with eaſe:
Then he, by ſequel logical,
Writes beſt, who never thinks at all.
Verſe comes from heaven, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't;
The god, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he ſpeaks.
Hence, when anatomiſts diſcourſe,
How like brutes' organs are to ours:
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might ſoon be made a wit;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might ſqueak love-odes, dogs bark ſatire.
Memnon, though ſtone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the god, meanwhile, that ſpoke all.
Rome oft has heard a croſs haranguing,
With prompting prieſt behind the hanging:
The wooden head reſolv'd the queſtion;
While you and Pettis help'd the jeſt on.
Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are againſt gods, you know; and teach us,
The gods make not the poet; but
The theſis, vice-verſa put,
Should Hebrew-wiſe be underſtood;
And means, the poet makes the god.
Egyptian gardeners thus are ſaid to
Have ſet the leeks they after pray'd to:
And Romiſh bakers praiſe the deity
They chipp'd while yet in its paneity.
That when you poets ſwear and cry,
The god inſpires; I rave, I die;

If inward wind does truly ſwell ye,
'T muſt be the cholic in your belly:
That writing is but juſt like dice,
And lucky mains make people wiſe:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a ſpeech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.
So atoms dancing round the centre,
They urge, made all things at a venture.
But, granting matters ſhould be ſpoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger ſtyles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's;
But never could be meant to tie
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are tied in
Go-carts, to keep their ſteps from ſliding;
When members knit, and legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of ſuch machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and ſcout
On horſe call'd hobby, or without;
So when at ſchool we firſt declaim,
Old Buſby walks us in a theme,
Whoſe props ſupport our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But, when our ſouls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's eſtate;
In verſe or proſe, we write or chat,
Not ſixpence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author ſays;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praiſe.
Tonſon, who is himſelf a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the ſheet.
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind Sir, I ſhould be glad to ſee you;
I hope y' are well; ſo God be wi' you;
Was all I thought at firſt to write;
But things ſince then are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and muſe flies high:
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I muſt, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half-hour.
So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When Lobb had ſifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
"Now to apply," has plagu'd me more
Than all his villain cant before.
For you religion, firſt, of her
Your friends do ſavoury things aver:
They ſay, ſhe's honeſt as your claret,
Not ſour'd with cant, nor ſtumm'd with merit;
Your chamber is the ſole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain ſign,
When layman herds with man divine;
For if their fame be juſtly great,
Who would no Popiſh nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we muſt grant,
Who will treat nuncios Proteſtant.
One ſingle poſitive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a ſcore.
In politics, I hear, you're ſtanch,
Directly bent againſt the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden ſhoe:
Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private;
And will for England's glory try
Turks, Jews, and Jeſuits, to defy,
And keep your places till you die.
For me, whom wandering fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you:
Let me juſt tell you how my time is
Paſt in a country life.—Imprimis,
As ſoon as Phœbus' rays inſpect us,
Firſt, Sir, I read, and then I breakfaſt;
So on, till foreſaid god does ſet,
I ſometimes ſtudy, ſometimes eat,
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes ſuch noiſe,
The greateſt actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.
The books, of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are ſuch as you have whilom conn'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And ſubjects' right in Golconda;
Of highway elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that ſtorm, or keep a town,
As well almoſt as Count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, ſatyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger matters;
Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.
Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whoſe remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits that fleer and ſham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jeſts and puns purloin,
And ſlily put them off for mine:
Fond to be thought a country wit:
The reſt—when fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shephard's health—With all my heart.
Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life:
Till Shadwell from the town retires
(Chok'd up with fame and ſea-coal fires),
To bleſs the wood with peaceful lyric:
Then hey for praiſe and panegyric;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON.

By Mr. Bradbury.

See here how bright the firſt-born virgin ſhone,
And how the firſt fond lover was undone.

Such charming words, our beauteous mother ſpoke,
As Milton wrote, and ſuch as yours her look.
Yours, the beſt copy of th' original face,
Whoſe beauty was to furniſh all the race:
Such chains no author could eſcape but he;
There's no way to be ſafe, but not to ſee.

TO THE LADY DURSLEY.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Here reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by ſin Eve's blaſted charms decay'd;
Our common loſs unjuſtly you complain;
So ſmall that part of it, which you ſuſtain.
You ſtill, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The ſtock of beauty deſtin'd for the race:
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heaven's firſt work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy ſaint, the ſerpent's power control:
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your ſoul:
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boaſt,
Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden loſt.
With virtue ſtrong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had bluſh'd, or ſerpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliſs by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST,

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

The amorous youth, whoſe tender breaſt
Was by his darling cat poſſeſt,
Obtain'd of Venus his deſire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:
Nature the power of love obey'd,
The cat became a bluſhing maid;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Employ'd his wonder and his joy.
Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Leſt thou prefer ſo raſh a prayer:
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.
O quickly from her ſhrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.
The queen of love, who ſoon will ſee
Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her firſt loſs deplore;
Will eaſily forgive the boar:
Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
With jealous rage her breaſt will glow:
And, on her tabby rival's face,
She deep will mark her new diſgrace.

AN ODE.

I.

Nor from our looks, fair nymph, you gueſs
The ſecret paſſions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you ſay, confeſs
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal ſecret found;
With the ſame eaſe you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you can ſhow the wound.

III.

How can I ſee you, and not love,
While you as opening eaſt are fair?
While cold as nothern blaſts you prove,
How can I love, and not deſpair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may releaſe:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair propheteſs, my grief would ceaſe.

A SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover,
You wiſh fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal thoſe that I ſuſtain,
From ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt tempeſt looſe:
That, thrown again upon the coaſt
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

Alexis ſhunn'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports, and jocund ſtrains:
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks;
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came:
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt;
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe:
She aſk'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,

While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear;
Which never ſhould offend your ear.
  But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
  You are the cauſe of all my care;
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart;
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart:
  I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
  And yet I pardon you, ſhe cried:
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain:
  He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

TO THE

HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
  Through fate's perverſe meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleaſures find,
  To combat againſt real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he purſues.
  Which ne'er had being but in thought;
Each, like the Grecian artiſt, woos
  The image he himſelf has wrought.

III.

Againſt experience he believes;
  He argues againſt demonſtration;
Pleas'd, when his reaſon he deceives;
  And ſets his judgment by his paſſion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
  Has ſtruggled with continued ſorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
  The deſperate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
  This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to ſeek delight
  To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
  At objects in an airy height:
The little pleaſure of the game
  Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
  In ſearch of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthleſs prey,
  We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At diſtance through an artful glaſs
  To the mind's eye things will appear:
They loſe their forms, and make a maſs
  Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we ſee right, we ſee our woes:
  Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
  The only wretched are the wiſe.

X.

We wearied ſhould lie down in death:
  This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame but empty breath,
  I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

VARIATIONS IN A COPY, PRINTED 1692.

OUR hopes, like towering falcons, aim
  At objects in an airy height;
But all the pleaſure of the game
  Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthleſs prey but only ſhows
  The joy conſiſted in the ſtrife;
Whate'er we take, as ſoon we loſe
  In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilſt in feveriſh ſleeps we think
  We taſte what waking we deſire,
The dream is better than the drink,
  Which only feeds the ſickly fire.

To the mind's eye things will appear,
  At diſtance through an artful glaſs;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
  They're all a ſenſeleſs gloomy maſs.

Seeing aright, we ſee our woes:
  Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
  The only wretched are the wiſe.

We wearied ſhould lie down in death.
  This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but ſtinking breath,
  And Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

AD VIRUM DOCTISSIMUM DOMINUM SAMUELEM SHAW, CUM THESES DE ICTERO PRO GRADU DOCTORIS DEFENDERET, 4 JUNII, 1692.

PHOEBE potens ſævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
  Læſas ſolerti vel relevare manu,
Aſpice tu decus hoc noſtrum, placidumque fatere
  Indomitus quantum proſit in arte labor:
Non icterum poſthac poſtemve minaberis orbi,
  Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
  Neglectum telum dejice, ſume lyram.

TRANSLATION.

BY MR. COOKE.

O! PHOEBUS, deity, whoſe powerful hand
Can ſpread diſeaſes through the joyful land,

Alike all powerful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations ſmile again;
When this our pride you ſee, confeſs you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd:
No more the world thy direful threats ſhall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near;
Suppreſs thy rage; with verſe thy ſon inſpire,
The dart neglected, to aſſume the lyre.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

The town which Louis bought, Naſſau recla ms,
And brings inſtead of bribes avenging flames.
Now, Louis, take thy titles from above,
Boileau ſhall ſing, and we'll believe thee Jove:
Jove gain'd his miſtreſs with alluring gold,
But Jove like thee was impotent and old!
Active and young did he like William ſtand,
He 'ad ſtunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

O D E,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, III. OD. II.

Written in 1692.

I.

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic ſleep, the ſad repoſe,
By which thy cloſe, thy conſtant enemy,
Has ſoftly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate iſle, or ceaſe to own
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done;
The ſpoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won;
William (ſo fate requires) again is arm'd;
Thy father to the field is gone:
Again Maria weeps her abſent lord,
For thy repoſe content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate ſons not yet alarm'd?
When William fights, dare they look tamely on,
So ſlow to get their ancient fame reſtor'd,
As not to melt at beauty's tears, nor follow valour's ſword?

II.

See the repenting iſle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddeſs breaks:
The fogs around her temples are diſpell'd;
Abroad ſhe looks, and ſees arm'd Belgia ſtand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command;
Her lions roaring by her ſide, her arrow in her hand;
And, bluſhing to have been ſo long with-held,
Weeps off her crime, and haſtens to the field.
Henceforth her youth ſhall be innur'd to bear
Hazardous toil and active war;
To march beneath the dog-ſtar's raging heat,
Patient of ſummer's drought, and martial ſweat;
And only grieve in winter's camp to find
Its days too ſhort for labours they deſign'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
All day to mount the trench, to ſtorm the breach;
And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where William and his virtue led.

III.

Silence is the ſoul of war;
Deliberate counſel muſt prepare
The mighty work, which valour muſt complete:
Thus William reſcued, thus preſerves the ſtate:
Thus teaches us to think and dare.
As whilſt his cannon juſt prepar'd to breathe
Avenging anger and ſwift death,
In the tried metal the cloſe dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
So whilſt in William's breaſt ripe counſels lie,
Secret and ſure as brooding fate,
No more of his deſign appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's fears;
And (though guilt's eye can ſharply penetrate)
Diſtracted Louis can deſcry
Only a long unmeaſur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coaſts and banks of frighted Seine
Lo! the impending ſtorms begin:
Britannia ſafely through her maſter's ſea
Plows up her victorious way,
The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain,
Whilſt the true thunderer aſſerts the main:
'Tis done! to ſhelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory in vengeful flames
Burns down the pride of their preſumptuous names
They run to ſhipwreck to avoid our fire,
And the torn veſſels that regain their coaſt
Are but ſad marks to ſhow the reſt are loſt:
All this the mild, the beauteous Queen has done,
And William's ſofter-half ſhakes Louis's throne:
Maria does the ſea command
Whilſt Gallia ſlies her huſband's arms by land.
So, the ſun abſent, with full ſway the moon
Governs the iſles, and rules the waves alone:
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
Io Britannia! looſe thy ocean's chains,
Whilſt Ruſſel ſtrikes the blow thy queen ordains;
Thus reſcued, thus rever'd, for ever ſtand,
And bleſs the counſel, and reward the hand,
Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

V.

From Mary's conqueſts, and the reſcued main,
Let France look forth to Sambre's armed ſhore,
And boaſt her joy for William's death no more.
He lives; let France confeſs, the victor lives:
Her triumphs for his death were vain,
And ſpoke her terror of his life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
In which *that one* of Louis' many wives,
Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
Shall o'er the plains, from diſtant towers on high,
Caſt around her mournful eye,
And with prophetic ſorrow cry;
"Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?
Why does deſpair provoke his age to fight?
As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's generous rage;
The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
As ſafely tempt the ſtooping eagle's flight;

As Louis to unequal arms defy
Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,
Juſt triumphing o'er rebel-rage reſtrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See! all yon' duſty field's quite cover'd o'er
With hoſtile troops, and Orange at their head;
Orange, deſtin'd to complete
The great deſigns of labouring fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more:
Down, like the Perſian, goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let fear look back, and ſtretch her haſty wing,
Impatient to ſecure a baſe retreat:
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with ſhame in dread of glorious death!
In vain; for fate has ſwifter wings than fear,
She follows hard, and ſtrikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back transfix'd with a diſhoneſt wound;
Whilſt through the fierceſt troops, and thickeſt preſs,
Virtue carries on ſucceſs;
Whilſt equal heaven guards the diſtinguiſh'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels ſave.

VII.

Virtue to verſe immortal luſtre gives,
Each by the other's mutual freindſhip lives;
Æneas ſuffer'd, and Achilles fought,
The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,
Or Virgil's majeſty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er, like laſting nature, vanquiſh'd age.
Whilſt Louis then his riſing terror drowns
With drums' alarms, and trumpets' ſounds,
Whilſt, hid in arm'd retreats, and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes cloſe murder againſt open war:
In vain you Gallic muſes ſtrive
With labour'd verſe to keep his fame alive:
Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raiſe
On the weak baſis of the tyrant's praiſe:
Your ſongs are ſold, your numbers are profane,
'Tis incenſe to an idol given,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
That had no ſoul from heaven.
Againſt his will, you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's divided bed;
And mock your hero, whilſt ye ſing
The wounds for which he never bled;
Falſehood does poiſon on your praiſe diffuſe,
And Louis' fear gives death to Boileau's muſe.

VIII.

On its own worth true majeſty is rear'd,
And virtue is her own reward;
With ſolid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkneſs dreads, nor covets light;
True to herſelf, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor ſunk, by ſpite, not lifted by applauſe,
She from her ſettled orb looks calmly down,
On life or death, a priſon or a crown.
When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms and inward ſtrife a prey,
Whilſt one good man buoy'd up her ſinking ſtate,
And virtue labour'd againſt fate;
When fortune baſely with ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind;
When ſtorms let looſe, and raging ſeas,
Juſt ready the torn veſſel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
Nor all the Syren ſongs of future peace,
And dazzling proſpect of a promis'd crown,
Could lure his ſtubborn virtue down;
But againſt charms, and threats, and hell, he ſtood,
To that which was ſeverely good;
Then, had no trophies juſtified his fame,
No poet bleſt his ſong with Naſſau's name,
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
And heaven as plainly pointed out the king,
As when he at the altar ſtood
In all his types and robes of power,
Whilſt at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
And own him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maeſe, and Boyne's victorious flood,
(For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
When William's armies paſt, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's diſtant fire?
Could he believe his perſon was too dear?
Or uſe his greatneſs to conceal his fear?
Could prayers or ſighs the dauntleſs hero move?
Arm'd with heaven's juſtice, and his people's love,
Through the firſt waves he wing'd his venturous way,
And on the adverſe ſhore aroſe,
(Ten thouſand flying deaths in vain oppoſe).
Like the great ruler of the day,
With ſtrength and ſwiftneſs mounting from the ſea:
Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
The god has eas'd his wearied light,
Ere vengeance left the ſtubborn foes,
Or William's labours found repoſe!
When his troops faulter'd, ſtept not he between?
Reſtor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durſt fly,
And led the fainting brave to victory?
Still as ſhe fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful courſe ſtill brought her bleeding back?
By his keen ſword did not the boldeſt fall?
Was he not king, commander, ſoldier, all?—
His dangers ſuch as, with becoming dread,
His ſubjects yet unborn ſhall weep to read:
And were not thoſe the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends' advices, or his ſubjects' prayer?

X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vaſſals' tributary urns;
To Belgia's ſav'd dominions, and the ſea,
Whoſe righted waves rejoice in William's ſway;
Is there a town where children are not taught,
Here Holland proſper'd, for here Orange fought;
Through rapid waters, and through flying fire;
Here ruſh'd the prince, here made whole France retire?
By different nations be his valour bleſt,
In different languages confeſt;
And then let Shannon ſpeak the reſt:

Let Shannon ſpeak, how on her wondering ſhore,
When conqueſt hovering on his arms did wait,
And only aſk'd ſome lives to bribe her o'er;
The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt ſent back the ſpecious bait:
And, ſcorning glory at a price too great,
With ſo much power, ſuch piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue ſoar
A pitch unknown to man before;
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er thoſe of Boyne.

XI.

Nor do his ſubjects only ſhare
The proſperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain.
More than his ſword his goodneſs ſtrikes his foes;
They bleſs his arms, and figh they muſt oppoſe.
Juſtice and freedom on his conqueſts wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:
Succeeding times ſhall with long joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy ſtrive,
He wounds, to cure; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cauſe,
Redreſs'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my adventurous ſong juſt witneſs bear,
Aſſiſt the pious muſe, and hear her ſwear;
That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
But ſolid ſtory, and ſevereſt truth,
That William treaſures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age, can boaſt:
And all that ancient ſtock of fame
He did from his fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with intereſt back;
And in his conſtellation does unite
Their ſcatter'd rays of fainter light:
Above or Envy's laſh, or Fortune's wheel
That ſettled glory ſhall for ever dwell:
Above the rolling orbs, and common ſky,
Where nothing comes that e'er ſhall die.

XIII.

Where roves the muſe? Where, thoughtleſs to return,
Is her ſhort-liv'd veſſel borne,
By potent winds too ſubject to be toſt,
And in the ſea of William's praiſes loſt?
Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the ſhore,
Where our abandon'd youth ſhe ſees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and loſt in eaſe;
Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive
Their guilty ſloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:
But ſure and ſudden be their juſt remorſe;
Swift be their virtue's riſe, and ſtrong its courſe;
For though for certain years and deſtin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;
Though Jove ſeem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor ſcourg'd our follies, nor return'd our prayers,
His juſtice now demands the equal ſcales,
Sedition is ſuppreſs'd, and truth prevails:
Fate its great ends by ſlow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Set by Dr. H. Purcell.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1693-4.

I.

Light of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy ſpeed begin thy great career;
And, as thou doſt thy radiant journies run,
Through every diſtant climate own
That in fair Albion thou haſt ſeen
The greateſt prince, the brighteſt queen,
That ever ſav'ſt a land, or bleſt a throne,
Since firſt thy beams were ſpread, or genial power was known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confeſt,
So the returning year be bleſt,
As his infant months beſtow
Springing wreaths for William's brow:
As his ſummer's youth ſhall ſhed
Eternal ſweets around Maria's head.
From the bleſſings they beſtow,
Our times are dated, and our æras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou doſt all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great ſon of Jove, like thee
When, clad in riſing majeſty,
Thou marcheſt down o'er Delos' hill conſeſt,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dreſt.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to deſtroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From faireſt years, and time's more happy ſtores,
Gather all the ſmiling hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conqueſt have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as ſtory has recorded
Sacred to Naſſau's long renown,
For countries ſav'd, and battles won.

V.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day deſign'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair ſucceſs:
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wiſdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's ſake, and ours,
Chooſe out other ſmiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counſels were adviſing;

Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws, and empires rising;
Such as many courses ran,
Hard in hand a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory show
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

VII.

As the solemn hours advance,
Mingled fond into the dance
Many fraught with all the treasures,
Which thy eastern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleasures,
Man can ask, or heaven diffuse:
That great Maria all those joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory sing our sovereign's praise,
God of verses and of days:
Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
Their lasting work with William's name;
Let chosen muses yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal structures let them raise
On William's and Maria's praise:
Nor want new subject for the song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
Till nature's music lies unstrung;
Till thou, great god, shalt lose thy double power,
And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

THE LADY's LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
Once more at least look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good-humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art you' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP;

A PASTORAL.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Rowe.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends,
And rising night the evening shade extends;
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
And closing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our amorous secrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To every shepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire;
Propitious god of love, thy succour bring,
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing;
Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whispering spring,
In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the superior song approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In every breast the beauteous nymph inspires;
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on: the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees:
In vain the birds begin their evening song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong:

Nor groves, nor cryſtal ſtreams, nor verdant field,
Does wonted pleaſure in her abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And, in his abſence, all the penſive day
In ſome obſcure retreat I lonely ſtray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying ſtrain;
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales reſound.

SYLVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring ſtream,
Aminta is my muſe's ſofteſt theme:
'Tis ſhe that does my artful notes refine: [ſhine,
With fair Aminta's name my nobleſt verſe ſhall

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine freſh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And conſecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth ſhall my Apollo prove;
He ſhall adorn my ſongs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

By Sylvia if thy charming ſelf be meant;
If friendſhip be thy virgin vows extent;
Oh! let me in Aminta's praiſes join:
Her's my eſteem ſhall be, my paſſion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A ſecond wreath ſhall bind Aminta's hair;
And, when thy choiceſt ſongs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verſe ſhall bleſs Aminta's name;
My heart ſhall own the juſtice of her cauſe,
And love himſelf ſubmit to friendſhip's laws.
But if, beneath thy number's ſoft diſguiſe,
Some favour'd ſwain, ſome true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy ſecret pains,
And thy fond heart beats meaſure to thy ſtrains;
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind!
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy verſe, endure!
May every god his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bleſs thy board!
But, if by chance the feries of thy joys
Permit one thought leſs cheerful to ariſe,
Piteous to tranſfer it to the mournful ſwain,
Who, loving much, who, not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated paſſion's laſt exceſs,
And dies in woe, that thou may'ſt live in peace.

TO A LADY:

She refuſing to continue a Diſpute with me, and leaving me in the Argument.

AN ODE.

I.

SPARE, generous victor, ſpare the ſlave,
Who did unequal war purſue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the diſpute whate'er I ſaid,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your ſide.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have ſuſtain'd an open fight:
For ſeldom your opinions err,
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reaſon's force with beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I muſt at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to ſubdue,
I only to the fight aſpir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I deſir'd.

VI.

But ſhe, howe'er of victory ſure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel ſilence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, ſhe ſhuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conqueſt by her flight;
And triumphs, when ſhe ſeems to yield.

VIII.

So when the Parthian turn'd his ſteed,
And from the hoſtile camp withdrew,
With cruel ſkill the backward reed
He ſent; and, as he fled, he ſlew.

SEEING THE DUKE OF ORMOND's PICTURE AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

Our from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, ſtrike
Theſe lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen ſabre, comet-like appear,
Where'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed ſquadrons, and the numerous foe,
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the patriot's breaſt in torrents flow'd,
He faints; his ſteed no longer feels the rein;
But ſtumbles o'er the heap, his hand had ſlain.
And now exhauſted, bleeding, pale he lies;
Lovely, ſad object! in his half-cloſ'd eyes,
Stern vengeance yet, and hoſtile terror ſtand:
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
Fear to approach him, though they ſee him fall.—
O Kneller, could thy ſhades and lights expreſs
The perfect hero in that glorious dreſs;
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:

In ſpite of time, thy work might ever ſhine;
Nor Homer's colours laſt ſo long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

" Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, ſummèque
" ſecundo
" Inveniuntur.—" LUCRET. lib. iv.

WHAT can I ſay, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can deſcribe my love,
If its exceſs and fury be not known,
In what thy Celia has already done?
Thy infant flames, whilſt yet they were conceal'd
In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With eaſy ſmiles diſpell'd the ſilent fear,
That durſt not tell me what I dy'd to hear.
In vain I ſtrove to check my glowing flame,
Or ſhelter paſſion under friendſhip's name,
You ſaw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
And when you preſs'd, how faintly I deny'd.—
Ere guardian thought could bring its ſcatter'd aid,
Ere reaſon could ſupport the doubting maid,
My ſoul, ſurpris'd, and from herſelf disjoin'd,
Left all reſerve, and all the ſex, behind:
From your command her motions ſhe receiv'd;
And not for me, but you, ſhe breath'd and liv'd.
But ever bleſt be Cytherea's ſhrine,
And fires eternal on her altars ſhine!
Since thy dear breaſt has felt an equal wound;
Since in thy kindneſs my deſires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis ſhown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
And ſure I am, thou wouldſt not change this hour
For all the white ones fate has in its power.—
Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to exceſs,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliſs,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When every trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my ſoul by raging love be torn,
And far on ſwelling ſeas of rapture borne;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye.
And my heart labours with a ſudden ſigh;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreſeen the preſent bleſs deſtroy.
Poor as it is, this beauty was the cauſe,
That with firſt ſighs your panting boſom roſe:
But with no owner beauty long will ſtay,
Upon the wings of time borne ſwift away;
Paſs but ſome fleeting years, and theſe poor eyes
(Where now without a boaſt ſome luſtre lies)
No longer ſhall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of uſe to read or weep:
And on this forehead, where your verſe has ſaid,
The loves delighted, and the graces play'd,
Inſulting age will trace his cruel way,
And leave ſad marks of his deſtructive ſway.
Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may ceaſe,
And as the fuel ſinks, the flame decreaſe:
Or angry heaven may quicker darts prepare,
And ſickneſs ſtrike what time a while would ſpare.
Then will my ſwain his glowing vows renew,
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
When my own face deters me from my glaſs,
And Kneller only ſhows what Celia was?
Fantaſtic fame may ſound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whoſe ſmoke too long obſcur'd your riſing name;
And quickly cold indifference will enſue,
When you love's joys through honour's optic view,
Then Celia's loudeſt prayer will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breaſt to bring you back;
When my loſt lover the tall ſhip aſcends,
With muſic gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will paſs unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough ſeamen's louder ſhouts prevail,
When fair occaſion ſhows the ſpringing gale,
And intereſt guides the helm, and honour ſwells the ſail.
Some wretched lines, from this neglected hand,
May find my hero on the foreign ſtrand,
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new command:
While ſhe who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
To the rude cenſure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barbarous paſtime loſt,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toaſt.
But nearer care (O pardon it!) ſupplies
Sighs to my breaſt, and ſorrow to my eyes.
Love, love himſelf (the only friend I have)
May ſcorn his triumph, having bound his ſlave.
That tyrant-god, that reſtleſs conqueror,
May quit his pleaſure, to aſſert his power;
Forſake the provinces that bleſs'd his ſway,
To vanquiſh thoſe which will not yet obey.
Another nymph with fatal power may riſe,
To damp the ſinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confeſt,
And ſcorn the ardent vows that I have bleſt.
You every night may ſigh for her in vain,
And riſe each morning to ſome freſh diſdain:
While Celia's ſofteſt look may ceaſe to charm,
And her embraces want the power to warm:
While theſe fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains than thoſe of hopeleſs love.
Juſt gods! all other things their like produce;
The vine ariſes from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,
They to their ſeed their images convey:
Where the old myrtle her good influence ſheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent roſe decays and dies,
With a reſembling face the daughter-buds ariſe.
That product only which our paſſions bear
Eludes the planter's miſerable care.
While blooming love aſſures us golden fruit,
Some inborn poiſon taints the ſecret root:
Soon fall the flowers of joy, ſoon ſeeds of hatred ſhoot.
Say, ſhepherd, ſay, are theſe reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
This cruel ſcene, unjuſt to love and you?

Will you be only and for ever mine?
Shall neither time nor age our ſouls diſjoin?
From this dear boſom ſhall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, reſpectful, and foreſworn?
And can you not for her you love do more
Than any youth for any nymph before?

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Lord Buckhurſt, in Weſtminſter-School, at a Repreſentation of Mr. Dryden's Cleomenes, at Chriſtmas 1695.

Pish, Lord, I wiſh this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly ſpeak:
But can Lord Buckhurſt in poor Engliſh ſay,
Gentle ſpectators, pray excuſe the play?
No, witneſs all ye gods of ancient Greece.
Rather than condeſcend to terms like theſe,
I'd go to ſchool ſix hours on Chriſtmas day,
Or conſtrue Perſius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Who tremble when they ſee a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that ſmart like fencers for their bread,
And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to ſee our friends:
Our generous ſcenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at leaſt you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourſelves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts, we left our midnight-bed,
Moſt of you ſnor'd whilſt Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confeſſion we would ſue
Praiſe undeſerv'd; we know ourſelves and you:
Reſolv'd to ſtand or periſh by our cauſe,
We neither cenſure fear, nor beg applauſe,
For theſe are Weſtminſter and Sparta's laws.
Yet, if we ſee ſome judgment well-inclin'd,
To young deſert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thouſand marks ſhould know,
That greateſt ſouls to goodneſs only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorſet's ſpirit.

ANODE,

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

On his Majeſty's arrival in Holland after the Queen's Death, 1695.

"Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
"Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
"Cantus, Melpomene."

I.

At Mary's tomb (ſad ſacred place!)
The virtues ſhall their vigils keep:
And every muſe, and every grace,
In ſolemn ſtate ſhall ever weep.

II.

The future pious, mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
Shall viſit her diſtinguiſh'd urn.

III.

For her the wife and great ſhall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and men unborn,
Shall bleſs her name, and ſigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion ſhall, with faithful truſt,
Her holy queen's ſad relicks guard,
Till heaven awakes the precious duſt,
And gives the ſaint her full reward.

V.

But let the king diſmiſs his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown;
And take the cypreſs from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If preſt by grief our monarch ſtoops,
In vain the Britiſh lions roar:
If he, whoſe hand ſuſtain'd them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
Whoſe voice ſhould rule, whoſe arm ſhould lead;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand
Who ſtill to conqueſt led the way;
Wiſhing him preſent to command,
As they ſtand ready to obey.

IX.

They ſeek that joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the hero's face;
When the thick ſquadrons preſt the foe,
And William led the glorious chaſe.

X.

To give the mournful nations joy,
Reſtore them thy auſpicious light,
Great ſun: with radiant beams deſtroy
Thoſe clouds, which keep thee from our ſight.

XI.

Let thy ſublime meridian courſe
For Mary's ſetting rays atone:
Our luſtre, with redoubled force,
Muſt now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious king, with different ſtrife
Thy ſtruggling Albion's boſom torn:
So much ſhe fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate ſhe dares not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy ſofter half
Bury'd and loſt, ſhe ought to grieve;
But let her ſtrength in thee be ſafe;
And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, ſave the land
From thy own grief, her fierceſt foe:
Leſt Britain, reſcued by thy hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new trophies ſtill be ſought,
And hoary majeſty ſuſtain
The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That ſoft exceſs, with which ſhe ſtrove
To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While ſtill ſhe chid the coming ſpring,
Which call'd him o'er his ſubject ſeas:
While, for the ſafety of the king,
She wiſh'd the victor's glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad Britain now
Haſtens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe,
Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din ſhe drowns her [illegible],
Leſt he the riſing grief ſhould hear:
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Leſt he ſhould ſee the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince; let France be taught,
How conſtant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where death with all his darts is ſeen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which ſtruck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her maſter was not near:
With ſullen pride refus'd relief,
And ſat obdurate in deſpair.

XXIII.

As waters from her ſluices, flow'd
Unbounded ſorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front ſhe bow'd,
And ſent her wailings to the ſkies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She ſmiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all ſorrows claim,
She does for thy content reſign:
Her piety itſelf would blame,
If her regrets ſhould weaken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, ſhe ſhows thy fame:
Leſt the great mourner ſhould forget
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made virtue triumph over fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cauſe could fight,
And with his blood her freedom ſeal:
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes riſe, how patriots ſet,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
Excelling others, theſe were great:
Thou, greater ſtill, muſt theſe excel.

XXIX.

The laſt fair inſtance thou muſt give,
Whence Naſſau's virtue can be try'd;
And ſhow the world that thou canſt live
Intrepid, as thy conſort dy'd;

XXX.

Thy virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs force
No dire event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on its deſtin'd courſe,
Though death and envy ſtop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's ſake, for Belgia's, live:
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own;
New toils endure, new conqueſt give,
And bring them eaſe, though thou haſt none.

XXXII.

Vanquiſh again; though ſhe be gone,
Whoſe garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign, though ſhe has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king an uſeleſs prayer:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averſe his ear.

XXXIV.

But, ſhould the weeping hero now
Relentleſs to their wiſhes prove;
Should he recall, with pleaſing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thouſand beauties bleſt,
Her mind with thouſand virtues ſtor'd,
Her power with boundleſs joy confeſt,
Her perſon only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his ſorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his paſſions to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

XXXVII.

She was inſtructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee;
Her ſceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preſerv'd the iſles, and rul'd the ſea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame:
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidſt the ſtars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's ſoul.

XL.

Wiſe fate, which does its heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Haſtens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
  Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While ſhe, great ſaint, rejoices heaven;
  And thou ſuſtain'ſt the orb below.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Let them cenſure: what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardleſs of their grace or ſpite.

No, no: the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my ſong;
All that they approve is ſweet;
And all is ſenſe that they repeat.

  Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, ſtring thy ſervant's lyre:
Love ſhall be my endleſs theme;
Pleaſure ſhall triumph over fame:
And, when theſe maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine!
May I graſp at empty praiſe;
And loſe the nymph, to gain the bays

ODE

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR, PAR LES ARMES DU ROI L'ANNEE, 1692.

Par Monſieur Boileau Deſpreaux.

I.

Quelle docte et ſaint yvreſſe
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi?
Chaſtes Nymphes du Permeſſe,
N'eſt-ce pas vous que je voi?
Accourez, troupe ſçavante:
Des ſons que ma lyre enfante;
Ces arbres ſont rejoüis:
Marquez en bien la cadence:
Et vous, vents, faites ſilence:
Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ſes chanſons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ſes aiſles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inſpire,
Tu peus ſuivre mes tranſports:
Les chênes des monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Eſt-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui ſur ces rocs ſourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Baſti ces murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte, fameuſe
La Sambre unie à la Meuſe,
Defend le fatal abord;
Et par cens bouches horribles
L'airain ſur ces monts terribles
Vomita l fer, et le mort.

AN ENGLISH BALLAD,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR, BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

"*Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.*"

I.

Some folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
  So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a muſe, O lofty poet,
  Or virgin of St. Cyr, you ſaw?
Why all this fury? what's the matter,
  That oaks muſt come from Thrace to dance?
Muſt ſtupid ſtocks be taught to flatter?
  And is there no ſuch wood in France?
Why muſt the winds all hold their tongue?
  If they a little breath ſhould raiſe,
Would that have ſpoil'd the poet's ſong,
  Or puff'd away the monarch's praiſe?

II.

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the ſkies,
  While virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
  Where ſordid intereſt ſhows the prey.
When once the poet's honour ceaſes,
  From reaſon far his tranſports rove:
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
  Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
  Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban:
They arm'd theſe rocks; then ſhow'd old Jove
  Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, theſe three wiſe gods agreed,
  By human force could ne'er be ſhaken:
But you and I in Homer read
  Of gods, as well as men, miſtaken.
Sambre and Maeſe their waves may join;
  But ne'er can William's force reſtrain;
He'll paſs them both, who paſs'd the Boyne:
  Remember this, and arm the Seine.

XV.

Dix mille villans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts :
Et dans ſon ſein infidele
Par toute la terre y recele
Un feu prêt à s'élancer,
Qui ſoudain perçant ſon goufre,
Ouvre un ſepulchre de ſoufre,
A quiconque oſe avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ſes plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puiſſance
Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,
Prête à foudroyer tes monts ?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
C'eſt Jupiter en perſonne ;
Ou c'eſt le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point : c'eſt lui-même.
Tout brille en lui ; tout eſt roi.
Dans Bruxelles Naſſau blême
Commence à trembler pour toi.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Deſormais docile eſclavê,
Rangé ſous ſes étendarts :
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l' aigle Germanique
Uni ſous ſes leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ſes ſens ſont agités,
A ſon ſecours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ſes eaux ;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roſeaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout ſont noyés.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proyve à Borée
Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
Et ſous les urns fangeuſes
Des Hyades orageuſes
Tous ſes tréſors ſubmergés.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;

IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty fellows
With fire and ſword the fort maintain :
Each was a Hercules, you tell us ;
Yet out they march'd, like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive :
Yet matters have been order'd ſo,
That moſt of us are ſtill alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy ;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks ;
Their ſiege did ten long years employ ;
We've done our buſineſs in ten weeks.
What godhead does ſo faſt advance,
With dreadful power, thoſe hills to gain ?
'Tis little Will, the ſcourge of France ;
No godhead, but the firſt of men.
His mortal arm exerts the power
To keep e'en Mons's victor under :
And that ſame Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our king thus trembles at Namur ;
Whilſt Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on ſecure,
To bomb the monks, and ſcare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the marſhal great :
He muſt perform the king's commiſſion :
Who knows but Orange may retreat ?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight :
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preſerve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See every mother's ſon appear :
In ſuch a caſe ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays ſome little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes ;
Finds a ſmall river in his way ;
So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to ſtay.
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war ;
The marſhal cares not to march faſter :
Poor Villeroy moves ſo ſlowly here,
We fancied all, it was his maſter.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
Diſguiſe the marſhal's plain diſgrace ?
No torrents ſwell the low Mehayne ?
The world will ſay, he durſt not paſs.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear poet, on the banks of Sambre ;
Juſt as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into December ?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
To Villeroy ; are the land-nymphs ſo ?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To ſhame a general, and a beau ?

IX.

Truth, juſtice, ſenſe, religion, fame,
May join to finiſh William's ſtory :

Ramaſſez tous vos nuages;
Raſſemblez tous vos ſoldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber ſous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la ſuperbe Eſpagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Maſtricht, et Cambray.

X.

Mes préſages s'accompliſſent:
Il commence à chanceler:
Sous les coups qui retentiſſent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnerre,
Semblent tombant ſur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

XI.

Accourez, Naſſau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique eſpoir:
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez: vous pouvez tout voir.
Conſiderez ces approches:
Voyez grimper ſur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempête,
Qui ſort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui ſur ſa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet aſtre redoubtable
Toûjours un ſort favorable
S'attache dans les combats:
Et toûjours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, et le ſuit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands defenſeurs de l'Eſpagne,
Montrez-vous: il en eſt tems:
Courage; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ſes ondes craintives
N'ont vû ſur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amaſſer.
Courez donc. Qui vous retarde?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'oſez vous la traverſer?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le paſſage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ſes pavillons.
Quoi? leur ſeul aſpect vous glace?
Où ſont ces chefs pleins d'audace,

Nations ſet free may bleſs his name;
And France in ſecret own his glory.
But Ypres, Maſtricht, and Cambray,
Beſançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Liſle,
Courtray, and Dole——Ye critics, ſay,
How poor to this was Pindar's ſtyle?
With eke's and alſo's tack thy ſtrain,
Great bard and ſing the deathleſs prince,
Who loſt Namur the ſame campaign
He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynſe.

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out:
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of thoſe confounded drums; no doubt
You' bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me: a hundred thouſand French
With terror fill the neighbouring field:
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and caſtle yield.
Villeroy to Boufflers ſhould advance,
Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire;
Id eſt, one mareſchal of France
Tells t' other, he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the ſhorteſt way,
Villeroy; or to Verſailles take poſt;
For, having ſeen it, thou canſt ſay
The ſteps, by which Namur was loſt.
The ſmoke and flame may vex thy ſight:
Look not once back: but, as thou goeſt,
Quicken the ſquadrons in their flight,
And bid the devil take the ſloweſt.
Think not what reaſon to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear.
He'll own the ſtrength of thy excuſe;
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to ſhine ſo like a ſtar:
The generals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O poet! thou hadſt been diſcreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat ſo high,
If thou hadſt dubb'd thy ſtar, a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray;
In vain France hopes, the fickly light
Should ſhine near William's fuller day:
It knows Verſailles, its proper ſtation;
Nor cares for any foreign ſphere:
Where you ſee Boileau's conſtellation,
Be ſure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force;
And William met them in their way:
Yet off they bruſh'd both foot and horſe,
What has friend Boileau left to ſay?
When his high muſe is bent upon't,
To ſing her king—that great commander,

Jadis ſi prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamiſe,
Et de la Drâve ſoûmiſe,
Juſqu' à Paris nous chercher ?

XV.

Cependant l'effroi redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui ſe trouble
S'enfuit ſous ſon dernier mur.
Déja juſques à ſes portes
Je voi monter nos cohortes,
La flame & le fer en main :
Et ſur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en eſt fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un ſignal pour ſe rendre ;
Le feu ceſſe. Ils ſont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers ennemies de la France,
Et deſormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles.
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

Or on the ſhores of Helleſpont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander;
Would it not ſpoil his noble taſk,
If any fooliſh Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to aſk,
How far Namur may be from Paris?

XV.

Two ſtanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire:
Leave them behind you, honeſt friend;
And with your countrymen retire,
Your ode is ſpoilt: Namur is freed;
For Dixymud ſomething yet is due:
So good Count Guiſcard may proceed;
But Bouffiers, Sir, one word with you—

XVI.

'Tis done. In ſight of theſe commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raiſe the ſiege,
The foes of France march ſafe through Flanders;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, fame, this news to Trianon,
That Bouffiers may new honours gain:
He the ſame play by land has ſhown,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the marſhal made a peer:
O William, may thy arms advance!
That he may loſe Dinant next year,
And ſo he conſtable of France.

AN ODE.

I.

The merchant, to ſecure his treaſure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia ſerves to grace my meaſure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My ſofteſt verſe, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raiſe,
But with my numbers mix my ſighs;
And, whilſt I ſing Euphelia's praiſe,
I fix my ſoul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe bluſh'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I ſung, and gaz'd: I play'd, and trembled:
And Venus to the loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all diſſembled.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY, 1696.

" Serus in cœlum redeas, diúque
" Lætus interſis populo Quirini:
" Néve te noſtris vitiis iniquum
" Ocyor aura
Tollat.— Hor. ad Auguſtum.

Ye careful angels, whom eternal fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait;
Who turn with ſecret power this reſtleſs ball,
And bid predeſtin'd empires riſe and fall:
Your ſacred aid religious monarchs own,
When firſt they merit, then aſcend the throne:
But tyrants dread you, leſt your juſt decree
Transfer the power, and ſet the people free.
See reſcued Britain at your altars bow;
And hear her hymns your happy care avow:
That ſtill her axes and her rods ſupport
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court;

That law with all her pompous terror ſtands,
To wreſt the dagger from the traitor's hands;
And rigid juſtice reads the fatal word,
Poiſes the balance firſt, then draws the ſword.
Britain her ſafety to your guidance owns,
That ſhe can ſeparate parricides from ſons;
That, impious rage diſarm'd, ſhe lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.
And thou, great miniſter, above the reſt
Of guardian ſpirits, be thou for ever bleſt;
Thou who of old was ſent to Iſrael's court,
With ſecret aid great David's ſtrong ſupport,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And ſtrike the uſeleſs javelin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly ſhield;
When power divine did ſovereign right declare;
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to ſpare.
Still, bleſſed angel, be thy care the ſame!
Be William's life untouch'd as is his fame!
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand;
Save thou the king, as he has ſav'd the land!
We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;
We reverence William; for he acts like you;
Like you, commiſſion'd to chaſtiſe and bleſs,
He muſt avenge the world, and give it peace.
Indulgent fate our potent prayer receives;
And ſtill Britannia ſmiles, and William lives.
The hero dear to earth, by heaven belov'd,
By troubles muſt be vex'd, by dangers prov'd;
His foes muſt aid, to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne ſecure on their defeat.
So, though with ſudden rage the tempeſt comes;
Though the winds roar; and though the water foams;
Imperial Britain on the ſea looks down,
And ſmiling ſees her rebel ſubjects frown.
Striking her cliff, the ſtorm confirms her power;
The waves but whiten her triumphant ſhore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they daſh, and periſh at her feet.
For William ſtill new wonders ſhall be ſhown:
The powers, that reſcued, ſhall preſerve the throne,
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful ſea;
Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whoſe empire they obey, whoſe arms they bear.
Bleſs'd by aſpiring winds, he finds the ſtrand
Blacken'd with crowds; he ſees the nation ſtand,
Bleſſing his ſafety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praiſe; by turns they tell,
And liſten, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confeſs'd,
But trembled for the courage which ſhe bleſt.
O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero and a foe:
By ſounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes:
And ſee the ſoldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremoſt in the fight.
Hence then, cloſe ambuſh and perfidious war,
Down to your native ſeats of night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Reſtrain'd, behind the victor's chariot tied
In brazen knots and everlaſting chains
(So Europe's peace, ſo William's fate ordains).
While on the ivory chair, in happy ſtate,
He ſits, ſecure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointleſs arms of death.

THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, 1696.

While with labour aſſiduous due pleaſure I mix,
And in one day atone for the buſineſs of ſix,
In a little Dutch chaiſe on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right:
No memoirs to compoſe, and no poſt-boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the ſoftneſs of love;
For her, neither viſits, nor pamies at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next ſhall be hers, ſhall be mine,
To good or ill-fortune the third we reſign:
Thus ſcorning the world and ſuperior to fate,
I drive on my car in proceſſional ſtate.
So with Phia through Athens Piſiſtratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why ſhould I ſtories of Athens rehearſe,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verſe;
Since none can with juſtice my pleaſures oppoſe,
In Holland half drowned in intereſt and proſe?
By Greece and paſt ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the preſent are both on my ſide?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would ſay?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, ſearch all the province, you'll find no man ſo bleſt as the Engliſhen Heer Secretar' is.

TO CLOE WEEPING.

See, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair Cloe, ſee
The world in ſympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer ſing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their boſom lower,
And ſhed their ſorrows in a ſhower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe.
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantaſtic nymph! that grief ſhould move
Thy heart obdurate againſt love.
Strange tears! whoſe power can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

TO MR. HOWARD.

AN ODE.

I.

Dear Howard, from the ſoft aſſaults of love,
Poets and painters never are ſecure;

Can I untouch'd the fair one's paſſions move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention ſat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The amorous maſter own'd her potent eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his firſt ſurpriſe,
And, as the piece advanc'd, the paſſion grew.

IV.

While Philip's ſon, while Venus' ſon, was near,
What different tortures does his boſom feel!
Great was the rival, and the god ſevere:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durſt reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity ſaw the ill-conceal'd diſtreſs;
Quitted his title to Campaſpe's charms,
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe ſat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art:
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predeceſſor's heart!

VII.

Had thy poor breaſt receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been veſted with the monarch's power;
Thou muſt have ſigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadſt thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have ſooth'd the flame I could not heal;
Given thee the world; though I withheld the fair.

LOVE DISARMED.

Beneath a myrtle's verdant ſhade
As Cloe half aſleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breaſt,
And in that heaven deſir'd to reſt:
Over her paps his wings he ſpread;
Between he found a downy bed,
And neſtled in his little head.
Still lay the god: the nymph, ſurpris'd,
Yet miſtreſs of herſelf, deviſ'd
How ſhe the vagrant might enthral,
And captive him, who captives all.
Her bodice half-way ſhe unlac'd;
About his arms ſhe ſlily caſt
The ſilken bond, and held him faſt.
The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He ſtrove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he ſhook his wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken ſtring.
Fluttering the god, and weeping, ſaid,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to ſtray,
And on thy boſom loſt his way;
Who ſtray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there muſt hope to dwell:
Set an unhappy priſoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.
To me pertains not, ſhe replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither ſtray:
Yet will I never ſet thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: ſecure my virgin heart:
Inſtant give up thy bow and dart;
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again ſhalt fly.
Thus ſhe the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The god diſarm'd, e'er ſince that day,
Paſſes his life in harmleſs play;
Flies round, or ſits upon her breaſt,
A little, fluttering, idle gueſt.
E'er ſince that day, the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's ſtead;
Directs his arrow as ſhe wills;
Gives grief, or pleaſure; ſpares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

Behind her neck her comely treſſes tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her ſide,
A hunting Cloe went: ſhe loſt her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to ſtray.
Apollo, paſſing by, beheld the maid;
And, ſiſter dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he ſaid:
The hunted hind lies cloſe in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to ſee the god's miſtake;
And, laughing, cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly adviſ'd far hence thy ſiſter ſeek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my ſiſter know:
She draws my arrows, and ſhe bends my bow:
Fair Thames ſhe haunts, and every neighbouring grove,
Sacred to ſoft receſs, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed ſpear
At the rough boar, or chaſe the flying deer:
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miſs the game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

In heaven, one holy-day, you read
In wiſe Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedleſs Cupid in, to throw
A main, to paſs an hour, or ſo.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play:

The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature raſh, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and ſigh'd, and cried and fretted;
Loſt every earthly thing he betted:
In ready money, all the ſtore
Pick'd up long ſince from Danäe's ſhower;
A ſnuff-box, ſet with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood
(The tree in Ida's foreſt ſtood);
His bowl pure gold, the very ſame
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table books in ſhagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verſe from real lovers;
Merchandiſe rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter paſſionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd ſeals;
Rich trifles; ſerious bagatelles.
What ſad diſorders play begets!
Deſperate and mad, at length he ſets
Thoſe darts, whoſe points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power:
Thoſe darts, whence all our joy and pain
Ariſe: thoſe darts.—Come, ſeven's the main,
Cries Ganymede: the uſual trick:
Seven, flur a fix; eleven: a nick.
Ill news goes faſt: 'twas quickly known
That ſimple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late ſhe found the thing too true.
Gueſs how the goddeſs greets her ſon:
Come hither, ſirrah; no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it ſo indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A ſcandal and a ſcourge to Troy;
A prince's ſon; a blackguard boy;
A ſharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All heaven is by the ears together,
Since firſt that little rogue came hither:
Juno herſelf has had no peace:
And truly I've been favour'd leſs:
For Jove, as fame reports (but fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for ſuch a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
And thou, unhappy child, ſhe ſaid,
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus haſt loſt
All the eſtate we e'er could boaſt;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name deſpis'd, thy weakneſs known?
Nor ſhall thy ſhrine on earth be crown'd;
Nor ſhall thy power in heaven be own'd;
When thou nor man nor god canſt wound.
Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Ceaſe, deareſt mother, ceaſe to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great exceſs of trouble?
The dice were falſe: the darts are gone:
Yet how are you, or I, undone?
The loſs of theſe I can ſupply
With keener ſhafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be diſgrac'd
While that bright magazine ſhall laſt:
Your crowded altars ſtill ſhall ſmoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove ſhall again revere your power,
And riſe a ſwan, or fall a ſhower.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

As after noon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well-guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the goddeſs cried:
O cruel, could'ſt thou find none other,
To wreck thy ſpleen on? parricide!
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my miſtake!
I took you for your likeneſs Cloe.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

When Cloe's picture was to Venus ſhown,
Surpris'd, the goddeſs took it for her own.
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?
Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the urchin cried.
'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breaſt:
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the reſt.

A SONG.

In wine and muſic have the power
To eaſe the ſickneſs of the ſoul;
Let Phœbus every ſtring explore,
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's abſence light;
And ſeek for pleaſure, to deſtroy
The ſorrows of this live-long night.

But ſhe to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles ſtrow, thy odours burn;
And meet thy favourite nymph in ſtate.
Kind goddeſs, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's bleſſings own:

Thy darling loves ſhall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE DOVE.

" —Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ? VIRG.

I.

In Virgil's ſacred verſe we find,
That paſſion can depreſs or raiſe
The heavenly, as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil ſays?

II.

But, if they ſhould, what our great maſter
Has thus laid down, my tale ſhall prove:
Fair Venus wept the ſad diſaſter
Of having loſt her favourite dove.

III.

In complaiſance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no ſtone unturn'd,
But ſhe ſhould have her dove again.

IV.

Though none, ſaid he, ſhall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be ſhe not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that, his longeſt dart he took,
As conſtable would take his ſtaff:
That gods deſire like men to look,
Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's ſubalterns, a duteous band,
Like watchmen, round their chief appear:
Each had his lantern in his hand;
And Venus maſk'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accoutred thus, their eager ſtep
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I writ, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft ſuſpected).

VIII.

Late they ſet out, had far to go:
St. Dunſtan's as they paſs'd ſtruck one.
Cloe, for reaſons good, you know,
Lives at the ſober end o' th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a viſiting day.
Folks at her houſe at ſuch an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours ſay?

X.

The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their ſpeed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Suſan; we're undone;
They'll kill my miſtreſs in her bed.

XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for, all hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unleſs piquet was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange ſurpriſe:
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

XIII.

Have you obſerv'd a ſitting hare,
Liſtening, and fearful of the ſtorm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would ſhe ſtay, nor dares ſhe fly.

XV.

Then have you ſeen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then ſunk it deep beneath the clothes.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito; for Suſan ſaid,
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of myrrh and amber—
And Suſan is no lying maid.

XVII.

But, ſince we have no preſent need
Of Venus for an epiſode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe ſpoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Would it were my lot to ſhow ye
This cruel writ, wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the name of Cloe!

XIX.

For that, by ſecret malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the favourite bird,
In which my mother moſt delighted.

XX.

Her bluſhing face the lovely maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white ſheet;
A roſe-tree in a lilly bed
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If ſo, pray come not near—
Fair maiden, I'm the very ſame.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to ſay,
Or do with her you call your mother?
If I ſhould meet her in my way,
We hardly court'ſy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana chaſte, and Hebe ſweet,
Witneſs that what I ſpeak is true:
I would not give my Paraquet
For all the doves that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compoſe this midnight noiſe,
Go freely ſearch where'er you pleaſe
(The rage that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)—
Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks:
Through wardrobe, and through cloſet bounces;
Peeps into every cheſt and box;
Turns all her furbelows and flounces.

XXVI.

But dove, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with diſdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Your poultry cannot yet be found;
Lies he in yonder ſlipper dead;
Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
He's hid ſomewhere about your breaſt;
A place nor god nor man denies,
For Venus' dove the proper neſt.

XXIX.

Search then, ſhe ſaid, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectreſs, guard me:
As guilty I, or free may ſtand,
Do thou or puniſh or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to Love can truſt!
He ſcorns, and breaks all legal power:
Into her breaſt his hand he thruſt;
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do thoſe fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I ſhall find the dove,
Says he; for ſure I touch his feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

As Cloe came into the room t' other day,
I peeviſh began; where ſo long could you ſtay?
In your life time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two; and (pray, look, child) tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and ſeals.
A temper ſo heedleſs no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air.
Lord bleſs me! ſaid ſhe; let a body but ſpeak!
Here's an ugly hard roſe-bud fallen into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vext me to ſuch a degree—
See here. for you never believe me; pray ſee,
On the left ſide my breaſt, what a mark it has made!
So ſaying, her boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd:
That feat of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd,
And forgot every word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

MERCURY, AND CUPID.

In ſullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His ſtore of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes ſhould the weapon break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, muſt do his errand;
He found his man, produc'd his warrant;
Cupid! your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending againſt power!
How ſullen Jupiter, juſt now,
I think I ſaid; and you'll allow
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngſter's repartee.
Come kinſman (ſaid the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And reſt yourſelf for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to heaven;
But you fly faſt: and 'tis but ſeven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celeſtial Hector.
He break my darts! or hurt my power!
He, Leda's ſwan, and Danaë's ſhower!
Go, bid him his wiſe tongue reſtrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts! O certainly I'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he ſhall receive 'em.
There's one, the beſt in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver;
He then ſhall pine, and ſigh, and rave:
Good Lord! what buſtle ſhall we have!
Neptune muſt ſtraight be ſent to ſea,
And Flora ſummon'd twice a-day:
One muſt find ſhells, t' other flowers,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be ſerv'd in ſtate,
The hours muſt at her toilet wait:
Whilſt all the reaſoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too ſlow.
Lybs muſt fly ſouth, and Eurus eaſt,
For jewels for her hair and breaſt.
No matter, though this cruel haſte
Sink cities, and lay foreſts waſte.
No matter, though this fleet be loſt;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coaſt.
What whiſpering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno ſhould not hear!
What work among you ſcholar gods!
Phœbus muſt write him amorous odes.
And thou, poor couſin, muſt compoſe
His letters in ſubmiſſive proſe:
Whilſt haughty Cloe, to ſuſtain
The honour of my myſtic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows diſdain,
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear couz, ſaid Hermes in a fright,
For heaven's ſake! keep your darts: good night.

ON BEAUTY,

A RIDDLE.

Resolve me, Cloe, what is this:
Or forfeit me one precious kiſs.

'Tis the firſt offspring of the graces;
Bears different forms in different places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld;
Yet fancied finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of hood and harm;
'Twas Mars's wiſh, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theſeus through the maze;
And ſent him home with life and praiſe:
But this undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This ſhow'd great kindneſs to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jaſon to the fleece.
This through the eaſt juſt vengeance hurl'd,
And loſt poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom,
This baniſh'd tyranny from Rome.
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire;
This ſet Perſepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to ſpin:
His club laid down, and lion's ſkin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With ſervile care a mortal's ſheep.
For this the father of the gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures looſely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's ſwan:
For this he reaſſumes the nod
(While Semele commands the god);
Launches the bolt, and ſhakes the poles;
Though Momus laughs, and Juno ſcolds.
Here liſtening Cloe ſmil'd, and ſaid;
Your riddle is not hard to read:
I gueſs it—Fair one, if you do,
Need I, alas! the theme purſue?
For this, thou ſeeſt, for this I leave
Whate'er the world thinks wiſe or grave,
Ambition, buſineſs, friendſhip, news,
My uſeful books, and ſerious muſe.
For this, I willingly decline
The mirth of feaſts, and joys of wine;
And chooſe to ſit and talk with thee
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales and fooliſh riddles.

THE QUESTION.

TO LISETTA.

What Nymph ſhould I admire, or truſt,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe juſt?
What Nymph ſhould I deſire to ſee,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom ſhould I compoſe the lay,
But her who liſtens when I play?
To whom in ſong repeat my cares,
But her who in my ſorrow ſhares?
For whom ſhould I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boaſts ſhe wears it for my ſake?
In love am I not fully bleſt?
Liſetta, pr'ythee tell the reſt.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

Sure Cloe juſt, and Cloe fair,
Deſerves to be your only care:
But, when you and ſhe to-day
Far into the wood did ſtray,
And I happen'd to paſs by;
Which way did you caſt your eye?
But, when your cares to her you ſing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they ſpring;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in thoſe cares ſhe bears a part?
When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meaneſt bud that falls from mine?
Simpleſt of ſwains! the world may ſee,
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND.

I.

The pride of every grove I choſe,
The violet ſweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs flagrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers ſhe wore along the day:
And every nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undreſt at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

V.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any muſe's tongue could ſpeak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moraliſt ſaid;
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and ſung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;

At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhroud.

x.

Such as ſhe is, who died to-day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy Cloe's ſorrow.

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS.

TAKEN FROM AN EPIGRAM OF PLATO.

VENUS, take my votive glaſs;
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I ſhall be,
Venus, let me never ſee.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to aſk me, why I weep;
Vex Cloe (to her ſhe herd ſaid:
'Tis for my two poor ſtraggling ſheep,
Perhaps, or for my ſquirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your ſubtle queſtions and replies?
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies?

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearſe
The general power that beauty has:
But why did no peculiar verſe
Deſcribe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV.

The glaſs, which was at Venus' ſhrine,
With ſuch myſterious ſorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which ſhow'd how youth and beauty fade;

V.

Ten thouſand trifles light as theſe
Nor can my rage, nor anger, move:
She ſhould be humble, who would pleaſe;
And ſhe muſt ſuffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my glaſs I chanc'd to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace, which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verſe; who heeds, ſaid I,
Where or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye,
Whoſe heart to me is always true!

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly loſt its pride:
For, ſever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing boſom dy'd,

IX.

Yet car'd I not what might preſage
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I eſteem'd more ſtrong than age,
And time leſs permanent than truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroll'd, my tears, and free;
O Damon! 'tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The ſecret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearſe;
But on my tomb-ſtone thou ſhalt read
My anſwer to thy dubious verſe.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS,

IN THE SAME STYLE; THE AUTHOR SICK.

I.

YES, faireſt proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

II.

While now I take my laſt adieu,
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear;
Leſt yet my half-cloſ'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From jealouſy's tormenting ſtrife
For ever be thy boſom freed:
That nothing may diſturb thy life,
Content I haſten to the dead.

IV.

Yet when ſome better-fated youth
Shall with his amorous parley move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who, dying thus, perſiſts to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falſtaff ſays)
Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How canſt thou preſume, thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Thoſe looks were deſign'd to inſpire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may ſerve people for weeping.

III.

To be next at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my paſſion you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will ſcarce be found wit:
Od's-life! muſt one ſwear to the truth of a ſong?

IV.

What I ſpeak, my fair Cloe, and what I write,
ſhows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verſe; but I love thee in proſe:
And they have my whimſies, but thou haſt my
heart.

V.

The god of us verſe-men (you know, child) the
ſun,
How after his journeys he ſets up his reſt:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breaſt.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee my delight in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way;
They were but my viſits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finiſh, dear Cloe, this paſtoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet ſublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

The Trojan ſwain had judg'd the great diſpute,
And beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, looſe in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in ſhining arms.
The wanton goddeſs view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly ſhe ſaid:
Yield, ſiſter; rival, yield: naked, you ſee,
I vanquiſh: gueſs how potent I ſhould be,
If to the field I came in armour dreſt; [creſt!
Dreadful, like thine, my ſhield, and terrible my
The warrior goddeſs with diſdain reply'd:
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once adviſe,
And Venus (if 'tis poſſible) be wiſe.
Thou, to be ſtrong, muſt put off every dreſs;
Thy only armour is thy nakedneſs;
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himſelf that armour has been try'd.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

From public noiſe and factious ſtrife,
From all the buſy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breaſt;
And lull my wearied ſoul to reſt.
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
To painted roofs and ſhining ſpires
(Uneaſy ſeats of high deſires)
Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happineſs for ſtate.
But oh! my Celia, when thy ſwain
Deſires to ſee a court again,
May heaven around this deſtin'd head
The choiceſt of its curſes ſhed!
To ſum up all the rage of fate
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'ſt thou be falſe, and I be great!
Thus, on his Celia's panting breaſt,
Fond Celadon his ſoul expreſt;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows ſhe thus repaid:
Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Bleſt miracle of love and truth;
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long ſince are thine;
A real joy I never knew,
Till I believ'd thy paſſion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'ſt perjur'd, or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy preſence, I can bear.
Through waters and through flames I'll go,
Sufferer and ſolace of thy woe:
Trace me ſome yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my conſtant paſſion known
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wiſh that did not bear
The ſtamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die, to let it out again.
No: Venus ſhall my witneſs be
(If Venus ever lov'd like me),
That for one hour I would not quit
My ſhepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Perſian monarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal ſtate above,
Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.
"O happy theſe of human race!"
But ſoon, alas! our pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And, leaving her ador'd embrace,
Haſten'd to court, to beg a place.
While ſhe, his abſence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrſis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

While men have theſe ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our ſex will—What? Out with it. Lye;
And theirs in equal ſtrains reply.
The moral of the tale I ſing
(A poſy for a wedding ring)
In this ſhort verſe will be confin'd:
Love is a jeſt, and vows are wind.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Miss Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.
The reaſon of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party;
And ſhow'd himſelf ſincere and hearty;
For, give that whipſter but his errand,
He takes my lord chief juſtice' warrant;
Dauntleſs as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, ſnaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, ſtudy;
Nor ſtops till he has culprit's body.
Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, miſtaken huſband, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Does the reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us leſs curious, her leſs fair?
The ſpy, which does this treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her prayers, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly muſic, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchaſe one unguarded hour?
Your care does further yet extend:
That ſpy is guarded by your friend.—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair priſoner cauſe to ſee,
How much he wiſhes ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated truſt;
Which make him wretched, to be juſt?
And may not ſhe, this darling ſhe,
Youthful and healthy, fleſh and blood,
Eaſy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither ſpy nor friend.
In ſhort, I keep her from the ſight
Of every human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper ſhe's debarr'd.—
Has ſhe a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.—She will, you ſay:
But how ſhall ſhe that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Moſt certain.
She'll thruſt her letter through—Sir Martin.
Dear angry friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.
Send her abroad: and let her ſee,
That all this mingled maſs, which ſhe,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty ſhow,
Powder, and pocket-glaſs, and beau;
A ſtaple of romance and lies,
Falſe tears and real perjuries:
Where ſighs and looks are bought and ſold,
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and laviſh heir
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare;
And youth, ſeduc'd from friends and fame,
Muſt give up age to want and ſhame.
Let her behold the frantic ſcene,
The women wretched, falſe the men:
And when, theſe certain ills to ſhun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play,
Put on good-humour; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.

Hans Carvel, impotent and old,
Married a laſs of London mould:
Handſome? enough; extremely gay:
Lov'd muſic, company, and play:
High flights ſhe had, and wit at will;
And ſo her tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all viſits who but ſhe,
To argue, or to repartée?
She made it plain, that human paſſion
Was order'd by predeſtination;
That, if weak women went aſtray,
Their ſtars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies ſhe had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, firſt of all the town, was told,
Where neweſt India things were ſold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt ſome times out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a ſcreen:
What elſe could ſo much virtue mean?
For, to prevent the leaſt reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.
But, when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then ſlept again:
At twelve ſhe roſe; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes, ſure!—But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the afternoon,
And not come home again too ſoon;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day:
A turn in ſummer to Hyde-Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durst not blame.
At first he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life:
Told her, how transient beauty was;
That all must die, and flesh was grass:
He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces;
And doubled down the useful places.
But still the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for prayer:
And Cleopatra was read o'er;
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's self,
Stood unmolested on the shelf.
An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of hers should spoil it.
In short, the trade was still the same:
The dame went out: the colonel came.
What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd:
Another battery must be try'd:
What if to spells I had recourse?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.
The end must justify the means;
He only sins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the devil.
Forthwith the devil did appear
(For name him, and he's always near);
Not in the shape in which he plies
At Miss's elbow when she lies;
Or stands before the nursery doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But, without fawcer-eye or claw,
Like a grave barrister at law.
Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
The devil says; I bring relief.
Relief! says Hans: pray, let me crave
Your name, Sir—Satan—Sir, your slave;
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me:—Ay, now I see't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?
All well; but pr'ythee, honest Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaisance:
The truth is this: I cannot stay
Flaring in sun-shine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
Love more the fresco of the nights;
And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end:
Go then this evening, master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care;
Whilst I the great receipt prepare:
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith!
Believe for once what Satan saith.
Away went Hans; glad? not a little;
Obey'd the devil to a title;
Invited friends some half a dozen,
The colonel and my lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were sung; and healths went round
Barbadoes waters for the close;
Till Hans had fairly got his dose:
The colonel toasted "to the best:"
The dame mov'd off, to be undrest:
The chimes went twelve: the guests withdrew:
But, when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carried off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My lady was disturb'd: new sorrow!
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.
In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans fast asleep as soon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking dame, with thoughts oppress,
That made her hate both him and rest:
By such a husband, such a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius's life:
The lady sigh'd: the lover swor'd:
The punctual devil kept his word:
Appear'd to honest Hans again;
But not at all by madam seen:
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's sake:
'Twill do your business to a hair:
For, long as you this ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.
Hans took the ring with joy extreme
(All this was only in a dream);
And, thrusting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd: I've gain'd my point.—
What point, said she, you ugly beast?
You neither give me joy nor rest:
'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thrust your finger God knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin;
Says wise Professor Vander Brüin.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year: and I must pay the cost.
This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipsy knows her power, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wisdom, Vander Brüin.

PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE;

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

"Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni
"virtute, quod deceat: quod cogitatione magis
"à virtute potest quàm re separari."
Cic. de Off. l. i.

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,

Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes them not only juſt, but bright;
And ſets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;
May juſtly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian ſtroke, the Guido air;
To niceſt judgment ſhow the piece,
At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe:
It would not gain on Jerſey's eye;
Bradford would frown, and ſet it by.
Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well deſign'd;
Guided by law, and bound by duty;
Yet want this *je ne ſçai quoi* of beauty:
And though its error may be ſuch,
As Knags and Burgeſs cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By ſome example ſhould be ſhown.—
With all my heart—for once; read on.
An honeſt, but a ſimple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May ſerve to make this theſis clear.
A doctor of great ſkill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.
On married men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy ſhould be had;
They ſhould be hang'd, or ſtarv'd, or ſlead,
Or ſerv'd like Romiſh prieſts in Swede.—
In ſhort, all lewdneſs ſhe defied:
And ſtiff was her parochial pride.
Yet, in an honeſt way, the dame
Was a great lover of that fame;
And could from ſcripture take her cue,
That huſbands ſhould give wives their due.
Her prudence did ſo juſtly ſteer
Between the gay and the ſevere,
That if in ſome regards ſhe choſe
To curb poor Paulo in too cloſe;
In others ſhe relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looſer rein.
Thus though ſhe ſtrictly did confine
The doctor from exceſs of wine:
With oyſters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almoſt burſt his belly:
Thus drying coffee was denied;
But chocolate that loſs ſupplied:
And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret:
(Bleſt revolution!) one might ſee
Eringo roots, and Bohea tea.
She often ſet the doctor's hand,
And ſtrok'd his beard, and ſqueez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too ſoon:
She held it wholeſomer by much,
To reſt a little on the couch:
About his waiſt in bed a-nights
She clung ſo cloſe—for fear of ſprites.
The doctor underſtood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.
The lion's ſkin too ſhort, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely ſhow)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail:
And art ſupplies, where ſtrength may fail.
Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat;
He ſtrove to lengthen the campaign,
And ſave his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.
One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, ſure as trumpet, call to battle,
Thought it extremely *a propos*,
To ward againſt the coming blow:
To ward: but how? Ay, there's the queſtion;
Fierce the aſſault, unarm'd the baſtion.
The doctor feign'd a ſtrange ſurpriſe:
He felt her pulſe; he view'd her eyes:
That beat too faſt, theſe roll'd to quick;
She was, he ſaid, or would be ſick:
He judg'd it abſolutely good,
That ſhe ſhould purge, and cleanſe her blood.
Spa waters for that end were got:
If they paſt eaſily or not,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.
For a diſtemper of this kind
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind),
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female ſex,
Is ſcarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.
One luckleſs night then, as in bed
The doctor and the dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulſe, ſhort breath, and blood in flame.
What meaſures ſhall poor Paulo keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd ſleep,
And won't allow him reſt, though waking.
Sad ſtate of matters! when we dare
Nor aſk for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have ſhown
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's caſe is
Harder than any which he places
Amongſt his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain
That all the ſex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyſhip from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moraliſts; and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to cloſe her eye;
Telling her, reſt would do her good,
If any thing in nature could:
So hold the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Maſters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.
Reduce, my muſe, the wandering ſong:
A tale ſhould never be too long.
The more he talk'd, the more ſhe burn'd,
And ſigh'd, and toſt, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At laſt, I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, my dear—
(And whiſper'd ſomething in his ear)
You wiſh! wiſh on, the doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wiſe?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poiſon is not half ſo bad.
I'll do it—but I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.—
'Tis kind, my dear, what you adviſe;
The lady with a ſigh replies!
But life, you know, at beſt is pain;
And death is what we ſhould diſdain.
So do it therefore, and adieu:
For I will die for love of you.—
Let wanton wives by death be ſcar'd:
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.

The ſceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down incognito,
To ſee who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or roſe:
That ſince they gave things their beginning,
And ſet this whirligig a-ſpinning,
Supine they in their heaven remain,
Exempt from paſſion and from pain:
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for ourſelves;
To ſtand or walk, to riſe or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.
The poets now and painters hold
This theſis both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all theſe things we toil ſo hard in
Would not avail one ſingle farthing:
For, when the hero we rehearſe,
To grace his actions and our verſe;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris deſcends by fate's commands,
To guide his ſteps through foreign lands:
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quickſands in the ſea.
And if you ſee him in a ſketch
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),
He ſhows not half his force and ſtrength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece muſt yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field;
One holds his ſword, and one his ſhield;
Mars, ſtanding by, aſſerts his quarrel;
And fame flies after with a laurel.
These points, I ſay, of ſpeculation
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink the nation)
Men idly-learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms ſuſtains the fight;
Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and ſing Te Deum.
Is it in equilibrio,
If deities deſcend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my tale:
For by all parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe opinions are the beſt,
Which in their nature moſt conduce
To preſent ends, and private uſe.
Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove:
The humour was (it ſeems) to know
If all the favours they beſtow
Could from our own perverſeneſs eaſe us;
And if our wiſh enjoy'd would pleaſe us.
Diſcourſing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godſhips came;
Till, well nigh tir'd at almoſt night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in diſguiſe a god or goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernatural powers;
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They ſpied at laſt a country farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing:
Good grain was ſow'd: good fruit was growing:
Of laſt-year's corn in barns great ſtore:
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in ſhort) with peace conſented
That people here ſhould live contented:
But did they in effect do ſo!
Have patience, friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had ſtruggled with the marriage nooſe;
As almoſt every couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! ſometimes, my darling!
Kiſſing to-day, to-morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd
Our farmer met them in the yard;

Thought they were folks that loſt their way;
And aſk'd them civilly to ſtay:
Told them, for ſupper, or for bed,
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.—
  So ſaid, ſo done; the gods conſent.
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment; they ſit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the ſtate:
A thouſand knotty points they clear,
Till ſupper and my wife appear.
  Jove made his leg, and kiſs'd the dame:
Obſequious Hermes did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the farmer's wife, you ſay!
He did—but in an honeſt way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiſs'd Amphitryon's wife.—
  Well then, things handſomely were ſerv'd:
My miſtreſs for the ſtrangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic ſumptuous would appear:
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in ſilence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That, by a fine deſcription led,
I made my epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my ſong.
  The grace-cup ſerv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to ſhow his play:
Landlord and landlady, he cried,
Folly and jeſting laid aſide,
That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And ſtrangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themſelves your debtors.
To give this theſis plainer proof,
You have to night beneath your roof
A pair of gods (nay never wonder):
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page, my ſon indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then three wiſhes, you and Madam;
And ſure as you already had 'em,
The things deſir'd, in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your power.
  Thank you, great gods, the woman ſays:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A ladle for our ſilver-diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh—
A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!
Odzooks, Coriſca, you have pray'd ill;
What ſhould be great, you turn to farce;
I wiſh the ladle in your a—.
  With equal grief and ſhame, my muſe
The ſequel of the tale purſues;
The ladle fell into the room,
And ſtuck in old Coriſca's bum.
Our couple weep two wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt;
To eaſe the woman's awkward pain,
And get the ladle out again.

MORAL.

This commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head aches for a coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not great?
  Some ſenſe, and more eſtate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? he muſt have rule and ſway:
And all is wrong, till he's in play.
  The miſer muſt make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded ſum;
The ſickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his laſt dregs of life.
  Againſt our peace we arm our will:
Amidſt our plenty, ſomething ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel ſomething unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt.
That ſomething, if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wiſh, and all a Ladle.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700,

IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

Of all that William rules, or Robe
Deſcribes, great Rhéa, of thy globe;
When or on poſt-horſe, or in chaiſe,
With much expence, and little eaſe,
My deſtin'd miles I ſhall have gone,
By Thames or Maeſe, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, houſe, and ſtable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to deſire or want;
And as health fails, and years increaſe,
Sit down, and think, and die, in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:
This number ſure they may allow;
For paſture ten, and ten for plow:
'Tis all that I could wiſh or hope,
For me and John, and Nell and Crop.
  Then, as thou wilt, diſpoſe the reſt
(And let not fortune ſpoil the jeſt)
To thoſe who, at the market-rate,
Can barter honour for eſtate.
  Now, if thou grant'ſt me my requeſt,
To make thy votary truly bleſt,
Let curſt revenge and ſaucy pride
To ſome black rock far off be tied;
Nor e'er approach my rural ſeat,
To tempt me to be baſe and great.
  And, goddeſs, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her ſon
(Wherever elſe ſhe lets him rove)
To ſhun my houſe, and field, and grove:
Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.
  Hear, gracious Rhéa, what I ſay:
And thy petitioner ſhall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by fword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited;
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praifes due,
At once inftructed and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all thefe deeds
What beggar in the invalids,
With lamenefs broke, with blindnefs fmitten,
Wifh'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III.

It's ftrange, dear author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet fhun the cure:
Can fenfe this paradox endure?
Refolve me, Cambray or Fontaine.

IV.

The man, in graver tragic known
(Though his beft part long fince was done),
Still on the ftage defires to tarry:
And he, who play'd the harlequin,
After the jeft ftill loads the fcene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE NOUVEAUX INTERETS DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught
That happinefs is but opinion!

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM SUAM.

ANIMULA vagula, blandula,
Hofpes, comefque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut foles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu fache où tu vas:
Tu pars feulette, nuë, et tremblotante, helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne!
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats!

IMITATED.

POOR, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Muft we no longer live together?
And doft thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'ft not whither?
Thy humourous vein, thy pleafing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And, penfive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'ft and hop'ft thou know'ft not what.

A PASSAGE IN THE MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS IMITATED.

IN awful pomp and melancholy ftate,
See fettled reafon on the judgment feat:
Around her crowd diftruft, and doubt, and fear,
And thoughtful forefight, and tormenting care:
Far from the throne, the trembling pleafures ftand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her ftern command.
Wretched her fubjects, gloomy fits the queen;
Till happy chance reverts the cruel fcene;
And apifh folly, with her wild refort
Of wit and jeft, difturbs the folemn court.
See the fantaftic minftrelfy advance,
To breathe the fong, and animate the dance.
Bleft the ufurper! happy the furprife!
Her mimic poftures catch our eager eyes;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear;
And in the fights we fee, and founds we hear,
Againft our judgment, fhe our fenfe employs;
The laws of troubled reafon fhe deftroys,
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild fchemes of mirth, and plans of loofe delight.

TO DR. SHERLOCK,

ON HIS PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

FORGIVE the muſe, who, in unhallow'd ſtrains,
The ſaint one moment from his god detains:
For ſure, whate'er you do, where'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one conſtant prayer;
Forgive her; and entreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raiſe her notes to that ſublime degree,
Which ſuits a ſong of piety and thee.
Wondrous good man! whoſe labours may repel
The force of ſin, may ſtop the rage of hell;
Thou, like the Baptiſt, from thy God waſt ſent,
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.
The youth ſhall ſtudy, and no more engage
Their flattering wiſhes for uncertain age;
No more, with fruitleſs care and cheated ſtrife,
Chaſe fleeting pleaſure through this maze of life;
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But preſent food, and but a future grave:
Each, great as Philip's victor ſon, ſhall view
This abject world, and, weeping, aſk a new.
Decrepit age ſhall read thee, and confeſs
Thy labours can aſſuage, where medicines ceaſe;
Shall bleſs thy words, their wounded ſoul's relief,
The drops that ſweeten their laſt dregs of life;
Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath;
Own riches gather'd, trouble; fame, a breath;
And life an ill, whoſe only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with ſo much plainneſs flow,
Their ſenſe untutor'd infancy may know:
Yet to ſuch height is all that plainneſs wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.
Eaſy in words thy ſtyle, in ſenſe ſublime,
On its bleſt ſteps each age and ſex may riſe;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the ſkies:
Diffus'd its virtue, boundleſs is its power;
'Tis public health, and univerſal cure:
Of heavenly manna 'tis a ſecond feaſt;
A nation's food, and all to every taſte.
To its laſt height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd;
And various death for various crimes ſhe fear'd.
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live:
You wreſt the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand;
Stop ready death, and ſave a ſinking land.
O! ſave us ſtill: ſtill bleſs us with thy ſtay:
O! want thy heaven, till we have learnt the way:
Refuſe to leave thy deſtin'd charge too ſoon;
And, for the church's good, defer thy own.
O! live; and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
'Till future infancy, baptis'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
'Till Chriſtians, yet unborn, be taught to die.
Then, in full age and hoary holineſs,
Retire, great teacher! to thy promis'd bliſs:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy duſt,
As thy own fame among the future juſt;
'Till in laſt ſounds the dreadful trumpet ſpeaks;
'Till judgment calls, and quicken'd nature wakes;
'Till, through the utmoſt earth, and deepeſt ſea,
Our ſcatter'd atoms find their deſtin'd way,
In haſte to clothe their kindred ſouls again,
Perfect our ſtate, and build immortal man:
Then fearleſs thou, who well ſuſtaind'ſt the fight,
To paths of joy, or tracts of endleſs light,
Lead up all thoſe who heard thee, and believ'd;
'Midſt thy own flock, great ſhepherd! be received;
And glad all heaven with millions thou haſt ſav'd.

CARMEN SECULARE,

FOR THE YEAR 1700.

TO THE KING.

"Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſeculo:
"O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
"Spiritus, et quantum fat erit tua dicere facta!"
VIRG. Eclog. iv.

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, caſt
Into the long records of ages paſt:
Review the years in faireſt action dreſt
With noted white, ſuperior to the reſt;
Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
From empires founded, and from battles won;
Show all the ſpoils by valiant kings atchiev'd,
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
The wounds of patriots in their country's cauſe
And happy power ſuſtain'd by wholeſome laws;
In comely rank call every merit forth,
Imprint on every act its ſtandard-worth:
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders, and to Britain's king;
With equal juſtice, and hiſtoric care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare;
Confeſs the various attributes of fame
Collected and complete in William's name;
To all the liſtening world relate
(As thou doſt his ſtory read)
That nothing went before ſo great,
And nothing greater can ſucceed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
The boldeſt virtues that have govern'd earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair-written page;
From dawning childhood to eſtabliſh'd age
The glories of her empire trace;
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race;
And let the juſteſt palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The ſon of Mars reduc'd the trembling ſwains,
And ſpread his empire o'er the diſtant plains;
But yet the Sabins violated charms
Obſcur'd the glory of his riſing arms.
Numa the rights of ſtrict religion knew;
On every altar laid the incenſe due;
Unſkil'd to dart the pointed ſpear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
Holding his faſces ſtain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wiſe, but with exceſs of care
He ſav'd his country, but prolong'd the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their ſtrict examples taught
How wild deſires ſhould be controll'd,
And how much brighter virtue was than gold;
They ſcarce their ſwelling thirſt of fame could hide;
And boaſted poverty with too much pride.
Exceſs in youth made Scipio leſs rever'd;
And Cato, dying, ſeem'd to own he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell, ere the dictator roſe:
And, while with clemency Auguſtus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

IV.

With juſteſt honour be their merits dreſt;
But be their failings too confeſt:
Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
Rolling, its courſe deſign'd their country's good.
But oft' the torrent's too impetuous ſpeed
From the low earth tore ſome polluting weed;
And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, ſome tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after theſe ſo far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the ſcale:
Valour, grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
Did the true charms of majeſty impair;

Rome by degrees, advancing more in age,
Shew'd ſad remains of what had once been fair;
Till Heaven a better race of men ſupplies:
And glory ſhoots new beams from weſtern ſkies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic ſtrain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy proweſs known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the firſt William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring;
Illuſtrious virtues, who by turns have roſe
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
With happy laws her empire to ſuſtain,
And with full power aſſert her ambient main.
But ſometimes, too induſtrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conqueſt trample over right:
Diſparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful ſway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Naſſau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty;
The chief ſtill dying, or the country free.
Then ſee the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the lines of Beau;
Through Chalon next, and there with Naſſau join,
From Rhone's fair banks tranſplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal liſt of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged north:
Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are ſhown;
Till Scotland's kings aſcend the Engliſh throne;
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind; and, as thy ſearching eye
Does our modern ſtory trace,
Finding ſome of Stuart's race
Unhappy, paſs their annals by:
No harſh reflection let remembrance raiſe:
Forbear to mention what thou canſt not praiſe:
But, as thou dwell'ſt upon that heavenly name *,
To grief for ever ſacred, as to fame,
Oh! read it to thyſelf; in ſilence weep;
And thy convulſive ſorrows inward keep:
Leſt Britain's grief ſhould waken at the ſound,
And blood guſh freſh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither wouldſt thou further look?
Read William's acts, and cloſe the ample book:
Peruſe the wonders of his dawning life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd ſeditious ſtrife,
And quell'd the ſnakes which round his cradle ſtran.

X.

Deſcribe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms:
When conquering, mild; when conquer'd, not diſ-grac'd;
By wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by triumphs raiſ'd:
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents;
And conſtant to his firſt decree,
To curb the proud, to ſet the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raiſe the ſuppliant knee.

XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring;
And ſee the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reaſon ſway'd,
And power ſupreme by free conſent obey'd;
With how much haſte his mercy meets his foes,
And how unbounded his forgiveneſs flows;
With what deſire he makes his ſubjects bleſs'd,
His favours granted ere his throne addreſs'd:
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent than by wars:
How o'er himſelf as o'er the world he reigns,
His morals ſtrengthening what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already ſpun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and ſhaded with no fault;
No footſteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage:
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple ſpy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more ſhall its intrinſic worth proclaim;
Shall paſs the combat of the ſearching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd heat,
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor its luſtre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William juſt;
To faithful hiſtory his actions truſt:
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment every war:
His ſaving wonders bid her write
In characters diſtinctly bright;
That each revolving age may read
The patriot's piety, the hero's deed:
And ſtill the ſire inculcate to his ſon
Tranſmiſſive leſſons of the king's renown;
That William's glory ſtill may live;
When all that preſent art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet braſs,
Mouldering, drop the victor's praiſe:
When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be viſible no more;
When Sambre ſhall have chang'd her winding flood;
And children aſk, where Namur ſtood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
How ſhe contemn'd th' approaching foe!
Till ſhe by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And ſhook, and ſunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hoſtile towers.
Perſeus ſeem'd leſs ſwift in war,
When, wing'd with ſpeed, he flew through air.
Embattled nations ſtrive in vain
The hero's glory to reſtrain:
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
In vain againſt his force conſpire.

* Mary.

Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
And lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The hero from the height beheld:
He ſpake the word, that war and rage ſhould ceaſe;
He bid the Maeſe and Rhine in ſafety flow;
And dictated a laſting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To reſcued ſtates, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand preſcrib'd their ancient bounds;
Ordain'd, whom every province ſhould obey;
How far each monarch ſhould extend his ſway;
Taught them how clemency made power rever'd,
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his ſide unſpotted honour ſtood,
Pleas'd to confeſs him not ſo great as good:
His head with brighter beams fair virtue deck'd,
Than thoſe which all his numerous crowns reflect:
Eſtabliſh'd freedom clapp'd her joyful wings;
Proclaim'd the firſt of men, and beſt of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the muſe aſpire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought:
Mindleſs of the god and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, ſtray,
From thee, and from myſelf, borne far away.
The fiery Pegaſus diſdains
To mind the rider's voice, or bear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded looſe:
Hardly the muſe can fit the headſtrong horſe;
Nor would ſhe, if ſhe could, check his impetuous force;
With the glad noiſe the cliffs and vallies ring,
While ſhe through earth and air purſues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic ſhore,
Whilſt Britain's tears his ready help implore:
Diſſembling for her ſake his riſing cares,
And with wiſe ſilence pondering vengeful wars,
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auſpicious prow;
Combating adverſe winds and winter ſeas,
Sighing the moments that defer our eaſe:
Daring to weild the ſceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to ſave the ſtate;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can be ſecur'd,
New wars muſt be ſuſtain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps ſhe ſounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
In the dank marſhes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce ſtream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haſte,
To tell old ocean how the hero paſt.
The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praiſe
Worthy that arm, whoſe empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion ſhe delights to bring
The humbleſt victor, and the kindeſt king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave:
Firm he rejects the altars ſhe would raiſe;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praiſe.
Again ſhe follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often ſav'd by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bleſs thoſe happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the ſpoils.
In various views ſhe tries her conſtant theme;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the ſame;
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to ſave,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

XX.

Sudden another ſcene employs her ſight;
She ſets her Hero in another light;
Paints his great mind ſuperior to ſucceſs,
Declining conqueſt, to eſtabliſh peace:
She brings Aſtræa down to earth again;
And quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary wing the goddeſs ſoars
Eaſt, over Danube and Propontis' ſhores;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and ſuſpend their rage;
Till William's word, like that of fate, declares,
If they ſhall ſtudy peace, or lengthen wars.
How ſacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cauſe!
How fair his friendſhips, and his leagues how juſt,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions truſt!

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the Northern ſea,
The goddeſs wings her deſperate way;
Sees the young Muſcovite, the mighty head,
Whoſe ſovereign terror forty nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praiſe,
And paſſing half the earth to his embrace:
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous ſway
Breaking, and, as he rolls his rapid courſe, [way.
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his
But her own king ſhe likens to his Thames,
With gentle courſe devolving fruitful ſtreams;
Serene yet ſtrong, majeſtic yet ſedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the riſing current craves;
Each ſhepherd's prayer retards the parting waves;
The vales along the bank their ſweets diſcloſe;
Freſh flowers for ever riſe; and fruitful harveſt grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous goddeſs go?
Sees ſhe not clouds, and earth, and main, below?
Minds ſhe the dangers of the Lycian coaſt,
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was loſt?
Or is her towering flight reclaim'd
By ſeas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?
Vain is the call, and uſeleſs the advice:
To wiſe perſuaſion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upward ſhe inceſſant flies;
Reſolv'd to reach the high empyrean ſphere,
And tell great Jove, ſhe ſings his image here;
To aſk for William an Olympic crown, [known:
To Chronius' ſtrength, and Theron's ſpeed un-

Till, loſt in trackleſs fields of ſhining day,
Unable to diſcern the way,
Which Naſſau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any muſe before;
She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes ruſhing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The ſong too daring, and the theme too great!
Yet rather thus ſhe wills to die,
Than in continued annals live, to ſing
A ſecond hero, or a vulgar king;
And with ignoble ſafety fly
In ſight of earth, along a middle ſky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
That round his myſtic temple preſs,
For William's life and Albion's peace,
Ambitious muſe, reduce the roving ſong.
Janus, caſt thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhéa's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come:
Till, by thy high commands releas'd,
Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dreſs'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too ſwiftly fleet by human ſight;
And meditate too ſoon their everlaſting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ſhips in naval triumph borne,
Nor ſtandards from the hoſtile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,
Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated ſtores receive.
Shut then, auſpicious God, thy ſacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great.
Be kind, and with a milder hand
Cloſing the volume of the finiſh'd age
(Though noble, 'twas an iron page),
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage;
Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
By Flora ſome, and ſome by Ceres crown'd:
Teach the glad hours to ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endleſs joy;
Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain ſtand;
Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
From adverſe ſhores in ſafety let her hear
Foreign calamity, and diſtant war;
Of which let her, great heaven, no portion bear!
Betwixt the nations let her hold her ſcale,
And, as ſhe wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad vallies ſmile with wavy corn;
Let fleecy flocks her riſing hills adorn;
Around her coaſt let ſtrong defence be ſpread;
Let fair abundance on her breaſt be ſhed; [head:
And heavenly ſweets bloom round the goddeſs'

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did ſtand,
Remains of Wolſey's or great Henry's hand,
To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame,
Let a young phœnix raiſe her towering head;
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her ſpread
And by her greatneſs ſhow her builder's fame:
Auguſt and open as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts deſign'd:
Let every ſacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
The king ſhall there in Parian marble breathe,
His ſhoulder bleeding freſh: and at his feet
Diſarm'd ſhall lie the threatening death
(For ſo was ſaving Jove's decree complete).
Behind, that angel ſhall be plac'd, whoſe ſhield
Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:
On the firm baſis, from his oozy bed,
Boyne ſhall raiſe his laurel'd head;
And his immortal ſtream be known,
Artfully waving through the wounded ſtone.

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windſor, ſtand enlarg'd,
With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair heaven, that doſt the ſtars encloſe,
Which William's boſom wears, or hand beſtows.
On the great champions who ſupport his throne,
And virtues neareſt to his own.

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'ſt the myſtic ſtring,
That makes the knight companion to the king.
From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy ſainted warrior's ſhrine,
Faſt by his great forefather's coats, and ſhields
Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms; nor fears thoſe arms ſhould ſhine
With an unequal ray; or that his deed
With paler glory ſhould recede,
Eclips'd by theirs, or leſſen'd by the fame
Ev'n of his own maternal Naſſau's name.

XXX.

Thou ſmiling ſeeſt great Dorſet's worth confeſt,
The ray diſtinguiſhing the patriot's breaſt;
Born to protect and love, to help and pleaſe;
Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace.
O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
Ne'er let me paſs in ſilence Dorſet's name;
Ne'er ceaſe to mention the continued debt;
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, muſt ſtudy to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records ſhall Ca'ndiſh ſtand,
Aſſerting legal power and juſt command:
To the great houſe thy favour ſhall be ſhown,
The father's ſtar tranſmiſſive to the ſon.
From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
Inform'd, their ſire's immortal ſteps ſhall trace.
Happy, may their ſons receive
The bright reward, which thou alone canſt give!

XXXII.

And if a God theſe lucky numbers guide;
If ſure Apollo o'er the verſe preſide;
Jerſey, belov'd by all (for all muſt feel
The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and conſtant virtue dwell,
Like mingled ſtreams, more forcible when join'd)—

Jerſey ſhall at thy altars ſtand;
Shall there receive the azure band,
That faireſt mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

Science to raiſe, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great maſter's future charge;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High ſchemes of government, and plans of wars;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raiſe
To emulous merit, and to thirſt of praiſe;
To lead them out from eaſe ere opening dawn
Through the thick foreſt and the diſtant lawn,
Where the fleet ſtag employs their ardent care,
And chaces give them images of war;
To teach them vigilance by falſe alarms,
Inure them in feign'd camps to real alarms;
Practiſe them now to curb the turning ſteed,
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid ſpeed
To give the rein, and in the full career
To draw the certain ſword, or ſend the pointed ſpear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his ſubjects hearts,
Planting ſocieties for peaceful arts;
Some that in nature ſhall true knowledge found,
And by experiment make precept ſound;
Some that to morals ſhall recal the age,
And purge from vicious droſs the ſinking ſtage;
Some that with care true eloquence ſhall teach,
And to juſt idioms fix our doubtful ſpeech;
That from our writers diſtant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
And ſchools profeſs our tongue through every land,
That has invok'd his aid, or bleſt his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high power the drooping muſes rear;
The muſes only can reward his care:
'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' ſpoils;
'Tis they that ſtill renew Ulyſſes' toils;
To them by ſmiling Jove 'twas given to ſave
Diſtinguiſh'd patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recal,
When ſtatues moulder, and when arches fall.
Nor let the muſes, with ungrateful pride,
The ſources of their treaſure hide:
The hero's virtue does the ſtring inſpire,
When with big joy they ſtrike the living lyre.
On William's fame their fate depends;
With him the ſong begins; with him it ends.
From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the laſting lamp they feed,
Whoſe beams diſpel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each diſtant pole,
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ſhips export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
Returning loaden with the ſhining ſtores,
Which lie profuſe on either India's ſhores.
As our high veſſels paſs their watery way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay:
With haſty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confeſſing the aſſerted power,
To whom by fate 'twas given, with happy ſway,
To calm the earth, and vindicate the ſea.

XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard; our maſter's fleets ſhall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indias to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with reſpectful fear,
The liſtening people ſhall his ſtory hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he ſuſtain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Inquiring how, and when, from heaven he came.
Their regal tyrants ſhall with bluſhes hide,
Their little luſts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to ſee their vaſſals ty'd;
When William's virtues raiſe their opening thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand ſuſtain'd,
His conqueſt by his piety reſtrain'd,
And o'er himſelf the laſt great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer ſhall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of deſtructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
New incenſe they ſhall bring, new altars raiſe,
And fill their temples with a ſtranger's praiſe;
When the great father's character they find
Viſibly ſtampt upon the hero's mind;
And own a preſent Deity confeſt,
In valour that preſerv'd and power that bleſt.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure ſky
(For thither nature caſts our common eye)
Fierce meteors ſhoot their arbitrary light;
And comets match with lawleſs horror bright;
Theſe hear no rule, no righteous order own;
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;
Through threaten'd lands they wild deſtruction throw,
Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.
But the bright orb that bleſſes all above,
The ſacred fire, the real ſon of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will;
Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill:
Fix'd by juſt laws, he goes for ever right;
Man knows his courſe, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would entreated fate conſpire
To grant what Britain's wiſhes could require;
Above, that ſun ſhould ceaſe his way to go,
Ere William ceaſe to rule, and bleſs below:
But a relentleſs deſtiny
Urges all that e'er was born: [mourn.
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once muſt
The demi-god; the earthly half muſt die.
Yet if our incenſe can your wrath remove;
If human prayers avail on minds above;
Exert, great God! thy intereſt in the ſky,
Gain each kind power, each guardian Deity;

That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the diſmal miſchief far away!
O! long as utmoſt nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day!
Still be our maſter's life thy happy care:
Still let his bleſſings with his years increaſe:
To his laborious youth, conſum'd in war,
Add laſting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twiſted olives bind thoſe laurels faſt,
Whoſe verdure muſt for ever laſt?

XLII.

Long let this growing æra bleſs his ſway;
And let our ſons his preſent rule obey:
On his ſure virtue long let earth rely,
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the hero through his father's ſky,
To Leda's twins, or he whoſe glorious ſpeed
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the ſteed;
To Hercules, at length abſolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's ſon,
Sire of the Latian and the Britiſh throne:
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove;
Late, Janus, let the Naſſau-ſtar
New-born, in riſing majeſty appear,
To triumph over vanquiſh'd night,
And guide the proſperous mariner
With everlaſting beams of friendly light.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

SENT for Ratcliffe; was ſo ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulſe, preſcrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yeſterday of my diſeaſe,
I dy'd laſt night of my phyſician.

AN ODE,

Inſcribed to the Memory of

THE HON. COL. GEORGE VILLIERS,

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, 1703.

In Imitation of Horace, B. I. Od. xxviii.

" Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
" Menſorem cohibent, Archyta, &c."

SAY, deareſt Villiers, poor departed friend
(Since fleeting life thus ſuddenly muſt end):
Say, what did all thy buſy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didſt ſail,
Ere on thy chin the ſpringing beard began
To ſpread a doubtful down, and promiſe man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,
To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,
And march till cloſe of night in heavy arms;
To ſcorn the ſummer's ſuns and winter's ſnows,
And ſearch through every clime thy country's foes;
That thou might'ſt fortune to thy ſide engage;
That gentle peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her ſoldier's hoary age?
In vain we think that free-will'd man has power,
To haſten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foreſight, nor miſled by chance,
Imperious death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's dance.
Alike muſt every ſtate and every age
Suſtain the univerſal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could or repel or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom;
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb:
Wiſdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's reſpite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the ſons muſt tread
Thoſe gloomy journies which their ſires have led.
The ancient ſage, who did ſo long maintain
That bodies die, but ſouls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in ſtore,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Aſgyll, whoſe capricious thought
Is yet with ſtores of wilder notions fraught,
Too ſoon convinc'd ſhall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the darts of death.
Some from the ſtranded veſſel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the ſea:
Some, who eſcape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and ſink into a grave:
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardſhips many, many fall by caſe.
Each changing ſeaſon does its poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the winter, agues blaſt the ſpring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act ſubſervient to the tyrant's power:
And, when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-ſtone, or a hair, can kill.
For reſtleſs Proſerpine for ever treads
In paths unſeen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the ſpacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads ſlow diſeaſe, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endleſs reign.
On curſt Piava's banks the goddeſs ſtood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the riſing flood;
When what I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal ſpeed was urging his return
In his dear country, to diſperſe his care,
And arm himſelf by reſt for future war;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promiſe to their joys his elder years:
Oh! deſtin'd head! and oh! ſevere decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend, ſhalt ſee;
Nor war haſt thou to wage; nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and inſtant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; ſnows deſcend; and waters ſpread.
Oh! kinſman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice, ſtrong deſtiny replies:
Weep, you on earth; for he ſhall ſleep below:
Thence none return, and thither all muſt go.
Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or buſineſs leads
To this ſad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'ſt happen on the dreary ſhores
To find the object which this verſe deplores,
Cleanſe the pale corpſe with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common ſand:
Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave
(The only honour he can now receive),
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth, and flouriſh green the bough.
So may juſt heaven ſecure thy future life
From foreign dangers and domeſtic ſtrife!
And, when th' infernal judge's diſmal power
From the dark urn ſhall throw thy deſtin'd hour;
When, yielding to the ſentence, breathleſs thou
And pale ſhalt lie, as what thou burieſt now;
May ſome kind friend the piteous object ſee,
And equal rites perform to that which once was thee!

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

On Her Majeſty's Birth-day, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with diſtinguiſh'd light,
As when ye hallow'd firſt this happy night:
Again tranſmit your friendly beams to earth,
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.
And thou, propitious ſtar, whoſe ſacred power
Preſided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun;
With thy fair aſpect ſtill illuſtrate heaven;
Kindly preſerve what thou haſt greatly given;
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain aſks no more.
For virtue can no ampler power expreſs,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wiſh of bliſs can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue ſtill the ſame.
Entire and ſure the monarch's rule muſt prove,
Who founds her greatneſs on her ſubjects love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we ſhould firſt deſire:
Our vanquiſh'd wills that pleaſing force obey,
Her gentleneſs takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary ſway.
Let the young Auſtrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in thunder ſpeak to both his Spains,
That in theſe dreadful iſles a woman reigns:
While the bright queen does on her ſubjects ſhower,
The gentle bleſſings of her ſofter power;
Gives ſacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the ſtage;
Bids the chaſte muſe without a bluſh appear;
And wit be that which heaven and ſhe may hear.
Minerva thus to Perſeus lent her ſhield;
Secure of conqueſt, ſent him to the field:
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd;
So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.
Mean time, amidſt her native temple's fate
The goddeſs, ſtudious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting juſtly, and in writing well.
Thus whilſt ſhe did her various power diſpoſe,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes:
Virtue was taught in verſe, and Athen's glory roſe.

A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

Occaſioned by the victory at Blenheim, 1704.

" —Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
" Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
" Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos."—
HOR. Sat. I.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy ſervile muſe muſt ſing
Succeſſive conqueſts, and a glorious king;
Muſt of a man immortal vainly boaſt,
And bring him laurels, whatſoe'er they coſt:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that ſuperior day,
In which one Engliſh ſubject's proſperous hand
(So Jove did will; ſo Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy maſter's praiſe,
Which ſixty winters had conſpir'd to raiſe?
From the loſt field a hundred ſtandards brought
Muſt be the work of chance, and fortune's fault;
Bavaria's ſtars muſt be accus'd, which ſhone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done
With rays oblique upon the Gallic ſun:
Some dæmon, envying France, miſled the fight;
And Mars miſtook, though Louis order'd right.
When thy † young muſe invok'd the tuneful nine,
To ſay how Louis did not paſs the Rhine;
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
And, though the poet made his laſt efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, hadſt thou reaſon to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the laſt campaign?
The Danube reſcued, and the empire ſav'd,
Say, is the majeſty of verſe retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy ſofter vein,
To ſing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verſe to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maeſe?
Her warriors Anna ſends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names?

† " En vain, pour te louer," &c. Ep. 4.

Canſt thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldſby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a ſound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verſe, and ſure of endleſs fame?
Cutts is in metre ſomething harſh to read;
Place me the valiant Gouran in his ſtead:
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius ſpeak for honeſt Wood.
And though rough Churchill ſcarce in verſe will ſtand,
So as to have one rhyme at his command,
With eaſe the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May cloſe the verſe, remembering but the Dane.
I grant, old friend, old foe (for ſuch we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war),
That we poetic folks, who muſt reſtrain
Our meaſur'd ſayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to thoſe,
Who let their fancy looſe in rambling proſe.
For inſtance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verſe agree!
"In one great day on Hochſtet's fatal plain,
"French and Bavarians twenty thouſand ſlain:
"Puſh'd through the Danube to the ſhores of Styx
"Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-ſix:
"Officers captive made, and private men,
"Of theſe twelve hundred, of thoſe thouſands ten.
"Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages, {theſe!
"Cannon, and kettle drums!"—ſweet numbers
But is it thus you Engliſh bards compoſe?
With Punic lays thus tag inſipid proſe?
And, when you ſhould your hero's deeds rehearſe,
Give us a commiſſary's liſt in verſe?
Why, faith! Deſpereaux, there's ſenſe in what you ſay;
I told you where my difficulty lay:
So vaſt, ſo numerous, were great Blenheim's ſpoils,
They ſcorn the bounds of verſe, and mocks the muſe's toils.
To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the ſum of Gallia's loſs to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard: what poet would eſſay
To count the ſtreamers of my lord mayor's day?
To number all the ſeveral diſhes dreſt
By honeſt Lamb, laſt coronation feaſt?
Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's ſtyle repeat?
O poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had ſhar'd a portion of thy ſkill;
Had this poor breaſt receiv'd the heavenly beam;
Or could I hope my verſe might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring muſe ſhould ſtrive
Beneath the ſhades of Marlborough's wreaths to live;
Should call aſpiring gods to bleſs her choice,
And to their favourite ſtrains exalt her voice,
Arms and a queen to ſing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering flood
Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To ſave the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair liberty's declining cauſe,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen ſhould ſit in Windſor's ſacred grove,
Attended by the gods of war and love:
Both ſhould with equal zeal her ſmiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.
Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons ſhould appear;
And, as great Anna's ſmiles deſpel their fear,
With active dance ſhould her obſervance claim;
With vocal ſhell ſhould ſound her happy name;
Their maſter Thames ſhould leave the neighbouring ſhore,
By his ſtrong anchor known, and ſilver oar;
Should lay his enſigns at his ſovereign's feet;
And audience mild with humble grace entreat.
To her, his dear defence, he ſhould complain,
That, while he bleſſes her indulgent reign,
Whilſt furtheſt ſeas are by his fleets ſurvey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid; {Saar,
His brethren Maeſe, and Waal, and Rhine, and
Feel the hard burthen of oppreſſive war;
That Danube ſcarce retains his rightful courſe
Againſt two rebel armies neighbouring force;
And all muſt weep ſad captives to the Seine,
Unleſs unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.
The valiant ſovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he muſt Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her eſteem:
She bids him wait her to the ſacred hall;
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody croſs upon his breaſt,
Says, he muſt die, or ſuccour the diſtreſs'd;
Placing the ſaint an emblem by his ſide, {pride.
She tells him, virtue arm'd muſt conquer lawleſs
The hero bows obedient, and retires:
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires;
His ſteps are to the ſilent woods inclin'd,
The great deſign revolving in his mind;
When to his ſight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.
Me, ſhe begins, the faireſt child of Jove,
Below for ever ſought, and bleſs'd above;
Me, the bright ſource of wealth, and power, and fame
(Nor need I ſay, Victoria is my name);
Me the great father down to thee has ſent:
He bids me wait at thy diſtinguiſh'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wiſh would have:
Her ſubject thou, I only am her ſlave.
Dare then, thou much belov'd by ſmiling fate,
For Anna's ſake, and in her name be great:
Go forth, and be to diſtant nations known
My future favourite, and my darling Son:
At Schellenbergh I'll manifeſt ſuſtain {again
Thy glorious cauſe; and ſpread my wings
Conſpicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The goddeſs ſaid, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the ſky.
His high commiſſion is through Britain known,
And thronging armies to his ſtandard run;
He marches thoughtful, and he ſpeedy ſails:
(Bleſs him, ye ſeas! and proſper him, ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her ſhores;
And William's death with leſſen'd grief deplores:

His preſence only muſt retrieve that loſs;
Marlborough to her muſt be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from theſe low abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods;
Alcides, reſpited by prudent fate, [weight.
Suſtain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the
Secret and ſwift behold the chief advance;
Sees half the empire join'd and friend to France:
The Britiſh general dooms the fight; his ſword
Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
Anne and St. George the charging hero cries:
Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
Anne and St. George.—At that auſpicious ſign
The ſtandards move; the adverſe armies join.
Of eight great hours, time meaſures out the ſands;
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance ſtands:
The ninth, Victoria comes:—o'er Marlborough's head
Confeſs'd ſhe ſits; the hoſtile troops recede:
Triumphs the goddeſs, from her promiſe freed.
The eagle, by the Britiſh lion's might
Unchang'd and free, directs her upward flight:
Nor did ſhe e'er with ſtronger pinions ſoar
From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's ſhore.
Fir'd with the thoughts which theſe ideas raiſe,
And great ambition of my country's praiſe;
The Engliſh muſe ſhould like the Mantuan riſe,
Scornful of earth and clouds, ſhould reach the ſkies,
With wonder (though with envy ſtill) purſued by human eyes.
But we muſt change the ſtyle—juſt now I ſaid,
I ne'er was maſter of the tuneful trade;
Or the ſmall genius which my youth could boaſt,
In proſe and buſineſs lies extinct and loſt:
Bleſs'd, if I may ſome younger muſe excite;
Point out the game, and animate the flight;
That, from Marſeilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too;
And either laurel does in Britain grow;
That, though among ourſelves, with too much heat,
We ſometimes wrangle, when we ſhould debate
(A conſequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cauſe);
We can with univerſal zeal advance,
To curb the faithleſs arrogance of France;
Nor ever ſhall Britannia's ſons refuſe
To anſwer to thy maſter or thy muſe;
Nor want juſt ſubject for victorious ſtrains,
While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains,
And where old Spenſer ſung, a new Eliza reigns.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA.

'Les Allemans ne ce ſoucient pas quel Vin ils
" boivent pourveau que ce ſoit Vin, ni que
" Latin ils parlent pourveau que ce ſoit Latin.'

When you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect falſe Latin, and ſtomm'd wine:
They never taſte, who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704;

The Author then Forty.

I.

Lords, knights, and 'ſquires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miſs Mary's fetters,
Were ſummon'd by her high command,
To ſhow their paſſions by their letters.

II.

My pen amongſt the reſt I took,
Left thoſe bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my paſſion,
And I may write till ſhe can ſpell.

IV.

For, while ſhe makes her ſilk-worms beds
With all the tender things I ſwear;
Whilſt all the houſe my paſſion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the ſtricteſt prudes ſhould know it,
She'll paſs for a moſt virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI.

Then, too, alas! when ſhe ſhall tear
The lines ſome younger rival ſends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we ſhall ſtill continue friends.

VII.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis ſo ordain'd, (would fate but mend it!)
That I ſhall be paſt making love,
When ſhe begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

I.

The ſturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The ſubtile woman, if ſhe ſhould ſucceed,
Diſowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Though he, for all his boaſt, is forc'd to yield,
Though ſhe can always keep the field:
He vaunts his conqueſts, ſhe conceals her ſhame;
How partial is the voice of fame!

FOR THE PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN.

ON WHICH ARE

The Effigies of the Queen on a Triumphal Arch;
The Figure of the Duke of Marlborough beneath;
And the chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

Ye active ſtreams, where'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes and furtheſt nations know

What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought,

Quocunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tamesis narravit et Ister,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbours hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one nation of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
  Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
  If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
  Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And settles in the Hum-drum club:
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
And says that learning spoils a nation.
  But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.

Sly Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
(At Bartholmew he did not much appear,
So peevish was the edict of the mayor);
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;
To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean?
Quoth Andrew, honest English let us speak:
Your emble (what d'ye call 't) is heathen Greek,
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
Since I have found the secret to be great.
O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill.—
Bow then, says Andrew; and, for once, I will.—
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk less;
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue.
  A reverend prelate stopt his coach and six,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on (he cried); this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage;
The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells at top?—
  Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
  So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble song, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

THE FLIES.

Say, sire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot-pole

Cries out) what blue-bottle alive
Did ever with ſuch fury drive?
Tell, Beelzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raiſe ſuch a cloud of duſt as I?
My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valour ſav'd the ſinking ſtate,
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toſs up their heads, and ſtretch their wings.
But, let the truth to light be brought,
This neither ſpoke, nor t'other fought:
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.

In grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, "If I have any charms,
My deareſt, let's away!
For you, my love, is all my fear,
Hark how the drums do rattle;
Alas, ſir! what ſhould you do here
In dreadful day of battle?
Let little Orange ſtay and fight,
For danger's his diverſion;
The wiſe will think you in the right,
Not to expoſe your perſon:
Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory:
You ought to leave ſo mean a care
To thoſe who pen your ſtory.
Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.
When foes too ſaucily approach,
'Tis beſt to leave them fairly;
Put fix good horſes in your coach,
And carry me to Marly.
Let Bouflers, to ſecure your fame,
Go take ſome town, or buy it;
Whilſt you, great ſir, at Noſtredame,
Te Deum ſing in quiet!"

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat aſſerts his dreadful ſire.
Nouriſh'd near ſhady rills and cooling ſtreams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral ſays; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than ſix, and drinks more than he eats.

Four pipes after dinner he conſtantly ſmokes;
And ſeaſons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet ſighing, he ſays, we muſt certainly break;
And my cruel unkindneſs compels him to ſpeak;
For of late I invite him—but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publiſh it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool,
By demonſtration Ned can ſhow it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags, the leaneſt things alive!
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman ſay,
It coſt thee more in whips than hay.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL, AND SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable ſhelf;
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and ſome love to myſelf;
Then why ſhould I anſwer; ſince firſt I muſt read thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguiſt, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the ſolid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookſeller Brag.

Purſue me with ſatire: what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou ſhalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'ſt ſwear.

ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes:
His caſe appears to me like honeſt Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes, or reſtrain his hand;

Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

"QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE—"

For what to-morrow ſhall diſcloſe
May ſpoil what you to-night propoſe:
England may change; or Cloe ſtray:
Love and life are for to-day.

A BALLAD
OF THE
NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

A.

Be it ryght, or wrong, theſe men among on women do complayne; [vayne,
Affyrmyngē this, how that it is a labour ſpent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele they love a man agayne: [attayne,
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to
Yet, yf a newe do them purſue, theyr fyrſt true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought he is a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and ſayd, [decayed:
That womens fayth is, as who ſayth, all utterly
But, nevertheleſſe, ryght good wytnēſſe in this caſe might be layed,
That they love true, and continūe; record the notbrowne mayde;
Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart ſhe loved but hymn alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyſcus what was all the manēre
Betwayne them two; we wyll alſo tell all the payne, and fere
That ſhe was in: nowe I begyn, ſo that ye me anſwēre;— [an ere:—
Wherfore, all ye, that preſent be, I pray you, gyve
I am the knyght; I come by myght, as ſecret as I can; [nyſhed man.
Sayinge, Alas, thus ſtandeth the caſe, I am a ba-

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll in this wyll nat refuſe; [an yll uſe
Truſtyng to ſhewe in wordes fewe, that men have
(To theyr own ſhame) women to blame, and cauſeleſſe them accuſe: [cuſe —
Therfore to you I anſwere nowe, all women to ex-
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray you tell anone [you alon e
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but

A.

It ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do, whereof grete harme ſhall growe;
My deſtiny is for to dy a ſhamefull deth, I trow:
Or elles to flē the one muſt be; none other way I knowe, [my bowe.
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true! none other rede I can; [ed man.
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſh-

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blyſſe, that chaungeth as the mone! [none.
The ſomers day in luſty May is derked before the
I here you ſay, farewell, nay, nay, we depart not ſo ſone:
Why ſay ye ſo? wheder wyll ye go: alas, what have ye done?
All my welfare to ſorowe and care ſholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve, and ſomewhat you dyſtrayne:
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde within a day or twayne
Shall ſone aſlake; and ye ſhall take comfort to you agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I can; [ed man.
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſh-

B.

Now, ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me the ſecret of your mynde, [fynde:
I ſhall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye ſhall me
Syth it is ſo that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall it never be ſayd, the notbrowne mayd was to her love unkynde: [anone;
Make you redy; for ſo am I, although it were
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll thynke and ſay:
Of yonge and olde it ſhall be tolde, that ye be gone away: [to play;
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you
And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make delay:
Rather than ye ſholde thus for me be called an yll womān, [ed man.
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſh-

B

Though it be ſonge of olde and yonge, that I ſhould be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that ſpeke ſo large in hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfull love it is devoyd of ſhame;
In your dyſtreſſe, and hevyneſſe, to part with you, the ſame;

To ſhewe all tho that do nat ſo, true lovers are they none : [you alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
A.
I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens lawe, [an outlàwe :
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out to wode with
For ye muſt there in your hand bere a bowe, redy to drawe ; [and awe ;
And, as a theſe, thus muſt you lyve, ever in drede
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe : yet had I lever than, [ed man.
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſh-
B.
I ſay nat, nay, but as he ſay, it is no maydens lore :
But love may make me, for your ſake, as I have ſayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and ſhote, to get us mete in ſtore ; [no more :
For ſo that I your company may have, I aſke
From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as ony ſtone ; [alone.
For in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you
A.
For an outlawe, this is the lawe,—that men hymn take and bynde ; [wynde.
Without pytè, hanged to be, and waver with the
Yf I had neede, (as God forbede !) what ſocours coude ye fynde ? [drawe behynde :
For ſothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde
And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle were in your counceyle than : [ed man.
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſh-
B.
Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble for to fyght ; [knyght :
No womanhede it is, indede, to he bolde as a
Yet, in ſuch fere yf that ye were with enemyes day and night,
I wolde withſtande, with bow in hande, to helpe you with my myght,
And you to ſave ; as women have from deth many a one ; [you alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
A.
Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede that ye coude nat ſuſtayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies, the ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
The colde, the hete : for, dry, or wete, we muſt lodge on the playne ; [or twayne :
And, as above, none other rofe but a brake, buſh,
Which ſone ſhold greve you, I beleve ; and ye wolde gladly than [ed man.
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſh-
B.
Syth I have here been partynère with you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo parte of your wo endure, as reſon is :
Yet am I ſure of one pleſure ; and, ſhortely, it is this,— [fare amyſſe.
That, where ye be, me ſemeth, pardè, I coude not
Without more ſpeche, I you beſeche that we were ſhortely gone ; [you alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but
A.
Yf ye goo thyder, ye muſt conſider,—whan ye have luſt to dyne,
There ſhall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere, ale, ne wine ; [and twyne ;
Ne ſhetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde
None other houſe, but leves and bowes, to cover your hed and myne :
O myne hart ſwete, this evyll dyète ſholde make you pale and wan ; [nyſhed man.
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-
B.
Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch an archère as men ſay that ye be, [plente :
May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is ſo grete
And water clere of the ryvère ſhall be full ſwete to me :
With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele endure, as ye ſhall ſee : [none ;
And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde a-
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.
A.
Lo yet, before, ye muſt do more, yf ye wyll go with me : [the knee :
As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above
With bowe in hande, for to withſtande your enemyes, yf nede be :
And, this ſame nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it ſhortly as ye can ; [ed man.
Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſh-
B.
I ſhall as nowe do more for you than longeth to womanhede ; [of nede :—
To ſhorte my here, a bow to bere, to ſhote in tyme
O my ſwete mother, before all other for you I have moſt drede.—
But nowe, adue ! I muſt enſue where fortune doth me lede.— [faſt upon ;
All this make ye : nowe let us fle ; the day cometh
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.
A.
Nay, nay, nat ſo ; ye ſhal nat go, and I ſhall tell you why,—
Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele eſpy :
For, lyke as ye have ſayed to me, in lyke wyſe hardely [company.
Ye wolde anſwère, whoſoever it were, in way of
It is ſayd of olde,—ſone hote, ſone colde ; and ſo is a womàn : [man.
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed
B.
Yf ye take hede, it is no nede ſuch wordes to ſay by me ; [pardè :
For oft ye prayed, and longe aſſayed, or I you loved
And though that I of aunceſtry a baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a ſquyer of lowe degre ; [none ;
And ever ſhall, whatſo befall ; to dy therefore a-
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

A baron's chylde to be begylde! it were a curſed dede: [bede!
To be felàwe with an outlàwe! Almighty God for-
Yea, better were, the pore ſquyère alone to foreſt yede, [dede
Than ye ſholde ſay another day, that by that curſed
Ye were betrayed: wherfore, good mayd, the beſt rede that I can, [man.
Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed

B.

Whatever befall, I never ſhall of this thyng you uphrayd: [trayed.
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo, than have ye me be-
Remember you wele howe that ye dele; for, yf ye be as ye ſayd,
Ye were unkynde, to leve behynde, your love, the not-browne mayd. [gone;
Truſt me truly, that I ſhall dy ſone after ye be-
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye ſholde repent: for in the foreſt nowe [than you;
I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more
Another fayrère than ever ye were, I dere it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche ſholde be wrothe with other, as I trowe: [can;
It were myne eſe, to lyve in peſe; ſo wyll I, yf I
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your:
And ſhe ſhall fynde me ſoft, and kynde, and courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that ſhe wyll commaunde me, to my power.
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be [you alone.
that one; [you alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but

A.

Myne own dere love, I ſe the prove that ye be kynde and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the beſt that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more ſad, the caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye ſholde have cauſe to rewe:
Be nat diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd to you, whan I began,
I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no banyſhed man.

B.

Theſe tydings be more gladder to me than to be made a quene. [ſene,
Yf I were ſure they ſholde endure: but it is often
Whan men wyll breke promyſe, they ſpeke the wordes on the ſplene:
Ye ſhape ſome wyle, me to begyle, and ſtele from me I wene:
Than were the caſe worſe than it was, and I more wo-begone; [alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you

A.

Ye ſhall nat nede further to drede; I will not dyſparage [a lynage.
You, (God defende!) ſyth you deſcend of ſo grete
Nowe underſtande—to Weſtmarlande, which is myne herytage, [maryage
I wyll you bringe; and with a rynge, by way of
I wyll you take, and lady make, as ſhortly as I can: [ed man.
Thus have ye won an erlys ſon, and not a banyſh-

B.

Here may ye ſe, that women be, in love, meke kynde, and ſtable:
Late never man reprove them than, ...
But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be comfortable,
Which ſometyme proved ſuch as he loved, yf they be charytable.
Forſoth, men wolde that women ſholde be meke to them ech one;
Moche more ought they to God obey, and ſerve but hym alone.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

Upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.

TO CLOE.

Thou, to whoſe eyes I bend, at whoſe command
(Though low my voice, though artleſs be my hand)
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing, and play;
Careleſs of what the cenſuring world may ſay:
Bright Cloe, object of my conſtant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy ſerious brow?
Wilt thou with pleaſure hear thy lover's ſtrains,
And with one heavenly ſmile o'erpay his pains?
No longer ſhall the nut-brown maid be old;
Though ſince her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy deſire, ſhe ſhall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in laſting verſe be prais'd.
No longer man of woman ſhall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle ſex purſue,
Who change the conſtant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever ſaid,
Of female paſſion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth ſhall in my verſe refuted ſtand,
Be ſaid to winds, or writ upon the ſand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame;
O faireſt of the ſex! be thou my muſe:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuſe.
Let me partake the bleſſings I rehearſe,
And grant me, love, the juſt reward of verſe!
As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;

And as her ſon has to my boſom dealt
That conſtant flame, which faithful Henry felt
O let the ſtory with thy life agree:
Let meh once more the bright example ſee;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor ſend me by thy frown from her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long-entreated crown
My pains and hopes; and when thou ſay'ſt that one
Of all mankind thou lov'ſt, oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Iſis and her huſband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the ſame,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts beſtow'd, and great reſpect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward with ſucceſsful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witneſs of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign ſpoil.
From the loud camp retir'd and noiſy court,
In honourable eaſe and rural ſport,
The remnant of his days he ſafely paſt;
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, and flew too faſt.
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.
One child he had, a daughter chaſte and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees ſhe play'd,
He call'd her oft' in ſport his nut-brown maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As ſtill they pleaſe, who imitate their lord);
Uſage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the nut-brown maid were one.
As with her ſtature, ſtill her charms increas'd;
Through all the iſle her beauty was confeſs'd.
Oh! what perfections muſt that virgin ſhare,
Who faire is eſteem'd, where all are fair!
From diſtant ſhires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had leſſen'd truth.
By wonder firſt, and then by paſſion mov'd
They came; they ſaw; they marvel'd; and they lov'd.
By public praiſes, and by ſecret ſighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant ſtrove
By glorious deeds to purchaſe Emma's love.
In gentle verſe the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choiceſt ſongs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Uſeleſs their ſtrength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only muſt direct the dart,
Which elſe will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of the attempts of force, and ſoft effects of art.
Great Venus muſt prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cauſe her favour muſt be ſhown:
And Emma, of mankind, muſt love but him alone.
While theſe in public to the the caſtle came,
And by their grandeur juſtified their flame;
More ſecret ways the careful Henry takes;
His ſquires, his arms, and equipage forſakes:
In borrow'd name and falſe attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to ſee the beauteous maid.
When Emma hunts, in huntſman's habit dreſt,
Henry on foot purſues the bounding beaſt.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where ſhe has bent her way,
With knowing ſkill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and ſhun the brake;
And ſhows the path her ſteed may ſafeſt take;
Directs her ſpear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd:
And blows her praiſes in no common ſound.
A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarſels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wriſt the towering merlin ſtands,
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop at her commands.
And when ſuperior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accoſts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive field ſhe goes,
His down-caſt eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and ſorrow is expreſt,
A nobler game purſued than bird or beaſt.
A ſhepherd now along the plain he roves:
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his ſong:
While with ſoft ſorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praiſe.
But, ſoon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raiſes to a nobler ſtrain,
With dutiful reſpect and ſtudious fear;
Leſt any careleſs ſound offend her ear.
A frantic gipſy now, the houſe he haunts,
And in wild phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmiſtry he deals:
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals;
Says who ſhall wed, and who ſhall be beguil'd;
What groom ſhall get, and ſquire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A ſofter look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in ſoft accents forms the kind reply;
That ſhe ſhall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choiceſt gifts are all reſerv'd for her.
Now oft' had Henry chang'd his ſly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft' had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:
Till time and induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)

Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign, [pain.
And dealt to Emma's heart a ſhare of Henry's
While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the ſilent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame;
But, ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds.
Another love may gain her eaſy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.
O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal ſtriſe;
Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire!
Amongſt thy various gifts, great Heaven, beſtow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauſeous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte;
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.
With wiſhes rais'd, with jealouſies oppreſt,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breaſt)
By one great trial he reſolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If ſcanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame encloſe a ſteady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy ſecure;
And live a ſlave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, poiſ'd aright in reaſon's equal ſcale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent miſchief from his heart to tear,
Reſume his azure arms, and ſhine again in war.
South of the caſtle in a verdant glade
A ſpreading beech extends her friendly ſhade:
Here oft' the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft' her ſilence had her heart declar'd.
As active ſpring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expreſs'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's ſoft addreſs,
That, as the wound, the paſſion might increaſe.
As potent nature ſhed her kindly ſhowers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conqueſt, with her preſent crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each ſwain the myſtic honour ſhown;
The gift ſtill prais'd, the giver ſtill unknown.
His ſecret not the troubled Henry writes:
To the known tree the lovely maid unites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms expreſs,
That unforeſeen miſchance diſturb'd his peace;
That he muſt ſomething to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone ſhe griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear boſom of his nut-brown maid;
Which always bleſs'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more. [laid;
Now night advanc'd. The houſe in ſleep were
The nurſe experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And, laſt, that ſprite, which does inceſſent haunt
The lover's ſteps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For love, fantaſtic power, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad till watchfulneſs be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys ſtrays,
And leads his votaries ſafe through pathleſs ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide! is blind
The maiden firſt arriving, ſent her eye
To aſk, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with deſire, with joy and pain,
She ſees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his ſteps proclaim no lover's haſte:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are caſt;
His artful boſom heaves diſſembled ſighs;
And tears ſuborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With eaſe, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real ſorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive ſtood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke ſilence firſt: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, haſt thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain boſom ever ſtrove
With the firſt tumults of a real love?
Haſt thou now dreaded, and now bleſt his ſway,
By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin ſoftneſs haſt thou e'er bewail'd;
As reaſon yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's reſiſtleſs dart,
His killing pleaſure, his ecſtatic ſmart,
And heavenly poiſon thrilling through thy heart?
If ſo, with pity view my wretched ſtate;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate:
To ſome more happy knight reſerve thy charms;
By fortune favour'd, and ſucceſsful arms:
And only, as the ſun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one ſigh, and ſet apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endleſs care.
For me, alas! out-caſt of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire diſgrace;
For lo! theſe hands in murther are imbrued;
Theſe trembling feet by juſtice are purſued:
Fate calls aloud, and haſtens me away;
A ſhameful death attends my longer ſtay;
And I this night muſt fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a baniſh'd man, to rove

EMMA.

What is our bliſs, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true paſſion, if unbleſt it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor falſe one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my boſom reign'd:
The god of love himſelf inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of ſtores, and total war.
O! ceaſe then coldly to ſuſpect my love;
And let my deed at leaſt my faith approve.
Alas! no youth ſhall my endearments ſhare
Nor day nor night ſhall interrupt my care;
No future ſtory ſhall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the nut-brown maid;
Nor to hard baniſhment ſhall Henry run;
While careleſs Emma ſleeps on beds of down.
View me reſolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'ſt, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I atteſt fair Venus and her ſon,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obſtruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and ſay:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courſes took;
Her father's houſe and civil life forſook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that leſſen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour, once, is always ſtain'd:
Timely adviſ'd, the coming evil ſhun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can abſolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that waſh out ſin, can waſh out ſhame.
Then fly the ſad effects of deſperate love; [rove.
And leave a baniſh'd man through lonely woods to

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapleſs caſe be falſely told
By the raſh young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let every tongue its various cenſures chooſe;
Abſolve with coldneſs, or with ſpite accuſe:
Fair truth at laſt her radiant beams will raiſe;
And malice vanquiſh'd heightens virtue's praiſe.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my preſence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus ſhall exalt my name
Above the rumours of cenſorious fame;
Nor from that buſy demon's reſtleſs power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth ſhould to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou wield the ſword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the ſturdy foe?
When the loud tumult ſpeaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whiſtling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy part, and ſhare the dangerous day?
Then, as thy ſtrength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitleſs ſorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy ſafety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curſe the chance that made thee love
A baniſh'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremoſt in the war,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh ſpear.
Could thirſt of vengeance and deſire of fame
Excite the female breaſt with martial flame?
And ſhall not love's diviner power inſpire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy ſide.
Though my inferior ſtrength may not allow
That I ſhould bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the ſhaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hoſtile reed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed;
To ſtop the wounds, my fineſt lawn I'd tear,
Waſh them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Bleſt, when my dangers and my toils have ſhown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou, tender maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive want, or hunger's preſſing pain?
Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt?
When, chill'd by adverſe ſnows and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;
When with hard toil we ſeek our evening food,
Berries, and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte: and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate,
And ſeats, where eaſe and plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea;
While gentle Zephyrs play in proſperous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails;
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No, Henry, no; one ſacred oath has tied
Our loves; one deſtiny our life ſhall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou riſeſt with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouſe the bounding prey;
The cave with moſs and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful ſit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten deer
(For ſeldom, archers ſay, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling flint, and dreſs the food;
With humble duty, and officious haſte,
I'll cull the furtheſt mead for thy repaſt;
The choiceſt herbs to thy board will bring,
And draw thy wine from the freſheſt ſpring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppreſt,
Soft ſlumbers thou enjoy'ſt, and wholeſome reſt;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous aſk, at morn's returning ray,
If thou haſt health, and I may bleſs the day.
My thoughts ſhall fix, my lateſt wiſh depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinſman, father, friend:
By all theſe ſacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That ſhe, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildneſs of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goeſt, unhappieſt of thy kind,
Muſt leave the habit and the ſex behind.
No longer ſhall thy comely treſſes break
In flowing ringlets on thy ſnowy neck;
Or ſit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer ſhall the bodice aptly lac'd,
From thy full boſom to thy ſlender waiſt,
That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair ſide dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaſte beauties with a modeſt pride,
And double every charm they ſeek to hide.
Th' ambroſial plenty of thy ſhining air,
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than thy ear
Shall ſtand uncouth: a horſeman's coat ſhall hide
Thy taper ſhape, and comelineſs of ſide:
The ſhort trunk-hoſe ſhall ſhew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-ſight free:
And, with a bolder ſtride and looſer air,
Mingled with men, a man thou muſt appear.
Nor ſolitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Miſtaken maid, ſhalt thou in foreſts find:
'Tis long ſince Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws ſhall offend thy view:
For ſuch muſt be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverſe fortune mix'd in ſocial ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's laſh ſtill flagrant on their back:
By ſloth corrupted, by diſorder fed,
Made bold by want, and proſtitute for bread:
With ſuch muſt Emma hunt the tedious day,
Aſſiſt their violence, and divide their prey:
With ſuch ſhe muſt return at ſetting light,
Though not partaker, witneſs of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable ſounds
And pitying love, muſt feel the hateful wounds
Of jeſt obſcene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred queſtion, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worſe,
Muſt hear the frequent oath, the direful curſe,
That lateſt weapon of the wretches' war,
And blaſphemy, ſad comrade of deſpair.
Now, Emma, now the laſt reflection make,
What thou would'ſt follow, what thou muſt forſake:
By our ill-omen'd ſtars, and adverſe heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to ſuffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongſt the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee ſhun.
Yet with her Henry ſtill let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but ſhare the woe:
And ſure my little heart can never err
Amidſt the worſt, if Henry ſtill be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the ſinner's mind proceeds the ſin:
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has aſſay'd no danger, gains no praiſe.
In a ſmall iſle, amidſt the wideſt ſeas,
Triumphant conſtancy has fix'd her ſeat:
In vain the Syrens ſing, the tempeſts beat:
Their flattery ſhe rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone theſe little charms I dreſt:
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them by thy teſt.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels ſhone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they ſhall be laid aſide;
The woman, Henry, ſhall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my ſex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the ſciſſors, with theſe hands I'll tear
(If that obſtructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black ſoot, or yellow walnut, ſhall diſgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
Theſe nails with ſcratches ſhall deform my breaſt,
Leſt by my look or colour be expreſs'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dreſs'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this diſguiſe,
Let me be grateful ſtill to Henry's eyes;
Loſt to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can abſolve, if he ſhall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildeſt thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'ſt to go
Wild to the woods with me: ſaid Emma ſo?
Or did I dream what Emma never ſaid?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!

Whose roving fancy would resolve the fame
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love [to rove.
Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame.
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the nut-brown maid?
Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell!
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have loy'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to fast, or promises to bind.
By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new;
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.
Why should'st thou weep? let nature judge our case:
I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty: bless vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her room the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee: and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect;
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;

No time, no change, no future flame, ſhall move
The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At leaſt excuſe a trial too ſevere:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight deſires to quit thy arms,
Faireſt collection of thy ſex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illuſtrious earl; him terrible in war
Let Loyre confeſs, for ſhe has felt his ſword,
And trembling fled before the Britiſh lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For ſhe amidſt his ſpacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And ſees his numerous herds imprint her ſands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, ſhalt raiſe thy thought
To greatneſs next to empire: ſhalt be brought
With ſolemn pomp to my paternal ſeat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word ſhall wait.
Muſic and ſong ſhall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilſt the prieſts accuſe the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roſes ſhall obſtruct her way.
Friendſhip ſhall ſtill thy evening feaſts adorn;
And blooming peace ſhall ever bleſs thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race ſhall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on:
While yet ſuperior love ſhall mock his power:
And when old time ſhall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What reſts of both, one ſepulchre ſhall hold.
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breaſt
(That heaven of ſoftneſs, and that ſeat of reſt)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in foreſts rove.

EMMA.

O day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and ſource of her delight;
O wing'd with pleaſure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and juſt, and good?
And is there yet no miſtreſs in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was raſh and vain;
A falſe idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealouſy's corroding ſmart;
Nor other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft belief, young joy, and pleaſing care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the ſuppliant goddeſs ſtands,
And ſheds her treaſure with unweary'd hands;
Her preſent favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful uſe the proffer'd grace:
If ſhe reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods ſhe lent.
Nor happineſs can I, nor miſery feel,
From any turn of her fantaſtic wheel:
Friendſhip's great laws, and love's ſuperior powers,
Muſt mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I muſt my bleſſings or my ſorrows date;
And Henry's will muſt dictate Emma's fate.
Yet white with cloſe delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful ſoul ſhall hide)
I ſee thee, lord and end of my deſire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power inveſted, and with pleaſure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppreſſor fear'd;
Loaded and bleſt with all the affluent ſtore,
Which human vows at ſmoking ſhrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life ſubſervient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bleſs thy kindneſs ſhown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the conſtant pair alternate ſaid,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and ſportive loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chooſe propitious ſhafts, a precious ſtore;
That, when their god ſhould take his future darts,
To ſtrike (however rarely) conſtant hearts,
His happy ſkill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleaſure, and all wing'd with joy:
And thoſe, they vow'd, whoſe lives ſhould imitate
Theſe lovers' conſtancy, ſhould ſhare their fate.
The queen of beauty ſtopt her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as ſhe calls, the god is always near.
Now, Mars, ſhe ſaid, let fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conqueſts only be her choice:
But, when ſhe ſings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hoſtile ſpear and captive ſhield
In concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn ſhall complete
The years deſign'd to perfect Britain's fate,
The ſwift-wing'd power ſhall take her trump again,
To ſing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his ſpoils;
The Britiſh ſoldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquiſh'd by his hand;
Let her at leaſt perform what I deſire;
With ſecond breath the vocal braſs inſpire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar ſtrain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are paſt;
And when thy laurels at my feet are caſt;
Faithful may'ſt thou, like Britiſh Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy ſons appear;
And conſtant beauty ſhall reward their care.
Mars ſmil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the ſky;
And thou, ſhe ſmiling ſaid, great God of days
And verſe, behold my deed, and ſing my praiſe;
As on the Britiſh earth, my favourite iſle,
Thy gentle rays and kindeſt influence ſmile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy theſe memorable loves.
From every annual courſe let one great day
To celebrated ſports and floral play
Be ſet aſide; and, in the ſofteſt lays
Of thy poetic ſons, be ſolemn praiſe
And everlaſting marks of honour paid
To the true lover, and the nut-brown maid.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN,

On the glorious ſucceſs of her Majeſty's Arms, 1706.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

" Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
" Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ;
" Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
" Compoſitis venerantur armis." HOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN I firſt thought of writing upon this occaſion, I found the ideas ſo great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an ode, than for any other ſort of poetry: I therefore ſet Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

" Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem," &c.

which he wrote in praiſe of Druſus after his expedition into Germany, and of Auguſtus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great ſtrokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variouſly, as the ſubject and my own imagination carried me. As to the ſtyle, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determined me in Engliſh to the ſtanza; and herein it was impoſſible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenſer; which I have done (as well at leaſt as I could) in the manner of my expreſſion, and the turn of my number: having only added one verſe to his ſtanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided ſuch of his words as I found too obſolete. I have, however, retained ſome few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenſer's. *Beheſt*, command; *band*, army; *proweſs*, ſtrength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my muſe leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a farthingale. I have alſo in Spenſer's manner, uſed Cæſar for the emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavara for that prince, Iſter for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I juſt now mentioned,

" Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
" Jactata Tuſcis æquoribus, &c.

where Horace praiſes the Romans as being deſcended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the Britiſh nation, deſcended from Brute, likewiſe a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, ſettled in England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a ſtory which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at leaſt to the Monkiſh writers; yet it not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at leaſt) he was pleaſed with it, though poſſibly he does not believe it: however, it carries a poetical authority, which is ſufficient for our purpoſe. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and, upon the ſuppoſition of theſe facts, Virgil wrote the beſt poem that the world ever read, and Spenſer paid Queen Elizabeth the greateſt compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticiſm, that I bring my hero

" From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born when that city was deſtroyed. Virgil, in the caſe of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will ſtand as a ſufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenſer, in many things reſemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majeſty of expreſſion, in deſcribing the ſublime; and both know to temper thoſe talents, and ſweeten the deſcription, ſo as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their ſtory, and that Curioſa Felicitas in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and ſo very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two maſters to the conſideration and ſtudy of thoſe who deſign to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long ſince I have (or at leaſt ought to have) quitted Parnaſſus, and all the flowery roads on that ſide the country; though I thought myſelf indiſpenſably obliged, upon the preſent occaſion, to take a little journey into thoſe parts.

I.

WHEN great Auguſtus govern'd ancient Rome,
And ſent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He ſaw his fame increaſing with his years;

Horace, great bard! (ſo fate ordain'd) aroſe,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading proſe,
And ſet their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he ſtrung,
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his ſong.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's ſtate,
Widely diſtributing her high commands,
And boldly wiſe, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;
An equal genius was in Spenſer found;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travel'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In myſtic notes to ſing his monarch's praiſe:
Reciting wondrous truths in pleaſing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greateſt Anna! while thy arms purſue
Paths of renown, and climb aſcents of fame,
Which nor Auguſtus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet ſhall be found to ſing thy name?
What numbers ſhall record, what tongue ſhall ſay,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O faireſt model of imperial ſway!
What equal pen ſhall write thy wondrous reign?
Who ſhall attempts and feats of arms rehearſe,
Nor yet by ſtory told, nor parallel'd by verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a taſk I weet:
Yet, if the ſovereign lady deigns to ſmile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verſe in Spenſer's native ſtyle.
By theſe examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with pleaſure of my country's praiſe,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raiſe;
And lateſt times ſhall in my numbers read [deed.
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy

V.

As the ſtrong eagle in the ſilent wood,
Mindleſs of warlike rage and hoſtile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or cryſtal flood,
Till by Jove's high beheſts call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His boſom with the vengeful meſſage glows;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his maſter's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal ſtock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough ſate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his ſoft retreat,
And gives her ſecond thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving ſweet repoſe and gentle eaſe,
With ardent ſpeed he ſeeks the diſtant foe;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and ſeas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies ſlower than our general's fame:
Graſps he the bolt? we aſk—when he has hurl'd
the flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's ſpacious plain
Did from afar the Britiſh chief behold,
Betwixt deſpair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring boſom roll'd:
He views that favourite of indulgent fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Iſter's ſhore;
Too well, alas! the man he knows the fame,
Whoſe prowels there repell'd the Boyan power,
And ſent them trembling through the frighted
lands, [ſands.
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's ſcatter'd

VIII.

His former loſſes he forgets to grieve:
Abſolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would ſhine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His ſide ſtill ſmarting with the hunter's ſpear,
Though deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In ſullen fury traverſes the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Miſguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confeſs the force of Marlborough's ſtronger ſtar.
Thoſe laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
Which thou from Mahomet didſt greatly gain,
While, bold aſſertor of reſiſtleſs truth,
Thy ſword did godlike liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy brow their falling honours ſhed,
And their tranſplanted wreaths muſt deck a
thier head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confeſs;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is ſtill the
ſame;
From thy ill councils date thy ill ſucceſs.
Impartial juſtice holds her equal ſcales,
Till ſtronger virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cauſe that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion ſhall ſubdue;
For Jove's great handmaid Power muſt Jove's de-
crees purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets ſound their ſhrill alarms!
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Naſ-
ſaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious ſword with dauntleſs courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died;
The faithful hero had receiv'd this ſword
From his expiring maſter's much-lov'd ſide.
Oft' from his fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maeſe and Sambre
run.

XII.

But braniſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy juſteſt fear,
The maſter-ſword, diſpoſer of thy power:
'Tis that which Cæſar gave the Britiſh peer.
He took the gift: Nor ever will I ſheathe
This ſteed (ſo Anna's high beheſts ordain)

The general ſaid, unleſs by glorious death
Abſolv'd, till conqueſt has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like theſe our miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia ruſhes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's ſtream, increas'd by mountain ſnows,
Rolls with new fury down through Ruſſia's lands.
Like two great rocks againſt the raging tide
(If virtue's force with nature's we compare),
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Suſtain the impulſe, and receive the war.
Round their firm ſides in vain the tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming wave with leſſen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage diſpers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggreſſing France,
How Britain's ſons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them ruſhing through the Gallic hoſt:
Through ſtanding corn ſo runs the ſudden flame,
Or eaſtern winds along Sicilia's coaſt.
They deal their terrors to the adverſe nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghaſtly deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain preſſes her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the ſtrong, and quells the great!
Whence look the ſoldiers' cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Eſt ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hoſtile troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For, anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful lo's ſound:
I ſaw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to vengeance ſacred be the ground —
Vain wiſh! ſhort joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The evening ſtar ſo falls into the main,
To riſe at morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, but near, too near his ſide,
A good man's grievous loſs, a faithful ſervant died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with leſſen'd wrath diſputes the field:
The Briton fights, by favouring gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs power muſt yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wavering conqueſt ſtill deſires to rove!
In Marlborough's camp the goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love.
Again France flies, again the duke purſues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made thoſe arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded leſt thou ſhould'ſt thoſe toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic ſpoils,
And in thoſe ſpoils we thought thy praiſe complete.
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like theſe did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindleſs ſtill of eaſe, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Thoſe goodly deeds which we ſo highly prize
Imperfect ſeem, great chief, to thee alone.
Thoſe heights, where William's virtue might have ſtaid,
And on the ſubject world look'd ſafely down,
By Marlborough paſs'd, the props and ſteps were made
Sublimer yet to raiſe his queen's renown:
Still gaining more, ſtill ſlighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd while aught undone remain'd.

XX.

When ſwift-wing'd rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How leſſen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the ſwiftneſs of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker ſaid:
And lives he yet, the great, the loſt Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has fortune been ſevere?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd realm, or guard our ſhatter'd coaſt?

XXI.

To the cloſe rock the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the riſing eagle cuts the air:
The ſhaggy wolf unſeen and trembling lies,
When the hoarſe roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-ſtarr'd did we our forts and lines forſake,
To dare our Britiſh foes to open fight:
Our conqueſt we by ſtratagem ſhould make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours by craft and by ſurpriſe to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hoſtile brood,
Their boaſted Brute, undaunted ſnatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on ſilver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he ſaid, the ſeat
By Heaven ordain'd, my ſons, your laſting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race.
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his ſable ſhield,
Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to ſettle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndiſh, terrors of the ſea:

Hence Butler's ſons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia ſhould conceal:
For, oh! who, vanquiſh'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, ſturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain top ſhe proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and ſprouts againſt the ſtroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as thoſe teeth, which Cadmus ſow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furniſh'd freſh ſupplies:
So with young vigour, and ſucceeding birth,
Her loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And every age ſhe with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impreſſion of the Norman ſteel,
Nor Europe's force amaſs'd by envious Spain.
Nor France on univerſal ſway intent,
Oft' breaking leagues, and oft' renewing wars;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own inteſtine feuds and mutual jars:
Thoſe feuds and jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings ſhall the meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our ſucceſs relate,
Or mitred prieſt appoint the ſolemn day?
Alas! my praiſes they no more muſt ſing;
They to my ſtatue now muſt bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power.—
The woman chief is maſter of the war:
Earth ſhe has freed by arms, and vanquiſh'd Heaven by prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's deſpair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
What ſhall thy ſubjects ſay, and what thy friends?
How ſhall thy triumphs in our joy be ſeen?
Oh! deign to let the eldeſt of the nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her ſiſter Sculpture let her join
To raiſe, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the ſacred ſpring;
To thee, our deareſt dread; to thee, our ſofter king.

XXVIII.

Let Europe ſav'd the column high erect,
Than Trojan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where ſembling art may carve the fair effect
And full atchievement of thy great deſigns.
In a calm heaven, and a ſerener air,
Sublime the queen ſhall on the ſummit ſtand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all ſtorms, that threaten human woe,
Shall ſink beneath her feet, and ſpread their rage below.

XXIX.

Their fleets ſhall ſtrive, by winds and waters toſs'd,
Till the young Auſtrian on Iberia's ſtrand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coaſt,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The empire's other hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll reign—
O virtue to thy Britiſh mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan ſuffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force deſtroy'd, their privileges ſav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' uſurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and ſet to war;
Whom Anna ſent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him her ſon.

XXXI.

There Iſter, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling ſhall bid his eaſtern waves declare
Germania ſav'd by Britain's ample ſhield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her ſpear;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that ſhore,
Leading his iſlanders, renown'd in arms,
Through climes, where never Britiſh chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or founded his alarms;
Shall bid them bleſs the queen, who made his ſtreams [Thames.
Glorious as thoſe of Boyne, and ſafe as thoſe of

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy ſhall her deliverer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great queen, and bleſs thy powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd;
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword;
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie;
And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry;
And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand:
Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield,
From Creſſy's battle ſav'd to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee

Thy emblem, gracious queen, the Britiſh roſe,
Type of ſweet rule and gentle majeſty:
The northern thiſtle, whom no hoſtile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd pomp the laſting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great queen, oh! very far beneath,
Next to the ground and on the humble baſe,
To ſave herſelf from darkneſs and from death,
That muſe deſires the laſt, the loweſt place;
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling ſtring,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durſt of war and martial fury ſing;
And when thy will, and when thy ſubject's hand,
Had quell'd thoſe wars, and bid that fury ceaſe,
Hangs up her grateful harp to conqueſt, and to peace.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilet ſat,
Admiring this, and blaming that,
Tell me, ſhe ſaid; but tell me true;
The nymph who could your heart ſubdue,
What ſort of charms does ſhe poſſeſs?
Abſolve me, fair-one; I'll confeſs
With pleaſure, I reply'd. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory boſom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love ſits in open triumph crown'd;
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private ſtate, by friends is ſeen.
Her eyes are neither black nor gray;
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray:
Their dubious luſtre ſeems to ſhow
Something that ſpeaks nor yes, nor no.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May ſay, how red, how round, how ſweet;
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and ſoft delight:
They ſtand recorded in his book,
When Helen ſmil'd, and Hebe ſpoke—
The gipſey, turning to her glaſs,
Too plainly ſhow'd ſhe knew the face;
And which am I moſt like, ſhe ſaid,
Your Cloe, or your nut-brown maid?

CANTATA.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

RECIT.

Beneath a verdant laurel's ample ſhade,
His lyre to mournful numbers ſtrung,
Horace, immortal bard, ſupinely laid,
To Venus thus addreſs'd the ſong;
Ten thouſand little Loves around,
Liſtening, dwelt on every ſound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth on ſilent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me reſt,
From all amorous care releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and ſigh,
Unleſs the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night purſue her in my dreams,
Through flowery meads and cryſtal ſtreams?
Thus ſung the bard; and thus the goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to love's imperious yoke:
Every ſtate, and every age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy muſe ſhall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy deſtin'd lyre diſcover
Soft deſire and gentle pain:
Often praiſe, and always love her:
Through her ear, her heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and ſighs ſhall move her:
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID:

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

Ovid is the ſureſt guide
You can name, to ſhow the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

A TRUE MAID.

No, no; for my virginity,
When I loſe that, ſays Roſe, I'll die:
Behind the elms, laſt night, cry'd Dick,
Roſe, were you not extremely ſick?

ANOTHER.

Ten months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
She warbl'd her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtunn'd with the noiſe.
But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were a-kin.

She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A different cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

From her own native France as old Alison past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the flattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

Her eye-brow-box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oftenest crost)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said
(Her careless but afflicted maid),
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

In a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries;
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear picquet allies:
Unless she find her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

Helen was just slipt into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated:
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow:
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

How old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phyllis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

What a frail thing is beauty! says Baron Le Cras,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass:
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true;
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOAILLES.

Vain the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach, both day and night;
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a-year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modester
By much than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or;
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice; *probatum est.*
Why do the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest?

EPILOGUE

TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS,

Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield, who acted Ismena.

Ladies, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before:

An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra ſpeak;
And comes to town to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thouſand years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, e'en burn your play:
Egad! we know all that as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handſome charioteer,
Firm in his ſeat, and running his career;
Our ſouls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Iſmena would reſign her breaſt;
And every dear Hippolytus be bleſt.
But, as it is, ſix flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
And, if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.
Now of the buſtle you have ſeen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this ſcholar's play,
Something at leaſt in juſtice ſhould be ſaid;
But this Hippolytus ſo fills one's head—
Well! Phædra liv'd as chaſtely as ſhe cou'd;
For ſhe was father Jove's own fleſh and blood.
Her awkwark love indeed was oddly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly died:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters ſtood *in ſtatu quo?*
There was no harm, you ſee; or, grant there were,
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at ſuch an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt;
Found every thing contribute to his reſt;
The picquet friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,
And ſpouſe alone impatient for her dear.
But, if theſe gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more ſerious judgment muſt condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame;
Yet, ye chaſte matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care:
My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take;
And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

How capricious were nature and art to poor Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her noſe fell.

EPILOGUE

TO MRS. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

The female author who recites to-day,
Truſts to her ſex the merit of her play.
Like father Bayes ſecurely ſhe ſits down:
Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad! all's our own.
In ancient Greece, ſhe ſays, when Sappho writ,
By their applauſe the critics ſhow'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her Lyric ſtring;
Though they could all do ſomething more than ſing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down through all ſucceeding ages,
And now on French or on Italian ſtages,
Rough ſatyrs, ſly remarks, ill-natur'd ſpeeches,
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a ſharp pen upon a naked woman.
The bluſtering bully in our neighbouring ſtreets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearleſs the petticoat contemns his frowns:
The hoop ſecures whatever it ſurrounds.
The many-coloured gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love:
And, while their ſweethearts their attention fix,
Suſpend the din of their damn'd clattering ſticks,
Now, Sirs——
To you our author makes her ſoft requeſt,
Who ſpeak the kindeſt, and who write the beſt,
Your ſympathetic hearts ſhe hopes to move,
From tender friendſhip, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's muſe did Laura's wit rehearſe;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verſe;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears;
I plead her ſex's claim; what matters hers?
By our full power of beauty we think fit
To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire who ſo long have boaſted;
And, if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toaſted.
Approve what one of us preſents to-night,
Or every mortal woman here ſhall write:
Rural, pathetic, narrative, ſublime, [rhyme;
We'll write to you, and make you write in
Female remarks ſhall take up all your time.
Your time, poor ſouls! we'll take your very money;
Female third-days ſhall come ſo thick upon ye,
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
Unleſs you yield for better and for worſe:
Then the ſhe-Pegaſus ſhall gain the courſe.
And the grey mare will prove the better horſe.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

Who has e'er been at Paris, muſt needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and juſtice moſt oddly contribute
To eaſe heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the ſhackels which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;

There the 'ſquire of the pad, and the knight of the poſt,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more croſt
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are known; [own:
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his
But my hearers cry out, What a duce doſt thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil reſpect to harſh laws,
And for want of falſe witneſs to back a bad cauſe,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'ſquire, whoſe good grace was to open the ſcene, [begin.
Seem'd not in great haſte that the ſhow ſhould
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good ſon? ſays the prieſt?
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O father! my ſorrow will ſcarce ſave my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with ſuch fancies;
Rely on the aid you ſhall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheſt,
You have only to die: let the church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; for to-day is your period of ſorrow; [row.
And things will go better, believe me, to-mor-
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our hero replied in a fright:
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night. [truſs'd up
Tell your beads, quoth the prieſt, and be fairly
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'ſquire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat;
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be ſo kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot; [ſuit,
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt
The feaſt I propos'd to you, I cannot taſte;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

TO CHLOE.

Whilst I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire,
In vain cold friendſhip you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame ſuppreſt,
That kills the heart it heats too faſt,
Take half my paſſion to your breaſt:
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

AN EPITAPH.

" Stet quicunque volet potens
" Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c." SENECA

Interr'd beneath this marble ſtone
Lie ſauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threeſcore years and one
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires roſe or fell,
The morning paſt, the evening came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the night away;
They did juſt nothing all the day:
And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor ſiſter either had nor brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their moral and œconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor cenſure they regarded;
They neither puniſh'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did;
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd nor chid:
So every ſervant took his courſe;
And, bad at firſt, they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his ſtable,
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was ſtrong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and pariſh rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;

For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of ſlumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.
Nor cheriſh'd they relations poor;
That might decreaſe their preſent ſtore:
Nor barn nor houſe did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Chriſtmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor ſmile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If aſk'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wiſe;
They would not learn, nor could adviſe:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And ſo they liv'd, and ſo they died.

WRITTEN IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

Given to the Duke of Shrewſbury in France, after the Peace, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou haſt ſeen,
Of cities and of courts, of books and men;
And deign to let thy ſervant hold the pen.

Though ages thus I may preſume to live,
And from the tranſcript of thy proſe receive
What my own ſhort-liv'd verſe can never give.

Thus ſhall fair Britain with a gracious ſmile
Accept the work; and the inſtructed iſle,
For more than treaties made, ſhall bleſs my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic ſtyle preferr'd,
Wiſdom in Engliſh idiom ſhall be heard, [err'd.
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne

AN EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE:

Written at Paris, 1714; but left unfiniſhed, by the ſudden news of her Majeſty's death.

THE train of equipage and pomp of ſtate,
The ſhining ſide-board, and the burniſh'd plate,
Let other miniſters, great Anne, require;
And partial fall thy gift to their deſire.
To the fair portrait of my ſovereign dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.
My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy ſight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's ſake
My paſt has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my queen; permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair ſaint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That, in deſpite of age, of impious flame,
And eating time, thy picture, like thy fame,
Entire may laſt; that, as their eyes ſurvey
The ſemblant ſhade, men yet unborn may ſay,
Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's queen;
Her brow thus ſmooth, her look was thus ſerene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty empreſs gave her high command,
That he to hoſtile camps and kings ſhould haſte,
To ſpeak her vengeance, as their danger, paſt;
To ſay, ſhe wills deteſted wars to ceaſe;
She checks her conqueſt, for her ſubjects eaſe,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.
Thee, gracious Anne, thee preſent I adore,
Thee, queen of peace—If time and fate have power
Higher to raiſe the glories of thy reign,
In words ſublimer, and a nobler ſtrain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearſe:
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verſe,
The votive tablet I ſuſpend * * * *.

To the Right Honourable the COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVONSHIRE;

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

Whereon were all her Grandſons painted.

WIESSEN and nature held a long conteſt,
If ſhe created, or he painted beſt;
With pleaſing thought the wondrous combat grew,
She ſtill form'd fairer; he ſtill liker drew.
In theſe ſeven brethren they contended laſt,
With art increas'd, their utmoſt ſkill they tried
And, both well pleas'd they had themſelves ſurpaſs'd,
The goddeſs triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.
That both their ſkill to this vaſt height did raiſe,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praiſe:
For here, as in ſome glaſs, is well deſcry'd
Only yourſelf thus often multiply'd.
When Heaven had you and gracious Anna * made
What more exalted beauty could it add?
Having no nobler images in ſtore,
It but kept up to theſe, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we ſee
Obliging truth and handſome honeſty, [move
With all that world of charms, which ſoon wil
Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love;
His very grace his fair deſcent aſſures,
He has his mother's beauty, ſhe has yours.
If every Cecil's face had every charms
That thought can fancy, or that heaven can form
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
They are all fair, becauſe they're all like you.

* Eldeſt daughter of the Counteſs.

In every Ca'ndiſh great and charming look;
From you that air, from you the charms they took.
In their each limb your image is expreſt,
But on their brow firm courage ſtands confeſt;
There, their great father, by a ſtrong increaſe,
Adds ſtrength to beauty, and completes the piece:
Thus ſtill your beauty in your ſons, we view,
Wieſſen ſeven times one great perfection drew:
Whoever ſat, the picture ſtill is you.

So when the parent-ſun, with genial beams,
Has animated many goodly gems,
He ſees himſelf improv'd, while every ſtone,
With a reſembling light, reflects a ſun.

So when great Rhea many births had given,
Such as might govern earth, and people heaven;
Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,
She ſaw the Deity in every ſon:
And to what god ſoe'er men altars rais'd,
Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

In ſhort-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
Which ſickneſs blaſts, and certain age deſtroys:
Your ſtronger beauty time can ne'er deface,
'Tis ſtill renew'd, and ſtamp'd in all your race.

Ah! Wieſſen, had thy art been ſo refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Through circling years thy labours would ſurvive,
And living rules to faireſt virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould ſtill be wonderful, and ſtill be new,
Againſt what time, or ſpite, or fate, could do;
Till thine confus'd with nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendiſh's name and Cecil's honour die.

A FABLE,

FROM PHÆDRUS.

To the Author of the Medley, 1710.

The fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him ſay:
"What noble part canſt thou ſuſtain,
"Thou ſpecious head without a brain?"

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. HARLEY,

HORACE, I. EP. IX. IMITATED.

"Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
"Quanti me facias," &c.

Dear Dick*, howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
Though I plain Mat, you miniſter of ſtate:
One word from me, without all doubt, he ſays,
Would fix his fortune in ſome little place,
Thus better than myſelf, it ſeems, he knows,
How far my intereſt with my patron goes;
And, anſwering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear miſtake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foreſee and dread;
That I, in fact, a real intereſt have,
Which to my own advantage I would ſave,
And, with the uſual courtier's trick, intend
To ſerve myſelf, forgetful of my friend.

To ſhun this cenſure, I all ſhame lay by,
And make my reaſon with his will comply;
Hoping, for my excuſe, 'twill be confeſt,
That of two evils I have choſe the leaſt.
So, Sir, with this epiſtolary ſcroll,
Receive the partner of my inmoſt ſoul:
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cauſe,
Warm in the glorious intereſt you purſue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true

* Richard Shelton, Eſq.

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.

"Ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro." HOR.

I.

In one great *now*, ſuperior to an age,
The full extremes of nature's force we find:
How heavenly virtue can exalt, or rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial ſtand
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He ſtabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty ſtroke and torture of the ſteel
Infix'd, our dauntleſs Briton ſcarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death muſt feel,
The patriot views; for thoſe alone he grieves.

IV.

The barbarous rage that durſt attempt thy life,
Harley, great counſellor, extends thy fame;
And the ſharp point of cruel Guiſcard's knife,
In braſs and marble carves thy deathleſs name.

V.

Faithful aſſertor of thy country's cauſe,
Britain with tears ſhall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy ſafety ſhall enlarge her laws,
And in her ſtatutes ſhall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midſt her ſighs ſhe triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A ſtranger to her altars, and her land;
No ſon of hers could meditate this blow.

VII.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our queen, our ſaint, with ſacrificing breath,
Softens thy anguiſh: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy ſervice, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou canſt demand no more,
O breaſt bewail'd by earth, preſerv'd by Heaven!

No higher can aſpiring virtue ſoar:
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE

EARL OF OXFORD,

LORD HIGH TREASURER, 1712.

MY LORD,

Our weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-ſtreet,
To try for once if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
If, weary'd with the great affairs
Which Britain truſts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble ſtateſman, may'ſt deſcend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To ſee thy ſervant from his ſoul
Crown with thy health the ſprightly bown;
Among the gueſts which e'er my houſe
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof—
Though Dorſet us'd to bleſs the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

Tway mice, full blythe and amicable,
Paten beſide Erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their ſteps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fiſh;
Feaſt lyche as heart of mouſe mote wiſh.
As gueſts ſat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftſoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft' propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew ſeated on t'oth' ſide;
To thee, lean Bard, it doth partain
To underſtand theſe creatures tweine.
Come frame us now ſome clean device,
Or pleaſant rhyme on yonder mice:
They ſeem, God ſhield me! Mat and Charles.
Bad as Sir Topas, or Squire Quarles,
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
At emblem, or device am I:
But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
Ne verſe from me (ſo God me ſhrive)
On mouſe, or other beaſt alive.
Certes I have this many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lion fierce will I compare;
Ne judge unjuſt, with furred fox,
Harming in ſecret guiſe the flocks;
Ne prieſt unworth of goddeſs coat,
To ſwine ydrunk, or filthy ſhoat;
Elk ſimile farewell for aye,
From elephant, I trowe, to flea.
Reply'd the friendlike peer, I weene
Matthew is angred on the ſpleen.
Ne ſo, quoth Mat, ne ſhall be e'i,
With wit that falleth all ſo fair
Eftſoons, well weet ye, mine in nt
Boweth to your commaundemen
If by theſe creatures ye have ſeen
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew gen;
Behoveth next to wreck my brain,
The reſt in order to explain.
That cup-board, where the mice diſport,
I liken to St. Stephen's Court:*
Therein is ſpace enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and go:
And therein eke may both be fed
With ſhiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as theſe mine eyne ſurvey,
They ceaſe to ſkip, and ſqueak, and play;
Return they may to different cells.
Auditing one, whilſt t'other *tells*.
Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whoſe mind
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
Now, as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilſt thus I ſerious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat doth ſay:
Yea, quoth the ERLE, but not to-day.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

Full oft' doth Mat with Topaz † dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, driſketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearſeth,
And Mat mote praiſe what Topaz verſeth.
Now, ſure as prieſt did e'er ſhrive ſinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

Fair Suſan did her wiſe-hede well menteine,
Algates aſſaulted ſore by letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient ſong,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke ſame tale in other guiſe been tolde;
Had they been young (pardie) and ſhe been olde;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much ſorer trial;
Full marveillous, I vote, were ſilk denyal.

A FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

When fam'd Varelſt this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
The goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finiſhing the piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er ſhall fade.

* The Exchequer. † Sir Richard Blackmore.

TO THE LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

With a Column of her Drawing.

WHEN future ages ſhall with wonder view
Theſe glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew,
They ſhall confeſs, that Britain could not raiſe
A fairer column to the father's praiſe.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece
To ſpoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verſe ere mookiſh rhymes
Had jangled their fantaſtic chimes!
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Thoſe knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protogenes, hiſtorians note,
Liv'd there, a burgeſs, ſcot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings ſhow,
Apelles did the ſame at Co.
Agreed theſe points of time and place,
Proceed we in the preſent caſe.
Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To ſee a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to cenſure, or commend;
Here to abſolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He ſails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His ſervants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' houſe;
For ſuch in Greece were much in uſe:
If young or handſome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
Does Squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, ſays ſhe, with gracious air,
And court'ſey low, but juſt call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpoſe, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feaſt to-morrow,
To grace the church; 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to ſtay,
To ſee our Venus; 'tis the piece
The moſt renown'd throughout all Greece;
So like th' original, they ſay:
But I have no great ſkill that way.
But, Sir, at ſix ('tis now paſt three)
Dromo muſt make my maſter's tea:
At ſix, Sir, if you pleaſe to come,
You'll find my maſter, Sir, at home.
Tea, ſays a critic big with laughter,
Was found ſome twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, ſhould read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
And, Sir, at preſent would you pleaſe
To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No ſooner ſpoke
But done. With one judicious ſtroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:
And will you pleaſe, ſweet-heart, ſaid he,
To ſhow your maſter this from me?
By it he preſently will know
How painters write their names at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'ſying, Sir, ſhe ſaid,
I ſhall not fail to tell my maſter:
And, Sir, for fear of all diſaſter,
I'll keep it my ownſelf: ſafe bind,
Says the old proverb, and ſafe find.
So, Sir, as ſure as key or lock—
Your ſervant, Sir,—at ſix o'clock.
Again at ſix Apelles came,
Found the ſame prating civil dame,
Sir, that my maſter has been here,
Will by the board itſelf appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has preſum'd to ſwell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to ſay),
Thus write the painters of this iſle:
Let thoſe of Co remark the ſtyle.
She ſaid; and to his hand reſtor'd
The rival pledge, the miſſive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and eaſy ſhade,
That Paris' apple ſtood confeſt,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breaſt.
Apelles view'd the finiſh'd piece:
And live, ſaid he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have expreſs'd
Who trueſt drew, or colour'd beſt,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at leaſt I could deſign:
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect ſkill can paint.
The dulleſt genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the diſtinguiſh'd part of men,
With compaſs, pencil, ſword, or pen,
Should in life's viſit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour ſtrove to raiſe
At once their arts, and country's praiſe;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revifit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Said Heraclitus, ſerious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd ſtand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honeſt, need I cry?

ON MY BIRTH-DAY, JULY 21.

I.

I, my dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly comrades ſay;
They bring me muſic, wreaths, and mirth,
And aſk to celebrate my birth:
Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and woe;
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wiſh to die ev'n whilſt I ſay,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

II.

I, my dear, was born to-day;
Shall I ſalute the riſing ray?
Well-ſpring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda, * thou alone doſt know:
Shall the wreath ſurround my hair?
Or ſhall the muſic pleaſe my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bleſs my birth, and wiſh to live?
Then let me ſee great Venus chaſe
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee ſmiling ſay,
Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

EPITAPH, EXTEMPORE.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The ſon of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Naſſau claim higher?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

To me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment ſets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of heaven!

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

I.

As doctors give phyſic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombſtone took care;
For delays are unſafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

II.

Then take Mat's word for it, the ſculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye:
Yet credit but lightly what more may be ſaid,
For we flatter ourſelves, and teach marble to lie.

III.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he ſmother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleaſure, half care.

IV.

Nor to buſineſs a drudge, nor to faction a ſlave,
He ſtrove to make intereſt and freedom agree;
In public employments induſtrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he!

V.

Now in equipage ſtately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would truſt;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but duſt.

VI.

This verſe little poliſh'd, though mighty ſincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It ſays that his relicks collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce robbers there are that infeſt the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
Falſe witneſs at court, and fierce tempeſts at ſea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in ſea, fly in air,
To fate we muſt yield, and the thing is the ſame.
And if paſſing thou giv'ſt him a ſmile, or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

* Mrs. Anne Durham.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.

Dum ſtudeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam ſedibus Elyſiis,
Arctoa florens ſophiâ, Samiſque ſuperbus
Diſcipulis, animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad ſidera mitto;
Sideraque ingreſſis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
Vitæ facilis nulliter ire vias:
Vinatque Cœlicolis media inter guadia libo;
Et me quid majus ſuſpicor eſſe viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forſan, quæ ſpondeo, cœli;
Nullaque ſint Diis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula ſit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique ſuperſtes, Homo; qui nihil, eſto Deus.
Attamen eſſe hilares, et inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commeditate frui,
Et feſtos agitâſſe dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis deſinuiſſe jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupit Orcus.
Et Mors; ſeu Divum, ſeu nihil, eſſe velit:
Nam ſophia ars illa eſt, quæ fallere ſuaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuiſſe minas.

IMITATED.

Studious the buſy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates ſay,
And Samian ſounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.

When mortal man reſigns his tranſient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts diſſolv'd and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth I ſee to earth return.
The immaterial part, th' æthereal ſoul,
Nor can change vanquiſh, nor can death control.
Glad I releaſe it from its partner's cares,
And bid good angels waft it to the ſtars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown thoſe ſighs,
Which, ſpite of wiſdom, from our weakneſs riſe.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to thee now, immortal friend.
But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;
On its dark ſide if thou the proſpect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake;
In total death ſuppoſe the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future ſky:
Yet bear thy lot content; yet ceaſe to grieve:
Why, ere death comes, doſt thou forbear to live?
The little time thou haſt, 'twixt inſtant now
And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
And of this little haſt thou aught to ſpare
To ſad reflection, and corroding care?
The moments paſt, if thou art wiſe, retrieve
With pleaſant memory of the bliſs they gave.
The preſent hours in preſent mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy:
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were deſtin'd erſt; nor can by fate's decree
Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

While we to Jove ſelect the holy victim,
Whom after ſhall we ſing, than Jove himſelf,
The god for ever great, for ever king,
Who ſlew the earth-born race, and meaſures right
To heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'ſt thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long diſpute
And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
Or Dicte, ſtudious of his country's praiſe,
The Cretan boaſts thy natal place: but oft'
He meets reproof deſerv'd: for he preſumptuous
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'ſt
To die, but liv'ſt the ſame to-day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea,
Pregnant to high Parrhaſia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycæus, black with ſhading pines:
Holy retreat! hithence no female hither,
Conſcious of ſocial love and nature's rites,
Muſt dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the bleſt parent
Ungirt her ſpacious boſom, and diſcharg'd
The ponderous birth; ſhe ſought a neighbouring
ſpring
To waſh the recent babe; in vain: Arcadia,
(However ſtreamy) now aduſt and dry,
Deny'd the goddeſs water; where deep Melas
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot ſmok'd,
Obſcure with riſing duſt: the thirſty traveller
In vain requir'd the current, then impriſon'd
In ſubterraneous caverns: foreſts grew
Upon the barren hollows, high o'erſhading
The haunts of ſavage beaſts, where now Iaon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
Thou too, O earth, great Rhea ſaid, bring forth;
And ſhort ſhall be thy pangs. She ſaid; and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her ſceptre ſtruck
The yawning cliff: from its diſparted height
Adown the mount the guſhing torrent ran,
And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother
Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: ſhe wrapt
them
In purple bands: ſhe gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and ſecret; Neda, of the nymphs
That tender the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldeſt. Smiling, ſhe receiv'd thee,
And, conſcious of the grace, abſolv'd her truſt;
Not unrewarded; ſince the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful ſtream.
Faſt by her flowery bank the ſons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.
Thee, god, to Cnoſſus Neda brought; the
nymphs
And Corybantes then, their ſacred charge,
Receiv'd: Adraſte rock'd thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidſt her fellow-ſtars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat diſtent
With milk, thy early food: the ſedulous bee,
Diſtill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
Around, the fierce Curetes (order ſolemn
To thy fore-knowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their myſtic dance, and clang'd their ſounding
arms,
Induſtrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn:
Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's ſons receiv'd the three-fold empire
Of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
By lot are parted: but high heaven, thy ſhare,
In equal balance laid 'gainſt ſea or hell,
Flings up the adverſe ſcale, and ſhuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power above thy
brethren,
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous ſtrength
And fiery ſwiftneſs wing the rapid wheels,
Inceſſant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine conſult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite riſe
Propitious, ever ſoaring from the right.
Thou to the leſſer gods haſt well aſſign'd
Their proper ſhares of power: thy own, great Jove,
Boundleſs and univerſal. Thoſe who labour
The ſweaty forge, who edge the crooked ſcythe,
Bend ſtubborn ſteel, and harden gleaming armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter

Bleſſes Diana's hand, who leads him ſafe
O'er hanging cliffs, who ſpreads his net ſucceſsful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The ſoldier, from ſucceſsful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hoſtile ſpoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The ſkilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himſelf immortal.
Thoſe, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publiſh laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.
And, as their actions tend ſubordinate
To what thy will deſigns, thou giv'ſt the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou ſeeſt impartial
How they thoſe means employ. Each monarch rules
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: theſe only have
To ſpeak and be obey'd; to theſe are given
Aſſiſtant days to ripen the deſign;
To ſome whole months, revolving years to ſome;
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpoſe blaſted
With fruitleſs act, and impotence of council.
Hail! greateſt ſon of Saturn, wiſe diſpoſer
Of every good: thy praiſe what man yet born
Has ſung? or who that may be born ſhall ſing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For, without virtue, wealth no man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts leſs power,
And leſs diffuſes good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift!

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

Ha! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern ſhakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the god,
The god approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulſe; and the ſever'd bars
Submiſſive clink againſt their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd? and hovering ſwans, their throats releas'd
From native ſilence, carol ſounds harmonious?
Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious ſilence; and the dance,
In myſtic numbers trod, explain the muſic.
But firſt, by ardent prayer, and clear luſtration,
Purge the contagious ſpots of human weakneſs:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flouriſh, favour'd by the god,
In youth with happy nuptials; and in age
With ſilver hair, and fair deſcent of children!
So lay foundations for aſpiring cities,
And bleſs your ſpreading colonies increaſe!
Pay ſacred reverence to Apollo's ſong;
Leſt wrathful the far-ſhooting god emit
His fatal arrows. Silent nature ſtands;
And ſeas ſubſide, obedient to the ſound
Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor muſt ſad Niobe
In fruitleſs ſorrow perſevere, or weep
Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapleſs mother!
Whoſe fondneſs could compare her mortal offspring
To thoſe which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!
Againſt the Deity 'tis hard to ſtrive.
He, that reſiſts the power of Ptolemy,
Reſiſts the power of heaven; for power from heaven
Derives; and monarchs rule by gods appointed.
Recite Apollo's praiſe, till night draws on,
The ditty ſtill unfiniſh'd; and the day
Unequal to the godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your ſongs.
Sublime at Jove's right-hand Apollo ſits,
And thence diſtributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verſe perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow, are gold: with golden ſandals
His feet are ſhod; how rich: how beautiful!
Beneath his ſteps the yellow mineral riſes,
And earth reveals her treaſures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheeks: from his fair head
Perfumes diſtill their ſweets; and cheerful health,
His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With laviſh hand diffuſes ſcents ambroſial.
The ſpearman's arm by thee, great god, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inſpir'd by thee, compoſes verſe immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the ſage phyſician
Eludes the urn; and chains or exiles death.
Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that, from heaven
Deſcending, thou on fair Amphryſus' banks
Didſt guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler ſtore of milk; the ſhe-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her diſtended udder;
And ewes, that erſt brought forth but ſingle lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Bleſt the cattle,
On which, Apollo caſt his favouring eye!
But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'ſt in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind ſiſter to thy infant deity,
New-wean'd, and juſt ariſing from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching antlers
Of ſtags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
Theſe with diſcerning hand thou knew'ſt to range
(Young as thou waſt), and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic ſkill, and myſtic order,
Thou ſhow'ſt where towers or battlements ſhould riſe,
Where gates ſhould open, or where walls ſhould compaſs:
While from thy childiſh paſtime man receiv'd
The future ſtrength and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
Thy Libyan ſtrand; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country deſtin'd the auſpicious ſeat
Of future kings, and favour of the god,
Whoſe oath is ſure, and promiſe ſtands eternal.

Or Boëdromian hear'ſt thou pleas'd, or Clarian
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was tranſported,
Ere ſettled in Cryene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feaſts, kind god, and bleſs thy altars
Smoking with hecatombs of ſlaughter'd bulls,
As Carnus, thy high prieſt and favour'd friend,
Had erſt ordain'd; and with myſterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their ſons to worſhip.
Iö Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!
The yellow corocus there and fair narciſſus
Reſerve the honours of their winter-ſtore,
To deck thy temple; till returning ſpring
Diffuſes Nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the ſoft ſouth-weſt
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their ſweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires ſhine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feaſt is held;
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead [beat
The dance; with clanging ſwords and ſhields they
The dreadful meaſure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: ſuch rites
To thee well pleaſing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece tranſplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their laſt abodes;
But wander'd through Azilis' horrid foreſt
Diſpers'd; when from Myrtuſa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auſpicious to the city,
Which muſt hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'ſt to let the fair one view
Her typic people; thou with pleaſure taught'ſt her
To draw the bow, to ſlay the ſhaggy lion,
And ſtop the ſpreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy paſſion,
Was aided by thy power! The monſtrous Python
Durſt tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great ſtrength and golden arms unequal.
Iö! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the ſafety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.
Envy, thy lateſt foe, ſuggeſted thus:
Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
To thee dare ſpeak. How canſt thou favour partial
Thoſe poets who write little? Vaſt and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a ſmall rivulet I preſer. Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the god:
Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Aſſyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his ſtupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent ſtill augmenting,
His wave ſtill more defil'd: meanwhile the nymphs
Meliſſan, ſacred and recluſe to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for heavenly uſe, from little urns
Pour ſtreams ſelect, and purity of waters.
Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let envy
Ill-judging and verboſe, from Lethe's lake
Draw tuns unmeaſurable; while thy favour
Adminiſters to my ambitious thirſt
The wholeſome draught from Aganippe's ſpring
Genuine, and with ſoft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Did ſweeter ſounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels ſung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or ſcience can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the ſpeeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Iſrael ſaw
When Moſes gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent gueſt,
Were not thy power exerted in my breaſt,
Theſe ſpeeches would ſend up unheeded prayer;
That ſcorn of life would be but wild deſpair;
A tymbal's ſound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noiſe.
Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
Knows with juſt reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile ſhame and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives;
And much ſhe ſuffers, as ſhe much believes.
Soft peace ſhe brings wherever ſhe arrives;
She builds our quiet, as ſhe forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift, which God on man beſtows,
Its proper bound and due reſtriction knows;
To one fixt purpoſe dedicates its power,
And, finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail, and prophecy ſhall ceaſe;
But laſting Charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time, nor ſubject to decay,
In happy triumph ſhall for ever live, [ceive.
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe re-
As, through the artiſt's intervening glaſs,
Our eye obſerves the diſtant planets paſs,
A little we diſcover, but allow
That more remains unſeen, than art can ſhow:
So, whilſt our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reaſon up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope:
Yet we are able only to ſurvey
Dawning of beams, and promiſes of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled ſight;
Too great its ſwiftneſs, and too ſtrong its light.
But ſoon the mediate clouds ſhall be diſpeli'd;
The ſun ſhall ſoon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated ſublime on his meridian throne.

Then conſtant faith and holy hope ſhall die,
One loſt in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilſt thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant ſiſter, greateſt of the three,
Thy office and thy nature ſtill the ſame,
Laſting thy lamp, and unconſum'd thy flame,
Shalt ſtill ſurvive—
Shalt ſtand before the hoſt of heaven confeſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

If oft' to many has ſucceſsful been,
Upon his arm to let his miſtreſs lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently ſqueeze her knees, or preſs her feet.
All public ſports, to favour young deſire,
With opportunities like this conſpire.
Ev'n where his ſkill the gladiator ſhows,
With human blood where the Arena flows;
There oftentimes love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrows to deſtry:
While the ſpectator gazes on the fight,
And ſees them wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty miſtreſs entertains,
And wagers with her who the conqueſt gains;
Slily the God takes aim, and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he ſees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN IN THE CHURCH OF HALLSTEAD IN ESSEX;

The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was rebuilt at the expence of Mr. Samuel Fiſk, 1717.

View not this ſpire by meaſure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabric riſes high as heaven,
Whoſe baſis on devotion ſtands.
While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our faith and hope declare;
But charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.
Beſt be he call'd among good men,
Who to his God this column rais'd:
Though lightning ſtrike the dome again,
The man, who built it, ſhall be prais'd:
Yet ſpires and towers in duſt ſhall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains;
And faith and hope themſelves ſhall die,
While deathleſs charity remains.

ALMA:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

Matthew * met Richard †, when or were
From ſtory is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they ſpoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuſcript have eat;
Dire hunger! which we ſtill regret.
O! may they ne'er again digeſt
The horrors of ſo ſad a feaſt!
Yet leſs our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob ‖, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:

* * * * Here Matthew ſaid,
Alma in verſe, in proſe the mind,
By Ariſtotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body ſquat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.
And yet, flap-dash, is all again
In every ſinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghoſt;
While every where ſhe rules the roaſt.
This *ſyſtem*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipſe dixit* to comply.
They ſay (for in good truth they ſpeak
With ſmall reſpect of that old Greek),
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
Alma, they ſtrenuouſly maintain,
Sits cock-horſe on her throne the brain;
And from that ſeat of thought diſpenſes
Her ſovereign pleaſure to the ſenſes.
Two *optic* nerves, they ſay, ſhe ties,
Like ſpectacles, acroſs the eyes;
By which the ſpirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or ſtirr'd,
How quick at park and play they ſtrike:
The duke they court; the toaſt they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends now out of place.
Without theſe aids, to be more ſerious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conſpir'd her ruin,
And ſhe not known what they were doing.
Fooliſh it had been, and unkind,
That they ſhould ſee, and ſhe be blind.
Wiſe nature likewiſe, they ſuppoſe,
Has drawn two conduits down our noſe:
Could Alma elſe, with judgment tell
When *cabbage* ſtinks, or *roſes* ſmell?
Or who would aſk for her opinion
Between an *oyſter* and an *onion*?
For from moſt bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits aſk leave to flow;
And, as through theſe canals they roll,
Bring up a ſample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the Inn, what lord approaches.
By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewiſe judges of the taſte.
Elſe (diſmal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne*;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Miſtake ſmall-beer for *citron*-waters.

* Himſelf. † Mr. Shelton. ‖ Tonſon.

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear:
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.
Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling
(A thing she much delights to deal in),
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes, and fingers' ends;
And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted),
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.
Thus, while the judge gives different journies
To country council and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home:
Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.
The scholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less.
The mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain;
You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
For till to-morrow should you plead,
From form and structure of the head,
The mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole *machine*.
Why should all honour them be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receive it,
It is the artist's hand that gave it;
And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of *Numskull's* self should take the place:
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter:
And, strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess that feeling lies all over.
Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue:
But heedless nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is mov'd by chance alone.
A man first builds a country-seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat,
Another plants, and wondering sees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims avet.
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late in season.
But no man sure e'er left his house,
And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with-child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
Can—Pray, says Dick, hold in your muse.
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in *alternate* verse.
Verse! Mat reply'd; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.
This looks, friend Dick, as nature had
But exercis'd the *fatal sisters'* trade;
As if she haply had sat down,
And cut out clothes for all the town;
Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
To try what persons they would fit.
But every free and licens'd taylor
Would in this *thesis* find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex?
His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape, before he takes your measure.
For real Kate he made the boddice,
And not for an *ideal* goddess.
No error near his shop-board lurk'd:
He knew the folks for whom he work'd;
Still to their size he aim'd his skill:
Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
Next, Dick, if chance herself should vary,
Observe, how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;
Your spectacles upon your toes:
Then you and Meinmins shall agree
How nicely men would walk, or see.
But wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less.
In arms and science 'tis the same:
Our rival's hurts create our fame.

At Faubert's, if diſputes ariſe
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John ſhows the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks miſtook:
And, as their notions you confound,
Thoſe you invent get farther ground.
The commentators on old Ariſtotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Juſt as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the ſky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells ſound, "Whittington lord mayor."
The conjuror thus explains his *ſcheme*;
Thus ſpirits walk, and prophets dream;
North Britons thus have *ſecond-ſight*;
And Germans, free from gun-ſhot, fight.
Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Atteſt, that, if their comments find
The traces of their maſter's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die!
This flatly t'other ſect deny;
Simplicius, Theophraſt, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verſe to ſtand.
They wonder men ſhould have miſtook
The *texts* of their maſter's book,
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and ſeiz'd by death.
Now which were wiſe? and which were fools?
Poor Alma ſits between two ſtools:
The more ſhe reads, the more perplext;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilſt we our own affairs purſue.
Theſe different *ſyſtems*, old or new,
A man with half an eye may ſee,
Were only form'd to diſagree.
Now, to bring things to fair concluſion,
And ſave much Chriſtian ink's effuſion,
Let me propoſe an healing *ſcheme*,
And ſail along the middle ſtream:
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Ariſtotle with Gaſſendus,
How many would admire our toil!
And yet how few would comprehend us!
Here, Richard, let my *ſoh me* commence:
Oh! may my words be loſt in ſenſe!
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The ſlips and bounds of Alma's flight.
My ſimple *ſyſtem* ſhall ſuppoſe
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then ſhe mounts by juſt degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the ſap of life does riſe,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all theſe under-regions paſt,
She neſtles ſomewhere near the waiſt;
Gives pain or pleaſure, grief or laughter,
As we ſhall ſhow at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart ſhe loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her lateſt ſtage.
From the feet upward to the head—
Pithy and ſhort, ſays Dick, proceed.
Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Obſerve the progreſs of the motion.
Firſt, I demonſtratively prove
That feet were only made to move;
And legs deſire to come and go,
For they have nothing elſe to do.
Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and ſprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind thoſe parts extremely cloſe;
Leſt Alma, newly enter'd in,
And ſtunn'd at her own chriſtening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should ſilently ſneak out again.
Full piteous ſeems young Alma's caſe;
As in a luckleſs gameſter's place,
She would not play, yet muſt not paſs.
Again; as ſhe grows ſomething ſtronger,
And maſter's feet are ſwath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or ſhows his *loco-motive* tricks;
Theſe firſt aſſaults, for Nature's ſake, him;
When half aſleep, ſhe overcame.
Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly ſtage,
Broom-ſtaff or poker they beſtride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood next Smithfield fair,
With ſupplemental hobby-horſes:
And happy be their infant courſes!
Hence for ſome years they ne'er ſtand ſtill:
Their legs, you ſee, direct their will;
From opening morn till ſetting ſun,
Around the fields and woods they run;
They friſk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can ſay.
To her next ſtage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have ſaid, the thighs,
With *ſympathetic* power ſhe warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green,
And Suſan is at ſtool-ball ſeen;
While John for nine-pins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar:
Both legs and arms ſpontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
Another motion now ſhe makes:
O need I name the ſeat ſhe takes?
His thought quite chang'd the ſtripling finds;
The ſport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmoleſted fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in ſecret grieves:
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone,
Leaves all the ſwains and ſighs for one:
The nymph is warm'd with young deſire
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.

They meet each evening in the grove;
Their parley but augments their love:
So to the prieſt their caſe they tell:
He ties the knot; and all goes well.
But, O my muſe, juſt diſtance keep;
Thou art a maid, and muſt not peep.
In nine months time the boddice looſe,
And petticoats too ſhort, diſcloſe
That at this age the active mind
About the waiſt lies moſt confin'd;
And that young life and quickening ſenſe
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the world
The ſun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that ſeat he darts thoſe beams,
Which quicken earth with genial flames.
Dick, who thus long had paſſive ſat,
Here ſtrok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then flapp'd his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, ſweet Sir, would find him
A higher place than you aſſign'd him.
Love's advocates! Dick, who are thoſe?—
The poets, you may well ſuppoſe.
I'm ſorry, Sir, you have diſcarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Proſe-men alone for private ends,
I thought, forſook their ancient friends.
In cor ſillavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The ſelf-ſame thing ſoft Ovid ſays
(A proper judge in ſuch a caſe).
Horace's phraſe is, *torret jecur*;
And happy was that curious ſpeaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this paſſion.
What ſignifies too long quotation?
In ode and epic, plain the caſe is,
That love holds one of theſe two places.
Dick, without paſſion or reflection,
I'll ſtrait demoliſh this objection.
Firſt, poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to pleaſe.
Matter and figure they produce;
For garniſh this, and that for uſe;
And, in the ſtructure of their feaſts,
They ſeek to feed and pleaſe their gueſts:
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwiſe than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roaſt beef and veniſon is your fare;
Thence you proceed to ſwan and buſtard,
And perſevere in tart and cuſtard:
But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
Help only to adorn the meal;
And painted flags, ſuperb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of ſenſe his meat devours,
But only ſmells the peel and flowers;
And he muſt be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the ſtreamer.
That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and ſparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The ſon is ſharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have ſometimes ſhown
A myſtic ſenſe, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards deviſe,
That heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes;
Or where's the ſenſe, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?
Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or ſober maggots bit:
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The ſage philoſopher recanted.
His grave epiſtles may diſprove
The wanton odes he made to love.
Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;
Calls her great queen of earth and air,
Declares that winds and ſeas obey her:
And, while her honour he rehearſes,
Implores her to inſpire his verſes.
Yet, free from this poetic madneſs,
Next page he ſays, in ſober ſadneſs,
That ſhe and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardleſs of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
Nor once diſturb their heavenly ſpirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæſar's merits.
Nor e'er can Latin poets prove
Where lies the real ſeat of love.
Jecur they burn, and Cor they pierce,
As either beſt ſupplies their verſe;
And, if folks aſk the reaſon for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other ſhort.
Thus, I preſume, the Britiſh muſe
May take the freedom ſtrangers uſe.
In proſe our property is greater:
Why ſhould it then be leſs in metre?
If Cupid throws a ſingle dart,
We make him wound the lover's *heart*:
But, if he takes his bow and quiver;
'Tis ſure, he muſt tranſfix the *liver*:
For rhyme with reaſon may diſpenſe,
And ſound has right to govern ſenſe.
But let your friends in verſe ſuppoſe,
What ne'er ſhall be allow'd in proſe;
Anatomiſts can make it clear,
The *liver* minds his own affair;
Kindly ſupplies our public uſes,
And parts and ſtrains the vital juices;
Still lays ſome uſeful bile aſide,
To tinge the chyle's inſipid tide:
Elſe we ſhould want both gibe and ſatyr
And all be burſt with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witneſs,
And love is all delight and ſweetneſs.
My *logic* then has loſt its aim,
If ſweet and bitter be the ſame:
And he, methinks, is no great ſcholar,
Who can miſtake deſire for choler.
The like may of the *heart* be ſaid;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All thoſe, whoſe *hearts* are looſe and low,
Start, if they hear but the *tattoo*:
And mighty phyſical their fear is;
For, ſoon as noiſe of combat near is,

Their heart, deſcending to their breeches,
Muſt give their ſtomach cruel twitches.
But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The ſtrings of which, in battles heat,
Againſt their very *corſlets* beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's meaſure,
And yield them moſt exceſſive pleaſure.
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itſelf exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would nature make one place the ſeat
Of fond deſire, and fell debate?
Muſt people only take delight in
Thoſe hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
Theſe notions then I think but idle;
And love ſhall ſtill poſſeſs the middle.
This truth more plainly to diſcover,
Suppoſe your hero were a lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conqueſt muſt aſſuage,
He grows diſpirited and low;
He hates the fight, and ſhuns the foe.
In ſcornful ſloth Achilles ſlept,
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and ſlaughter,
Till they brought back the parſon's daughter.
Antonius fled from Actium's coaſt,
Auguſtus preſſing, Aſia loſt:
His ſails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd;
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Deſign'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.—
France's fourth Henry we may ſee
A ſervant to the fair d'Eſtree;
When, quitting Coutras' proſpérous field,
And fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Diſguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the ſprightly dame;
And in his pleaſure loſt his fame.
Bold is the critic who dares prove
Theſe heroes were no friends to love;
And bolder he, who dares aver
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought ſhould, now or never,
Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*,
Fond Alma to thoſe parts was gone,
Which love more juſtly calls his own.
Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with theſe four:
For, when one's proofs are aptly choſen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For ſome in ancient books delight;
Others prefer what moderns write:
Now I ſhould be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

But ſhall we take the muſe abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our ſubject in the middle,
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he, conſummate maſter, knew
When to recede, and where purſue:
His noble negligences teach
What others toils deſpair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after ſome diſtinguiſh'd leap,
He drops his pole, and ſeems to ſlip,
Straight gathering all his active ſtrength,
He riſes higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his flight,
And owe your pleaſure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
Falſe *mimic* of my maſter's dance;
Around the cord awhile I ſprawl,
And thence, though low, in earneſt fall.
My preface tells you, I digreſs'd:
He's half abſolv'd who has confeſs'd.
I like, quoth Dick, your *ſkill*,
And, in return, take two from me.
As maſters in the *clare obſcure*
With various light your eyes allure,
A flaming yellow here they ſpread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from theſe colours oddly mix'd,
Your ſight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or, as, again, your courtly dames
(Whoſe clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the ſtuffs they vary,
And things are beſt as moſt contrary;
The gown, with ſtiff embroidery ſhining,
Looks charming with a ſlighter lining;
The out-, if Indian figure ſtain,
The in-ſide muſt be rich and plain.
So you great authors have thought fit
To make digreſſion temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force,
And *furbelow* the plain diſcourſe.
Richard, quoth Mat, theſe words of thine
Speak ſomething ſly, and ſomething fine:
But I ſhall e'en reſume my *theme*,
However thou may'ſt praiſe or blame.
As people marry now, and ſettle,
Fierce love abates his uſual mettle:
Worldly deſires, and houſehold cares,
Diſturb the godhead's ſoft affairs;
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compaſs Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above,
As light or ſolid whimſies move.
So merchant has his houſe in town,
And country-ſeat near Banſted-down:
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:
In t'other, at his hours of leiſure,
He ſmokes his pipe, and takes his pleaſure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For story and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once-charming feats below;
But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon when she was sick:
And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.
Thus, having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.
Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Poltis sat
In quiet governing his state.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife:
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:
One to Atrides I will send,
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave:
The wrath of gods and man shall cease,
And Poltis live and die in peace.
Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of *corollary*)
Some limbs she finds the very same,
In place, and dignity, and name:
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For, whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
T'other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket he lay still.
And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, Sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede;
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
To give his partner fairer play.
Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Because one serves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more slow
Than t'other executes the blow.
A stander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.
The amorous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below;
For, long before the 'squire and dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame,
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
Though at sash-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay (authors say) at prayers.—
The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the breast, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to trust to:
And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confest
That there his eyes took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?
Objections to my general *system*
May rise perhaps; and I have mist them:
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion;

That Alma merely is a ſcale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither ſide turn down nor up,
With loſs or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heaven.
This, Richard, is a curious caſe:
Suppoſe your eyes ſent equal rays
Upon two diſtant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or ſtale:
In this ſad ſtate your doubtful choice
Would never have the caſting voice;
Which beſt or worſt you could not think,
And die you muſt for want of drink;
Unleſs ſome chance inclines your ſight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles beſt agree:
Your ſenſe reſolv'd impels your will:
She guides your hand—ſo drink your fill.
Have you not ſeen a baker's maid
Between two equal banniers ſway'd?
Her tallies uſeleſs lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle:
But, forc'd from this unactive ſtate
By virtue of ſome caſual weight,
On either ſide you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, muſt take its courſe;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unſeen,
Are barely paſſive, and ſuck'd-in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As ſtraw and paper are by amber.
If we ſit down to play or ſet
(Suppoſe at *ombre* or *baſſet*),
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We ſure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourſelves both cut and ſhuffled them.
In vain on fortune's aid rely;
She only is a ſtander by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do ſome impulſive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But ſpace and matter we ſhould blame;
They palm'd the trick that loſt the game.
Thus, to ſave further contradiction
Againſt what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it thoſe bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulſe wrought:
Ev'n ſaying that you think or walk,
How like a country 'ſquire you talk!
Mark then;—Where fancy, or deſire,
Collects the beams of viral fire;
Into that limb ſair Alma ſlides,
And there, *pro tempore*, reſides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chaunts the heavenly ſong.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artiſt's hand.
Through Macer's gullet ſhe runs down;
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And, void of modeſty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endleſs draught.
Through the ſoft ſex again ſhe ranges,
As youth, caprice, or faſhion, changes.
Fair Alma, careleſs and ſerene,
In Fanny's ſprightly eyes is ſeen;
While they diffuſe their infant beams,
Themſelves not conſcious of their flames.
Again fair Alma ſits conſeſt
On Florimel's exporter breaſt;
When ſhe the riſing ſigh conſtrains,
And by concealing ſpeaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels ſhows:
When Jenny's ſtays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waiſt;
And when the ſwelling hoop ſuſtains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower ſpace to enter,
Of the large round herſelf the centre.
Again: that ſingle limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature),
Which moſt did Alma's paſſion move
In the firſt object of her love,
For ever will be found conſeſt,
And printed on the amorous breaſt.
O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's ſong.
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of ſacred lawn,
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall ſee the crime he ſtrives to hide,
And, ſoftly drawing back the veil,
The god ſhall to his votaries tell
Each conſcious tear, each bluſhing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloiſa's face.
Happy the poet, bleſt the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe!
Next, Dick, as youth and habit ſways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilſt a boy, Jack ran from ſchool,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his ſpeed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again;
By his fire-ſide he ſtarts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair;
His feet, however lame, you find
Have got the better of his mind.
If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at ſixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public maſk, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn to Goldſmith's-hall,
All Chriſtmas long away ſhe trudges,
Trips it with 'prentices and judges;

In vain her children urge her ſtay,
And age or palſey bar the way.
But, if thoſe images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She ſtill renews the ancient ſcene,
Forgets the forty-years between:
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her ſcarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,
She cheats her ſon to wed her page.
If Alma, whilſt the man was young,
Slipp'd up too ſoon into his tongue,
Pleas'd with his own fantaſtic ſkill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie ſtill.
On any point if you diſpute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute:
Change ſides, and you increaſe your pain,
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may ſpeak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay.
Your dainty ſpeakers have the curſe,
To plead bad cauſes down to worſe:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look the more they paint.
Again: if in the female ſex
Alma ſhould on this member fix
(A cruel and a deſperate caſe,
From which Heaven ſhield my lovely laſs!);
For ever more all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or ſtone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So, if for any ſins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe, though juſt, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
Till death ſhall bring the kind relief,
We muſt be patient, or be deaf.
You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who ſaw me when I laſt was ſick:
She kindly talk'd, at leaſt three hours,
Of *plaſtic* forms, and *mental* powers;
Deſcrib'd our pre-exiſting ſtation
Before this vile terrene creation;
And leſt I ſhould be weary'd, madam,
To cut things ſhort, came down to Adam;
From whence, as faſt as ſhe was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Through Syria, Perſia, Greece, ſhe goes,
And takes the Romans in the cloſe.
But we'll deſcant on general nature;
This is a ſyſtem, not a ſatire.
Turn we this globe, and let us ſee
How different nations diſagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you ſmell and taſte
The ſoils through which it roſe and paſt;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where ſhe was born and bred.
One people from their ſwaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands;
Here Alma to theſe limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma ſettled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens ſprung.
Obſerve but in theſe neighbouring lands
The different uſe of mouths and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles theſe, and thoſe in tropes.
In Britain's iſles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on ſome great occaſion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverſe appears;
Long coats the haughty huſband wears,
And greets his wife with angry ſpeeches,
If ſhe be ſeen without her breeches.
In our fantaſtic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breaſt and head
Freſh flowers their mingled odours ſhed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-caſt looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth moſt humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfaſt and his love:
And, if the ſkittiſh nymph ſhould fly,
He in a double ſenſe muſt die.
We ſimple toaſters take delight
To ſee our women's teeth look white,
And every ſaucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women ſweet,
Except their ſnags are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on ſtatute, *Ivory Teeth*.
At Tonquin, if a prince ſhould die
(As Jeſuits write, who never lie),
The wife, and counſellor, and prieſt,
Who ſerv'd him moſt, and lov'd him beſt,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half ſo kind.
Now turn we to the fartheſt eaſt,
And there obſerve the gentry dreſt.
Prince Giolo, and his royal ſiſters,
Scarr'd with ten thouſand comely bliſters;
The marks remaining on the ſkin,
To tell the quality within.
Diſtinguiſh'd flaſhes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or ſtate,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a ſampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the ſame ſuit for uſe and ſhow:
And at a ſmall expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.
Weſtward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely ſmear'd with fat of bear:
Before you ſee, you ſmell your toaſt;
And ſweeteſt ſhe who ſtinks the moſt.

The fineſt ſparks and cleaneſt beaux
Drip from the ſhoulders to the toes:
How ſleek their ſkins! their joints how eaſy!
There ſlovens only are not greaſy.
I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To maſter John the Engliſh maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vaſt delight,
He ſpells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, ſhow a Hebrew's hopeful ſon
Where we ſuppoſe the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindneſs,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er ſo faſt,
Great A would be reſerv'd the laſt.
An equal inſtance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe if a harmleſs maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurſe,
Her friends would look on her the worſe.
In China, Dampier's travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the Britiſh ſhips unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to ſhore,
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beſeeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother ſtands affrighted,
Leſt her dear daughter ſhould be ſlighted:
And poor miſs Yaya dreads the ſhame
Of going back the maid ſhe came.
Obſerve how cuſtom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, ſhe ſlips away,
And what to do, one need not ſay.
Now ſee how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herſelf amongſt the men:
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant ſoul
Firſt drank, then water'd in the bowl;
And ſprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace—
To cloſe this point, we need not roam
For inſtances ſo far from home.
What parts gay France from ſober Spain?
A little riſing rocky chain.
Of men born ſouth or north o' th' hill,
Thoſe ſeldom move, theſe ne'er ſtand ſtill.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far diſtant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the firſt prince in Chriſtendom.
Chooſe then, good Pope, at home to ſtay,
Nor weſtward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy ſhould'ſt thou take,
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake,
Thou art an aged prieſt no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy ſex is loſt, thy town is gone;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That ſome few leagues ſhould make this change,
To men unlearn'd ſeems mighty ſtrange.

But need we, friend, inſiſt on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiſs,
All your philoſophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other ſide a river.
Here, with an artful ſmile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick—
The bard, on this extenſive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, caſt your eye
By night upon a winter-ſky:
Caſt it by day-light on the ſtrand,
Which compaſſes fair Albion's land:
If you can count the ſtars that glow
Above, or ſands that lie below,
Into thoſe common places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
Theſe I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'ſt at thy leiſure read.
For ſtanding every critic's rage,
I ſafely will to future age
My *ſyſtem*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over ſpight and death.

CANTO III.

Richard, who now was faſt aſleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer ſilence keep;
And ſenſe like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phraſe too harſh be thought,
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault:
Old Homer taught us thus to ſpeak;
If 'tis not ſenſe, at leaſt 'tis Greek.
As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leaſing,
Say things at firſt, becauſe they're pleaſing,
Then prove what they have once aſſerted,
Nor care to have their lie deſerted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft' repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as, again, thoſe amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mother's maids,
Though at the firſt their wild deſire
Was but to quench a preſent fire;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They ſeldom let the bantling roar
In baſket at a neighbour's door;
But, by the flattering glaſs of nature
Viewing themſelves in *cake bread's* feature,
With ſerious thought and care ſupport
What only was begun in ſport:
Juſt ſo with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philoſophic wares.
Atoms you cut, and forms you meaſure,
To gratify your private pleaſure;
Till airy ſeeds of caſual wit
Do ſome fantaſtic birth beget;
And, pleas'd to find your ſyſtem mended
Beyond what you at firſt intended,

The happy whimſey you purſue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own deluſive art,
You fancy firſt, and then aſſert.
  Quoth Matthew: Friend, as far as I
Through art or nature caſt my eye,
This axiom clearly I diſcern,
That one muſt teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilſt he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his liſtening ſcholars ſtand,
Their mouth ſtill cover'd with their hand:
Elſe, may be, ſome odd-thinking youth,
Leſs friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the muſic of the ſpheres;
Deny'd all tranſmigrating ſcenes,
And introduc'd the uſe of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite deſtroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his ſubtil matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Iſaac look,
If you, in anſwer to his book,
Say in the front of your diſcourſe,
That things have no elaſtic force!
How could our *chemic* friends go on,
To find the *philoſophic* ſtone,
If you more powerful reaſons bring,
To prove that there is no ſuch thing?
  Your chiefs in ſciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find ſhe giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full:
And who ſhould be preſum'd to tell
What ſhe herſelf ſhould ſee, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though ſhe has told them ten times o'er:
It can't—it may be—and it muſt:
To which of theſe muſt Alma truſt?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if ſhe doubts, or no.
Can *ſyllogiſm* ſet things right?
No: *majors* ſoon with *minors* fight;
Or, both in friendly conſort join'd,
The *conſequence* limps falſe behind.
So to ſome cunning man ſhe goes,
And aſks of him, how much ſhe knows.
With patience grave he hears her ſpeak,
And from his ſhort notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the diſpute is wiſely ended.
  From the account the loſer brings,
The conjuror knows who ſtole the things.
  'Squire (interrupted Dick) ſince when
Were you amongſt theſe cunning men?
  Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence ſpoil my diſcourſe.
I tell thee, this is Alma's caſe,
Still aſking what ſome wiſe man ſays,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all muſt grant, though few can ſpell.
You tell your doctor that y'are ill:
And what does he, but write a bill?
Of which you need not read one letter:
The worſe the ſcrawl, the doſe the better.

For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he muſt break.
  Ideas, *forms*, and *intellects*,
Have furniſh'd out three different ſects.
Subſtance, or *accident*, divides
All Europe into adverſe ſides.
  Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You muſt have friends to back your cauſe:
In *philoſophic* matters ſo
Your judgment muſt with others' go:
For as in ſenates, ſo in ſchools,
Majority of voices rules.
  Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haſte, and quick ſurpriſe,
From every leaf that ſtirs, ſhe flies;
Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She ſlights what erſt ſhe ſingly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares purſue, if they dare lead;
As their example ſtill prevails,
She tempts the ſtream, or leaps the pales.
  He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himſelf, becomes a fool;
As party man, who leaves the reſt,
Is call'd but *vehimſical* † at beſt.
  Now, by your favour, maſter Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I ſmell a rat.
I muſt be lifted in your feet,
Who, though they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cry'd:
So put off all miſtruſt and pride.
And, while my principles I beg,
Pray anſwer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I adviſe:
Be firſt ſecure, and then be wiſe.
The man within the coach that ſits,
And to another's ſkill ſubmits,
Is ſafer much (what'er arrives),
And warmer too, than he that drives.
  So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er diſcloſe
In ſmooth-pac'd verſe, or hobbling proſe.
Attend, dear Dick; but don't reply:
And thou may'ſt prove as wiſe as I.
  When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finiſh'd her aſcending ſtages,
Into the head at length ſhe gets,
And there in public grandeur ſits,
To judge of things, and cenſure wits.
  Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surpriſe my readers, whilſt I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*!
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater*!
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And, with inceſſant toil and ſtrife,
Would keep poſſeſſion during life.
I could demonſtrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her ſtore;

† Some of the Tories, in the Queen's reign, were diſtinguiſhed by that appellation.

And to an inch compute the ſtation
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend! I could diſplay much learning,
At leaſt to men of ſmall diſcerning.
The brain contains ten thouſand cells:
In each ſome active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The ſeveral follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thouſand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her ſtudious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry;
Each ſtill renews her little labour,
Nor juſtles her aſſiduous neighbour:
Each—whilſt this *theſis* I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
Could I but ſee thy head diſſected!
My head! quoth Dick, to ſerve your whim!
Spare that, and take ſome other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of *ſyſtem*,
Wiſe men propoſe; but fools aſſiſt 'em.
Says Matthew, Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.
Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who faſteſt walks, but walks aſtray,
Is only furtheſt from his way.
Bleſs your conceits! muſt I believe,
Howe'er abſurd, what you conceive;
And, for your friendſhip, live and die
A papiſt in philoſophy?
I ſay, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plaineſt man alive may tell ye,
Her ſeat of empire is the belly:
From hence ſhe ſends out thoſe ſupplies,
Which makes us either ſtout or wiſe;
The ſtrength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Riſe in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You muſt be fed as well as taught.
Your ſtomach makes your fabric roll,
Juſt as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The ſtrength deſign'd to ruin Troy;
He din'd on lion's marrow, ſpread
On toaſts of ammunition bread:
But, by his mother ſent away,
Amongſt the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he ſat, and quiet:
Strange product of a cheeſe-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way:
The youngſter, who at nine and three
Drinks with his ſiſters milk and tea,
From breakfaſt reads till twelve o'clock,
Burnet, and Heylin, Hobbes, and Locke:
He pays due viſits after noon
To couſin Alice and uncle John;
At ten from coffee-houſe or play
Returning, finiſhes the day.

But, give him port and potent ſack,
From *milkſop* he ſtarts up *Moback*;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the ſtreet at midnight ſcowers,
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glaſſes,
And thence proceeds to nicking laſhes;
Till, by ſome tougher hand o'ercome,
And firſt knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, ſtrikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
Obſerve the various operations
Of food and drink in ſeveral nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the ſtrength of water-gruel?
But who ſhall ſtand his rage and force,
If firſt he rides, then eats his horſe?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian ſpark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cauſe this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they proviſions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire and faint.
Hunger and thirſt, or guns and ſwords,
Give the ſame death in different words.
To puſh this argument no further;
To ſtarve a man, in law is murther.
As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful ſprings are ſeen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their ſecondary power
From that which ſimply points the hour.
For, though thoſe gim-cracks were away,
(Quare would not ſwear, but Quare would ſay)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would ſtill a watch remain:
But, if the *hand* orbit ceaſes,
The whole ſtands ſtill, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go ſell the caſe.
So, if unprejudic'd you ſcan
The goings of this clock-work man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the ſtomach's ſolid ſtroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure;
Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
His buildings fall, his ſhip ſtands ſtill;
Or, laſtly break his *politic*-weight,
His voice no longer rules the ſtate.
Yet, if theſe finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, would ſtill go on,
But ſpoil the engine of digeſtion,
And you entirely change the queſtion.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jeſt, alas! is at an end:
Soon ceaſes all the worldly buſtle,
And you conſign the corpſe to Ruſſel.
Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your *ſyſtem*, without my addition,
Is in a very ſad condition.

So Harlequin extoll'd his horſe,
Fit for the war, or road, or courſe;
His mouth was ſoft, his eye was good,
His foot was ſure as ever trod
One fault he had (a fault indeed!);
And what was that? the horſe was dead.
Dick, from theſe inſtances and fetches,
Thou mak'ſt of horſes, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou ſeem'ſt to mean,
That Alma is a mere *machine:*
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herſelf has ſtruck;
But leaves to ſtanders-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.
Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like frogs in love:
They muſt deſcribe; they nothing prove.
Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,
Toſt up his noſe, and would have cavill'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he ſaid:
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.)
Friend Richard, I begin to ſee,
That you and I ſhall ſcarce agree.
Obſerve how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I ſaid juſt now,
I ſhould affirm, and you allow.
We *ſyſtem*-makers can ſuſtain
The *theſis*, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In caſe the thing before was eaſy.
But, in a point obſcure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reaſon we can ſhow,
Why matters this or that way go,
The ſhorteſt way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And falſe to all the world beſide.
That old philoſopher grew croſs,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Becauſe he walk'd againſt his will,
He fac'd men down, that he ſtood ſtill.
And he, who, reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulſe and heat),
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chryſippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bleſs him!) to aſſure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both falſe and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, ſo little can our mind
Of matter or of ſpirit find
That we by gueſs at leaſt may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true
But this is only *entre nous*),
That many knotty points there are,
Which all diſcuſs but few can clear;
As nature ſlily had thought fit,
For ſome bye ends, to croſs-bite wit;
Circles to ſquare, and cubes to double,
Would give a man exceſſive trouble
The longitude uncertain roams,
In ſpite of Whiſton and his bombs.
What *ſyſtem*, Dick, has right averr'd
The cauſe why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black
In points like theſe we muſt agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.
Yet ſtill, unable to explain,
We muſt perſiſt the beſt we can;
With care our *ſyſtem* ſtill renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.
I could, thou ſeeſt, in quaint diſpute,
By dint of *logic*, ſtrike thee mute;
With learned ſkill, now puſh, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield; or, what is worſt,
Never conclude the point diſcours'd.
Yet, that you *hic et nunc* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the diſputant deſcend,
To ſhow thee, I aſſume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So moſt philoſophers have done)
It makes my *ſyſtem* more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what thou wilt, ſaid Dick, dear friend
But bring thy matters to an end.
I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain;
Who firſt offend will firſt complain.
Thou wiſheſt I ſhould make to ſhore;
Yet ſtill putt'ſt in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In proſe, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church (no matter where),
Labour'd and puſh'd amidſt the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord ſave us! why do people preſs!
Another, marking his diſtreſs,
Friendly reply'd, plump gentleman,
Get out as faſt as e'er you can;
Or ceaſe to puſh, or to exclaim:
You make the very crowd you blame.
Says Dick, your moral does not need
The leaſt return; ſo e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was ſhort:
So far, at leaſt, I thank you for't.
Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magiſterial, thus went on.
Now, Alma ſettles in the head,
As has before been ſung, or ſaid:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, ſtrife:
Behold on both ſides men advance,
To form in earneſt Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not uſing half his ſtore,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the preſent tun, for fear
The vintage ſhould be bad next year;

And eats to-day with inward ſorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the *ſurtout* you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a *ſonata* on his viol,
Unleſs he had the total gut
Whence every ſtring at firſt was cut?
When Rarus ſhows you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that ſame hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.
Poor Vento's mind ſo much is croſt,
For part of his Petronius loſt,
That he can never take the pains
To underſtand what yet remains.
What toil did honeſt Curio take,
What ſtrict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman ſet!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of theſe no more you hear him ſpeak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
Theſe, rang'd and ſhow'd, ſhall in their turns
Remain obſcure as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wiſely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike purſue,
Becauſe they're old, becauſe they're new.
Dick, I have ſeen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite.
And ſimple odes too many ſhow ye
My ſervile complaiſance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By nature fools—That's brave indeed!
Quoth Dick: ſuch truths are worth receiving.
Yet ſtill Dick look'd as not believing.
Now, Alma, to divines and proſe
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy ſting:
Thy pride of being great and wiſe
I do but mention, to deſpiſe;
I view with anger and diſdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a root,
A ſhell, a butterfly, can do't;
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to paſs the tedious time,
Which elſe would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and cheſs-boards brought,
To eaſe the pain of coward thought:
Happy reſult of human wit!
That Alma may herſelf forget,

* Mr. Shelton's ſon,

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toſs'd by hope, or ſunk by care.
With endleſs pain this man purſues
What, if he gain'd, he could not uſe:
And t' other fondly hopes to ſee
What never was, nor e'er ſhall be.
We err by uſe, go wrong by rules,
In geſture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocriſy to pride,
Doubling the faults we ſtrive to hide.
Or grant that, with extreme ſurpriſe,
We find ourſelves at ſixty wiſe,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accompliſh one;
Whilſt, as my *ſyſtem* ſays, the mind
Is to theſe upper rooms confin'd.
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd ſenſe, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My poem would be too prolix.
For, could I my remarks ſuſtain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in theſe times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?
As Brentford kings, diſcreet and wiſe,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cauſe their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of ſtate;
Stunn'd and worn out with endleſs chat
Of Will did this, and Nan ſaid that;
She finds, poor thing, ſome little crack,
Which nature, forc'd by time, muſt make,
Through which ſhe wings her deſtin'd way
Upward ſhe ſoars, and down drops clay:
While ſome ſurviving friend ſupplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.
O Richard, till that day appears,
Which muſt decide our hopes and fears,
Would fortune calm her preſent rage,
And give us play-things for our age:
Would Clotho waſh her hands in milk,
And twiſt our thread with gold and ſilk;
Would ſhe, in friendſhip, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And ſhould we both in this condition
Have conquer'd love, and worſe ambition
(Elſe thoſe two paſſions, by the way,
May chance to ſhow us ſcurvy play);
Then, Richard, then ſhould we ſit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-choſen ſeat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, ſhould we mix our friendly talk,
O'erſhaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:
Yet then, ev'n then, one croſs reflection
Would ſpoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy ſon, and his, ere that, may die,
And time ſome uncouth heir ſupply,

Who ſhall for nothing elſe be known
But ſpoiling all that thou haſt done.
Who ſet the twigs ſhall he remember
That is in haſte to ſell the timber?
And what ſhall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
  Nay, may not time and death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or ſkim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures ſell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And ſet the price upon the bigger?
Thoſe who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books beſt, as richeſt bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned juſtice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—
  Tir'd with theſe thoughts—Leſs tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philoſophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if fate ſpins us longer years,
Or is in haſte to take the ſhears,
I know we muſt both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.

Yet, let the goddeſs ſmile or frown,
Bread we ſhall eat, or white or brown;
And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine *campaign* or muddled *port*.
What need of books theſe truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot ſpell?
And muſt we ſpectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye?
  Sir, if it be your wiſdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleaſing notion:
But, if you would depreſs my thought,
Your *ſyſtem* is not worth a groat—
  For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like ſimple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can ſay?
E'en let him of ideas ſpeak
To heathens in his native Greek.
If to be ſad is to be wiſe,
I do moſt heartily deſpiſe
Whatever Socrates has ſaid,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
  Dear Drift *, to ſet our matters right,
Remove theſe papers from my ſight;
Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Ariſtotle:
Here! Jonathan, your maſter's bottle.

* Prior's ſecretary and executor,

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A POEM IN THREE BOOKS.

Ὦ βίου ἡμᾶς ἄνομ' ὄχει, πόνος ὁ' ἔργῳ πέλει. EURIP.

" Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, et in cunis vagiam, valde recusem."

Cic. de Senect.

" The *bewailing of man's miseries* hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many in the writings " as well of philosophers as divines; and is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation."

BACON.

PREFACE

IT is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: he can be more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satire made on him by another: and though he may justly desire that a friend should praise him; yet, if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the public are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *felo de se*; and, by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, as yet, appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as the painters term it) in *grouping* such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the " simplex " duntaxat et unum," which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessa-

ry to form ſome ſtory, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what ſpecies it may be comprehended, whether Didaſcalic or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics, deſiring them to be favourable in their cenſure; and not ſolicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief perſonage, or character, in the epic is always proportioned to the deſign of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to ſhow us, in his Iliad, that diſſentions amongſt great men obſtruct the execution of the nobleſt enterpriſes, and tend to the ruin of a ſtate or kingdom. His Achilles, therefore, is haughty and paſſionate, impatient of any reſtraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odyſſes, the ſame poet endeavours to explain, that the hardeſt difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune reſtored after the ſevereſt afflictions. Ulyſſes therefore is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's deſign was to tell us how, from a ſmall colony eſtabliſhed by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire roſe; and from what ancient families Auguſtus (who was his prince and patron) deſcended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, ſtill diſtinguiſhed and protected by the favour of the gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulyſſes; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the perſon of Æneas.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other epic poets have copied after them both. Taſſo's Gierufalemme Liberata is directly Troy town ſacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin poet had joined in one, the Italian has ſeparated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great ſucceſs. Ronſard's Franciade (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's Æneis. His hero comes from a foreign country, ſettles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. Inſtance in theſe, as the greateſt Italian and French poets in the epic. In our language, Spenſer has not contented himſelf with this ſubmiſſive manner of imitation: he launches out into very flowery paths, which ſtill ſeem to conduct him into one great road. His Faery Queen (had it been finiſhed) muſt have ended in the account which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praiſes of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an heroic poem, but in another caſt and figure than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is obſervable, that every hero (as far as we can judge by the books ſtill remaining) bears his diſtinguiſhed character, and repreſents ſome particular virtue conducive to the whole deſign.

To bring this to our preſent ſubject. The pleaſures of life do not compenſate the miſeries: age ſteals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This inſtruction is to be illuſtrated by the action of ſome great perſon. Who, therefore, more proper for the buſineſs, than Solomon himſelf? And why may he not be ſuppoſed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almoſt three thouſand years ſince? If, in the fair ſituation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with ſorrow; if, endowed with the greateſt perfections of nature, and poſſeſſed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happineſs; the reſt of mankind may ſafely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he aſſerts. And the author who would perſuade that we ſhould bear the ills of life patiently, merely becauſe Solomon felt the ſame, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to ſubmit to death without repining, becauſe Epicurus died.

The whole poem is a ſoliloquy: Solomon is the perſon that ſpeaks: he is at once the hero and the author, but he tells us very often what others ſay to him. Thoſe chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philoſophers in the firſt book; and his women and their attendants in the ſecond: with theſe the ſacred hiſtory mentions him to have converſed; as likewiſe with the angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at leaſt to teach him how to overcome them.

"Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice nodus—"

I preſume this poetical liberty may be very juſtly allowed me on ſo ſolemn an occaſion.

In my deſcription, I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewiſh nation at the time when Solomon lived: and, where I allude to the cuſtoms of the Greeks, I believe I may be juſtified by the ſtricteſt chronology; though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an hiſtorian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan hero and Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together; and without the ſame anachroniſm ſeveral of the fineſt parts of his Æneis muſt have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images ſome thouſands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwiſe have written, or we read, one of the ſublimeſt pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewiſe takes off the objection, that ſome names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philoſophy, are otherwiſe expreſſed than can be warranted by the geography or aſtronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the ſame liberty in their deſcriptions and compariſons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their perſonages may be dreſſed, not exactly in the ſame habits which they wore, but in ſuch as make them appear moſt graceful. In this caſe probability muſt atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abuſed by eminent maſters in either ſcience. Raphael and Taſſo have ſhown their diſcretion, where Paul Veroneſe and Arioſto are to anſwer for their extravagances. It is the exceſs, not the thing itſelf, that is blameable.

I would ſay one word of the meaſure in which this and moſt poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Denne and his contemporaries uſed it, carrying the ſenſe of one verſe

moſt commonly into another, was found too diſſocute and wild, and came very often too near proſe. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined: it cuts off the ſenſe at the end of every firſt line, which muſt always rhyme to the next following; and conſequently produces too frequent an identity in the ſound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the ſentiments and repreſent the images proper for epic. And, as it tires the writer while he compoſes, it muſt do the ſame to the reader while he repeats; eſpecially in a poem of any conſiderable length.

If ſtriking out into blank verſe, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled); or running the thought into alternate and ſtanza, which allows a greater variety, and ſtill preſerves the dignity of the verſe, as Spenſer and Fairfax have done; if either of theſe, I ſay, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only inquiring in order to be better informed, without preſuming to direct the judgment of others. And, while I am ſpeaking of the verſe itſelf, I give all juſt praiſe to many of my friends now living, who have in epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this meaſure will permit. But, once more: he, that writes in rhymes, dances in fetters; and, as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger ſteps.

I need make no apology for the ſhort digreſſive panegyric upon Great Britain in the firſt book. I am glad to have it obſerved, that there appears throughout all my verſes a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Engliſhman, than the beſt poet, or the greateſt ſcholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publiſhing of this piece, though I have in a literal ſenſe obſerved Horace's "Nonum prematur in annum;" yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the ſpirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aſide much longer than the term preſcribed; but in the meantime I had little leiſure, and leſs inclination, to reviſe or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private ſtudies, and great variety of public life in which I have been employed, my thoughts (ſuch as they are) having generally been expreſſed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of Engliſh poetry requires: all theſe, and ſome other circumſtances which we had as good paſs by at preſent, do juſtly contribute to make my excuſe in this behalf very plauſible. Far, indeed, from deſigning to print, I had locked up theſe papers in my ſcrutoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this deſign, or how my ſcrutoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the queſtion. The true reaſon I take to be the beſt: many of my friends of the firſt quality, fineſt learning, and greateſt underſtanding, have wreſted the key from my hands by a very kind and irreſiſtible violence: and the poem is publiſhed, not without my conſent indeed, but a little againſt my opinion; and with an implicit ſubmiſſion to the partiality of their judgment. As I gave up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amuſement and pleaſure, I ſhall always think myſelf happy if I may dedicate my moſt ſerious endeavours to their intereſt and ſervice. And I am proud to finiſh this preface by ſaying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never juſtly offended, is abundantly recompenſed by the goodneſs of more friends, whom I can never ſufficiently oblige. And if I here aſſume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurſt as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all thoſe whoſe names do me great honour at the beginning of my book;† theſe two only ought to be angry with me: for I diſobey their poſitive order, whilſt I make even this ſmall acknowledgment of their particular kindneſs.

† As ſubſcribers to the edition in folio, 1718.

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

KNOWLEDGE.

BOOK I.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK I.

" The words of the Preacher the Son of David " King of Jeruſalem." Eccleſiaſtes, chap. i. ver. 1.

" Vanity of vanities, ſays the Preacher, vanity of " vanities, all is vanity." Ver. 2.

" I communed with mine own heart, ſaying, Lo, " I am come to great eſtate, and have gotten " more wiſdom than all they that have been " before me in Jeruſalem; yea, my heart had " great experience of wiſdom and knowledge." Ver. 16.

He ſpake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in " Lebanon, even unto the hyſſop that ſpringeth " out of the wall: he ſpake alſo of beaſts, and " of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fiſhes." 1 Kings, chap. iv. ver. 33.

"I know, that whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be " for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any " thing taken from it; and God doeth it, that " men ſhould fear before him." Eccleſiaſtes, chap iii. ver. 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: " alſo he hath ſet the world in their heart, ſo " that no man can find out the work that God " maketh from the beginning to the end." Ver. 11.

" For in much wiſdom is much grief: and he " that increaſeth knowledge, increaſeth ſorrow." Chap. i. ver. 18.

" And further, by theſe, my ſon, be admoniſhed: " of making many books there is no end: and " much ſtudy is a wearineſs of the fleſh." Chap. xii. ver. 12.

The Argument.

Solomon, ſeeking happineſs from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of nature; diſcourſes of vegetables, animals, and man; propoſes ſome queſtions concerning the origin and ſituation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the ſyſtem of the viſible heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of Spirits and Angels; and wiſhes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly anſwered by the rabbins and doctors; blames his own curioſity; and concludes, that, as to human ſcience, all is vanity.

YE ſons of men, with juſt regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the friend,
Whoſe ſerious muſe inſpires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain;
That, in this pilgrimage of ſeventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful ſteps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end:
That from the womb we take our fatal ſhares
Of follies, paſſions, labours, tumults, cares;
And, at approach of death, ſhall only know
The truth, which from theſe penſive numbers flow,
That we purſue falſe joy, and ſuffer real woe.
Happineſs, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, miſtaking: fugitive theme
Of my purſuing verſe, ideal ſhade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whoſe dancing beams miſlead our fond deſire,
Cauſe of our care, and error of our mind;
Oh! hadſt thou ever been by Heaven deſign'd

To Adam, and his mortal race; the boon
Entire had been reſerv'd for Solomon:
On me the partial lot had been beſtow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.
But O! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our ſearch, ordain'd
That joy, ſtill ſought, ſhould never be attain'd.
This ſad experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate is from what I feel.
Born, as I was, great David's favourite ſon,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treaſures bleſt,
My name extended to the fartheſt eaſt,
My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My ſhining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment ſound:
Ariſe (I commun'd with myſelf), ariſe;
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wiſe:
Content of ſpirit muſt from ſcience flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.
I ſaid; and ſent my edict through the land:
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins ſtand;
Hiſtoric leaves revolve, long volumes ſpread,
The old diſcourſing as the younger read:
Attend I heard, propos'd my doubts, and ſaid:
The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its ſeed, its name, its nature, its degree,
I am allow'd, as fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping moſs and hyſſop on the wall:
Yet, juſt and conſcious to myſelf, I find
A thouſand doubts oppoſe the ſearching mind.
I know not why the beach delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder ſhade;
Whilſt towering firs in *conic* forms ariſe,
And with a pointed ſpear divide the ſkies:
Nor why again the changing oak ſhould ſhed
The yearly honour of his ſtately head;
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd yew is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the ſun, why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypreſs flouriſh in the ſhade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle ſtation, and an even plain;
While in the lower marſh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one climate and one ſoil endue
The bluſhing poppy with a crimſon hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to ſhoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantaſtic tulip ſtrives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted ſtreak?
The twining jaſmine and the bluſhing roſe
With laviſh grace their morning ſcents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling tuberoſe and jonquil declare
The ſtronger impulſe of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (reſolve me) or the flower
A various inſtinct, or a different power?
Why ſhould one earth, one clime, one ſtream, one breath,
Raiſe this to ſtrength, and ſicken that to death?
Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
We name the ſenſitive, ſhould move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to anſwer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?
Along the ſunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thouſand ſtalks the various bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native ſoil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowſlip ſmiles, in brighter yellow dreſs'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breaſt:
A fairer red ſtands bluſhing in the roſe [flows.
That that which on the bridegroom's veſtment
Take but the humbleſt lily of the field;
And, if our pride will to our reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure compariſon be ſhown
That on the regal ſeat great David's ſon,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with leſs glory than that ſimple flower.
Of fiſhes next, my friends, I would inquire:
How the mute race engender, or reſpire,
From the ſmall fry that glide on Jordan's ſtream
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that leviathan, who o'er the ſeas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempeſt plays?
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To ſouthern climes directing their career,
Their ſtation changing with th' inverted year?
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To chooſe their proper bed, and wave, and food;
To guard their ſpawn, and educate their brood?
Of birds, how each according to her kind
Proper materials for her neſt can find,
And build a frame, which deepeſt thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain?
How in ſmall flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's ſong?
Why theſe frequent the plain, and thoſe the wood?
Why every land has her ſpecific brood?
Where the tall crane, or winding ſwallow, goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling ſnows;
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to ſleep;
Or, conſcious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a ſouthern ſky?
Of beaſts and creeping inſects ſhall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?
Tell me, ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into Nature's boſom, whence the bee
Was firſt inform'd her venturous flight to ſteer
Through trackleſs paths, and an abyſs of air?
Whence ſhe avoids the ſlimy marſh, and knows
The fertile hills where ſweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds diſcloſe?
How from the thicken'd miſt, and ſetting ſun,
Finds ſhe the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her againſt winds and rains to ſtrive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive;

And through the liquid fields again to paſs
Duteous, and hearkening to the ſounding braſs?
And, O thou ſluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midſt ſummer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
By conſtant journies careful to prepare
Her ſtores; and, bringing home the corny ear,
By what inſtruction does ſhe bite the grain,
Leſt, hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foreſight of her care?
Diſtinct in either inſect's deed appear [fear.
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and
Fix thy corporeal and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
On the vile worm that yeſterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man:
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taſte, they ſee,
They ſhow their paſſions by their acts, like thee:
Darting their ſtings, they previouſly declare
Deſign'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial power, and full effect of love.
Each then has organs to digeſt his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood;
Has limbs and ſinews, blood and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to ſuſtain,
Though the whole fabric ſmaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reaſon grant
To the large whale, or caſtled elephant;
To thoſe enormous terrors of the Nile,
The creſted ſnake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
Than that all differ but in ſhape and name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs or larger frame?
For potent nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract,
Now forms her work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the meaſures of our feeble ſenſe.
The object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little, it eludes the dazzled ſight,
Becomes mixt blackneſs, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound; [round.
The ſtraight looks crooked, and the ſquare grows
Thus, while with fruitleſs hope and weary pain,
We ſeek great nature's power, but ſeek in vain,
Safe ſits the goddeſs in her dark retreat;
Around her myriads of ideas wait,
And endleſs ſhapes, which the myſterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
As from our loſt purſuit ſhe wills, to hide
Her cloſe decrees, and chaſten human pride.
Untam'd and fierce the tigers ſtill remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water and of food
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He ſeeks his keeper's fleſh, and thirſts his blood:
While the ſtrong camel, and the generous horſe,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage ſubmit,
And anſwer to the ſpur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.
Again the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On ſecret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverſes the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man:
While the kind ſpaniel, and the faithful hound,
Likeſt that fox in ſhape and ſpecies found,
Refuſes through theſe cliffs and lawns to roam,
Purſues the noted path, and covets home,
Does with kind joy domeſtic faces meet,
Takes what the glutted child denies to eat,
And, dying, licks his long-lov'd maſter's feet,
By what immediate cauſe they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their principles and ours agree.
Evil like us they ſhun, and covet good;
Abhor the poiſon, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With ſeeming thought their action they intend,
And uſe the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philoſopher avers,
That reaſon guides our deed, and inſtinct theirs.
How can we juſtly different cauſes frame,
When the effects entirely are the ſame?
Inſtinct and reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
With the ſame folly, ſure, man vaunts his ſway,
If the brute beaſt refuſes to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaſter's word
Proclaims himſelf the univerſal lord,
Does he not tremble, leſt the lion's paw
Should join his plea againſt the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the ſchools or porches ſhould appear
The fierce hyæna, or the foaming bear?
The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the ſword is girded to his loins.
When the ſwift veſſel flies before the wind,
Too late the ſailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
Forward ſhe ſtrives, averſe to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.
Conſider with me this æthereal ſpace,
Yielding to earth and ſea the middle place.
Anxious I aſk you, how the peaſile ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall?
When I reflect how the revolving ſun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beaſt, or colony of man;
If ar; nation paſs their deſtin'd days,
Beneath the neighbouring ſun's directer rays;
If any ſuffer on the polar coaſt
The rage of Arctos and eternal froſt.
May not the pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of theſe ſome ſecret good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive?
See daily ſhowers rejoice the thirſty earth,
And bleſs the flowery buds' ſucceeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heaven of an obliquer ſphere;
While by fix'd laws, and with a juſt return,
They feel twelve hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;

And praiſe the neighbouring ſun, whoſe conſtant
Enlightens them with ſeaſons ſtill the ſame? [flame
And may not thoſe, whoſe diſtant lot is caſt
North beyond Tartary's extended waſte;
Where through the plains of one continual day
Six ſhining months purſue their even way,
And ſix ſucceeding urge their duſky flight,
Obſcur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I aſk, the natives of theſe climes
(As annals may inform ſucceeding times)
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own viciſſitude, and equal ſhare
Of day and night, diſparted through the year?
May they not ſcorn our ſun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſtening from morn, and headlong driven from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our climes upbraid
Shortneſs of night, and penury of ſhade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſome ſleep, and neceſſary reſt,
Another ſun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yeſterday to bear?
Whilſt, when the ſolar beams ſalute their ſight,
Bold and ſecure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remoteſt wood, and fartheſt lake;
Manage the fiſhing, and purſue the courſe [force?
With more extended nerves, and more continued
And, when declining day forſakes their ſky,
When gathering clouds ſpeak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming ſeaſon bleſt,
Six ſolid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, proceſs, clamour, woe,
Which our ſad ſcenes of daily action know:
They light the ſhining lamp, prepare the feaſt,
And with full mirth receive the welcome gueſt;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſtening fair;
And, rais'd in pleaſure, or repos'd in eaſe
(Grateful alternate of ſubſtantial peace),
They bleſs the long nocturnal influence ſhed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.
In foreign iſles which our diſcoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged bear's, or ſpotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infeſt the wood;
The hungry crocodile, and hiſſing ſnake,
Lurk in the troubled ſtream and ſenny brake;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beaſt,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and ſtream, infeſt;
Deriv'd theſe men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's ſhade, and one created man?
Or, grant this progeny was waſted o'er
By coaſting boats from next adjacent ſhore;
Would thoſe, from whom we will ſuppoſe they ſpring,
Slaughter to harmleſs lands and poiſon bring?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take,
Feed the ſhe adder, and the brooding ſnake?
Or could they think the new diſcover'd iſle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And, ſince the ſavage lineage we muſt trace
From Noah ſav'd, and his diſtinguiſh'd race;
How ſhou'd their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he ſet,
To ſow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy ſhrine;
While the great ſire's unhappy ſons are found,
Unpreſs'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in queſt of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?
How ſhall we next o'er earth and ſeas purſue
The varied forms of every thing we view;
That all is chang'd, though all is ſtill the ſame,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of thoſe materials, which have been confeſs'd
The priſtine ſprings and parents of the reſt,
Each becomes other. Water ſtopp'd gives birth
To graſs and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd, it riſes in a higher ſphere,
Dilates its drops, and ſoftens into air:
Thoſe finer parts of air again inſpire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
That fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles; is fire no more,
But lies reſplendent duſt, and ſhining ore;
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its ſhape, puts off its old remains;
With watery parts its leſſen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and riſes into tides.
Diſparted ſtreams ſhall from their channels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy mountains lie,
Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the diſtant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the ſkies,
Shall fall; the plain by ſlow degrees ſhall riſe
Higher than erſt had ſtood the ſummit-hill;
For time muſt nature's great beheſt fulfil.
Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus Jordan's waves ſhall future clouds appear,
And Ægypt's pyramids refine to air:
Thus later age ſhall aſk for Piſon's flood,
And travellers inquire where Babel ſtood.
Now where we ſee theſe changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought theſe cloſe meanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place:
Are all things miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove we not too little, or too much?
For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud;
Is this more ſtrange, than that the mountain's brow,
Stripp'd by December's froſt, and white with ſnow
Should puſh in ſpring ten thouſand thouſand buds,
And boaſt returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each ſucceſſive night from opening heaven
The food of angels ſhould to man be given;
Is this more ſtrange than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed?
Than that each grain and ſeed, conſum'd in earth,
Raiſes its ſtore, and multiplies its birth,

And from the handful, which the tiller ſows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harveſt
ſlows?
Then, from whate'er we can to ſenſe produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abſtruſe,
From nature's conſtant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful ſoul this general inference draws,
That an effect muſt pre-ſuppoſe a cauſe:
And, while ſhe does her upward flight ſuſtain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A firſt, a ſource, a life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.
This great exiſtence thus by reaſon found,
Bleſt by all power, with all perfection crown'd;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may ſee?
Say then, is all in heaps of water loſt,
Beyond the iſlands, and the mid-land coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd thoſe waters by ſome other earth,
Countries by future plough-ſhares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progreſſive courſe of reſtleſs age
Performs three thouſand times its annual ſtage,
May not our power and learning he ſuppreſt,
And arts and empire learn to travel weſt?
Where, by the ſtrength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my ſoul? what ſees ſhe white and great
Amidſt ſubjected ſeas? An *iſle*, the ſeat
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,
For juſtice and for mercy ſought and known;
Virtues ſublime, great attributes of heaven,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd nation given.
Yet farther weſt the weſtern *iſle* extends
Her happy ſame; her armed fleet ſhe ſends
To climates folded yet from human eye,
And lands, which we imagine wave and ſky.
From pole to pole ſhe hears her acts reſound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ſhips anchor'd, and her ſails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a ſecond world.
Long ſhall Britannia (that muſt be her name)
Be firſt in conqueſt, and preſide in fame:
Long ſhall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of envy, and the force of age:
Rever'd and happy ſhe ſhall long remain,
Of human things leaſt changeable, leaſt vain.
Yet all muſt with the general doom comply,
And this great glorious power, though laſt, muſt die.
Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon azure ſky:
Behold it like an ample curtain ſpread,
Now ſtreak'd and glowing with the morning-red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And chooſing ſable for the peaceful night.
Aſk reaſon now, whence light and ſhade were given,
And whence this great variety of heaven.
Reaſon, our guide, what can ſhe more reply,
Than that the ſun illuminates the ſky;
Than that night riſes from his abſent ray,
And his returning luſtre kindles day?
But we expect the morning-red in vain:
'Tis hid in vapours, or obſcur'd by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in ſtorm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
Our joy and wonder ſometimes ſhe excites,
With ſtars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wiſe, ſend forth your labouring
thought;
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of ſpheres of ſmoke:
Yet this ſolution but once more affords
New change of terms, and ſcaffolding of words:
In other garb my queſtion I receive,
And take the doubt the very ſame I gave.
Lo! as a giant ſtrong, the luſty ſun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run;
Twofold his courſe, yet conſtant his career,
Changing the day, and finiſhing the year.
Again, when his deſcending orb retires,
And earth perceives the abſence of his fires;
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams diſtributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the ſtages of her monthly race;
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet, ſhining in his proper ſphere,
Does with juſt ſpeed his radiant voyage ſteer;
Each ſees his lamp with different luſtre crown'd;
Each knows his courſe with different periods
bound;
And, in his paſſage through the liquid ſpace,
Nor haſtens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, ſhine theſe planets with ſubſtantial rays?
Does innate luſtre gild their meaſur'd days?
Or do they (as your ſchemes, I think, have
ſhown)
Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,
All ſervants to that ſource of light, the ſun?
Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand ſtars,
Nor cait in lines, in circles, nor in ſquares
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is
fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build);
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various light,
As ſpeaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite.
How mean the order and perfection ſought,
In the beſt product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the ſpirit of the world ordains!
Now if the ſun to earth tranſmits his ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a day;
How ſmall a portion of his power is given
To orbs more diſtant, and remoter heaven?
And of thoſe ſtars, which our impetfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal ſky,
Each, by a native ſtock of honour great,
May dart ſtrong influence, and diffuſe kind heat,
(Itſelf a ſun) and with tranſmiſſive light
Enliven worlds deny'd to human ſight.
Around the circles of their ambient ſkies
New moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe,
And other ſtars may to thoſe ſuns be earths,
Give their own elements their proper births,
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
See their lands flouriſh, and their oceans roll:

Yet theſe great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different ſphere
Makes or their diſtance or their light appear)
Be ſeen a nobler or inferior ſtar,
And, in that ſpace which we call air and ſky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and ſuns, may lie,
Unmeaſur'd and unknown by human eye.
In vain we meaſure this amazing ſphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there;
Whilſt its circumference, ſcorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd ſpace, illudes our vanquiſh'd thought.
Where then are all the radiant *monſters* driven,
With which your gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd hea-
Where will their fictious images remain? [ven?
In paper-ſchemes, and the Chaldean's brain?
This problem yet, this offspring of a gueſs,
Let us for once a child of truth confeſs;
That theſe fair ſtars, theſe objects of delight
And terror to our ſearching dazzled ſight,
Are worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do theſe worlds diſplay their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to ſerve thy uſe, to pleaſe thy pride?
Thyſelf but duſt, thy ſtature but a ſpan,
A moment thy duration, fooliſh man?
As well may the minuteſt emmet ſay,
That Caucaſus was rais'd to pave his way;
The ſnail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was deſtin'd only for his walk and food;
The vileſt cockle, gaping on the coaſt
That rounds the ample ſeas, as well may boaſt,
The craggy rock project above the ſky,
That he in ſafety at its foot may lie;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters ſwell,
Only to quench his thirſt, or move and blanch his ſhell.
A higher flight the venturous goddeſs tries,
Leaving material worlds and local ſkies;
Inquires what are the beings, where the ſpace,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught);
Embattled cherub againſt cherub roſe,
Did ſhield to ſhield, and power to power oppoſe;
Heaven rung with triumph, hell was fill'd with woes.
What were theſe forms of which your volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell?
Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting load,
Durance of chain, and baniſhment of God;
By fatal turns their wretched ſtrength to tire,
To ſwim in ſulphurous lakes, or land on ſolid fire:
While thoſe exalted to primæval light,
Exceſs of bleſſing, and ſupreme delight,
Only perceive ſome little pauſe of joys
In thoſe great moments when their God employs
Their miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious ſtate;
Or to reverſe Jehovah's high command,
And ſpeak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious ſtate in aſhes mourns?
How can good angels be in heaven confin'd,
Or view that preſence, which no ſpace can bind?
Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is he not every where?
Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of ſight?
What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, ſpirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That theſe had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Elſe how could Abraham waſh their weary'd feet?
Or Sarah pleaſe their taſte with ſavoury meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did Lot engage
To ſave their bodies from abuſive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling angel's might?
How could a form in ſtrength with matter try?
Or how a ſpirit touch a mortal's thigh?
Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways
By ſtronger blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in whirlwinds loſt?
Have they again (as ſacred ſong proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That, whilſt our bodies ſicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt we ſtruggle in this vale beneath
With want and ſorrow, with diſeaſe and death,
Do they, more bleſs'd, perpetual life employ
On ſongs of pleaſure, and in ſcenes of joy?
Now when my mind has all this world ſurvey'd,
And found, that nothing by itſelf was made;
When thought has rais'd itſelf, by juſt degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with trees;
From ſmoking mineral, and from riſing ſtreams;
From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the ſhore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Through the aërial or the watery ſky;
From the poor reptile with a reaſoning ſoul,
That miſerable maſter of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure ſky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With ſtars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd light;
From eſſences unſeen, celeſtial names,
Enlightening ſpirits, and miniſterial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns
Lift we our reaſon to that ſovereign cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with life, and bounded it with laws;
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand years are but a day;
Who bad the light her genial beams diſplay,
And ſet the moon, and taught the ſun its way:

Who, waking time, his creature, from the ſource
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd courſe;
Himſelf, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,
The deep abyſs, the long-continued ſtore,
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This Alpha and Omega, firſt and laſt,
Who like the potter in a mould has caſt
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of ſenſe and reaſon ſee;
Yet if he wills may change or ſpoil the whole;
May take you' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry roll,
And burn it like an uſeleſs parchment ſcroll;
May from its baſis in one moment pour
This melted earth—
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who, ſole in power, at the beginning ſaid,
Let ſea, and air, and earth, and heaven be made;
And it was ſo!—and, when he ſhall ordain
In other ſort, has but to ſpeak again,
And they ſhall be no more: Of this great theme,
This glorious, hallow'd, everlaſting name,
This God, I would diſcourſe.—
The learned elders ſat appal'd, amaz'd,
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;
Nor ſpeech they meditate, nor anſwer frame
(Too plain, alas! their ſilence ſpake their ſhame);
Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
And turn ſuperior to the vulgar herd,
Began: That human learning's furtheſt reach
Was but to note the doctrine I could teach;
That mine to ſpeak, and theirs was to obey;
For I in knowledge more than power did ſway:
And the aſtoniſh'd world in me beheld
Moſes eclips'd, and Jeſſe's ſon excell'd.
Humble a ſecond bow'd, and took the word;
Foreſaw my name by future age ador'd;
O live, ſaid he, thou wiſeſt of the wiſe;
As none has equall'd, none ſhall ever riſe
Excelling thee.—
Parent of wicked, bane of honeſt deeds,
Pernicious flattery! thy malignant ſeeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land,
With riſing pride amidſt the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harveſt of the year.
And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my queſtions, in my praiſes loud,
Echo'd the word: whence things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dulleſt ſee!
My prophets and my ſophiſts finiſh'd here
The civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not ſo my rabbins and logicians yield;
Retiring, ſtill they combat; from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And ſculk behind the ſubterfuge of art.
To ſpeak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,
Divide the ſimple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their ſchools,
Ill-grounded maxims, by falſe gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious ſcience againſt reaſon charg'd.
Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
The adverſe ſect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the ampleſt triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.
O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring ſtill excuſe for error find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.
Vain man! ſince firſt thy bluſhing ſire eſſay'd
His folly with connected leaves to ſhade,
How does the crime of thy reſembling race
With like attempt that priſtine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedneſs of ſoul eſpy'd,
Why doſt thou ſtrive the conſcious ſhame to hide
By maſks of eloquence and veils of pride?
With outward ſmiles their flattery I receiv'd;
Own'd my ſick mind by their diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent, and inward to myſelf, again
Perplex'd, theſe matters I revolv'd in vain.
My ſearch ſtill tir'd, my labour ſtill renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
Impartial; both in equal balance laid, [weigh'd.
Light flew the knowing ſcale, the doubtful heavy
Forc'd by reflective reaſon, I confeſs,
That human ſcience is uncertain gueſs.
Alas! we graſp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that ſpirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell me what is ſpace or time?
In vain we lift up our preſumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The ſearcher follows faſt; the object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitleſs ſearch of ſomething yet behind.
Various diſcuſſions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; ſtill doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increaſes pain.
How narrow limits were to wiſdom given!
Earth ſhe ſurveys; ſhe thence would meaſure heaven:
Through miſts obſcure now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
And from the ſummit of a pathleſs coaſt
Sees infinite, and in that ſight is loſt.
Remember, that the curs'd deſire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy ſource of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden fruit;
With empty labour and eluded ſtrife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming ſwords and angry cherubs guard?

PLEASURE.

BOOK II.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

"I ſaid in my own heart, Go to now, I will prove
"thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleaſure."
Eccl. ii. 1.

" I made me great works, I builded me houſes, I
" planted me vineyards." Ver. 4.
" I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted
" trees in them of all kind of fruits." Ver. 5.
" I made me pools of water, to water therewith
" the wood that bringeth forth trees." Ver. 6.
" Then I looked on all the works that my hands
" had wrought, and on the labour that I had
" laboured to do: And behold all was vanity
" and vexation of ſpirit; and there was no profit
" under the ſun." Ver. 11.
" I gat me men-ſingers and women-ſingers, and
" the delights of the ſons of men, as muſical in-
" ſtruments, and that of all ſorts." Ver. 8.
" I ſought in mine heart to give myſelf unto wine
" (yet acquainting mine heart with wiſdom)
" and to lay hold on folly, till I might ſee what
" was that good for the ſons of men, which
" they ſhould do under heaven, all the days of
" their life." Ver. 3.
" Then I ſaid in my heart, As it happeneth unto
" the fool, ſo it happeneth even unto me; and
" why was I then more wiſe? Then I ſaid in
" my heart, that this alſo is vanity." Ver. 15.
" Therefore I hated life, becauſe the work that is
" wrought under the ſun is grievous unto me."
Chap. ii. ver. 27.
" Dead flies cauſe the ointment to ſend forth a
" ſtinking ſavour: ſo doth a little folly him
" that is in reputation for wiſdom and honour."
Chap. x. ver. 1.
" The memory of the juſt is bleſſed, but the me-
" mory of the wicked ſhall rot." Proverbs,
Chap. x. ver. 7.

The Argument.

Solomon, again ſeeking happineſs, inquires if wealth and greatneſs can produce it: begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of muſic and feaſting; and proceeds to the hopes and deſires of love. In two epiſodes are ſhown the follies and troubles of that paſſion. Solomon, ſtill diſappointed, falls under the temptations of libertiniſm and idolatry; recovers his thought; reaſons aright; and concludes that, as to the purſuit of pleaſure and ſenſual delight, All is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.

Try then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd nature find ſome apter ſcheme:
Health be thy hope, and pleaſure be thy theme.
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where ſtudy brings thee; from the endleſs maze,
Which doubt perſuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flowery path, that lead
To jocund mirth, ſoft joy, and careleſs eaſe:
Forſake what may inſtruct, for what may pleaſe;
Eſſay amuſing art, and proud expence,
And make thy reaſon ſubject to thy ſenſe.
I commun'd thus; the power of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of coſtly pride;
Artiſts and plans reliev'd my ſolemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers;
Birds, fiſhes, beaſts, of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd;
To trees transferr'd I gave a ſecond birth,
And bad a foreign ſhade grace Judah's earth;
Fiſh-ponds were made, where former foreſts grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view;
Rivers diverted from their native courſe,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large caſcades in pleaſing tumult roll'd,
Or roſe through figur'd ſtone, or breathing gold;
From furtheſt Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the ſpacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows, [grows,
On which the planted grove, the penſile gardens
The workmen here obey the maſter's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall,
To mark the pavement there with various ſtone,
And on the jaſper ſteps to rear the throne:
The ſpreading cedar, that an age had ſtood,
Supreme of trees, and miſtreſs of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my ſhining roof adorns;
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.
A thouſand artiſts ſhow their cunning power,
To raiſe the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thouſand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confeſſes her exhauſted ſtore,
That on her coaſt the murex * is no more;
Till from the Parian iſle, and Liby's coaſt,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble loſt;
And India's woods return their juſt complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.
My full deſign with vaſt expence atchiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected; griev'd;
I chid the folly of my thoughtleſs haſte,
For, the work perfected, the joy was paſt.
To my new courts ſad thought did ſtill repair;
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on ſilken beds I ſought repoſe,
And reſtleſs oft' from purple couches roſe;
Vexatious thought ſtill found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and purſued my ways, [maze.
Nor ſhut from artful bower, nor loſt in winding
Yet take thy bent, my ſoul; another ſenſe
Indulge; add muſic to magnificence:
Eſſay if harmony may grief control,
Or power of ſound prevail upon the ſoul.
Often our ſeers and poets have confeſt
That muſic's force can tame the furious beaſt;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, reſtrain
His rage; the lion drop his creſted main,
Attentive to the ſong; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minſtrel's feet.
Are we, alas! leſs ſavage yet than theſe?
Elſe muſic ſure may human cares appeaſe.
I ſpake my purpoſe; and the cheerful choir
Parted their ſhares of harmony: the lyre

* The murex is a ſhell-fiſh, of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

Soften'd the timbrel's noiſe; the trumpet's ſound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both ſweeter found
When mix'd); the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And every ſtrength with every grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a ſprightly lay;
Of opening heaven they ſung and gladſome day.
Each evening their repeated ſkill expreſs'd
Scenes of repoſe, and images of reſt:
Yet ſtill in vain; for muſic gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The ſoft ideas of cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were eaſily forgot;
The ſolemn violence of the graver ſound
Knew to ſtrike deep, and leave a laſting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief deſcry
The fickly luſt of the fantaſtic eye;
How the weak organ is with ſeeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy ſearch of thought!) I found
The fickle ear ſoon glutted with the ſound,
Condemn'd eternal changes to purſue,
Tir'd with the laſt, and eager of the new.
I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper muſic with the ſprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic motions ſeem;
What takes our heart muſt merit our eſteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the muſician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.
I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noiſe,
An airy ſcene of tranſitory joys.
In vain I truſted that the flowing bowl
Would baniſh ſorrow, and enlarge the ſoul.
To the late revel, and protracted feaſt,
Wild dreams ſucceeded, and diſorder'd reſt;
And, as at dawn of morn fair reaſon's light [night,
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the
What had been ſaid, I aſk'd my ſoul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the ſource begun?
Perhaps the jeſt that charm'd the ſprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh ſo loud,
To ſome falſe notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted ſenſe,
To a wild ſonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the ſober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleaſing ſtream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the laſt regret.
Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unſeen
In the pernicious draught; the word obſcene,
Or harſh, which once elanc'd muſt ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of ſevere diſtruſt and fierce debate;
What we ſhould ſhun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoveriſh'd, and the courſe
Of health ſuppreſs'd, by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man! whom ſorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor ſees
That melancholy ſloth, ſevere diſeaſe,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And, in the flowers that wreath the ſparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiſs, and poiſonous ſerpents roll.
Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
Sickneſs of mind, and heal the boſom?—Love.
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cheriſh fair hope, ſolicit young deſire,
And boldly bid thy anxious ſoul explore
This laſt great remedy's myſterious power.
Why therefore heſitates my doubtful breaſt?
Why ceaſes it one moment to be bleſt?
Fly ſwift, my friends; my ſervants, fly; employ
Your inſtant pains to bring your maſter joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dreſs'd;
Let them to-night attend the royal feaſt;
All Iſrael's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the ſpoils of war:
Before their monarch they ſhall ſingly paſs,
And the moſt worthy ſhall obtain the grace.
I ſaid: the feaſt was ſerv'd, the bowl was crown'd;
To the king's pleaſure went the mirthful round.
The women came: as cuſtom wills, they paſt:
On one (O that diſtinguiſh'd one!) I caſt
The favourite glance! O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace ſhap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face;
Eaſy her motion ſeem'd, ſerene her air;
Full, though unzon'd, her boſom roſe; her hair,
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her ſhoulders looſely lay diſplay'd,
And in the jetty curls ten thouſand cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliſs, I ſaid; freſh roſes bring
To ſtrew my bed, till the impoveriſh'd ſpring
Confeſs her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber ſhed,
Till Arab has no more. From the ſoft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-ſtring'd inſtrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph! draw nigh,
Thou, in whoſe graceful form and potent eye,
Thy maſter's joy long-ſought at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my deſires be crown'd;
O favourite virgin! that haſt warm'd the breaſt,
Whoſe ſovereign dictates ſubjugate the eaſt!
I ſaid; and ſudden from the golden throne,
With a ſubmiſſive ſtep, I haſted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
O favourite virgin! (yet again I ſaid)
Receive the honours deſtin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty muſt thy ſovereign word obey:
Riſe up, my love, my fair-one, come away.
What pangs, alas! what ecſtaſy of ſmart,
Tore up my ſenſes, and tranſfix'd my heart,
When ſhe with modeſt ſcorn the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!
Forc'd by my pride, I my concern ſuppreſs'd,
Pretended drowſineſs, and wiſh of reſt:
And ſullen I forſook th' imperfect feaſt,

Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
To lead her forth to a di inguish'd bower,
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.
Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid
(Swift are the steps that love and anger tread);
Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace;
By turns put on the suppliant and the lord;
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.
Averse to all her amorous king desir'd,
Far as she might she decently retir'd;
And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, King Solomon the Wise?
This wretched body trembles at your power:
Thus far could fortune, but she can no more.
Free to herself my potent mind remains,
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of seers! of angel, man, and brute;
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly, and of reason's force;
That, to the tribes attentive, thou canst show
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow;
That thou in science as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With just advice and timely counsel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of Israel! does it rove?—
What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—
Love! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human misery must begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave?
Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
That love, like death, makes all distinction void;
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast
His flames and torments only are express;
His rage can in my smiles alone relent,
And all his joys solicit my consent.
Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
Whilst each, delighted and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives:
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
If angry fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.
By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd:
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,
Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'st the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:
But wilful love thou must with smiles appease,
Approach his awful throne by just degrees,
And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.
Not that those arts can here successful prove,
For I am destin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave; I his receiv'd:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.
The mutual contract was to heaven convey'd;
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.
Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd,
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate:
For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare,
Hate is my part, be thine, O king, despair.
Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast;
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!
Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleasure sought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.
Am I a king, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore,
And one mad damsel dares dispute my power?
To ravish her! that thought was soon depress'd
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back: O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon must never come?
To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms?
Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway,
And those are punish'd most who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater power:
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run
From the fond arms of David's favourite son?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,
Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
And household cares suppress thy genial fires?
Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
Thy force, while they erect the shrines of love.
His mystic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold, express;

And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his side sustains his store
Of pointed darts; sad emblems of his power:
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends,
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend portray'd,
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid:
I felt him strike, and now I see him fly:
Curs'd dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed!
Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
The damsel back, and save the love-sick king!
My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd:
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd;
Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to assuage my pain,
And wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.
But O, how short my interval of woe!
Our griefs how swift! our remedies how slow!
Another nymph (for so did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain);
Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last:
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And laughing glos'd, that Abra serv'd so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till, more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.
The sun declin'd had shot his western ray,
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands
(For so the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.
And whence, said I, canst thou have dread of pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart.

Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke;
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.
If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown, and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my woe recite,
If weeping I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.
O! witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.
Thou Sovereign Power whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpity'd Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from heaven the faithful ardor came),
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.

Ivory, with ſapphires interſpers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of poliſh'd marble, firmly ſet
On golden baſes, are his legs and feet;
His ſtature all majeſtic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, ſtrong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments ſhed,
And everlaſting ſweets bloom round his head.
What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly haſt thou ſaid
Thy ſoul's deſire to meet his high embrace,
And bleſſing ſtamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bleſs thy womb, [come.
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to
Here o'er her ſpeech her flowing eyes prevail.
O fooliſh maid! and O unhappy tale!
My ſuffering heart for ever ſhall defy
New wounds and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd ſenſes deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
As time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's diſgrace,
Imperial reaſon ſhall reſume her ſeat,
And Solomon, once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by paſſion, as ſubdued in war,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to err.
This Abra then—
I ſaw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some reſpite to the ſorrows of my ſlave.
Her fond exceſs proclaim'd her paſſion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd her often, for ſhe always ſerv'd.
Uſe made her perſon eaſy to my ſight,
And eaſe inſenſibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For firſt I ſought her but at looſer hours),
The apples ſhe had gather'd ſmelt moſt ſweet,
The cake ſhe kneaded was the ſavoury meat:
But fruits their odour loſt, and meats their taſte,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feaſt.
Diſhonour'd did the ſparkling goblet ſtand,
Unleſs receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raiſing their voices to the maſter lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too ſhrill;
One ſhow'd too much, and one too little ſkill;
Nor could my ſoul approve the muſic's tone,
'Till all was huſh'd, and Abra ſung alone.
Fairer ſhe ſeem'd diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And better mien diſclos'd, as better dreſt.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juſter bounds confin'd its riſing pride;
The bluſhing ruby on her ſnowy breaſt
Render'd its panting whiteneſs more confeſs'd;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundneſs to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her ſenſes pleas'd, her beauty ſtill improv'd,
And ſhe more lovely grew, as more belov'd.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame,
The ſeveral follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompenſe to prove
The certain joys that lie in proſperous love.
For what, ſaid I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to inſult, too ſoft to be ſevere?
The damſel's ſole ambition is to pleaſe:
With freedom I may like, and quit with eaſe:
She ſooths, but never can enthral my mind:
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd?
Great heaven! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himſelf inſenſibly betray'd!
In our own ſtrength unhappily ſecure,
Too little cautious of the adverſe power,
And by the blaſt of ſelf-opinion mov'd,
We wiſh to charm, and ſeek to be belov'd.
On pleaſure's flowing brink we idly ſtray,
Maſters as yet of our returning way;
Seeing no danger, we diſarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant ſhade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And ſmiling ſee the nearer waters roll,
Till the ſtrong guſts of raging paſſion riſe,
Till the dire tempeſt mingles earth and ſkies;
And, ſwift into the boundleſs ocean borne,
Our fooliſh confidence too late we mourn;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
And from our troubled view the leſſen'd lands retreat.
O mighty love! from thy unbounded power
How ſhall the human boſom reſt ſecure?
How ſhall our thought avoid the various ſnare?
Or wiſdom to our caution'd ſoul declare
The different ſhapes thou pleaſeſt to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to deſtroy?
The haughty nymph, in open beauty dreſt,
To-day encounters our unguarded breaſt:
She looks with majeſty, and moves with ſtate;
Unbent her ſoul, and in misfortune great,
She ſcorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.
Herewhilſt we take ſtern manhood for our guide
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action ſhown,
We praiſe her mind, the image of our own.
She that can pleaſe is certain to perſuade,
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we ſee through reaſon's optics right,
Nor find how beauty's rays elude our ſight:
Struck with her eye, whilſt we applaud her mind,
And when we ſpeak her great, we wiſh her kind.
To-morrow, cruel power! thou arm'ſt the fair
With flowing ſorrow, and diſhevell'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her ſighs explaining where her accents fail,
Here generous ſoftneſs warms the honeſt breaſt;
We raiſe the ſad, and ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
And, whilſt our wiſh prepares the kind relief,
Whilſt pity mitigates her riſing grief,
We ſicken ſoon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her ſorrows, groan for her deſpair;
And againſt love too late thoſe boſoms arm,
Which tears can ſoften, and which ſighs can warm.
Againſt this neareſt, cruelleſt of foes,
What ſhall wit meditate, or force oppoſe?
Whence, feeble nature, ſhall we ſummon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?

External remedy ſhall we hope to find,
When the cloſe fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind;
Inſulting there does reaſon's power deride,
And, blind himſelf, conducts the dazzled guide?
My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It fought its peace and joy: while ſhe was gone,
It figh'd and griev'd, impatient of her ſtay;
Return'd, ſhe chas'd thoſe ſighs, that grief, away:
Her abſence made the night, her preſence brought the day.
The ball, the play, the maſk, by turns ſucceed:
For her I make the ſong, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each ſhape and dreſs,
That luxury may form, or thought expreſs.
To-day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath denoting conqueſt guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus ſings her proſperous hand,
As ſhe had ſlain the foe, and ſav'd the land.
To-morrow ſhe approves a ſofter air,
Forſakes the pomp and pageantry of war,
The form of peaceful Abigail aſſumes,
And from the village with the preſent comes:
The youthful band depoſe their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilſt I aſſume my father's ſtep and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen.
If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chaſe the flying hind,
Soon as the ſun awakes, the ſprightly court
Leave their repoſe, and haſten to the ſport.
In leſſen'd royalty, and humble ſtate,
Thy king, Jeruſalem, deſcends to wait,
Till Abra comes: ſhe comes; a milk-white ſteed,
Mixture of Perſia's and Arabia's breed,
Suſtains the nymph: her garments flying looſe
(As the Sidonian maids or Thracian uſe),
And half her knee and half her breaſt appear,
By art, like negligence, diſclos'd and bare.
Her left-hand guides the hunting courſer's flight,
A ſilver bow ſhe carries in her right,
And from the golden quiver at her ſide
Ruſtles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front diſplay
An artificial moon's increaſing ray.
Diana, huntreſs, miſtreſs of the groves,
The favourite Abra ſpeaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the preſent goddeſs, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingled chorus ſings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her myſtic praiſe; the vocal triumphs bound
Againſt the hills; the hills reflect the ſound.
If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fiſh-pools, or the glaſſy floods,
Her mind to-morrow points; a thouſand hands,
To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the watery beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving iſle:
A golden chariot in the midſt is ſet,
And ſilver cygnets ſeem to feel its weight.
Abra, bright queen, aſcends her gaudy throne,
In ſemblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and ſea-green Naiads round her move,
And ſing in moving ſtrains the force of love;
Whilſt, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crowds ſpeak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly ſtand
Faſt on the utmoſt margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd goddeſs riſing from the wave.
O ſubject reaſon! O imperious love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra ſhould be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural ſeat?
That maſking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of ſhame?
No, no: Jeruſalem combin'd muſt ſee
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a mouth is deſtin'd for the feaſt:
Abra invites; the nation is the gueſt.
To have the honour of each day ſuſtain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phœnix 'ſcapes—
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raiſe,
To ſing my happineſs, and Abra's praiſe;
And ſlaviſh bards our mutual loves rehearſe
In lying ſtrains and ignominious verſe:
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent love from public eyes ſhould hide,
I ſhow her to the world, confeſs'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatterers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beerſheba they reſort:
They barter places, and diſpoſe of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede, or to debate,
With toys of love to mix affairs of ſtate;
By practis'd rules her empire to ſecure,
And in my pleaſure make my ruin ſure.
They gave, and ſhe transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs ſhould their inward ſoul diſguiſe,
Diſſemble and command, be falſe and wiſe;
By ignominious arts, for ſervile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and ſhun their friends.
And now I leave the true and juſt ſupports
Of legal princes, and of honeſt courts,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whoſe ſires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now (unhappy counſel!) I prefer
Thoſe whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Miſcreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Though they had ſpurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his face.
Still Abra's power, my ſcandal ſtill increas'd;
Juſtice ſubmitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could ſettle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what ſhe lateſt ſpoke.

Iſrael neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
I durſt not reaſon with my wounded heart;
Abra poſſeſs'd; ſhe was its better part.
O! had I now review'd the famous cauſe,
Which gave my righteous youth ſo juſt applauſe,
In vain on the diſſembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art and ſly perſuaſion hung,
And real care in vain, and native love,
In the true parent's panting breaſt had ſtrove;
While both deceiv'd had ſeen the deſtin'd child
Or ſlain or ſav'd, as Abra frown'd or ſmil'd.
Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeleſs king, a royal ſhade, I lay.
Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain;
The widow's cries addreſs the throne in vain.
Cauſes unjudg'd diſgrace the loaded file,
And ſleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught
How Moſes govern'd, and how David fought.
Looſe and undiſciplin'd the ſoldier lay,
Or loſt in drink and game the ſolid day.
Porches and ſchools, deſign'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with ſcaffolds cumber'd ſtood,
Or nodded, threatening ruin.—
Half pillars wanted their expected height,
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the ſight.
The artiſts grieve; the labouring people droop:
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple, lies unfiniſh'd.—
The wiſe and great deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future miſchiefs of a ſinking ſtate.
Is this, the ſerious ſaid, is this the man,
Whoſe active ſoul through every ſcience ran?
Who, by juſt rule and elevated ſkill,
Preſcrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whoſe golden ſayings, and immortal wit,
On large phylacteries expreſſive writ,
Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's inſtruction, and our age's pride?
Could not the wiſe his wild deſires reſtrain?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?
In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
(As crown'd with roſes at their feaſts they lay)
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms ſuperior to their maſter's fame.
Laughing, ſome praiſe the king, who let them ſee
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
Some gloſs'd, how love and wiſdom were at ſtrife,
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
However, friend, here's to the king, one cries:
To him who *was* the king, the friend replies.
The king, for Judah's and for wiſdom's curſe,
To Abra yields: could I or thou do worſe?
Our looſer lives let chance or folly ſteer,
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
And touch the lute, and ſound the wanton air;
Let us the bliſs without the ſting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleaſures on levity's ſmooth ſurface flow; [wpe.
Thought brings the weight that ſinks the ſoul to
Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
And added to the thouſand he has made.
Sadly, O reaſon, is thy power expreſs'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breaſt!
And harſh the rules which we from thee receive,
If for our wiſdom we our pleaſure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve:
If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
Forſakes his joy, to vindicate his pride,
And, changing ſorrows, I am only found,
Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more ſtrictly bound!
But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
How hard thy laws, how abſolute thy reign?
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, whoe'er diſcours'd, the ſame;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd ſhapes and airy colours wrought;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected ſhade;
A chain which man to fetter man has made;
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd!
Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence-ever I thy cruel eſſence bring,
I own thy influence, for I feel thy ſting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my ſoul,
Form'd to command, and deſtin'd to control.
Yes; thy inſulting dictates ſhall be heard;
Virtue for once ſhall be her own reward:
Yes; rebel Iſrael! this unhappy maid
Shall be diſmiſs'd: the crowd ſhall be obey'd:
The king his paſſion and his rule ſhall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's ſlave,
My coward ſoul ſhall bear its wayward fate;
I will, alas! be wretched to be great,
And ſigh in royalty, and grieve in ſtate.
I ſaid: reſolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once ſo far, as to expect relief
From my deſpair alone—
I choſe to write the thing I durſt not ſpeak
To her I lov'd, to her I muſt forſake.
The harſh epiſtle labour'd much to prove
How inconſiſtent majeſty and love.
I always ſhould, it ſaid, eſteem her well,
But never ſee her more: it bid her feel
No future pain for me; but inſtant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the juſt duties of an humble wife.
She read, and forth to me ſhe wildly ran,
To me, the eaſe of all her former pain.
She kneel'd, entreated, ſtruggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate paſſion liv'd and dy'd:
Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my preſence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to deſpair,
In ſome few poſting fatal hours is hurl'd [world.
From wealth, from power, from love, and from the
Here tell me, if thou dar'ſt, my conſcious ſoul,
What different ſorrows did within thee roll?
What pangs, what fires, what racks, didſt thou ſuſtain?
What ſad viciſſitudes of ſmarting pain?

How oft' from pomp and ſtate did I remove,
To feed deſpair, and cheriſh hopeleſs love?
How oft', all day, recall'd Abra's charms,
Her beauties preſs'd, and panting in my arms?
How oft', with ſighs view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeneſs trace?
How oft' deſir'd to fly from Iſrael's throne,
And live in ſhades with her and love alone?
How oft' all night purſued her in my dreams,
O'er flowery vallies, and through cryſtal ſtreams,
And, waking view'd with grief the riſing ſun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear deluſion gone.
When thus the gather'd ſtorms of wretched love,
In my ſwoln boſom, with long war had ſtrove;
At length they broke their bounds; at length their force
Bore down whatever met its ſtronger courſe,
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waſte,
And ſcatter'd ruin as the torrent paſt.
So from the hills, whoſe hollow caves contain
The congregated ſnow and ſwelling rain,
Till the full ſtores their ancient bounds diſdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:
In vain would ſpeed avoid, or ſtrength oppoſe;
Towns, foreſts, herds, and men, promiſcuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground:
The echoed woes from diſtant rocks reſound.
And now, what impious ways my wiſhes took,
How they the monarch and the man forſook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Through crooked paths, and ſad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign ſlaves,
By turns my proſtituted bed receives;
Through tribes of women how I looſely rang'd
Impatient; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd;
And, by the inſtinct of capricious luſt,
Enjoy'd, diſdain'd, was grateful, or unjuſt:
O, be theſe ſcenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent ſilence juſtly veil'd!
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal ſhade!
Or let their ſad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the ſure belief,
That vice engenders ſhame, and folly broods o'er grief!
Bury'd in ſloth, and loſt in eaſe, I lay;
The night I revell'd, and I ſlept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
And daily change extinguiſh'd young deſires.
By its own force deſtroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted ſtores and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or ſet the falſe aſide.
No longer does ſwift memory trace the cells,
Where ſprining wit, or young invention, dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails.
By ſad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.
The women on my dotage build their ſway;
They aſk, I grant; they threaten, I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely ſtride,
Aw'd by the Perſian damſel's haughty pride:
Now with the looſer Syrian dance and ſong,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.
Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And ſhape my fooliſhneſs to their deſire;
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philiſtine dame,
At Dagon's ſhrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincenſe aſcends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dreſs,
And ſerve her god, whoſe perſon I careſs.
Where, my deluded ſenſe, was reaſon flown?
Where the high majeſty of David's throne?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my youth,
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Iſrael's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beaſtly divinities, and droves of gods;
Oſiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food?
When in the woody hills forbidden ſhade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid;
When in the fens to ſnakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I proſtrate fell;
To ſhrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And ſet the bearded leek, to which I pray'd;
When to all beings ſacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbiter of earth and heaven?
Through theſe ſad ſhades, this chaos in my ſoul,
Some ſeeds of light at length began to roll.
The riſing motion of an infant ray [day.
Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promiſ'd
And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and ſerv'd without reſpect.
I found my ſubjects amicably join
To leſſen their defects by citing mine.
The prieſt with pity pray'd for David's race,
And left his text, to dwell on my diſgrace.
The father, whilſt he warn'd his erring ſon
The ſad examples which he ought to ſhun,
Deſcrib'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
Each bard, each ſire, did to his pupil ſing,
A wiſe child better than a fooliſh king.
Into myſelf my reaſon's eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod:
I raiſe or ſink, impriſon or ſet free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
O'er Judah's king ten thouſand tyrants reign;
Legions of luſt, and various powers of ill,
Inſult the maſter's tributary will:
And he, from whom the nations ſhould receive
Juſtice and freedom, lies himſelf a ſlave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild deſires,
Laſh'd by mad rage, and ſcorch'd by brutal fires.
O reaſon! once again to thee I call;
Accept my ſorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wiſdom, thou ſay'ſt, from heaven receiv'd her birth,
Her beams tranſmitted to the ſubject earth:

Yet this great empreſs of the human ſoul
Does only with imagin'd power control,
If reſtleſs paſſion by rebellious ſway
Compels the weak uſurper to obey.
O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
To worſe extremes with ſwifter ſteps would run,
Not ſav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.
Oft' have I ſaid, the praiſe of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the ſmell.
Now, if ſome flies perchance, however ſmall,
Into the alabaſter urn ſhould fall,
The odours of the ſweets incloſ'd would die,
And ſtench corrupt (ſad change!) their place ſup-
So the leaſt faults, if mix'd with faireſt deed, [ply.
Of future ill become the fatal ſeed;
Into the balm of pureſt virtue caſt,
Annoy all life with one contagious blaſt.
Loſt Solomon! purſue this thought no more:
Of thy paſt errors recollect the ſtore;
And ſilent weep, that, while the deathleſs muſe
Shall ſing the juſt, ſhall o'er their heads diffuſe
Perfumes with laviſh hand, ſhe ſhall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
Impartial, ſcatter damps and poiſons on thy name.
Awaking, therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women and their gods aſham'd;
From this abyſs of exemplary vice
Reſolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to riſe;
Again I bid the mournful goddeſs write
The fond purſuit of fugitive delight,
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and ſav'd from paſſion, ſing
Of human hope by croſs event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs wealth and greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of luſt and love, with their fantaſtic train, [vain.
Their wiſhes, ſmiles, and looks, deceitful ail, and

POWER.

BOOK III.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK III.

" Or ever the ſilver cord be looſed, or the golden
" bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at
" the fountain, or the wheel broken at the ciſ-
" tern." Eccl. xii. 6.
" The ſun ariſeth, and the ſun goeth down, and
" haſteth to his place where he roſe." Ch. i. 5.
" The wind goeth towards the ſouth, and turneth
" about unto the north. It whirleth about con-
" tinually: and the wind returneth again, ac-
" cording to his circuit." Ver. 6.
" All the rivers run into the ſea; yet the ſea is
" not full. Unto the place from whence the
" rivers come, thither they return again." Ver. 7.
" Then ſhall the duſt return to the earth, as it
" was: and the ſpirit ſhall return unto God who
" gave it." Ch. xii. 7.
" Now when Solomon had made an end of pray-
" ing, the fire came down from heaven, and
" conſumed the burnt-offering, and the ſacrifi-
" ces; and the glory of the Lord filled the
" houſe." 2 Chron. vii. 1.
" By the rivers of Babylon, there we ſat down;
" yea we wept, when we remembered Sion,"
&c. Pſalm cxxxvii. 1.
" I ſaid of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what
" doth it?" Eccleſ. ii. 2.
" No man can find out the work that God ma-
" keth, from the beginning to the end." Ch.
iii. 11.
" Whatſoever God doeth, it ſhall be for ever; no-
" thing can be put to it, nor any thing taken
" from it: and God doeth it, that men ſhould
" fear before him." Ver. 14
" Let us hear the concluſion of the whole matter;
" fear God, and keep his commandments; for
" this is the whole duty of man." Ch. xii. 13.

The Argument.

Solomon conſiders man through the ſeveral ſtages and conditions of life, and concludes in general, that we are all miſerable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatneſs and power; gives ſome inſtances thereof from Adam down to himſelf; and ſtill concludes that all is vanity. He reaſons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wiſdom too imperfect to reſolve his doubts; has recourſe to religion; is informed by an angel, what ſhall happen to himſelf, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Iſrael; and, upon the whole, reſolves to ſubmit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

Come then, my ſoul; I call thee by that name,
Thou buſy thing from whence I know I am:
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that muſt needs exiſt, which can impart.
But how cam'ſt thou to be, or whence thy ſpring?
For various of thee prieſts and poets ſing.
Hear'ſt thou ſubmiſſive, but a lowly birth,
Some ſeparate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature muſt beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of inſtinct, more than choice of will;
Conſcious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courſes of the blood ordain;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth doſt flouriſh, and with age ſhalt fail;
Till, mingled with thy partner's lateſt breath,
Thou fly'ſt diſſolv'd in air, and loſt in death?
Or, if thy great exiſtence would aſpire
To cauſes more ſublime, of heavenly fire
Were thou a ſpark ſtruck off, a ſeparate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terreſtrial clay;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, diſgrace or fame,
Pale it with rage, or redden it with ſhame;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;

Render it agile, witty, valiant, ſage,
As fits the various courſe of human age;
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her priſon's mouldering walls;
Hovers a while upon the ſad remains,
Which now the pile or ſepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native ſkies?
Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may diſpute than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breaſt,
Which for thy ſake from paſſions I diveſt,
For theſe, thou ſay'ſt, raiſe all the ſtormy ſtrife,
Which hinder thy repoſe, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may perſuade:
Be thy affections undiſturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.
Amaſs'd in man, there juſtly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beaſts the ſenſe,
The angel's forecaſt and intelligence:
Say from theſe glorious ſeeds what harveſt flows,
Recount our bleſſings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let cleareſt reaſon ſee
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
Helpleſs and naked, on a woman's knees
To be expos'd and rear'd as ſhe may pleaſe,
Feel her neglect, and pine from her diſeaſe:
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart aſſaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young ſenſe how various forms appear,
That ſtrike his wonder, and excite his fear:
By his diſtortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears and by his ſighs complains;
Till time and uſe aſſiſt the infant wretch,
By broken words and rudiments of ſpeech,
His wants in plainer characters to ſhow,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemn'd to ſacrifice his childiſh years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To paſs the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded ſtage;
To laſting toils expos'd, and endleſs cares,
To open dangers, and to ſecret ſnares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of ſeeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill;
Or ſadly cenſur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who, in the ſcorner's or the judge's ſeat,
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or, would he rather leave this frantic ſcene,
And trees and beaſts prefer to courts and men,
In the remoteſt wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worſt of evils, thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathleſs woods,
Impetuous ſome as the deſcending floods;
With anxious doubts, with raging paſſions torn,
No ſweet companion near, with whom to mourn,
He hears the echoing rock return his ſighs,
And from himſelf the frighted hermit flies.
Thus, through what path ſoe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.
Vex'd with the preſent moment's heavy gloom,
Why ſeek we brightneſs from the years to come?
Diſturb'd and broken like a ſick man's ſleep,
Our troubled thoughts to diſtant proſpects leap,
Deſirous ſtill what flies us to o'ertake,
For hope is but the dream of thoſe that wake:
But, looking back, we ſee the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which were we to ſuſtain,
We ſhould refuſe to tread the path again;
Still adding grief, ſtill counting from the firſt,
Judging the lateſt evils ſtill the worſt,
And ſadly finding each progreſſive hour
Heighten their number and augment their power,
Till, by one countleſs ſum of woes oppreſt,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of reſt,
We find the vital ſprings relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
Thus through the round of age to childhood we return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yeſterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we muſt to-morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.
Paſs we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
The ſheepfold ſcatter'd, and the ſhepherd ſlain;
The frequent errors of the pathleſs wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
The noiſome peſtilence, that in open war
Terrible marches through the mid-day air,
And ſcatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank miſt, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing ſnow, and violence of the ſhower,
That from the hills diſperſe their dreadful ſtore,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, ſad gueſt.
Canker or locuſt, hurtful to infeſt
The blade; while huſks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want diſtinguiſhes the year.
Paſs we the ſlow diſeaſe, and ſubtle pain,
Which our weak frame is deſtin'd to ſuſtain;
The cruel ſtone with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulſe, and continued ſtrife,
Weakening the waſted ſeats of irkſome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The ſad experience of decay; and age,
Herſelf the ſoreſt ill; while death and eaſe,
Oft' and in vain invok'd or to appeaſe
Or end the grief, with haſty wings recede
From the vext patient and the fickly bed.
Nought ſhall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, ſofteſt work of heaven, draws near
To the cold ſhaking paralytic hand,
Senſeleſs of beauty's touch, or love's command;
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble maſter's will.
Nought ſhall the pſaltry and the harp avail,
The pleaſing ſong, or well-repeated tale,

When the quick ſpirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldneſs has unbrac'd the ear.
The verdant riſing of the flowery hill,
The vale enameil'd, and the cryſtal rill,
The ocean rolling and the ſhell-y ſhore,
Beautiful objects, ſhall delight no more,
When the lax'd ſinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim ſuffuſion lie.
Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain;
But to the aged-blind ſhall ne'er return
Grateful viciſſitude: he ſtill muſt mourn
The ſun, and moon, and every ſtarry light,
Eclips'd to him, and loſt in everlaſting night.
Behold where age's wretched victim lies,
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
Frequent for breath his panting boſom heaves;
To broken ſleep his remnant ſenſe he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.
Loos'd by devouring time, the ſilver cord
Diſſever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The cryſtal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And after utenſils their place ſupply.
Theſe things and thou muſt ſhare one equal lot,
Die and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
While ſtill another and another race
Shall now ſupply, and now give up the place;
From earth all came, to earth muſt all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.
But be the terror of theſe ills ſuppreſs'd,
And view we man with health and vigour bleſt.
Home he returns with the declining ſun,
His deſtin'd taſk of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the aſcending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill ſufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horror ſhun
A widow'd daughter or a dying ſon;
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow ſees,
And doubly feels his want in their increaſe;
The next day, and the next, he muſt attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or houſehold ills;
The due reward to juſt deſert refus'd,
The truſt betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;
The judge corrupt, the long-depending cauſe,
And doubtful iſſue of miſconſtrued laws;
The crafty turns of a diſhoneſt ſtate,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great;
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
Which nor can wiſdom ſhun, nor fair advice reclaim.
Eſteem we theſe, my friends, event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms from their fluttering dance?
Or higher yet their eſſence may we draw
From deſtin'd order and eternal law?
Again, my muſe, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I ſay, from accident or fate:
Yet ſuch we find they are as can control
The ſervile actions of our wavering ſoul:
Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.
O fatal ſearch! in which the labouring mind,
Still preſs'd with weight of woe, ſtill hopes to find
A ſhadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain one moment of releaſe;
Hoping at leaſt ſhe may herſelf deceive,
Againſt experience willing to believe,
Deſirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.
Happy the mortal man, who now at laſt
Has through this doleful vale of miſery paſt,
Who to his deſtin'd ſtage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut braſs, or wounded marble, ſhows
Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.
He, happier yet, who, privileg'd by fate
To ſhorter labour and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yeſterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond deſcription happieſt he,
Who ne'er muſt roll on life's tumultuous ſea;
Who, with bleſs'd freedom, from the general doom
Exempt, muſt never force the teeming womb,
Nor ſee the ſun, nor ſink into the tomb!
Who breathes, muſt ſuffer; and who thinks, muſt mourn;
And he alone is bleſs'd, who ne'er was born.
"Yet in thy turn, thou frowning Preacher, hear;
"Are not theſe general maxims too ſevere?
"Say: cannot power ſecure its owner's bliſs?
"And is not wealth the potent fire of peace?
"Are victors bleſs'd with fame, or kings with eaſe?"
I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to ſuffer, and to fear.
"But is no rank, no ſtation, no degree,
"From this contagious taint of ſorrow free?"
None, mortal! none. Yet in a bolder ſtrain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain.
But hence, ye worldly and profane, retire;
For I adapt my voice, and raiſe my lyre,
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Ye ſtill muſt covet life, and be deceiv'd;
Your very fear of death ſhall make you try
To catch the ſhade of immortality;
Wiſhing on earth to linger, and to ſave
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;
To thoſe who may ſurvive you to bequeath
Something entire, in ſpite of time and death;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building, live.
Falſe hope! vain labour! let ſome ages fly,
The dome ſhall moulder, and the volume die:
Wretches, ſtill taught, ſtill will ye think it ſtrange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old ſtation, and primæval frame,
And loſe their ſhape, their eſſence, and their name?
Reduce the ſong: our hopes, our joys, are vain;
Our lot is ſorrow and our portion pain.
What pauſe from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wife or great, of judge or king?
What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care;
Now crown'd ſome angry faction to appeaſe;
Now falls a victim to the people's eaſe;
From the firſt blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nouriſh'd in flattery, and eſtrang'd from truth;

At home furrounded by a ſervile crowd,
Prompt to abuſe, and in detraction loud;
Abroad begirt with men, and ſwords, and ſpears,
His very ſtate acknowledging his fears;
Marching amidſt a thouſand guards, he ſhows
His ſecret terror of a thouſand foes:
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events and fickle chance a ſlave;
Seeking to ſettle what for ever flies,
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.
But he returns with conqueſt on his brow,
Brings up the triumph, and abſolves the vow:
The captive generals to his car were ty'd;
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph? madneſs, ſhouts, and noiſe,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back in chains relate
The wretches he brings back in chains relate
What may to morrow be the victor's fate;
The ſpoils and trophies, borne before him ſhow
National loſs, and epidemic woe,
Various diſtreſs, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thouſands ſlain,
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
Wet with the ſoldiers blood, and widows tears?
See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round the gilded car!
In the vaſt joys of this ecſtatic hour,
And full fruition of ſucceſsful power,
One moment and one thought might let him ſcan
The various turns of life, and fickle ſtate of man,
Are the dire images of ſad diſtruſt,
And popular change, obſcur'd amid the duſt
That riſes from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion or ſhrill fife repel
The inward cries of care? can nature's voice
Plaintive be drown'd or leſſen'd in the noiſe;
Though ſhouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds now releas'd, and ſhake the ivory chair? crowd.
Yon' crowd (he might reflect), yon' joyful crowd,
Pleas'd with my honours, in my praiſes loud,
(Should fleeting victory to the vanquiſh'd go,
Should ſhe depreſs my arms, and raiſe the foe)
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace, or the crowded gate;
With reſtleſs rage would pull my ſtatues down,
And caſt the braſs anew to his renown.
O impotent deſire of worldly ſway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghaſtly with wounds, and lifeleſs on the bier!
Then (vileneſs of mankind!) then of all theſe,
Whom my dilated eye with labour ſees,
Would one, alas repeat me good, or great,
Waſh my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hoſtile car,
The victor's paſtime, and the ſport of war,
Would one, would one his pitying ſorrow lend,
Or be ſo poor, to own he was my friend?
Avails it then, O reaſon, to be wiſe?
To ſee this cruel ſcene with quicker eyes?
To know with more diſtinction to complain,
And have ſuperior ſenſe in feeling pain?
Let us revolve that roll with ſtricteſt eye,
Where ſafe from time diſtinguiſh'd actions lie;
And judge if greatneſs be exempt from pain,
Or pleaſure ever may with power remain.
Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The faireſt bleſſing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and ſea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Render'd obedient: ſay, my penſive muſe,
What did theſe golden promiſes produce?
Scarce taſting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
One day, I think, in Paradiſe he liv'd;
Deſtin'd the next his journey to purſue,
Where wounding thorns and curſed thiſtles grew.
Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his labouring ſweat muſt flow;
His limbs muſt ake, with daily toils oppreſs'd,
Ere long-wiſh'd night brings neceſſary reſt.
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies and his own muſt grieve;
Bewailing ſtill afreſh their hapleſs choice;
His ear oft' frighted with the imag'd voice
Of heaven, when firſt it thunder'd; oft' his view
Aghaſt, as when the infant lightning flew,
And the ſtern cherub ſtopp'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
His younger ſon on the polluted ground,
Firſt-fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
Given by a brother's hand: his eldeſt birth
Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.
Yet why theſe ſorrows heap'd upon the ſire,
Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.
Each age ſinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with time:
The ſon ſtill added to the father's crime;
Till God aroſe, and, great in anger, ſaid,
Lo. it repenteth me, that man was made!
Withdraw thy light, thou ſun! be dark, ye ſkies!
And from your deep abyſs, ye waters, riſe!
The affrighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
And o'er the earth from wrathful vials pour'd
Tempeſts and ſtorms, obedient to his word.
Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he deſign'd to ſave.
Exempt from general doom the patriarch ſtood,
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
The winds fall ſilent, and the waves decreaſe,
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace;
Yet ſtill his heart does inward ſorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward world his views are caſt,
'Tis death diffus'd, and univerſal waſte.
Preſent (ſad proſpect!) can he aught deſcry,
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the ancient fabric loſt,
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coaſt?
While, to high heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and ſacrificing mourn'd;

When of God's image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the watery grave, and fav'd from nations drown'd;
And of three ſons, the future hopes of earth,
The ſeed whence empires muſt receive their birth,
One he foreſees excluded heavenly grace,
And mark'd with curſes, fatal to his race!
Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills muſt bear the deſtin'd load;
By blood and battles muſt his power maintain,
And ſlay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
Muſt deal juſt portions of a ſervile life
To a proud handmaid and a peeviſh wife;
Muſt with the tender mother leave the weeping ſon,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Muſt take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
Deſtroy his heir, or diſobey his God.
Moſes beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyſs of light;
While preſent, too ſevere for human ſight,
Nor ſtaying longer than one ſwift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years, decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilſome deed.
His youth, with wants and hardſhips muſt engage;
Plots and rebellions muſt diſturb his age:
Some Corah ſtill aroſe, ſome rebel ſlave,
Prompter to ſink the ſtate, than he to ſave:
And Iſrael did his rage ſo far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke,
His voice ſcarce heard, his dictates ſcarce believ'd.
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to ſevereſt law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land he ſaw.
My father's life was one long line of care,
A ſcene of danger, and a ſtate of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood muſt engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth muſt fear
Goliah's lifted ſword, and Saul's emitted ſpear.
Forlorn he muſt and perſecuted fly,
Climb the ſteep mountain, in the cavern lie,
And often aſk, and be refus'd, to die.
For ever, from his manly toil, are known
The weight of power, and anguiſh of a crown.
What tongue can ſpeak the reſtleſs monarch's woes,
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When every object his offence revil'd,
The huſband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
The parent's ſins impreſs'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he ſuſtain'd,
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
And the inexorable prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his choice?
He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection ſhed
Its poiſonous venom on the royal dead!
Yet the unwilling truth may be expreſs'd,
Which long has labour'd in this penſive breaſt:
Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
Left his unfiniſh'd murder to his ſon,
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.
Young as I was, I haſted to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a diſtant view I took,
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look,
Forgot his youth, ſpent in his country's cauſe,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws;
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathſheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where-e'er he ſtray'd from good,
And cite his ſad example, whilſt I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the ſecret acts of ill,
With ſmiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view,
Watch all his acts, and all his ways purſue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain ſpeed.
Ev'n there, my ſoul, ev'n there he ſhould have fell,
But that my intereſt did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promiſe, and deceive,
Purpoſe to ſlay, whilſt ſwearing to forgive.
Treaties, perſuaſions, ſighs, and tears, are vain;
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I ſuſtain,
Join fraud to force, and policy to power,
Till, of the deſtin'd fugitive ſecure,
In ſolemn ſtate to parricide I riſe,
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.
Be witneſs to my tears, celeſtial muſe;
In vain I would forget, in vain excuſe,
Fraternal blood by my direction ſpilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The deed was acted by the ſubject's hand;
The ſword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder; it was mine alone:
Years of contrition muſt the crime atone;
Nor can my guilty ſoul expect relief,
But from a long ſincerity of grief.
With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth ſuperior to her art,
Already the reflecting muſe has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions paſt.
The penſive goddeſs has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious every ſtep, how gloomy every ſtage.
This courſe of vanity almoſt complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the ſtill ſhades of death: for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their ſhafts claue'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.
Yet tell me, frighted reaſon! what is death?
Blood only ſtopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmoſt limit of a narrow ſpan,
And end of motion which with life began.
As ſmoke that riſes from the kindling fires
Is ſeen this moment, and the next expires;

As empty clouds by rifing winds are toft,
Their fleeting forms ſcarce ſooner found than loſt;
So vaniſhes our ſtate, ſo paſs our days;
So life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! ſo nigh,
To live, is ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from to die.
Cure of the miſer's wiſh, and coward's fear,
Death only ſhows us what we knew was near.
With courage therefore view the pointed hour,
Dread not death's anger, but expect his power;
Nor nature's law with fruitleſs ſorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal man! for thou waſt born.
Cautious through doubt, by want of courage wiſe,
To ſuch advice the reaſoner ſtill replies.
Yet meaſuring all the long-continued ſpace,
Every ſucceſſive day's repeated race,
Since time firſt ſtarted from his priſtine goal,
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my ſoul
Join'd to my body ſwell'd the womb; I was
(At leaſt I think ſo) nothing: muſt I paſs
Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
Ceaſing, conſigns me o'er to reſt and death?
Muſt the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
And never ſhall thoſe particles agree,
That were in life this individual he?
But, ſever'd, muſt they join the general maſs,
Through other forms and ſhapes ordain'd to paſs,
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
Does the great word, that gave him ſenſe, ordain
That life ſhall never wake that ſenſe again?
And will no power his ſinking ſpirits ſave
From the dark caves of death, and chambers of the grave?
Each evening I behold the ſetting ſun
With downward ſpeed into the ocean run:
Yet the ſame light (paſs but ſome fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers;
Starts the bright race again: his conſtant flame
Riſes and ſets, returning ſtill the ſame.
I mark the various fury of the winds;
Theſe neither ſeaſons guide, nor order binds;
They now dilate, and now contract their force;
Various their ſpeed, but endleſs is their courſe.
From his firſt fountain and beginning ooze,
Down to the ſea each brook and torrent flows:
Though ſundry drops or leave or ſwell the ſtream,
The whole ſtill runs, with equal pace, the ſame;
Still other waves ſupply the riſing urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.
Why then muſt man obey the ſad decree,
Which ſubjects neither ſun, nor wind, nor ſea?
A flower, that does with opening morn ariſe,
And, flouriſhing the day, at evening dies;
A winged eaſtern blaſt juſt ſkimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and ſinking on the ſhore;
A fire, whoſe flames through crackling ſtubble fly;
A meteor ſhooting from the ſummer ſky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noon-tide ſhadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems, which with ſemblance apt proclaim
Our earthly courſe: but, O my ſoul! ſo faſt
Muſt life run off, and death for ever laſt?

This dark opinion, ſure, is too confin'd;
Elſe whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does ſomething ſtill, and ſomewhere yet remain,
Reward or puniſhment, delight or pain?
Say: ſhall our relicks ſecond birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the ſad wife has cloſ'd her huſband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
Lies the pale corpſe not yet entirely dead,
The ſpirit only from the body fled;
The groſſer part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time, deſtroy'd;
The ſoul, immortal ſubſtance, to remain,
Conſcious of joy, and capable of pain?
And, if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay ſhe deign'd to dwell,
Shall ſhe with ſafety reach her priſtine ſeat?
Find her reſt endleſs, and her bliſs complete?
And, while the bury'd man we idly mourn,
Do angels joy to ſee his better half return?
But, if ſhe has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and ſeditious ſtrife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by thoſe angels driven
From the æthereal ſeat, and bliſsful heaven,
In everlaſting darkneſs muſt ſhe lie,
Still more unhappy, that ſhe cannot die?
Amid two ſeas, on one ſmall point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we ſtand:
On either ſide our thoughts inceſſant turn;
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn;
Loſing the preſent in this dubious haſte,
And loſt ourſelves betwixt the future and the paſt.
Theſe cruel doubts contending in my breaſt,
My reaſon ſtaggering, and my hopes oppreſs'd,
Once more, I ſaid, once more I will inquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the mind?
How does ſhe act? and where is ſhe confin'd?
Have we the power to guide her as we pleaſe?
Whence then thoſe evils, that obſtruct our eaſe?
We happineſs purſue; we fly from pain;
Yet the purſuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
And, while poor nature labours to be bleſt,
By day with pleaſure, and by night with reſt,
Some ſtronger power eludes our fickly will,
Daſhing our riſing hope with certain ill;
And makes us with reflective trouble ſee,
That all is deſtin'd, which we fancy free.
That power ſuperior then, which rules our mind,
Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
Will he for ſacrifice our ſorrows eaſe?
And can our tears reverſe his firm decrees?
Then let religion aid, where reaſon fails;
Throw loads of incenſe in, to turn the ſcales;
And let the ſilent ſanctuary ſhow,
What from the babbling ſchools we may not know,
How man may ſhun or bear his deſtin'd part of woe.
What ſhall amend, or what abſolve, our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate ſtate,
Betwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,
Or boundleſs terms, whoſe doubtful ſenſe confounds.

Unequal thought! whilſt all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes muſt riſe, our ſorrows end,
As our Creator deigns to be our friend.
I ſaid;—and inſtant bad the prieſts prepare
The ritual ſacrifice and ſolemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls aſcend the ſacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breathe the flute, or ſtrike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and inſtruct the dance.
Follows the choſen tribe from Levi ſprung,
Chaunting, by juſt return, the holy ſong.
Along the choir in ſolemn ſtate they paſt:
—The anxious king came laſt.
The ſacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and, bowing at the altar low,
Father of heaven! (I ſaid) and Judge of earth!
Whoſe word call'd out this univerſe to birth;
By whoſe kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceaſing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omniſcient Maſter, omnipreſent King,
To thee, to thee, my laſt diſtreſs I bring.
Thou, that canſt ſtill the raging of the ſeas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempeſts ceaſe!
Redeem my ſhipwreck'd ſoul from raging guilts
Of cruel paſſion and deceitful luſts:
From ſtorms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let thy ſtrong hand this little veſſel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my courſe, and bring me ſafe to land!
If, while this weary'd fleſh draws fleeting breath,
Not ſatisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I ſhould know
Glimpſe of delight, or pauſe from anxious woe;
From now, from inſtant now, great Sire! diſpel
The clouds that preſs my ſoul; from now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from now inſpire
My tongue to ſing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My open thought to joyous proſpects raiſe,
And for thy mercy let me ſing thy praiſe.
Or, if thy will ordains I ſtill ſhall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future ſtate,
Permit me ſtrength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raiſe my mind ſuperior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The ſecret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confeſs thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering ſtill adore.
So in my conqueſt be thy might declar'd,
And for thy juſtice be thy name rever'd.
My prayer ſcarce ended, a ſtupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder ſhakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle ſucceed
An awful ſilence and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day;
The ſacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—
Ambroſial odour, ſuch as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan roſe,
Does round the air evolving ſcents diffuſe:
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews;
Celeſtial muſic (ſuch Jeſſides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
With ecſtacy too fine, and pleaſure hard to bear.
And lo! what ſees my raviſh'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring ſoul? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The angel ſaid:
Ceaſe, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppreſs thy paſſions, and prepare thy mind;
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be us'd to ſorrow, and inur'd to woe;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decreaſe, and haſten to thy tomb;
Leave to thy children tumult, ſtrife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care;
Send the ſucceſſive ills through ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his ſon,
That deeper ſtruck, and more diſtinctly griev'd,
He muſt augment the ſorrows he receiv'd.
The child, to whoſe ſucceſs thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art ſcarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
To luſt of arbitrary ſway inclin'd
(That curſed poiſon to the prince's mind!)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And loſe his great defence, his people's love;
Ill-counſell'd, vanquiſh'd, fugitive, diſgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's ſtrength effac'd;
Shall ſigh the king diminiſh'd, and the crown
With leſſen'd rays deſcending to his ſon;
Shall ſee the wreaths, his grandſire knew to reap
By active toil and military ſweat,
Pining, incline their ſickly leaves, and ſhed
Their falling honours from his giddy head;
By arms or prayer unable to aſſuage
Domeſtic horror and inteſtine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquiſh'd fear,
From Iſrael's arrow, and from Judah's ſpear;
Shall caſt his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms diſturb'd, and ſtain'd with kindred-blood.
Hence labouring years ſhall weep their deſtin'd race,
Charg'd with ill omens, ſully'd with diſgrace.
Time, by neceſſity compell'd, ſhall go
Through ſcenes of war, and epochas of woe.
The empire, leſſen'd in a parted ſtream,
Shall loſe its courſe—
Indulge thy tears: the heathen ſhall blaſpheme;
Judah ſhall fall, oppreſs'd by grief and ſhame,
And men ſhall from her ruin know her fame.
New Egypts yet and ſecond bonds remain,
A harſher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive ſons ſhall leave the promis'd land.
Their name more low their ſervitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.
Theſe pointed ſpires, that wound the ambient ſky,
(Inglorious change.) ſhall in deſtruction lie
Low, levell'd with the duſt; their heights unknown,
Or meaſur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,

For laſting glory built, deſign'd the ſeat
Of kings for ever bleſt, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant ſhall demand yon' ſacred load
Of gold, and veſſels ſet apart to God,
Then, by vile hands to common uſe debas'd,
Shall ſend them flowing round his drunken feaſt,
With ſacrilegious taunt, and impious jeſt.
Twice fourteen ages ſhall their way complete;
Empires by various turns ſhall riſe and ſet;
While thy abandon'd tribes ſhall only know
A different maſter, and a change of woe,
With down-caſt eye-lids, and with looks aghaſt,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the paſt.
Afflicted Iſrael ſhall ſit weeping down,
Faſt by the ſtreams where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppreſs'd,
Their weary'd limbs aſpiring but to reſt.
In the reflective ſtream the ſighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abaſh'd, ſhall hide
Her penſive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom ſhall foreſee his ſickly race,
While ponderous fetters vex their cloſe embrace.
With irkſome anguiſh then your prieſts ſhall mourn
Their long neglected feaſts deſpair'd return,
And ſad oblivion of their ſolemn days.
Thenceforth their voices they ſhall only raiſe,
Louder to weep. By day, your frighted ſeers
Shall call for fountains to expreſs their tears,
And wiſh their eyes were floods; by night, from dreams
Of opening gulfs, black ſtorms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, ſhall to the people ſhow
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and myſtic types of woe.
The captives, as their tyrant ſhall require
That they ſhould breathe the ſong, and touch the lyre,
Shall ſay: can Jacob's ſervile race rejoice,
Untun'd the muſic, and diſus'd the voice?
What can we play (they ſhall diſcourſe), how ſing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king?
We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary laſh, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-caſt of mortal race!) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, ſoft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longſome day,
The fulleſt bliſs our hearts aſpire to know
Is but ſome interval from active woe,
In broken reſt and ſtartling ſleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the ſcourge, return.
Bred up in grief, can pleaſure be our theme?
Our endleſs anguiſh does not nature claim?
Reaſon and ſorrow are to us the ſame.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle folly was not pleaſure's fire?
Madneſs, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.
This is the ſeries of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.
Illuſtrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not what heaven ordains with reaſon's eye.
Too bright the object is; the diſtance is too high.
The man, who would reſolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked ſtraight;
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy ſenſe,
Nor let duſt argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who muſt diſpoſe, and man ſuſtain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy ſum of life muſt his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill;
And that alone is good which centres in his will.
Yet, that thy labouring ſenſes may not droop,
Loſt to delight, and deſtitute of hope,
Remark what I, God's meſſenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive nor err.
The land, at length redeem'd, ſhall ceaſe to mourn,
Shall from her ſad captivity return.
Sion ſhall raiſe her long-dejected head,
And in her courts the law again be read.
Again the glorious temple ſhall ariſe,
And with new luſtre pierce the neighbouring ſkies.
The promis'd ſeat of empire ſhall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And, from thy race diſtinguiſh'd, one ſhall ſpring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and power; ſent down from heaven,
To ſuccour earth. To him, to him, 'tis given,
Paſſion, and care, and anguiſh, to deſtroy.
Through him, ſoft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd ſhall flow;
No more may man inquire, nor angel know.
Now, Solomon! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be ſtrong: with patience and with care
Perform, and ſuffer: to thyſelf ſevere,
Gracious to others, thy deſires ſuppreſs'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues; firſt of men! be beſt.
Thy ſum of duty let two words contain;
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble, and be juſt. The angel ſaid.—
With upward ſpeed his agile wings he ſpread;
Whilſt on the holy ground I proſtrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heaven-ward erect) determin'd thus I ſpoke;
Supreme, all-wiſe, eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, ſole Diſpoſer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully ſees, and none can ſee!
Original of beings! Power divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine!—
Benign Creator! let thy plaſtic hand
Diſpoſe its own effect; let thy command
Reſtore, Great Father! thy inſtructed ſon;
And in my act may thy great will be done!

POEMS.

ENGRAVEN ON THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUE LAMP,

GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.

Antiquam hanc Lampadem
è Muſeo Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Κειμήλια ſua
Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
Indulgent Time, through future ages ſave,
Before the Muſe to burn with purer flame!

Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove caſto vigil Harleianas
Igne Camœnas.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE.

Occaſioned by the death of Prince George, 1708.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their ſhade,
A widow turtle penſive ſat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The ſparrow chanc'd that way to walk
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
Be ſure he did the turtle greet;
She anſwer'd him as ſhe thought meet.
Sparrows and turtles, by the bye,
Can think as well as you or I:
But how they did their thoughts expreſs,
The margin ſhows by *T* and *S*.

T. My hopes are loſt, my joys are fled;
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daiſies on his tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verſe;
Ye pious redbreaſts, deck his hearſe:
Fair ſwans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
" For him, my friends, for him I moan,
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies;
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Thoſe cheeks, where beauty ſmiling lay;
Thoſe eyes, where love was us'd to play.
Ah! cruel fate, alas! how ſoon
That beauty and thoſe joys are flown!
Columbo is no more! ye floods,
Bear the ſad ſound to diſtant woods;
The ſound let echo's voice reſtore,
And ſay, Columbo is no more.
" Ye floods, ye woods, ye echoes, moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
The Dryads all forſook the wood,
And mournful Naiads round me ſtood,
The tripping fawns and fairies came,
All conſcious of our mutual flame,
" To ſigh for him, with me to moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
Venus diſdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindneſs now?
She ne'er ſhall hear my ſecond vow:
The loves, that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her ſorrows view;
Their drooping wings they penſive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unſtrung;
They heard attentive what I ſaid,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:
" For him I ſigh, for him I moan,
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
" 'Tis ours to weep," great Venus ſaid;
" 'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:
" Nor birds nor goddeſſes can move
" The juſt beheſts of fatal Jove.
" I ſaw thy mate with ſad regret,
" And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:
" Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
" Whom Turturella lov'd ſo well!
" I ſaw him bleeding on the ground,
" The ſight tore up my ancient wound;
" And, whilſt you wept, alas! I cry'd,
" Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
" Weep, all ye ſtreams; ye mountains, groan;
" I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
" Still let my tender grief complain,
" Nor day nor night that grief reſtrain:"
I ſaid, and Venus ſtill reply'd,
" Columbo and Adonis dy'd."

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy caſe,
And juſt thy tears, alas, alas!
T. And haſt thou lov'd, and canſt thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care?
Come then, with me thy ſorrows join,
And eaſe my woes by telling thine:
" For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'ſt moan
" Some Paſſerella dead and gone."
S. Dame Turtle, this runs ſoft in rhyme,
But neither ſuits the place nor time;
The fowler's hand, whoſe cruel care
For dear Columbo ſet the ſnare,
The ſnare again for thee may ſet;
Two birds may periſh in one net:
Thou ſhould'ſt avoid this cruel field,
And ſorrow ſhould to prudence yield.
'Tis ſad to die—
T. —It may be ſo;
'Tis ſadder yet to live in woe.
S. When widows uſe this canting ſtrain,
They ſeem reſolv'd to wed again.
T. When widowers would this truth diſprove,
They never taſted real love.
S. Love is ſoft joy and gentle ſtrife,
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And ſtruck the lovers' mutual hearts,
Of his black ſhafts let death ſend one,
Alas! the pleaſing game is done;
Ill is the poor ſurvivor ſped,
A corpſe feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus ſaid right—" nor tears can move,
" Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove."
All muſt obey the general doom,
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
Grim Pluto will not be withſtood
By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
As well as Little John, is dead
(You ſee how deeply I am read):
With Fate's lean tipſtaff none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax, to ſhun his general power,
In vain abſconded in a flower;
An idle ſcene Tythonus acted,
When to a graſshopper contracted;
Death ſtruck them in thoſe ſhapes again,
As once he did when they were men.
For reptiles periſh, plants decay;
Fleſh is but graſs, graſs turns to hay,
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.
Thus heads extremely nice diſcover
That folks may die ſome ten times over;
But oft', by too refin'd a touch,
To prove things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er Pythagoras may ſay
(For each, you know, will have his way),
With great ſubmiſſion I pronounce,
That people die no more than once:
But once is ſure; and death is common
To bird and man, including woman;
From the ſpread eagle to the wren,
Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;
All that wear feathers firſt or laſt
Muſt one day perch on Charon's maſt;
Muſt lie beneath the cypreſs ſhade,
Where Strada's nightingale was laid.
Thoſe fowl who ſeem alive to ſit,
Aſſembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
In proſe have ſlept three hundred years,
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
And, laid in ſtate upon their herſe,
Are truly but embalm'd in verſe.
As ſure as Leſbia's ſparrow I,
Thou ſure as Prior's dove, muſt die,
And ne'er again from Lethe's ſtreams
Return to Adige, or to Thames.
T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleaſures fled;
" I therefore muſt for ever moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
S. Columbo never ſees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;
A wall of braſs, and one of lead,
Divide the living from the dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
Of tears beats back to earth again;
In t'other the collected ſound
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
What time itſelf can ne'er retrieve.
By nature ſoft, I know a dove
Can never live without her love;
Then quit this flame, and light another;
Dame, I adviſe you like a brother.
T. What, *I* to make a ſecond choice!
In other nuptials to rejoice!
S. Why not, my bird?—
T. —No, Sparrow, no!
Let me indulge my pleaſing woe:
Thus ſighing, cooing, eaſe my pain,
But never wiſh, nor love, again:
Diſtreſs'd, for ever let me moan
" My dear Columbo, dead and gone."
S. Our winged friends through all the grove
Contemn thy mad exceſs of love:
I tell thee, Dame, the other day
I met a parrot and a jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
And " wept Columbo, dead and gone."
T. Whate'er the jay or parrot ſaid,
My hopes are loſt, my joys are fled,
And I for ever muſt deplore
" Columbo dead and gone."—*S. Encore!*
For ſhame! forſake this Bion-ſtyle,
We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.
Does it with ſenſe or health agree,
To ſit thus moping on a tree?
To throw away a widow's life,
When you again may be a wife?
Come on; I'll tell you my amours;
Who knows but they may influence yours?
" Example draws where precept fails,
" And ſermons are leſs read than tales."
T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
As ſuch will hear thee: I deſcend;
Hop on, and talk; but, honeſt bird,
Take care that no immodeſt word
May venture to offend my ear.
S. Too faint-like turtle, never fear.

By method things are beſt diſcours'd,
Begin we then with wife the *firſt*:
A handſome, ſenſeleſs, awkward fool,
Who would not yield, and could not rule:
Her actions did her charms diſgrace,
And ſtill her tongue talk'd of her face:
Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
So many different wills had ſhe,
And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
Thoſe wills were chang'd with every wind:
She courted the *beau monde* to-night,
L'aſſemblée, her ſupreme delight;
The next ſhe ſat immur'd, unſeen,
And in full health enjoy'd the ſpleen;
She cenſur'd *that*, ſhe alter'd *this*,
And with great care ſet all amiſs;
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now ſing, now pout, all *God knows why*:
Short was her reign, ſhe cough'd, and dy'd,
Proceed we to my *ſecond* bride:
Well born ſhe was, genteelly bred,
And buxom both at board and bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to pleaſe,
And, as Tom Southern wiſely ſays,
"No other fault had ſhe in life,
"But only that ſhe was my wife *."
O widow Turtle! every ſhe
(So nature's pleaſure does decree)
Appears a goddeſs till enjoy'd;
But birds, and men, and gods are cloy'd.
Was Hercules one woman's man?
Or Jove for ever Leda's ſwan?
Ah! madam, ceaſe to be miſtaken,
Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
Variety alone gives joy,
The ſweeteſt meats the ſooneſt cloy.
What ſparrow-dame, what dove alive,
Though Venus ſhould the chariot drive,
But would accuſe the harneſs weight,
If always coupled to *one* mate;
And often wiſh the fetter broke?
'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.

T. Impious! to wiſh to wed again,
Ere death diſſolv'd the former chain!

S. Spare your remark, and hear the reſt;
She brought me ſons; but (Jove be bleſt!)
She dy'd in child-bed on the neſt.
Well, reſt her bones! quoth I, ſhe's gone;
But muſt I therefore lie alone?
What! am I to her memory ty'd?
Muſt I not live, becauſe ſhe dy'd?
And thus I logically ſaid
('Tis good to have a reaſoning head!)
Is this my wife? *Probatur* not;
For death diſſolv'd the marriage-knot:
She was, *concedo*, during life;
But, is a piece of *clay* a wife?
Again; if not a wife, d'ye ſee,
Why then no kin at all to me:
And he, who general tears can ſhed
For folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal juſtice mourn
For thoſe who never yet were born.

* See "The Wife's Excuſe, a comedy."

T. Thoſe points indeed you quaintly prove,
But logic is no friend to love.

S. My children then were juſt pen-feather'd;
Some little corn for them I gather'd,
And ſent them to my ſpouſe's mother;
So left that brood, to get another:
And, as old Harry whilom ſaid,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,
Cockſbones! I now again do ſtand
The jollieſt bachelor i' th' land.

T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes, are fled;
My *firſt*, my *only love*, is dead:
With endleſs grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loſs!—

S. —Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my couſin Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder houſe of Chirping End,
From whence the younger branch deſcend.
Well ſeated in a field of peaſe
She liv'd, extremely at her eaſe;
But, when the honey-moon was paſt,
The following nights were ſoon o'ercaſt;
She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-ſtraw:
Both, you may judge, became leſs kind,
As more we knew each other's mind:
She ſoon grew ſullen, I hard-hearted;
We ſcolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, bleſſed town! I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent.
A magpye from the country fled,
And kindly told me ſhe was dead:
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And ſet my heart again to ſale.
My *fourth*, a mere coquette, or ſuch
I thought her; nor avails it much,
If true or falſe; our troubles ſpring
More from the fancy than the thing.
Two ſtaring horns, I often ſaid,
But ill become a ſparrow's head;
But then, to ſet that balance even,
Your cuckold ſparrow goes to heaven
The thing you fear, ſuppoſe it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilſt at the root your horns are ſore,
The more you ſcratch, they ache the more.
But turn the tables, and reflect,
All may not be that you ſuſpect:
By the mind's eye, the horns we mean
Are only in ideas ſeen;
'Tis from the inſide of the head
Their branches ſhoot, their antlers ſpread;
Fruitful ſuſpicions often bear 'em,
You feel them from the time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echoed word
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
But thoſe of finer taſte have found
There's nothing in't beſide the ſound.
Preferment always waits on horns,
And houſehold peace the gift adorns;
This way, or that, let factions tend,
The ſpark is ſtill the cuckold's friend:
This way, or that, let madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet ſhe comes home.

Now weigh the pleaſure with the pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, loſs and gain,
And what La Fontaine laughing ſays
Is ſerious truth, in ſuch a caſe;
" Who ſlights the evil finds it leaſt,
" And who does nothing, does the beſt."
I never ſtrove to rule the roaſt,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toaſt:
In viſits if we chanc'd to meet,
I ſeem'd obliging, ſhe diſcreet;
We neither much careſs'd nor ſtrove,
But good diſſembling paſs'd for love.
T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
'Tis only light itſelf can ſhow;
Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
S. My pretty, amorous, fooliſh bird,
A moment's patience! in one word,
The three kind ſiſters broke the chain;
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me with juſter grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more;
Let me with conſtant tears bewail—
S. Your ſorrow does but ſpoil my tale.
My *fifth*, ſhe prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord ſhield us all from ſuch a life!
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat;
'Twas *this*, to-day; to-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forſooth, upon the brook
I kept a miſs; an honeſt rook
Told it a ſnipe, who told a ſteer,
Who told it *thoſe* who told it *her*.
One day a linnet and a lark
Had met me ſtrolling in the dark;
The next a woodcock and an owl,
Quick-ſighted, grave, and ſober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath allege,
I kiſs'd a hen behind the hedge.
Well; madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once ſhe watch'd me from a rail,
(Poor ſoul!) her footing chanc'd to fail;
And down ſhe fell, and broke her hip;
The *fever* came, and then the *pip*:
Death did the only cure apply;
She was at quiet, ſo was I.
T. Could love unmov'd theſe changes view?
His ſorrows, as his joys, are true.
S. My deareſt dove, one wiſe man ſays,
Alluding to our preſent caſe,
" We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow!"
Then what avails ſuperfluous ſorrow?
Another, full as wiſe as he,
Adds, that " a marry'd man may ſee
" Two happy hours," and which are they?
The *firſt* and *laſt*, perhaps you'll ſay
'Tis true, when blythe ſhe goes to bed,
And when ſhe peaceably lies dead;
" Women 'twixt ſheets are beſt," 'tis ſaid,
Be they of Holland, or of lead.
Now, cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And ſliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future reſt,
And took a widow to my neſt.
(Ah, Turtle! had ſhe been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wiſe, yet free!)
But ſhe was peeviſh, noiſy, bold,
A witch engraſted on a ſcold.
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills, to vex mankind;
To vex one bird,
He had at leaſt a hundred more.
And, ſoon as time that veil withdrew,
The plagues o'er all the pariſh flew;
Her ſtock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempeſts arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.
We, young or old, or cock or hen,
All liv'd in Æolus's den;
The neareſt her, the more accurſt,
Ill far'd her friends, her huſband worſt.
But Jove amidſt his anger ſpares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
In ſhort, ſhe dy'd. Why then ſhe's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Would Heaven this mourning year were paſt!
One may have better luck at laſt.
Matters at worſt are ſure to mend,
The devil's wife was but a fiend.
T. Thy tale has rais'd a turtle's ſpleen
Uxorious inmate! bird obſcene!
Dar'ſt thou defile theſe ſacred groves,
Theſe ſilent ſeats of faithful loves?
Begone, with flagging wings ſit down
On ſome old rent houſe near the town;
In brewers' ſtables peck thy grain,
Then waſh it down with puddled rain;
And bear thy dirty offſpring ſquall
From bottles on a ſuburb wall.
Where thou haſt been, return again;
Vile bird! thou haſt convers'd with men;
Notions like thoſe from men are given,
Thoſe vileſt creatures under heaven.
To cities and to courts repair,
Flattery and falſehood flouriſh there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy;
Where paſſion does with intereſt barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are ſix times marry'd.

APPLICATION,

WRITTEN LONG AFTER THE TALE.

O DEAREST daughter * of two deareſt friends,
To thee my muſe this little tale commends.
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his perſon, though deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear huſband's arms,
For conſtant virtue has immortal charms.
And when I lie low ſepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchſafe to ſay, " Ere I could write or ſpell,
" The bard, who from my cradle wiſh'd me well,

* Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley, daughter of Edward Earl of Oxford, and afterwards Dutcheſs of Portland.

" Told me I ſhould the prating ſparrow blame,
" And bad me imitate the turtle's flame."

DOWN-HALL, A BALLAD.

To the tune of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, 1715.

I

SING not old Jaſon, who travell'd through Greece,
To kiſs the fair maids, and poſſeſs the rich fleece;
Nor ſing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife, and went far for another.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor him who through Aſia and Europe did roam,
Ulyſſes by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,
But rather deſir'd to ſee cities and men, [Pen.
Than return to his farms, and converſe with old

Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to ſeek,
A man muſt have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Thoſe who love their own tongue, we have reaſon to hope,
Have read them tranſlated by Dryden and Pope.

But I ſing of exploits that have lately been done
By two Britiſh heroes, call'd Matthew and John *;
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Eſſex to ſee, and a place they call Down.

Now ere they went out you may rightly ſuppoſe
How much they diſcours'd both in prudence and proſe; [certed.
For, before this great journey was throughly con-
Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew ſaid, Look you here, my friend John,
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one;
And, though I ſtill carry'd my ſovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folks errands.

And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the grave;
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
Gadzooks! I have juſt ſuch a place in my eye.

There are gardens ſo ſtately, and arbours ſo thick,
A portal of ſtone, and a fabric of brick:
The matter next week ſhall be all in your power;
But the money, gadzooks! muſt be paid in an hour.

For things in this world muſt by law be made certain:
We both muſt repair unto Oliver Martin;
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
I'll bring you to ſee: he muſt fix you at Down,

Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick to Dover.
You've ſold all our premiſes over and over:
And now, if your buyers and ſellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

But a word to the purpoſe: to-morrow, dear friend,
We'll ſee what to night you ſo highly commend.
And, if with a garden and houſe I am bleſt,
Let the devil and Coningſby go with the reſt.

Then anſwer'd 'Squire Morley, Pray get a caſh, [ſplaſh,
That in ſummer may burn, and in winter may
I love dirt and duſt; and 'tis always my pleaſure,
To take with me much of the ſoil that I meaſure.

But Matthew thought better; for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot ſo trim and ſo tight, [paſs
That extremes both of winter and ſummer might
For one window was canvas, the other was glaſs.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down quoth friend John,
We ſhall be both hotter and colder anon. [ſpeed
Thus, talking and ſcolding, they forward did
And Rolpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodſon, the ſign of the bull,
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the high-way
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

Come here, my ſweet landlady, pray, how d'ye do? [Sue
Where is Cicily ſo cleanly, and Prudence, and
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hoſtler that ſung about eight years ago?

And where is your ſiſter, ſo mild and ſo dear?
Whoſe voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?
By my troth! ſhe replies, you grow younger, I think: [drink?
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon truſt,
If I know to which queſtion to anſwer you firſt!
Why things, ſince I ſaw you, moſt ſtrangely have vary'd,
The hoſtler is hang'd, and the widow is marry'd.

And Prue left a child for the pariſh to nurſe;
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purſe;
And as to my ſiſter, ſo mild and ſo dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year.

Well, peace to her aſhes! what ſignifies grief?
She roaſted red veal, and ſhe powder'd lean beef:
Full nicely ſhe knew to cook up a fine diſh;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fiſh.

For that matter, Sir, be you 'ſquire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford:

* Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley of Halſtead,

I ſhould look on myſelf as unhappily ſped,
Did I yield to a fi er, or living, or dead.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breaſt
Shall ſwim in the water in which they were dreſt:
And, becauſe you great folks are with rarities ta-
ken, [bacon.
Addle-eggs ſhall be next courſe, toſt up with rank

Then ſupper was ſerv'd, and the ſheets they
were laid,
And Morley moſt lovingly whiſper'd the maid.
The maid! was ſhe handſome? why truly ſo-ſo:
But what Morley whiſper'd we never ſhall know.

Then up roſe theſe heroes as briſk as the ſun,
And their horſes, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt aſk'd for the
ſcore,
John kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their breakfaſt ſo warm to be ſure they did eat,
A cuſtom in travellers mighty diſcreet; [on,
And thus with great friendſhip and glee they went
To find out the place you ſhall hear of anon,
Call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning to
noon? [moon;
Why, of ſpots in the ſun, and the man in the
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the ſtocks in the city,
The wiſe men of Greece, and the ſecret committee.

So to Harlow they came; and, hey! where are
you all?
Show us into the parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your maids have no motion, your men have
no life;
Well, maſter, I hear you have bury'd your wife.

Come this very inſtant, take care to provide
Tea, ſugar, and toaſt, and a horſe and a guide.
Are the Harriſons here, both the old and the
young?
And where ſtands fair Down, the delight of my
ſong?

O 'ſquire, to the grief of my heart I may ſay,
I have bury'd two wives ſince you travell'd this
way;
And the Harriſons both may be preſently here;
And Down ſtands, I think, where it ſtood the laſt
year.

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the
toaſt, [hoſt:
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine
But we clear'd our extempore banquet ſo faſt,
That the Harriſons both were forgot in the haſte.

Now hey for Down-hall! for the guide he was
got;
The chariot was mounted; the horſes did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round,
But oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found.

O thou Popiſh guide, thou haſt led us aſtray.
Says he, How the devil ſhould I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life:
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife.

Thy wife, anſwer'd Matthew, when ſhe went
abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways ſhe had trod:
Perhaps ſhe met friends, and brought pence to thy
houſe,
But thou ſhalt go home without ever a ſous.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you
mean it? [it.
We have loſt our eſtate here, before we have ſeen
Have patience, ſoft Morley in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us ſend off our guide.

O here I ſpy Down: caſt your eye to the weſt,
Where a wind-mill ſo ſtately ſtands plainly confeſt.
On the weſt, reply'd Matthew, no windmill I find:
As well thou may'ſt tell me, I ſee the weſt-wind.

Now pardon me, Morley, the wind-mill I ſpy,
But, faithful Achates, no houſe is there nigh.
Look again, ſays mild Morley; gadzooks! you are
blind:
The mill ſtands before, and the houſe lies behind.

O, now a low ruin'd white ſhed I diſcern,
Untill'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a barn.
A barn! why you rave: 'tis a houſe for a ſquire,
A juſtice of peace, or a knight of our ſhire.

A houſe ſhould be built, or with brick, or with
ſtone. [one;
Why 'tis plaiſter and lath; and I think that's all
And ſuch as it is, it has ſtood with great fame,
Been called a hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down.

O Morley! O Morley! if that be a hall,
The fame with the building will ſuddenly fall—
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings
agree;
My buſineſs is land, and it matters not me.

I wiſh you could tell what a duce your head ails;
I ſhow'd you Down-hall; did you look for Ver-
ſailles? [you,
Then take houſe and farm as John Ballet will let
For better for worſe, as I took my dame Betty.

And now, Sir, a word to the wiſe is enough;
You'll make very little of all your old ſtuff:
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow
ſimple!
Are you young and rich, like the maſter of Wim-
ple†?

If you have theſe whims of apartments and gar-
dens, [things:
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er ſee five far-

† Edward Earl of Oxford.

And in yours I ſhall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finiſh your houſe, you'll have ſpent your eſtate.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb; and, here, Mat, is my heart.
To Halſtead I ſpeed, and you go back to town.
Thus ends the firſt part of the ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

VERSES

SPOKEN TO LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY, COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

In the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, November 9. 1719.

MADAM,
SINCE Anna viſited the muſes' ſeat
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait!)
Hail thou, the brighteſt of thy ſex, and beſt,
Moſt gracious neighbour †, and moſt welcome gueſt.
Not Harley's ſelf, to Cam and Iſis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not he ſuch preſent honour ſhall receive,
As to his conſort we aſpire to give.
Writings of men our thoughts to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the ſofter ſex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this houſe has bred,
To ſtudy leſſons from thy morals given,
And ſhining characters, impreſs'd by heaven.
Science in books no longer we purſue,
Minerva's ſelf in Harriet's face we view;
For, when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the ſemblance of a form divine.
Their pious incenſe let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of ſome bounteous king;
With grateful hand due altars let them raiſe,
To ſome good knight's § or holy prelate's ‖ praiſe:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bleſs, your praiſes we proclaim;
Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoin'd by ſtatute, to the fair we bow;
In ſpite of time, we keep our ancient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN,

REPRESENTED BY SOME OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS, AT BICKFORD'S DANCING-ROOM, FEBRUARY 2. 1720.

Spoken by Lord Duplin, who acted Cordelio the Page.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me ſay,
Gentle ſpectators, pray excuſe the play?
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Whom you may clap or hiſs for half a crown.
Our generous ſcenes for friendſhip we repeat;
And, if we don't delight, at leaſt we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder;
We may be aſk'd "whoſe patent we act under?"
How ſhall we gain you, *à la mode de France?*
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance.
In cutting capers we ſhall never pleaſe;
Our learning does not lie below our knees
Shall we procure you ſymphony and ſound?
Then you muſt each ſubſcribe two hundred pound.
There we ſhould fail too, as to point of voice:
Miſtake us not; we're no Italian boys,
True Britons born; from Weſtminſter we come,
And only ſpeak the ſtyle of ancient Rome.
We would deſerve, not poorly beg, applauſe;
And ſtand or fall by Freind's and Buſby's laws.
For the diſtreſs'd, your pity we implore:
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orphan ſqualling at your door.

† The family ſeat was then at Wimple.
§ Sir T. White, founder of St. John's College, Oxon.
‖ Archbiſhop Laud's life was a perpetual benefaction.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. OH! with what woes am I oppreſt!
W. Be ſtill, you ſenſeleſs calf!
What if the 'gods ſhould make you bleſt?
H. Why then I'd ſing and laugh:
But, if they won't, I'll wail and cry.
W. You'll hardly *laugh*, before you die.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in ſun-ſhine weather,
Falſehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As oppoſites will ſometimes do,
Through many a blooming mead they paſt,
And at a brook arriv'd at laſt.
The purling ſtream, the margin green
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal ſcene,
Invited each itinerant maid
To reſt awhile beneath the ſhade.
Under a ſpreading beach they ſat,
And paſs'd the time with female chat;
Whilſt each her character maintain'd;
One ſpoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falſehood, ſiſter Truth,
(For ſo the call'd her from her youth),
What if, to ſhun yon' ſultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful ſtream;
The bottom ſmooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying ſhepherd near:—
With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
And threw her mowy robes aſide,
Stript herſelf naked to the ſkin,
And with a ſpring leapt headlong in.
Falſehood more leiſurely undreſt,
And, laying by her tawdry veſt,

Trick'd herſelf out in Truth's array,
And croſs the meadows tript away.
From this curſt hour, the fraudful dame
Of ſacred Truth uſurps the name,
And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
Falſe ſighs ſuborns, and artful tears,
And ſmarts with vain pretended fears;
In viſits ſtill appears moſt wiſe,
And rolls at church her ſaint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While riſing ſtock † her conſcience pricks;
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She ſecrets op'd, and all unravell'd.
But on the will, and ſecrets tell
Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
Reviling every one ſhe knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the roſe.
Her tongue ſo voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do ſerve, ſhe ſlily pleads,
And copious tears ſtill ſhow her needs,
With promiſes as thick as weeds—
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
To-day a ſaint, to-morrow devil.
Poor Truth ſhe ſtript, as has been ſaid,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, ſcorning from her cauſe to wince,
Has gone ſtark-naked ever ſince;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who truth revere.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

It always has been thought diſcreet,
To know the company you meet;
And ſure there may be ſecret danger,
In talking much before a ſtranger.
" Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the ſcene is fix'd:
The perſons were but oddly mixt;
When ſober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man):
" I now grow old; but ſtill, from youth,
" Have held for modeſty and truth.
" The men, who by theſe ſea-marks ſteer,
" In life's great voyage never err:
" Upon this point I dare defy
" The world. I pauſe for a reply."
" Sir, either is a good aſſiſtant,"
Said one who ſat a little diſtant:
" Truth decks our ſpeeches and our books,
" And modeſty adorns our looks:
" But farther progreſs we muſt take:
" Not only born to look and ſpeak;
" The man muſt act. The Stagyrite
" Says thus, and ſays extremely right:
" Strict juſtice is the ſovereign guide,
" That o'er our actions ſhould preſide:
" This queen of virtues is confeſt
" To regulate and bind the reſt.
" Thrice happy, if you once can find
" Her equal balance poiſe your mind:
" All different graces ſoon will enter,
" Like lines concurrent to their centre."
'Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe two went on,
With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland aſſaulting Clarke;
Till, in theology half loſt,
Damon took up the Evening Poſt:
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politics held forth.
" Methinks we're in the like condition,
" As at the treaty of Partition:
" That ſtroke, for all King William's care,
" Begat another tedious war.
" Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
" Ne'er much approv'd that myſtic league:
" In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
" Poor man! he found enough to do.
" Sometimes to me he did apply;
" But down-right Dunſtable was I,
" And told him where they were miſtaken,
" And counſel'd him to ſave his bacon:
" But (paſs his politics and proſe)
" I never herded with his foes;
" Nay, in his verſes, as a friend,
" I ſtill found ſomething to commend.
" Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
" Whate'er ſeverer critics ſaid:
" Too far, I own, the girl was try'd;
" The women all were on my ſide.
" For Alma I return'd him thanks;
" I lik'd her with her little pranks.
" Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
" Was much too grave to be ſublime."
Pindar and Damon ſcorn tranſition,
So on he ran a new diviſion;
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to ſpit
(Chance often helps us more than wit).
T' other that lucky moment took,
Juſt nick'd the time, broke in and ſpoke.
" Of all the gifts the gods afford
" (If we may take old Tully's word),
" The greateſt is a friend, whoſe love
" Knows how to praiſe, and when reprove:
" From ſuch a treaſure never part,
" But hang the jewel on your heart:
" And, pray, Sir (it delights me), tell,
" You know this author mighty well—"
" Know him! d'ye queſtion it? Ods fiſh!
" Sir, does a beggar know his diſh?
" I lov'd him; as I told you, I
" Adviſ'd him"—Here a ſtander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, ſilence broke;
" Damon, 'tis time we ſhould retire:
" The man you talk with is Mat Prior."
Patron through life, and from thy birth my friend,
Dorſet! to thee, this fable let me ſend:
With Damon's lightneſs weigh thy ſolid worth;
The foil is known to ſet the diamond forth:

† South-Sea, 1720.

Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How *many* Damons, how *few* Dorſets live!

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the fair from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at ſad reſtraint,
Which wiſe mamma ordain'd;
And ſorely vex'd to play the ſaint,
Whilſt wit and beauty reign'd:

"Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails forſaken?
Kitty's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt Lady Jenny friſk about,
And viſit with her couſins?
At balls muſt *ſhe* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has ſhe better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boaſt,
That all mankind for her ſhould die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a toaſt?

Deareſt Mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as ſhe ‖,
Or know the reaſon why.

I'll ſoon with Jenny's pride quit ſcore,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondneſs prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's deſire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *ſet the world on fire.*

When in the glaſs, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glaſs be true,
If true the cryſtal flood.

In colours of this glorious kind †
Apelles painted me:
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native ſea.

Like this ‖, diſorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thouſand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

But viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, ſays ſhe, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far ſurpaſs'd thine here.

Or I, a goddeſs of the ſkies,
By Myra am outdone,
And muſt reſign to *her* the prize,
The apple, which I won.

But, ſoon as ſhe had Myra ſeen,
Majeſtically fair,
The ſparkling eye, the look ſerene,
The gay and eaſy air;

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wondering goddeſs cry'd,
Apelles muſt to Kneller yield,
Or Venus muſt to Hyde.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

When Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus ſhown,
The goddeſs ſpy'd in every face
Some features of her own.

Juſt ſo, (and pointing with her hand)
So ſhone, ſays ſhe, my eyes ¶,
When from two goddeſſes I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO.

IMITATED FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

"*Nympha, precor, Penei, mane.*"

APOLLO.

Abate, fair fugitive, abate thy ſpeed,
Diſmiſs thy fears and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Leſs ſwiftly fly, leſs ſwiftly I'll purſue:
Pathleſs, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some ſtone may hurt thee, or ſome thorn may wound.

DAPHNE *(aſide)*.

This care is for himſelf, as ſure as death!
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do: I'll lead him t'other round:
Waſhy he is, perhaps not over ſound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
Nor ill-bred ſwain, nor ruſty clown am I:
I Claros iſle, and Tenedos command—

DAPHNE

Thank you: I would not leave my native land.

* Lady Catharine Hyde, now Ducheſs of Queenſberry.
‖ The Earl of Eſſex married Lady Jane Hyde.
¶ Lady Ranelagh.

† Lady Salisbury.
‖ Lady Jane, ſiſter to the Duke of Douglas; afterwards married to Sir John Stewart.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Piſh! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks—

DAPHNE.

—A fig!—
That may be counterfeit, a Spaniſh wig:
Who cares for all that buſh of curling hair,
Whilſt your ſmooth chin is ſo extremely bare:

APOLLO.

I ſing—

DAPHNE.

—That never ſhall be Daphne's choice:
Hyphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the myſtic power;
To certain health the patient reſtore;
Sent for, careſs'd—

DAPHNE.

—Ours is a wholeſome air;
You'd better go to town, and practiſe there:
For me, I've no obſtructions to remove;
I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jove;
And phyſic is a weak ally to love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verſes I compoſe.

DAPHNE.

To do your brother quacks, and brother beaux.
Memorials only and reviews write proſe.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I ſend the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its ſpeed.—

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom ſure you would not kill,
To yonder thicket exerciſe your ſkill;
Shoot there at beaſts; but for the human heart,
Your couſin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear,
A love-ſick deity's impetuous prayer;
O let me woo thee as thou would'ſt be wood!

DAPHNE.

Firſt, therefore, be not ſo extremely rude.
Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
Like an hobgoblin, rather than a lover.
Next, to my father's grotto ſometimes come;
At ebbing tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics; how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers, Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat, and aſk how Daphne does:
Theſe ſort of folks will to each other tell,
That you reſpect me; that, you know, looks well
Then if you are, as you pretend, the god
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa;
Some little rarity, ſome bird, or beaſt,
And now then a jewel from the eaſt;
A lacquer'd cabinet, ſome China ware;
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair.
Next, *nata bene*, you ſhall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Laſt, for the eaſe and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what ſtartles you?) your wife.
I'm now (they ſay) ſixteen, or ſomething more;
We mortals ſeldom live above fourſcore:
Fourſcore; you're good at numbers; let us ſee,
Seventeen ſuppoſe, remaining ſixty-three
Aye, in that ſpan of time, you'll bury me.
Mean time, if you have tumult, noiſe, and ſtrife,
(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life.)
They'll quickly end, you ſee; what ſignify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away;
You know your buſineſs takes you up all day;
And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noiſe I make, you'll ſleep, my dear:
Or, if a winter-evening ſhould be long,
Ev'n read your phyſic-book, or make a ſong.
Your ſteeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honeſt godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.
Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat or follow:
I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee Apollo.
And may I ſplit into ten thouſand trees,
If I give up on other terms than theſe!
She ſaid; but what the amorous god reply'd,
(So fate ordain'd) is to our ſearch deny'd:
By rats, alas! the manuſcript is eat,
O cruel banquet! which we all regret,
Bavius, thy labours muſt this work reſtore;
May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT, 1708.

Two mice, dear boy, of genteel faſhion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay in infant years,
Equally ſhar'd their parents' cares.
The ſire of theſe two babes (poor creature!)
Paid his laſt debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three males, one female kind.
The ſire being under ground and bury'd,
'Twas thought his ſpouſe would ſoon have marry'd;
Matches propos'd, and numerous ſuitors,
Moſt tender huſbands careful tutors,
She modeſtly refus'd; and ſhow'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.
Mother! dear mother, that endearing thought
Has thouſand and ten thouſand fancies brought.
Tell me, oh! tell me (thou art now above)
How to deſcribe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,
Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
Cloyſter'd from common joys and juſt delights;
How thou didſt conſtantly in private mourn,
And waſh with daily tears thy ſpouſe's urn;

How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your firſt care, by numerous griefs oppreſt,
Under the burden ſunk, and went to reſt;
How your dear darling, by conſumption's waſte,
Breath'd her laſt piety into your breaſt;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Though not inſpir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
Ungrateful howſoe'er, mayn't I forget
To pay this ſmall, yet tributary debt!
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious ſon.
But why all this? Is this your fable?
Believe me, Mat, it ſeems a Babel;
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your mice, and make an end on't.
Well then, dear brother——
As ſure as Hudi's * ſword could ſwaddle,
Two mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted; (did they ſo, an't pleaſe you?)
Yes, that they did (dear Sir), to eaſe you.
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T' other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Thoſe two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the ſages!)
Many days paſt, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's ſight;
At laſt, in weather cold nor ſultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
After much buſs, and great grimace
(Uſual you know in ſuch a caſe),
Much chat aroſe, what had been done,
What might before next ſummer's ſun;
Much ſaid of France, of Suffolk's goodneſs,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeneſs.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.
Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
In years, though (God knows) not in ſenſe;
All's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raiſe poſterity:
Marry you, brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone:
May you ne'er meet with feuds, or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table!
Somewhat I'll ſave, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.
What I propoſe is juſt, I ſwear it;
Or may I periſh, by this claret!
The dice are thrown, chooſe this or that
('Tis all alike to honeſt Mat);
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.
After ſome thought, ſome Portugueſe †,
Some wine, the younger thus replies:
Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;

Get me a boy call'd Adrian,
Truſt me, I'll do for't what I can.
Home went well pleas'd the Suffolk tony,
Heart free from care, as purſe from money;
He got a luſty ſqualling boy
(Doubtleſs the dad's and mamma's joy).
In ſhort, to make things ſquare and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And ſends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle, brother, and a baſket
(Granted as ſoon as e'er I aſk it);
A coat not of the ſmalleſt ſcantling,
Frocks, ſtockings, ſhoes, to grace the bantling;
Theſe too were ſent (or I'm no drubber),
Nay, add to theſe the fine gum-rubber;
Yet theſe won't do, ſend t'other coat,
For, faith, the firſt's not worth a groat;
Dilmally ſhrunk, as herrings ſhotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of ſtuff more durable, and ſtronger;
Send it next week, if you are able.
By this time, Sir, you know the fable.
From this, and letters of the ſame make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-ſake.
Cold and hard times, Sir, here (believe it),
I've loſt my curate too, and grieve it.
At Eaſter, for what I can ſee,
(A time of eaſe and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiſs your hands, and viſit London.
Molly ſends greeting; ſo do I, Sir;
Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, Sir.

* Hudibras. † Stout.

TWO RIDDLES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE EXAMINER, 1710.

Sphinx was a monſter that would eat
Whatever ſtranger ſhe could get;
Unleſs his ready wit diſclos'd
The ſubtle riddle ſhe propos'd.
Œdipus was reſolv'd to go,
And try what ſtrength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, ſaid he, who, weak by nature,
At firſt creeps, like his fellow-creature.
Upon all-four; as years accrue,
With ſturdy ſteps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and ſick,
For his third leg adopts a ſtick.
Now, in your turn, 'tis juſt, methinks,
You ſhould reſolve me, Madam Sphinx.
What greater ſtranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loſes one, then gets two more,
And runs away at laſt on four?

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE,

To the Master of St. John's College,† 1712.

I *Stood*, Sir, patient at your feet
Before your elbow-chair;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll *kneel* before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay *homage* ‖ to the queen.

NELL AND JOHN.

When Nell, giv'n o'er by the doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney stood decently crying;
'Tis in vain, said the woman, to make such ado,
For to our long home we must all of us go!

True, Nell, reply'd John; but what yet is the worst
For us that remain, the best always go first;
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown mare!

BIBO AND CHARON.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd; [dy'd.
You may have forgot; you was drunk when you

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O Death! how thou spoil'st the best project of life?
Said Gabriel, who still, as he bury'd one wife,
For the sake of her family, marry'd her cousin;
And thus, in an honest collateral line,
He still marry'd on till his number was nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

Poor Hal caught his death, standing under a spout, [out;
Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come

But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.
Who'er thou art, that read'st these moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

Quoth Richard in jest, looking wistly at Nelly,
Methinks, child, you seem something round in the belly.
Nell answer'd him snappishly, How can that be,
When my husband has been more than two years at sea? [carry'd
Thy husband! quoth Dick: why that matter was
Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert marry'd.

ON A FART,

LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Reader, I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
Like Julius Cæsar's was *my* death,
Who in the Senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
I left the Commonwealth my heir.

THE MODERN SAINT.

Her time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
First writes a *billet-doux*, then says her prayers;
Her mass and toilet; vespers and the play;
Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day;
Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Easter calls all Israel to her tent:
Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a Modern Saint.

THE PARALLEL.

Prometheus, forming Mr. Day,
Carv'd something like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miscarry;
He, that does heaven and earth control,
Alone has power to form a soul,
His hand is evident in Harry.
Since one is but a moving clod,
T'other the lively form of God;
'Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able
To prove all poetry but fable.

† See the history of this epigram, Gent. Mag. 1774, p. 16.

‖ Mr. Prior, though he paid a becoming deference to the Master of St. John's, as a Fellow of that College, thought some respect was due to the public character which he had just before sustained in France.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

You, Madam, may with ſafety go,
Decrees of deſtiny to know:
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happineſs ordain'd:
Such charms as yours are only given
To choſen favourites of heaven.
But, ſuch is my uncertain ſtate,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate;
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predeſtinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No ſecrets elſe, that mortals learn,
My cares deſerve, or life concern:
But this will ſo important be,
I dread to ſearch the dark decree;
For, while the ſmalleſt hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain diſtant views my fancy pleaſe,
And give ſome intermitting eaſe:
But, ſhould the ſtars too plainly ſhow
That you have doom'd my endleſs woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild deſpair.
This ſecret then I dare not know,
And other truths are uſeleſs now.
What matters, if unbleſt in love,
How long or ſhort my life will prove?
To gratify what low deſire,
Should I with needleſs haſte inquire
How great, how wealthy I ſhall be?
Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
If I am happy, or undone,
It muſt proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

WHEN hungry wolves had treſpaſs'd on the fold,
And the robb'd ſhepherd his ſad ſtory told;
"Call in Alcides," ſaid a crafty prieſt;
"Give him one half, and he'll ſecure the reſt."
No! ſaid the ſhepherd, if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly reſign,
Power is their character, and patience mine;
Though, troth! to me there ſeems but little odds,
Who prove the greateſt robbers, wolves or gods!

TO A FRIEND ON HIS NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay bleſt in his Alcmæna's charms,
Three nights in one he preſs'd her in his arms;
The ſun lay ſet, and conſcious nature ſtrove
To ſhade her god, and to prolong his love.
From that auſpicious night Alcides came;
What leſs could riſe from Jove, and ſuch a dame?
May this auſpicious night with that compare,
Nor leſs the joys, nor leſs the riſing heir:
He ſtrong as Jove, ſhe like Alcmæna fair!

THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, Bart.

POST-MASTER, AND PAY MASTER-GENERAL TO QUEEN ANNE.

WILL PIGGOT † muſt to Coxwould ‖ go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unleſs Sir Thomas ſay, No, no;
Th' allowance is too ſcant.

The gracious knight full well does weet
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat:
Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will muſt live,
And drink of Adam's ale;
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal ſoul regale.

Spare diet, and ſpring-water clear,
Phyſicians hold are good:
Who diets thus need never fear
A fever in the blood.

But paſs—The Æſculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the beſt,
They ſeldom miſs to bake and brew,
Or lin to break their faſt.

Could Yorkſhire-tyke but do the ſame,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame!
To ſtarve thou doſt him drive.

In Will's old maſter's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be bleſt!
What need of ſpeaking in his praiſe?
His goodneſs ſtands confeſt.

At his fam'd gate ſtood Charity,
In lovely ſweet array;
Ceres and Hoſpitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

But, to conclude, and be conciſe,
Truth muſt Will's voucher be:
Truth never yet went in diſguiſe,
For naked ſtill is ſhe.

† This merry petition was written to obtain the porter's place for Will Piggot.

‖ Twelve miles north beyond the city of York.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can fet the pilgrim free,
And make him ceafe to pine and moan;
O Frankland! it is thee.

O! fave him from a dreary way;
To Coxwould he muft hie,
Bereft of thee, he wends aftray,
At Coxwould he muft die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but ftand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'ft command;
Thus William's wifhes crown.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

Thus to the muſes ſpoke the Cyprian dame;
" Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
" My ſon ſhall elſe aſſume his potent darts,
" Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your
" hearts!"
The muſes anſwer'd, " Venus, we deride
" The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
" Send him to nymphs who ſleep on Ida's ſhade,
" To the looſe dance, and wanton maſquerade;
" Our thoughts are ſettled, and intent our look,
" On the inſtructive verſe, and moral book:
" On female idleneſs his power relies;
" But, when he finds us ſtudying hard, he flies,"

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aſide,
A ruſtic wallet o'er his ſhoulders ty'd,
Sly Cupid, always on new miſchief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whiſtled, and his wheat he ſow'd;
Then ſat and laugh'd, and to the ſkies above
Raiſing his eye, he thus inſulted Jove;
Lay by your hail, your hurtful ſtorms reſtrain,
And, as I bid you, let it ſhine or rain;
Elſe you again beneath my yoke ſhall bow,
Feel the ſharg goad, and draw the ſervile plough:
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

Pontius (who loves, you know, a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.

Talking of you, ſaid he, my dear,
Two of the greateſt wits in town,
One aſk'd if that high furze of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your own.

Her own! moſt certain, t'other ſaid;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was ſign'd Ducailly.

Pontia (that civil prudent ſhe,
Who values wit much leſs than ſenſe,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in her own defence).

Reply'd, theſe friends of yours, my dear,
Are given extremely much to ſatire!
But pr'ythee, huſband, let one hear
Sometimes leſs wit, and more good-nature.

Now I have one unlucky thought,
That would have ſpoil'd your friend's conceit:
Some hair I have, I'm ſure, unbought for
Pray bring your brother wits to ſee't.

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

At dead of night, when ſtars appear,
And ſtrong Bootes turns the bear;
When mortals ſleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
Cupid was knocking at my gate;
Who's there! ſays I, who knocks ſo late,
Diſturbs my dreams, and breaks my reſt?
" O fear not me, a harmleſs gueſt,
He ſaid, but open, open, pray!
A fooliſh child, I've loſt my way,
And wander here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light."
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then roſe, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And ſaw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
In haſte I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure and thoughtleſs of my fate:
I ſet the child an eaſy chair
Againſt the fire, and dry'd his hair;
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this did I with kind intent;
But he, on wanton miſchief bent,
Said, deareſt friend, this bow you ſee,
This pretty bow belongs to me:
Obſerve, I pray, if all be right;
I fear the rain has ſpoil'd it quite.
He drew it then, and ſtrait I found
Within my breaſt a ſecret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer ſtaid,
But leapt away, and laughing ſaid,
" Kind hoſt, adieu! we now muſt part;
" Safe is my bow, but ſick thy heart!"

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

Of thy judicious muſe's ſenſe,
Young Hinchinbroke ſo very proud is,

That Sachariſſa and Hortenſe
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.

Yet ſhe to one muſt ſtill ſubmit,
To dear Mamma muſt pay her duty;
She wonders, praiſing Wilmot's wit,
Thou ſhould'ſt forget his daughter's beauty.

THE PEDANT.

Lysander talks extremely well;
On any ſubject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye;
He ſhould poſſeſs to all degrees
The art of talk; he practiſes
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

So good a wife doth Liffy make,
That from all company ſhe flieth;
Such virtuous courſes doth ſhe take,
That ſhe all evil tongues defieth;
And, for her deareſt ſpouſe's ſake,
She with his brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

Phillis, you boaſt of perfect health in vain;
And laugh at thoſe who of their ills complain;
That with a frequent fever Cloe burns,
And Stella's plumpneſs into dropſy turns!
O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their diſtempers ſeen.
But thou, for all thy ſeeming health, art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's ſkill;
No lenitives can thy diſeaſe aſſuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis age.

TO FORTUNE.

Whilst I in priſon or in court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deſerve thy frown,
In vain, malicious fortune, haſt thou try'd,
By taking from my ſtate, to quell my pride:
Inſulting girl! thy preſent rage abate,
And, would'ſt thou have me humbled, make me great.

NONPAREIL.

Let others from the town retire,
And in the fields ſeek new delight;
My Phillis does ſuch joys inſpire,
No other objects pleaſe my ſight.
In her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country landſcape grace:
No ſhade ſo lovely as her hair,
Nor plain ſo ſweet as in her face.

Lilies and roſes there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Tranſparent is her ſkin ſo fine,
To this each cryſtal ſtream muſt yield.

Her voice more ſweet than warbling ſound,
Though ſung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes ſuch luſtre dart around,
Compar'd to them, the ſun is dark.

Both light and vital heat they give;
Cheriſh'd by them, my love takes root,
From her kind lo ks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind,
And made tranſgreſs our mother Eve:
Poiſon its core, though fair its rind.

Yet ſo delicious is its taſte,
I cannot from the bait abſtain,
But to th' enchanting pleaſure haſte,
Though I were ſure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

No—I'll endure ten thouſand deaths,
Ere any farther I'll comply;
Oh, Sir! no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand ſo high!

Oh! take your ſword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted ſee me meet the wound;
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A ſecond Lucrece you have found.

Thus to the preſſing Corydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by love to be undone,
In broken dying accents ſaid.

Delia, who held the conſcious door,
Inſpir'd by truth and brandy, ſmil'd,
Knowing, that ſixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her ſecond child.

And, hark ye! Madam, cry'd the bawd,
None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the 'ſquire, or quit the lodging.

Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
Have I then loſt my Delia's aid?
Where ſhall forſaken virtue run,
If by her friend ſhe is betray'd?

Oh! curſe on empty friendſhip's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!

Then, dear deſtroyer of my fame,
Let my laſt ſuccour be to you!

From Delia's rage, and Fortune's frown,
A wretched love-ſick maid deliver;
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear Sir, and make me yours for ever.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

When Willis * of Ephraim heard Rocheſter ¶ preach,
Thus Bently ſaid to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,
How lik'ſt thou this ſermon? 'tis out of my reach.
His is one way, ſaid Willis, and ours is another.
I care not for carping; but, this I can tell,
We preach very ſadly, if he preaches well.

EPIGRAM †.

Meek Francis lies here, friend: without ſtop or ſtay,
As you value your peace, make the beſt of your way.
Though at preſent arreſted by death's caitiff paw,
If he ſtirs, he may ſtill have recourſe to the law.
And in the King's-bench ſhould a verdict be found,
That by livery and ſeiſin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himſelf what is ſtrictly his due,
And an action of treſpaſs will ſtraightway enſue,
That you without right on his premiſes tread,
On a ſimple ſurmiſe that the owner is dead.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 1720.

"I have no hopes," the Duke he ſays, and dies;
"In ſure and certain hopes," the prelate cries:
Of theſe two learned peers, I pr'ythee, ſay, man,
Who is the lying knave, the prieſt, or layman?
The Duke he ſtands an infidel confeſt,
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly prieſt.
The Duke, though knave, ſtill "Brother dear," he cries;
And who can ſay the reverend prelate lies?

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

Honour, I ſay, or honeſt fame,
I mean the ſubſtance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of taudry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and ſtars,
Which often is by merit ſought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;
The ſhade, for which ambition looks
In Selden's * or in Aſhmole's § books)
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honeſt deeds,
Which we in our own breaſt perceive,
And kings can neither take nor give.

ENIGMA.

ON PAM AT LOO.

By birth I'm a ſlave, yet can give you a crown,
I diſpoſe of all honours, myſelf having none;
I'm oblig'd by juſt maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own maſter, and lie with his wife.
When men are a-gaming, I cunningly ſneak,
And their cudgels and ſhovels away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, though ne'er ſo well ſet.
For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then preſently take off your lands from your hands.
But, this fury once over, I've ſuch winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

ANOTHER.

Form'd half beneath, and half above the earth,
We ſiſters owe to art our ſecond birth;
The ſmith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move, as they are ſtraiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground;
They ſerve the poor for uſe, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, ſwim.

THE OLD GENTRY.

That all from Adam firſt began,
None but ungodly Woolſton doubts;
And that his ſon, and his ſon's ſon,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his ruſtic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right;
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;
By nature we are Adam's ſons,
And ſons of Anſtis ¶ by election.

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* Biſhop of Glouceſter.
¶ Biſhop Atterbury.
† See Atterbury's Letters, in Pope's Works, ed. 1751.

* Titles of Honour.
§ Order of the Garter.
¶ Garter King at Arms.

Kingſale! eight hundred years have roll'd
  Since thy forefathers held the plow;
When this in ſtory ſhall be told,
  Add, that my kindred do ſo now.

The man who by his labour gets
  His bread, in independent ſtate,
Who never begs, and ſeldom ears,
  Himſelf can fix or change his fate.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

Luke Preachill admires what we laymen can
    mean,
  That thus by our profit and pleaſure are ſway'd:
He has but three livings, and would be a dean;
  His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his
    maid.

To ſuppreſs all his carnal deſires in their birth,
  At all hours a luſty young huſſy is near:
And, to take off his thoughts from the things of
    this earth,
  He can be content with two thouſand a-year.

A FRENCH SONG IMITATED.

Why thus from the plain does my ſhepherdeſs rove,
Forſaking her ſwain, and neglecting his love?
You have heard all my grief, you ſee how I die,
Oh! give ſome relief to the ſwain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to ſay,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my ſheep run aſtray?
Need I tell what I mean, that I languiſh alone!
When I leave all the plain, you may gueſs 'tis
    for one.

A CASE STATED.

Now how ſhall I do with my love and my pride,
  Dear Dick §, give me counſel, if friendſhip has
    any;
Fry'thee purge, or let blood! ſurely Richard
    [reply'd,
  And forget the coquette in the arms of your
    Nanny ¶.

While I pleaded with paſſion how much I deſerv'd,
  For the pains and the torments of more than a
    year;
She look'd in an almanack, whence ſhe obſerv'd,
  That it wanted a fortnight to Bart'lmew fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
  While my negligent judge only hears with her
    eye!
In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
  Her ſpark ſaying nothing talks better than I.

§ Mr. Shelton. ¶ Mrs. Durham.

UPON
PLAYING AT OMBRE WITH TWO LADIES.

I know that fortune long has wanted ſight,
And therefore pardon'd when ſhe did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as ſhe wanted eyes, ſhe could not hear;
I begg'd that ſhe would give me leave to loſe,
A thing ſhe does not commonly refuſe!
Two matadores are out againſt my game,
Yet ſtill I play, and ſtill my luck's the ſame;
Unconquer'd in three ſuits it does remain,
Whereas I only aſk in one to gain;
Yet ſhe, ſtill contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives ſucceſs in every ſuit—but hearts.

CUPID'S PROMISE,

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

Soft Cupid, wanton, amourous boy,
  The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flattering accents ſpoke his joy,
  And utter'd thus his fond deſire.

Oh! raiſe thy voice! one ſong I aſk;
  Touch then thy harmonious ſtring:
To Thyrſis eaſy is the taſk,
  Who can ſo ſweetly play and ſing.

Two kiſſes from my mother dear,
  Thyrſis, thy due reward ſhall be;
None, none, like beauty's queen is fair,
  Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I ſtrait reply'd, Thou know'ſt alone
  That brighteſt Chloe rules my breaſt:
I'll ſing thee two inſtead of one,
  If thoul't be kind, and make me bleſt.

One kiſs from Chloe's lips, no more,
  I crave: He promis'd me ſucceſs;
I play'd with all my ſkill and power,
  My glowing paſſion to expreſs.

But, oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid!
  Wilt thou the wiſh'd reward beſtow?
Wilt thou make good what love has ſaid,
  And, by thy grant, his power ſhow?

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, IN LADY OXFORD'S STUDY, 1717.

Pen, ink, and wax, and paper, ſend
To the kind wife, the lovely friend:
Smiling bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of virtue, goodneſs, peace, and love,
Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY, WHEN A CHILD.

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my firſt epiſtle beg you,
At dawn of morn, and cloſe of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double beauty ſay your prayer:
Our Father firſt,—then, *Notre Pere:*
And, deareſt child, along the day,
In every thing you do and ſay,
Obey and pleaſe my lord and lady,
So God ſhall love, and angels aid ye.
If to theſe precepts you attend,
No ſecond letter need I ſend,
And ſo I reſt your conſtant friend.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BAITTON, THE SMALL-COAL-MAN,

Painted by Mr. Woollaſton.

Though doom'd to ſmall-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Muſic's beſt patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train:
In Greece or Rome ſure never did appear
So bright a genius, in ſo dark a ſphere:
More of the man had artfully been ſav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

Says Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vext Pontia no way could this theſis allow,
"You're a cuckold, ſays ſhe; do I tell you truth
"now?"

WRITTEN IN LADY HOWE'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

However high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him ſome relief,
Rang'd his unruly ſighs, and ſet his grief;
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gain'd him pity, ſometimes love.
But, oh! what pangs torment the deſtin'd heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not ſhow the dart;
What eaſe could Ovid to his ſorrows give,
Who muſt not ſpeak, and therefore cannot live?

AN EPISTLE, 1716.

I pray, good Lord Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.
Your humble ſervant,
Elkana Settle.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I pray Lady Harriot the time to aſſign
When ſhe ſhall receive a turkey and chine;
That a body may come to St. James's, to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

If wit or honeſty could ſave
Our mouldering aſhes from the gave,
This ſtone had ſtill remain'd unmark'd,
I ſtill writ proſe, True ſtill have bark'd.
But envious Fate has claim'd its due;
Here lies the mortal part of True:
His deathleſs virtues muſt ſurvive,
To better us that are alive.
His prudence and his wit were ſeen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power, and lov'd the queen.
By long obedience he confeſt
That ſerving her was to be bleſt—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beaſts, and dogs have ſenſe!
His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter thoſe
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
Ne'er ſkulk'd from whence his ſovereign led him,
Or ſnarl'd againſt the hand that fed him.—
Read this, ye ſtateſmen now in favour,
And mend your own by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

To Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
And thought they were ſafe in the hands of his betters.
How happen'd it then that the packets were loſt?
Theſe were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the Poſt.

THE VICEROY,

A BALLAD.

To the tune of, Lady Iſabella's Tragedy.

Of Nero, tyrant, petty king *,
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will ſing,
And in a ditty plain.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reaſons you ſhall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his power,
That he himſelf did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would ſtill ſet free,
But guiltleſs men enthral.

* Lord Coningſby, one of the lords juſtices of Ireland;

He, with a haughty impious nod,
Would curſe and dogmatize;
Not fearing either man or God:
Gold he did idolize.

A patriot † of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upſtart viceroy's tyranny,
Againſt him did declare.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.

The articles recorded ſtand
Againſt this peerleſs peer,
Search but the archives of the land ‖,
You'll find them written there.

Attend, and juſtly I'll recite
His treaſons to you all,
The heads ſet in their native light
(And ſigh poor Gaphny's fall).

That traiterouſly he did abuſe
The power in him repos'd,
And wickedly the ſame did uſe,
On all mankind impos'd.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Proteſtants; his love to ſhow,
Than Papiſt us'd them worſe.

On all proviſions deſtin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and ſore,
Though many men were ſick.

The ſutlers too he did ordain
For licences ſhould pay,
Which they refus'd with juſt diſdain,
And fled the camp away.

By which proviſions were ſo ſcant,
That hundreds there did die;
The ſoldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.

He ſo much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or ſee;
They might or die, or might complain,
Without relief *pardie*.

That, above and againſt all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council ſitting, helliſh ſpite,
The farmer's fate decree:

That he, *O ciel!* without trial,
Straitway ſhould hanged be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

No ſooner ſaid, but it was done,
The *bourreau* did his worſt;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurſt.

In this conciſe deſpotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honeſt men affray,
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real eſtate,
He ſettled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can ſay't.

Beſides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own ſcribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him proſecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the ſtile;
With Satan who diſpute!

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done 't, I trow,
To Tripos he had gone.

That he did likewiſe traiterouſly,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himſelf moſt knaviſhly;
O thief without compare!

Vaſt quantities of ſtores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's ſtores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited eſtates alſo,
Both real and perſonal,
Did with the ſtores together go,
Fierce Cerberus ſwallow'd all.

Mean while the ſoldiers ſigh'd and ſobb'd,
For not one ſous had they;
His excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had ſunk their pay.

Nero, without the leaſt diſguiſe,
The Papiſts at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The Proteſtants whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To reſt themſelves content.

† The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningſby.
‖ Journal, Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 1693.

For he did baſely them refuſe
All legal remedy;
The Romans ſtill he well did uſe,
Still ſcreen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this viceroy did reign;
And other truths I ſhall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The beſt of queens he hath revil'd,
Before and ſince her death;
He, cruel and ungrateful, ſmil'd
When ſhe reſign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him beſtow'd,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

But liſten, Nero, lend thy ears,
As ſtill thou haſt them on;
Hear what Britannia ſays with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

"Oh! ſacred be her memory,
"For ever dear her name!
"There never was, nor e'er can be,
"A brighter, juſter dame.

"Bleſt be my ſons, and eke all thoſe
"Who on her praiſes dwell!
"She conquer'd Britain's fierceſt foes,
"She did all queens excel.

"All princes, kings, and potentates,
"Ambaſſadors did ſend;
"All nations, provinces, and ſtates,
"Sought Anna for their friend.

"In Anna they did all confide,
"For Anna they could truſt:
"Her royal faith they all had try'd,
"For Anna ſtill was juſt.

"Truth, mercy, juſtice, did ſurround
"Her awful judgment-ſeat,
"In her the graces all were found,
"In Anna all complete.

"She held the ſword and balance right,
"And fought her people's good;
"In clemency ſhe did delight,
"Her reign not ſtain'd with blood.

"Her gracious goodneſs, piety,
"In all her deeds did ſhine,
"And bounteous was her charity;
"All attributes divine.

"Conſummate wiſdom, meekneſs all,
"Adorn'd the words ſhe ſpoke,
"When they from her fair lips did fall;
"And ſweet her lovely look.

"Ten thouſand glorious deeds to crown,
"She caus'd dire war to ceaſe:
"A greater empreſs ne'er was known;
"She fix'd the world in peace.

"This laſt and godlike act atchiev'd,
"To heaven ſhe wing'd her flight:
"Her loſs with tears all Europe griev'd;
"Their ſtrength, and dear delight.

"Leave we in bliſs this heavenly ſaint,
"Revere, ye juſt, her urn;
"Her virtues high and excellent,
"Aſtrea gone we mourn.

"Commemorate, my ſons, the day
"Which gave great Anna birth;
"Keep it for ever and for aye,
"And annual be your mirth!"

Illuſtrious George now fills the throne,
Our wiſe benign good king:
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
Or his bright actions ſing?

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign'd
To raiſe to high degree!
Well thou thy honours haſt ſuſtain'd,
Well vouch'd thy anceſtry.

But paſs—Theſe honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou haſt ſhed,
Thy guilty ſoul affright?

Oh! are there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliſs and woe?
Oh! is there not a heaven, a hell?
But whither wilt thou go?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And ſet thy wit to ſale.

How thou art loſt to ſenſe and ſhame,
Three countries witneſs be:
Thy conduct all juſt men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine!

Dame Juſtice waits thee, well I ween,
Her ſword is brandiſh'd high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance ſcreen,
Nor canſt thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glittering ſteel is ſure:
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer!
Think on thy crimes committed:
Repent, and be for once ſincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be de-witted.

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO TOLD ME, I COULD NOT LOVE HER HEARTILY, BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

Probably by Mr. Prior †.

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.

Fair Sylvia, ceaſe to blame my youth
For having lov'd before;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange deities adore.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thouſand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I ſaw thoſe eyes,
'Twas ſoon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forſake the ſkies,
And vaniſh into air!

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never ſettle more!

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

For many unſucceſsful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Deſpair'd, but durſt not pray.

No proſtrate wretch, before the ſhrine
Of any ſaint above,
E'er thought his goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the diſdainful dame look'd down
With an inſulting pride;
Receiv'd my paſſion with a frown,
Or toſs'd her head aſide.

When Cupid whiſper'd in my ear.
" Uſe more prevailing charms,
" Fond, whining, modeſt fool, draw near,
" And claſp her in your arms.

" With eager kiſſes tempt the maid,
" From Cynthia's feet depart;
" The lips he warmly muſt invade,
" Who would poſſeſs the heart."

With that I ſhook off all my fears,
My better fortune try'd;
And Cynthia gave what ſhe for years
Had fooliſhly deny'd.

† By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miſcellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom they are aſcribed.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN IN THE SPRING.

One night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's ſhade,
With folded arms and eyes caſt down,
Gently repos'd his love-ſick head:
Whilſt Thyrſis ſporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the diſcontented youth complain:

" Aſk not the cauſe why ſickly flowers
" Faintly recline their drooping heads;
" As fearful of approaching ſhowers,
" They ſtrive to hide them in their beds.
" Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
" And feel with him a ſympathy of woe.

" Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
" Regardleſs of her dying ſwain,
" Leaves him to languiſh, to deſpair,
" And murmur out in ſighs his pain.
" The fugitive to fair Auguſta flies,
" To make new ſlaves, and gain new victories.

" So reſtleſs monarchs, though poſſeſs'd
" Of all that we call ſtate or power,
" Fancy themſelves but meanly bleſt,
" Vainly ambitious ſtill of more.
" Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
" Not ſatisfy'd with private ſway at home."

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE *, INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

Probably by Mr. Prior.

" In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:
" In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant."

A lady once (ſo ſtories ſay)
By rats and mice infeſted,
With gins and traps long fought to ſlay
The thieves; but ſtill they ſcap'd away,
And daily her moleſted.

Great havock 'mongſt her cheeſe was made,
And much the loſs did grieve her:
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She call'd (no more of cats afraid),
And begg'd him to relieve her.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin ſwift as lightning flew,
Thouſands of mice he daily ſlew,
Thouſands of rats defeated.

* The hints of this and the following fable appear to have originated from "The Fable of the Old Lady and her Cats," printed in "The General Poſtſcript," Nov. 7. 1709. They have been both aſcribed to Dr. Swift.

Ne'er cat before ſuch glory won;
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all cats out-ſhone,
And in his lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envy'd Grimalkin's glory:
Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him ſhe did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

She cannot bear, ſhe ſwears ſhe won't
To ſee the cat regarded;
But firmly is reſolv'd upon't,
And vows, that, whatſoe'er comes on't,
She'll have the cat diſcarded.

She begs, ſhe ſtorms, ſhe fawns, ſhe frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her lady in a pet,
Grimalkin coſt her more in meat
Than all the rats deſtroy'd.

At length this ſpiteful waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing;
The favourite cat's a victim made,
To ſatisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now lap-dog is again reſtor'd
Into his lady's favour;
Sumptuouſly kept at bed and board,
And he (ſo Nab has given her word)
Shall from all vermin ſave her.

Nab much exults at this ſucceſs,
And, overwhelm'd with joy,
Her lady fondly does careſs,
And tells her, Fubb can do no leſs
Than all her foes deſtroy.

But vain ſuch hopes; the mice that fled
Return, now Grim's diſcarded;
Whilſt Fubb till ten, on ſilken bed,
Securely lolls his drowſy head,
And leaves cheeſe unregarded.

Nor rats nor mice the lap-dog fear,
Now uncontroll'd their theft is:
And whatſoe'er the vermin ſpare,
Nab and her dog betwixt them ſhare,
Nor pie nor pippin left is.

Mean while, to cover their deceit,
At once, and ſlander Grim;
Nab ſays, the cat comes out of ſpite,
To rob her lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

Nor corn ſecure in garret high,
Nor cheeſecake ſafe in cloſet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every ſhelf the vermin prey;
And ſtill Grimalkin does it.

The gains from corn apace decay'd,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
The mice had ſpoil'd her butter trade,
And eke her cheeſe alſo.

With this ſame lady once there liv'd
A truſty ſervant-maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her lady was deceiv'd,
And haſten'd to her aid.

Much art ſhe us'd for to diſcloſe
And find out the deceit;
At length ſhe to the lady goes,
Diſcovers her domeſtic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the ſenſe of her miſtake,
The lady, diſcontented,
Reſolves again her cat to take,
And ne'er again her cat forſake,
Leſt ſhe again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT:

A FABLE †.

A widow kept a favourite cat,
At firſt a gentle creature;
But, when he was grown ſleek and fat,
With many a mouſe, and many a rat,
He ſoon diſclos'd his nature.

The fox and he were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly ſlunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces ſold;
And Puſs grew lion-hearted.

He ſcratch'd her maid, he ſtole the cream,
He tore her beſt lac'd pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling 'ſcapes, when Grim
Invites the fox to dinner.

The dame full wiſely did decree,
For fear he ſhould diſpatch more,
That the falſe wretch ſhould worried be;
But in a ſaucy manner he
Thus ſpeech'd it like a Lechmere §:

" Muſt I, againſt all right and law,
" Like pole-cat vile be treated?
" I, who ſo long with tooth and claw,
" Have kept domeſtic mice in awe,
" And foreign foes defeated!

† In Tindal's "Continuation of Rapin," XVII. 454, this fable is ſaid to be by Prior or Swift. In Boyer's "Political State," 1720, p. 519, where it is *applied* to the Duke of Marlborough, it is ſaid to be by Swift or Prior.

§ The celebrated lawyer.

" Your golden pippins, and your pies,
" How oft have I defended!
" 'Tis true, the pinner which you prize,
" I tore in frolic; to your eyes
" I never harm intended.

" I am a cat of honour."—" Stay!"
Quoth she, " no longer parley;
" Whate'er you did in battle slay,
" By law of arms, became your prey:
" I hope you won it fairly.

" Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
" But not of your outrages:
" Tell me, perfidious! was it fit
" To make my cream a perquisite,
" And steal, to mend your wages?

" So flagrant is thy insolence,
" So vile thy breach of trust is,
" That longer with thee to dispense,
" Were want of power, or want of sense—
" Here, Towzer!—do him justice."

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. *Set by Mr. Abel.*

READING ends in melancholy;
Wine breeds vices and diseases;
Wealth is but care, and love but folly;
Only friendship truly pleases.
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly;
Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

II. *Set by Mr. Purcell.*

WHITHER would my passion run
Shall I fly her, or pursue her?
Losing her, I am undone;
Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
Love and reason! cease your war,
And order death to give me rest;
So each will equal triumph share.

III. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
With such rigour in your eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I so much prize.

But I plainly see the reason,
Why in vain I you pursued;
Her to gain 'twas out of season,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart;
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as, that we now must part.

You sigh and weep; the gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall:
Our joy and grief with like respect
They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state:
They hear, and the return we find
Is, that no prayers can alter fate.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourself to grief resign;
Who knows but that those powers may,
The pair they now have parted, join?

But since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever;
I dare not trust, lest, now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what score;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet should our sun shine out at last,
And fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast,
To make two wandering lovers meet

How great then would our pleasure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd;
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

But say, should Heaven bring no relief,
Suppose our sun should never rise:
Why then what's due to such a grief,
We've paid already with our eyes.

V. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know,
What for her sake I undergo;
Tell her for her how I sustain
A lingering fever's wasting pain;
Tell her the torments I endure,
Which only, only she can cure.

But, oh! she scorns to hear, or see,
The wretch that lies so low as me;
Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain:
For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill:
Tell me what pleasure you can find,
In forcing nature 'gainst her will,

'Tis true, you may with art and pain,
Keep in ſome glowings of deſire,
But ſtill thoſe glowings which remain,
Are only aſhes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's ſoul,
And laugh at the dull conſtant fool,
Who would love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

Let us no impoſitions ſet,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleaſure firſt we met,
So now for pleaſure let us part.

We both have ſpent our ſtock of love,
So conſequently ſhould be free;
Thyrſis expects you in yon' grove,
And pretty Chloris ſtays for me.

VII. *Set by Mr. De Feſch.*

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modeſtly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me ſo dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a ſham:
Since any one may plainly ſee,
You'd only ſave yourſelf with me,
And with another damn.

VIII. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

STILL, Dorinda, I adore,
Think I mean not to deceive you;
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myſelf to leave you.

Staying, I my vows ſhall fail;
Virtue yields, as love grows ſtronger;
Fierce deſires will ſure prevail;
You are fair, and I am frail,
And dare truſt myſelf no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Leſt I ſhould have gain'd the treaſure,
Made my vows and oaths deſtroy
The pleaſing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleaſure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in ſilence hid my anguiſh,
But I cannot promiſe too
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languiſh.

For in thee ſtrange magic lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing's proof againſt thoſe eyes,
Beſt reſolves and ſtricteſt ties
To their force muſt ſoon ſurrender.

But, Dorinda, you're ſevere,
I moſt doating, thus to ſever;
Since from all I hold moſt dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myſelf for ever.

IX. *Set by Mr. De Feſch.*

Is it, O love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the fates decreed,
That hearts ſo ſeldom ſympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'ſt make two youthful hearts
One amorous ſhaft obey;
'Twould ſave thee the expence of darts,
And more extend thy ſway.

Forbear, alas! thus to deſtroy
Thyſelf, thy growing power;
For that which would be ſtretch'd by joy,
Deſpair will ſoon devour.

Ah! would then my relentleſs fair,
For thy own ſake and mine;
That boundleſs bliſs may be my ſhare,
And double glory thine.

X. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you ſo ſad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you ſtark-mad.
'Tis the miſtreſs, the friend, and the bottle, old boy!
Which create all the pleaſure poor mortals enjoy:
But wine of the three's the moſt cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it ſtrengthens the other.

XI. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

SINCE my words, though ne'er ſo tender,
With ſincereſt truth expreſt,
Cannot make your heart ſurrender,
Nor ſo much as warm your breaſt:

What will move the ſprings of nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou myſterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover,
Thus, by ſeeming not to know
What ſo plainly all diſcover,
What his eyes ſo plainly ſhow.

Fair one, 'tis yourſelf deceiving,
'Tis againſt your reaſon's laws:
Atheiſt-like (th' effect perceiving)
Still to diſbelieve the cauſe.

XII. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While passion, which her beauties raise,
My gratitude maintains.

XIII. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

LOVE! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Must it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor dissembling art?

Tell the secret, shew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am lost if we're asunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

TOUCH the lyre, on every string,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will sing
A song which shall immortal be;
Since she I sing's a deity;
A Leonora, whose blest birth
Has no relation to this earth.

XV. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still!
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two she-tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without control:
Phillis has such a taking way,
She charms my very soul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run:
Victoria shows me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

From one I fancy every kiss
Has something in't divine;
And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
Though she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I, meanwhile, the fool:
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield:
I find the time approaches fast,
When both must quit the field.

XVI. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

FAREWELL, Amynta, we must part;
The charm has lost its power,
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my soul disdains thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall;
And now, alas! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almost relent.

But pride will never let be bow,
No more thy charms can move:
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

XVII. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave:
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live:
Who, with it, would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vow shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly says, I shall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! she cries.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
While to hers my lips I join,
Warm'd she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently push me from her,
T'other, take me in her arms.

XIX. *Set by Mr. Smith.*

Since we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

I'm vext to think, that every night
A fot within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
Should fully all your charms.

While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the powers divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning passion cool;
Let me, at least, in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

XX. *Set by C. R.*

Phillis, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an arrant rover,
If the favour's still refus'd.

Faith! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending, thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending
You amidst your plenty starve.

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty their's surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

Haste, my Nannette, my lovely maid!
Haste to the bower thy swain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a flower.
None but my sheep shall near us come:
Venus be prais'd! my sheep are dumb.
Great God of love! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear;
My own, alas! are less my care.
But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid;
For with her swain my love shall stay,
Though the wolf prowl, and the sheep stray.

XXII. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

Since by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,
Against my will I must obey,
And leave those sweet endearing charms.

Yet still love on, and never fear,
But you and constancy will prove
Enough my present flame to bear,
And make me, though in absence, love.

For, though your presence fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing smart;
And can with undiscerned eyes,
Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

In vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To ease his tortur'd breast;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jest.

Ah! fair-one, why to me so coy?
And why to him so true,
Who with more coldness slights the joy,
Than I with love pursue?

Die then, unhappy lover! die;
For, since she gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly; since to me
Not love itself a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV. *Set by Mr. De Fesch.*

Well! I will never more complain,
Or call the fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a ſight:
I rag'd; for I could not eſpy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Diſguis'd in that delight.

At laſt, my wiſhes to fulfil,
They did their power reſign;
I ſaw her; but I wiſh I ſtill
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will ſubmit,
And think that beſt which they think fit,
Without the leaſt regret.

XXV. *Set by Mr. C. R.*

Chloe beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handſome woman.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For ſhe's merciful and kind,
Beauty's anſwer'd by good-nature.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never ſparing,
And, as all good Chriſtians ſhould,
Keeps poor mortals from deſpairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure them;
So, providing 'gainſt all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd deſire,
Should ſhe not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

Since, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help deſpairing?
Let cruel fate us ſtill purſue,
There's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas ſhe alone could calm my ſoul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.

Farewell, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking;
No more, you'll hear my pipe or ſong,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
To grief, ſince we mun ſever;
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

Some kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, ſince we parted,
I have never known delight:
And ſhall ſoon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her ſight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;
Curſing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not diſtant places,
Will ſhe be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er ſhall ſhake my conſtant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

Whilst others proclaim
This nymph, or that ſwain,
Deareſt Nelly the lovely I'll ſing;
She ſhall grace every verſe,
I'll her beauties rehearſe,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes ſhine as bright
As ſtars in the night,
Her complexion divinely is fair;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

Her breath, like a roſe,
Its ſweets does diſcloſe,
Whenever you raviſh a kiſs;
Like ivory inchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd,
An exquiſite beauty ſhe is.

Her plump breaſts are white,
Delighting the ſight,
There Cupid diſcovers her charms;
Oh! ſpare then the reſt,
And think of the beſt:
'Tis heaven to die in her arms.

She's blooming as May,
Briſk, lively, and gay;
The graces play all round about her:
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrouſly pretty,
And there is no living without her.

MISCELLANEA.

AD COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,
In Annum ineuntem 1684.

AD JANUM.

Sic tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima ſic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;

Sic dum ſacra novis redimuntur tempora ſertis,
  Neſtoreos poſcant fœmina virque dies;
Caſſide depoſitâ, placidè ſic nuncia pacis
  Janua ſopito cardine limen amet:
Candida procedant feſtivo tempora motu,
  Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
Publica conciliis gravibus ſeu commoda tractet,
  Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
  Vulnera quæ tali ſola levantur ope;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina faſtu,
  O! bene carminibus conſule, Dive, meis,
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
  O ſuperis ipſis ſacra ſit illa dies:
Sacra ſit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
  Quâ tulit illuſtris nobile mater onus,
Quâ mihi, patronum geſtit, gentique Quiritem,
  Artificique Deo pene dediſſe parem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

Nisi tuam jampridem benevolentiam et laudatam ab expertis audiviſſem, et expertus ipſe ſæpiſſimè laudaſſem, et pudor et triſtitia conſcio mihi ſilentium indixiſſent: at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (et hæ mentiri neſciunt) perque tuum iſthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læſi, ſolicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoſcas, et obliteres crimen, ut non ſolùm ad condiſcipulorum menſam, ſed ad magiſtri gratiam reſtituatur, favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM

AD EUNDEM.

Iratas acuit dum læſus Apollo ſagittas,
  Neglectas renovat mœſta Thalia preces;
Qualeſcunque poteſt jejuno promere cantu:
  Heu mihi non eſt res ingeniosa fames!
Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
  Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.
Latrantis ſtomachi ſterilis nec paſcis hiatum
  Daphni, nec arentem Caſtalis unda ſitim.
Tum bene laſſatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!
  Pieriaſque merum nobilitavit aquas.
Jejuni depreſſa jacet vel Muſa Maronis,
  Flet culicem eſuriens qui ſatur arma canit.
O ſi Mæcenas major mihi riſerit, O ſi
  Fulgenti ſolitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie poſt jejunia, Muſa
  Inciperet præſul grandia, teque loqui.
M. P.

" —DUM BIBIMUS—
" OBREPIT NON INTELLECTA SENECTUS."

Siste mero bibulas effuſo temporis alas,
  Heſternumve minax coge redire diem;
Nil facis; uſque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
  Canitiemque caput ſentiet atque rugas.

I brevis, et properans in funus necte corollas,
  Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepſydra Saturni tua nec cryſtallina diſtant,
  Dum motu parili vinum et arena fluunt.

Dum loquor, ecce! perit redimitæ gloria frontis,
  Dat roſa de ſertis lapſa, Memento mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
  Ut citiùs rumpat ſtamina, Bacchus adeſt.
Deſtituit cæcum ſubito ſol ebrius orbem,
  Occaſum tremulo narrat adeſſe rubor.
M. P.

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI
THOMÆ SPRAT,
EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, &c.
Εὐδαιμονεῖν.

Vicimus, exultans fauſto crepat omine Daphnis,
  Teſtaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
Grandius eloquium meditare, Thalia, patronum
  Quem modò laudâſti, nunc venerare patrem.
Quis putet incertis volvi ſubtegmina Parcis?
  Quis meritos æquum deſtituiſſe Jovem?
Cum virtute tuum creſcit decus, aucte ſacerdos,
  Impatiensque breves ſpernit utrumque modos.
Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
  Cui ſemel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
Suſpirans partas queritur marceſcere frondes,
  Et parat elapſas ad nova bella rotas:
Sic tibi major honos veteres protrudit honores,
  Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ eſt:
Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
  Palma viri decuit tempora, mitra ſenis.
M. P.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

Cum voluntas regia, optimatum conſenſus, bonorumque omnium ſtudia inſulam merenti conceſſerint, ignoſcas, pater reverende, quod inter communem populi plauſum cliens eò minus ad enarrandum ſufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, et tuos in eccleſiâ honores et eccleſiæ à tuis honoribus felicitatem feſtinet gratulari, favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM.

Exorata boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
  Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
Concedas hilaris repetitum Muſa laborem,
  Et notum celebres, et mihi dulce decus.
O ſi te canerem, præſul venerabilis, O ſi
  Fiſtula cum titulis creſceret aucta tuis,

Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Muſa meis.
Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid niſi vota ſuperſunt?
Imbelles humeros nobile laſſat onus.
Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præſul
Quod laudem ſuperes gloria major erit.

Cum virtutes tuas unuſquiſque collaudet et honores gratuletur, noſtræ V. R. audaciæ ignoſcat tua benignitas, ſi minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentiſſimo tamen ſtudio accenſus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum beniguiſſimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, ſummoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus, M. P.

" QUICQUID VULT, VALDE VULT."

Dum tingit Siculus ſolis cœlique meatus,
Aſtra poloſque tuos quos ſibi condit habet,
Nil facit inſtantis mortis bellique tumultus;
Uſque ſed egregium ſedulus urget opus.
Nos vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ;
Sat ſibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CHRISTAM,

TRITICI FASCEM LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM, 1689.

Lemma, " *Suſtentare et Debellare.*"

Dum tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleuſis opes:
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I noſtra Ceciliana domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, et pelle leonibus hoſtem;
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus bélli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines ſuperes, atque imitêre Deos.

EPITAPHIUM.

M. S. CAROLI MONTAGUE,
Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northantonienſi
Filius natu ſextus,
Henrici Comitis de Mancheſter nepos,
Scholiæ Regiæ Weſtmonaſterienſis Alumnus,
Collegi S. S. Triniratis Cantabrigienſis Socius.
Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,
Et in diſpari laudis genere clarus,
Inter Poetas pariter ac Oratores Anglos excelluit:
Magna ingenii indole;
Bonarumque artium diſciplinis inſtructus,
Ex Academiæ umbraculis
In conſpectum hominum prodiit,
Literatorum decus et præſidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo incubuit:
Brevique hunc virum,
Sua in ſenatu ſolertia, in concilio providentia,
In utroque, juſtitia, fides, auctoritas,
Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit:
Ubi laborantibus fiſci rebus opportunè ſubveniens,
Simul monetam argenteam
Magno Republicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit;
Et inter abſolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impreſſis chartulis
Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.
His meritis et patriæ et principis gratiam conſecutus,
Familiam ſuam diu illuſtrem, illuſtriorem reddidit;
Baro ſcilicet, deinde Comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus acceſſit.
Summo denique Periſcelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefeſſus adhuc conſultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod deſideravit, et meruit, vix tandem affecutus;
(Proh brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam!)
Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,
XXI die Maii, Anno Salutis M.DCC.XV.
Ætatis ſuæ LIV.
Patruo de ſe optimè merenti,
Et bonorum et honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir THOMAS POWYS, Knight:
As to his Profeſſion,
In accuſing cautious; in defending vehement;
In all his pleadings ſedate, clear, and ſtrong;
In all his deciſions unprejudic'd and equitable.
He ſtudied, practiſed, and governed the Law
In ſuch a manner, that
Nothing equalled his knowledge, except his eloquence:
Nothing excelled both, except his juſtice.
As to his Life,
He poſſeſſed, by a natural happineſs,
All thoſe civil virtues which form the gentleman:
And to theſe, by divine goodneſs, were added
That fervant zeal and extenſive charity,
Which diſtinguiſh the perfect Chriſtian!
The tree is known by his fruit.
He was a loving huſband, and an indulgent father,
A conſtant friend, and a charitable patron;
Frequenting the devotions of the church;
Pleading the cauſe, and relieving the neceſſities,
of the poor.
What by example he taught throughout his life,
At his death he recommended to his family and friends:
" To fear God, and live uprightly."
Let whoever reads this ſtone,
Be wiſe, and be inſtructed.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq.

Containing his

ODES,		EPITAPHS,
ELEGIES,		CHARACTERS,
EPISTLES,		TRANSLATIONS,
HYMNS,		IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In eaſy dialogues is *Fletcher*'s praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had no power to raiſe:
Great *Jonſon* did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet doubling *Fletcher*'s force, he wants his eaſe:
But both to CONGREVE juſtly ſhall ſubmit;
One match'd in judgment, both o'er-match'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege his courtſhip, *Southerne*'s purity;
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength of manly *Wycherly*.
This is your portion; this your native ſtore;
Heav'n that but once was prodigal before,
To *Shakſpeare* gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.

DRYDEN'S VERSES TO CONGREVE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, one of the greateſt names in the Engliſh drama, was the ſon of William Congreve, Eſq. ſecond ſon of Richard Congreve, Eſq. of Congreve and Stretton, in Staffordſhire.

He was born, as appears by the inſcription on his monument, in 1672; but the place of his birth is differently aſſigned by his biographers.

Jacob, from information communicated by himſelf, aſſerts, that he drew his firſt breath at the village of Bardſa, near Leeds in Yorkſhire, which was the eſtate of Sir John Lewis, his great uncle by the mother's ſide.

In the "General Dictionary," it is contended, on the authority of his friend Southerne, that he was a native of Ireland: but it is not ſaid when or where he was born; nor are theſe circumſtances mentioned in the Engliſh tranſlation of Sir James Ware's works, in which his life is inſerted as a native of that country.

Notwithſtanding his own aſſertion, Dr. Johnſon is ſo deficient in candour as to "doubt whether he told the truth about his birth," and inſinuates a ſuſpicion of his maintaining a "falſehood of convenience or vanity;" for which there does not appear to be any ſufficient reaſon, as his veracity was as unqueſtionable as his genius; and his aſſigning ſo particularly the place in Yorkſhire, where he declared he was born, has all the appearance of truth.

His laſt biographer, the learned and candid Dr. Kippis, decidedly prefers his own teſtimony to that of Southerne, who might poſſibly be miſtaken, or might very probably be firmly perſuaded, from his having ſeen him a youth in Ireland, that he was his countryman.

His own authority for the matter of fact, publiſhed by Jacob in his lifetime, ſeems ſo ſtrong, that at firſt ſight it muſt appear not only probable, but morally certain, that England is entitled to the honour of his birth.

In the preface to "The Poetical Regiſter," printed in 1719, Jacob, ſpeaking of the communications which he had received from living authors, has this paſſage: "I am in particular obliged to Mr. Congreve for his free and early communication of what relates to himſelf, as well as his kind directions for the compoſing this work."

His father carried him, when a child, into Ireland, where he then had ſome military employment, but afterwards was ſteward to the Earl of Burlington, which fixed his reſidence there.

He received the rudiments of his education in the ſchool of Kilkenny, and gave very early proofs of a poetical genius. His firſt attempt in poetry, it is ſaid, was a copy of verſes on the death of his maſter's magpie.

He went from the ſchool of Kilkenny to the univerſity of Dublin, where, in a very ſhort time, under the direction of Dr. St. George Aſhe, he became perfectly acquainted with the different branches of polite literature, and acquired a correct and critical knowledge of the claſſics.

Having paſſed through the uſual preparatory ſtudies with great celerity and ſucceſs, his father thought it proper to aſſign him a profeſſion; and, about the time of the Revolution, ſent him, at the age of ſixteen, to ſtudy law in the Middle Temple, where he lived for ſeveral years, but with very little attention to *ſtatutes* or *reports*.

His diſpoſition to become an author appeared very early; for, at the age of ſeventeen, he wrote a novel, called *Incognita, or Love and Duty Reconciled*, which, under the aſſumed name of *Cleoſbil*, he de-

dicated to Mrs. Catharine Leveſon. His deſign in writing it, was to ſhow how works of this kind ought to be written. It is praiſed by his biographers, though Dr. Johnſon faſtidiouſly ſays, he "would rather praiſe it than read it," and has merit for ſuch a time of life. It is chiefly diſtinguiſhed by that intricacy of plot, which he afterwards ſo much diſplayed in his dramatic writings; and ſomething alſo may be traced in the dialogue parts of his ſucceeding corruſcations of wit. The ſtory, however, is very unnatural.

About three years after his return to England, he wrote his firſt dramatic performance, *The Old Bachelor*, "to amuſe himſelf," as he ſays, "in a ſlow recovery from a fit of ſickneſs." It was acted at the theatre in Drury Lane, in 1693, when he was not more than twenty-one years old, and was then recommended by Dryden, Southerne, and Maynwaring, who, finding it deficient in ſome things requiſite to the ſucceſs of its exhibition, fitted it for the ſtage. Dryden ſaid, that he had never ſeen ſuch a firſt play.

"Such a comedy, written at ſuch an age," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "requires ſome conſideration. As the lighter ſpecies of dramatic poetry profeſſes the imitation of common life, of real manners, and common incidents, it apparently preſuppoſes a familiar knowledge of many characters, and exact obſervations of the paſſing world; the difficulty, therefore, is, to conceive how this knowledge can be obtained by a boy."

But if the *Old Bachelor* be more nearly examined, it will be found to be one of thoſe comedies, which may be made by a mind vigorous and acute, and furniſhed with ſuch comic characters by the peruſal of other poets, without much actual commerce with mankind. The dialogue is one conſtant reciprocation of conceits, or claſh of wit, in which nothing flows neceſſarily from the occaſion, or is dictated by nature. The characters, both of men and women, are either fictitious and artificial, or eaſy and common; and the cataſtrophe ariſes from a miſtake not very probably produced, by marrying a woman in a maſk.

Yet this gay comedy, when all theſe deductions are made, will ſtill remain the work of very powerful and fertile faculties: the dialogue is quick and ſparkling, the incidents ſuch as ſeize the attention, and the wit ſo exuberant, that it "o'erinforms its tenement."

The *Old Bachelor*, when printed, was dedicated to Lord Clifford, eldeſt ſon of the Earl of Burlington, the friend and patron of his father.

The ſucceſs that attended this play upon the ſtage, and after it came from the preſs, was ſingularly beneficial to Congreve; for it procured him the patronage of Montague, who immediately made him one of the Commiſſioners for licenſing coaches, and ſoon after gave him a place in the Pipe Office, and another in the Cuſtoms, of ſix hundred pounds a year.

The next year, he produced the *Double Dealer*, which was not received with equal kindneſs, though the characters of it are ſtrongly drawn, the wit genuine and original, the plot finely laid, and the conduct inimitable. It was dedicated to his patron, Montague, and defended againſt the capricious diſpoſition of audiences, with a conſiderable diſplay of critical ability. Dryden, his poetical father, addreſſed a copy of verſes to him on its appearance, which are generally known; and Hopkins alſo wrote a copy of verſes on the ſame occaſion.

The exhibition of both thoſe plays was honoured by the preſence of Queen Mary, on whoſe death, which happened in the cloſe of this year, he teſtified his gratitude, and concurred with the general ſorrow, by writing *The Mourning Muſe of Alexis*, an elegical paſtoral, which has been extravagantly commended.

In 1695, he produced *Love for Love*, with which the new theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, was opened, under the direction of Betterton. It met with ſo much ſucceſs, that Betterton and the other managers made him an offer of a whole ſhare with them in their profits, on condition of his furniſhing them with a new play every year, which he accepted. It was dedicated to the Earl of Dorſet, the univerſal patron. It is frequently acted with the approbation it juſtly merits. It is, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, of nearer alliance to life, and exhibits more real manners than either the *Old Bachelor* or the *Double Dealer*. The character of *Foreſight* was then common. The *Sailor* is not accounted very natural, but he is very pleaſant.

Two years afterwards (1697), he produced the *Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, which was received with more applauſe than any other of his plays, and ſtill continues to be acted and applauded. The verſification is regular, the plot is buſy and intricate, and the events take hold on the attention. It is ſo written, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, as to ſhow him ſufficiently qualified for either kind of dramatic poetry. But, except a very few paſſages, he adds, we are rather amazed with noiſe, and perplexed with ſtratagem, than entertained with any true delineation of natural characters. It is not without faults; but it has conſiderable excellencies; and it is ſome argument in its favour that it maintains its popularity on the theatre. Mrs. Siddons has not deemed it derogatory to her reputation to appear frequently in the character of *Zara*.

To theſe ſtrictures, Dr. Johnſon has added a paſſage highly to Congreve's honour: "But whatever objections may be made either to his comic or tragic excellencies, they are loſt at once in a blaze of admiration, when it is remembered that he had produced theſe four plays before he had paſſed his twenty-fifth year; before other men, even ſuch as are ſome time to ſhine in eminence, have paſſed their probation of literature, or preſume to hope for any other notice than ſuch as is beſtowed on diligence and inquiry. Among all the effects of early genius which literary hiſtory records, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more ſurpaſſes the common limits of nature than the plays of Congreve."

In 1698, the famous Jeremy Collier publiſhed his "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneneſs of the Engliſh Stage," in which he cenſured, with fierce and implacable ſeverity, moſt of the dramatic writers, from Dryden to Durfey. Congreve, among others, attempted an anſwer, under a very plain title: *Amendments of Mr. Collier's Falſe and Imperfect Citations, &c. from the Old Bachelor, Double Dealer, Love for Love, Mourning Bride: By the Author of theſe Plays.* It was addreſſed to his friend Walter Moyle, Eſq., and contained a modeſt, but ſpirited juſtification of the greateſt part of the paſſages objected to; but it was totally out of his power to defend the general tendency of his plays. Collier replied, with equal zeal and pertinacity, and lived to ſee the reward of his labour in the reformation of the ſtage.

In 1700, his laſt comedy, *The Way of the World*, was exhibited at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. It met with but indifferent ſucceſs, though it is perhaps the moſt perfect of all his comedies. The language is pure, the wit genuine, the characters natural, and the painting highly finiſhed. It is now as frequently performed as any of his other plays.

The fate of this play, which was written, as he hints in the dedication to the Earl of Montague, with great labour and much thought, completed his diſguſt at the theatre; and from this time he reſolved to commit his quiet and his fame no more to the caprice of an audience. Upon which Dennis well obſerved, that Congreve quitted the ſtage early, and that comedy quitted it with him.

He afterwards produced two muſical pieces, *The Judgment of Paris*, a maſque, performed in 1701, and *Semele*, an opera, which was never repreſented.

The ſame year, he wrote a *Hymn to Harmony*, in honour of St. Cecilia's day, which was ſet to muſic by Mr. Eccles, a famous compoſer, who ſet the ſongs in his opera.

In 1705, he wrote *The Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas*, a paſtoral, on the death of the Marquis of Blandford, only ſon of the Duke of Marlborough, which he addreſſed to Lord Treaſurer Godolphin.

About the ſame time, Marlborough's victories furniſhed him with materials for *An Ode to the Queen*. In another *Pindaric Ode* he celebrated that great ſtateſman and true patriot, Lord Godolphin; to which he added, a criticiſm on that ſpecies of poetry.

Though he very ſeldom riſked the character he had obtained for the ſake of exalting it, yet he never miſſed any opportunity of paying his compliments to his illuſtrious friends, nor neglected any occaſion of ſhowing his gratitude to thoſe of a leſs exalted ſtation.

He wrote an epilogue to his old friend Southerne's "Oroonoko," and Dryden has acknowledged his aſſiſtance in the tranſlation of Virgil. He contributed, by his verſion of the eleventh ſatire of Juvenal, to the tranſlation of that poet, publiſhed by Dryden; and wrote a copy of verſes to him on his tranſlation of Perſius. He wrote alſo a prologue for a play of Mr. Charles Dryden's, and gave a noble teſtimony of his filial regard to the memory of his father, in the dedication of his plays to the Duke of Newcaſtle.

In 1710, he publiſhed a collection of his plays and miſcellaneous poems, with a dedication to Halifax; and though he lived many years after the publication, yet he almoſt added nothing to them, but lived on in literary indolence, engaged in no controverſy, and contending with no rival, but paſſing his time among the great and ſplendid, in the placid enjoyment of his fame and fortune.

He continued always of the Whig party; but without violence or acrimony; and his firmneſs and abilities were ſo much honoured by the adverſe party, that when, upon the removal of the Whigs, ſome interceſſion was uſed leſt he ſhould be diſplaced, Harley made this anſwer:

Non obtuſa adeo geſtamus pectora Pœni
Nec tam averſus equos Tyria ſol jungit ab urbe.

At the acceſſion of King George, when his friends returned to power, he was made Secretary for the iſland of Jamaica, which, with his place in the Cuſtoms, is ſaid to have afforded him 1200l. a-year.

Thus exalted, above dependence, he gave himſelf no trouble about reputation. He wiſhed to be conſidered rather as a man of faſhion than of wit; and when he received a viſit from Voltaire, diſguſted him by deſiring to be conſidered not as an author, but a gentleman; to which the French poet replied, "that if he had been only a gentleman, he ſhould not have come to viſit him."

The common ſenſe of mankind will find it difficult to acquit Congreve of ſome degree of vanity and affectation in his reception of Voltaire, yet he has found an ingenious defender in an eminent modern poet. "I have often thought," ſays Maſon, in his memoirs of Gray, "that Mr. Congreve might very well be vindicated on this head. It ſeldom happens that the vanity of authorſhip continues to the end of a man's days. It uſually ſoon leaves him where it found him, and if he has not ſomething better to build his ſelf-approbation upon, than that of being a popular writer, he generally finds himſelf ill at eaſe, if reſpected wholly on that account. Mr. Congreve was much advanced in years when the young French poet paid him this viſit, and though a man of the world, he might now feel that indifference to literary fame which Mr. Gray, who always led a more retired and philoſophical life, certainly felt much earlier. Both of them, therefore, might reaſonably, at times, expreſs ſome diſguſt, if their quiet was obtruded upon by perſons who thought they flattered them by ſuch intruſion."

In a familiar epiſtle to Lord Cobham, *Of Improving the Preſent Time*, written but a very ſhort time before his death, he deſcribes, with ſimple elegance and dignity of ſentiment, the ſtudies and amuſements of his declining age.

Come, ſee thy friend retir'd, without regret,
Forgetting care or ſtriving to forget,
In eaſy contemplation ſoothing time,
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme,
Not ſo robuſt in body as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd.

His ſtudies, in his latter days, were obſtructed by cataracts in his eyes, which at laſt terminated in total blindneſs. This melancholy ſtate was aggravated by the gout, for which he ſought relief by a journey to Bath, but being overturned in his chariot, complained from that time of a pain in his ſide, and died at his houſe, in Surry-ſtreet, in the Strand, London, January 19. 1728-9, in the 57th year of his age. Having lain in ſtate in the Jeruſalem Chamber, he was buried on the 26th following, in Weſtminſter Abbey, the pall being ſupported by perſons of the firſt diſtinction.

Sometime after, an elegant monument was erected to his memory, among the worthies of his country, with the following inſcription, by Henrietta Ducheſs of Marlborough:

"William Congreve died, January 19. 1728, aged 56, and was buried near this place, to whoſe moſt valuable memory this monument is ſet up, by Henrietta Ducheſs of Marlborough, as a mark how dearly ſhe remembers the happineſs and honour ſhe enjoyed in the ſincere friendſhip of ſo worthy and honeſt a man, whoſe virtue, candour, and wit, gained him the love and eſteem of the preſent age, and whoſe writings will be the admiration of the future."

He conſtituted the Earl of Godolphin his ſole executor, in truſt for the ducheſs his wife, leaving 200l. to his friend Mrs. Bracegirdle, whoſe admirable performance added ſpirit to his dramatic pieces, and 300l. to William Congreve, ſon of Colonel William Congreve of Highgate; and

The bequeſt of the bulk of his fortune, amounting to 10,000 l. to the Ducheſs of Marlborough, has been expoſed to ſtrictures, and is not to be juſtified. Her attachment to him appears to have been of a very extravagant nature, and her veneration for his memory approached even to madneſs. Common fame reports, that ſhe had his figure made in wax, after his death; talked to it as if it had been alive; placed it at table with her; took great care to help it to different kinds of food; had an imaginary ſore on its leg regularly dreſſed; and even conſulted phyſicians with relation to its health. But as this account is grounded only on common report, there is the higheſt probability of its being greatly exaggerated.

His plays and poems were collected and printed, not long after his death, in 3 vols. 12mo. with memoirs of his life, by Mr. Wilſon.

It appears from Mr. Ayſcough's catalogue, that there are preſerved, in the Britiſh Muſeum, ſeveral original letters of Congreve's to Mr. Porter, and a manuſcript poem intituled, *Satire againſt Love.*

A Short Eſſay on Humour, in Engliſh Comedy, and *Remarks on Jonſon*, which are very judicious, are inſerted among "Dennis' Letters," and one paper is aſcribed to him in the "Tatler."

The manners of Congreve may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to have been polite, and his converſation equally pleaſing with his writings; ſince he was univerſally beloved and eſteemed by his contemporaries. Among his friends, he was able to name every man of his time, whom wit and elegance had raiſed to reputation. Every writer mentioned him with reſpect. Addiſon teſtified his regard for him upon many occaſions; Steele made him the patron of his "Miſcellany;" Pope inſcribed to him his tranſlation of the Iliad; Dennis always ſpoke of him, not with decency only, but with veneration; and Young, is laviſh in his praiſe:

> Congreve, who crown'd with laurels bravely won,
> Sits ſmiling at the goal while others run. — LOVE OF FAME, Sat. i.

The general eſtimation of his genius as a dramatiſt, is finely expreſſed by Dr. Johnſon: "Congreve," ſays that excellent critic, "has merit of the higheſt kind: he is an original writer, who borrowed neither the models of his plot, nor the manner of his dialogue. His characters are commonly fictitious and artificial, with very little of nature, and not much of life. He formed a peculiar idea of comic excellence, which he ſuppoſed to conſiſt in gay remarks and unexpected anſwers; but that which he endeavoured, he ſeldom failed of performing. His ſcenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery, or paſſion: his perſonages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every ſentence is to ward or ſtrike, the conteſt of ſmartneſs is never intermitted; his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate corruſcations. His comedies have, therefore, in ſome degree, the operation of tragedies; they ſurpriſe rather than divert; and raiſe admiration rather than merriment. But they are the works of a mind replete with images, and quick in combination."

His biographers have beſtowed the moſt extravagant encomiums on his *Miſcellaneous Poems*. Such exuberant and indiſcriminate praiſe is ſeldom the reſult of judgment, and certainly is not ſo in the preſent caſe. His dramatic works excepted, few readers will now be able to go through his poetical productions with any great degree of pleaſure. Dr. Johnſon's criticiſm upon them affords a fine contraſt to the loud applauſes of the biographers; and indeed, in every view, deſerves to be inſerted. Perhaps, in the faſtidiouſneſs of his taſte, he may ſometimes be thought too ſevere; but his remarks, in general, are ſtrictly juſt.

"Of his miſcellaneous poetry I cannot ſay any thing very favourable. The powers of Congreve ſeem to leave him when he leaves the ſtage, as Antus was no longer ſtrong than he could touch the ground. It cannot be obſerved without wonder, that a mind ſo vigorous and fertile in dramatic compoſitions ſhould on any other occaſion diſcover nothing but impotence and poverty. He has in theſe little pieces neither elevation, fancy, ſelection of language, nor ſkill in verſification; yet, if I were required to ſelect from the whole maſs of Engliſh poetry, the moſt poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in the *Mourning Bride*.

> *Almeria.* It was a fancy'd noiſe; for all is huſh'd.
> *Leonora.* It bore the accent of a human voice.

Almeria. It was thy fear, or elſe ſome tranſient wind
Whiſtling thro' hollows of this vaulted iſle.
We'll liſten.
Leonora. Hark!
Almeria. No, all is huſh'd, and ſtill as death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whoſe ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking tranquility! It ſtrikes an awe
And terror on my aching ſight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And ſhoot a chillneſs to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

He who reads theſe lines enjoys, for a moment, the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before, but he feels it with great increaſe of ſenſibility; he recognizes a familiar image, but meets again amplified and expanded, embelliſhed with beauty, and enlarged with majeſty.

This tiſſue of poetry, from which he ſeems to have hoped a laſting name, is totally neglected, and known only as it is appended to his plays.

The *Birth of the Muſe* is a miſerable fiction. One good line it has, which was borrowed from Dryden. Of his irregular poems, that to Mrs. Arabella Hunt, ſeems to be the beſt. His *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, however, has ſome lines which Pope had in his mind when he wrote his own. His *Imitations of Horace* are feebly paraphraſtical, and the additions which he makes are of little value. Of his tranſlations, *The Satire of Juvenal* was written very early, and may therefore be forgiven, though it had not the maſſineſs and vigour of the original. In all his verſions, ſtrength and ſprightlineſs are wanting: his *Hymn to Venus*, from Homer, is perhaps the beſt. His lines are weakened with expletives, and his rhymes are frequently imperfect. His petty poems are ſeldom worth the coſt of criticiſm. Sometimes the thoughts are falſe, and ſometimes common. In his verſes on Lady Gethin, the latter part is an imitation of Dryden's "Ode on Mrs. Killigrew:" *Doris*, that has been ſo laviſhly flattered by Steele, has indeed ſome lively ſtanzas; but the expreſſion might be mended, and the moſt ſtriking part of the character had been already ſhown in *Love for Love*. His *Art of Pleaſing* is founded on a vulgar, but perhaps impracticable principle, and the ſtaleneſs of the ſenſe is not concealed by any novelty of illuſtration or elegance of diction.

While comedy, or while tragedy is regarded, his plays are likely to be read; but except what relates to the ſtage, I know not that he has ever written a ſtanza that is ſung, or a couplet that is quoted. The general character of his *Miſcellanies* is, that they ſhow little wit, and little virtue.

Yet to him it muſt be confeſſed, that we are indebted for the correction of a national error, and for the cure of our Pindaric madneſs. He firſt taught the Engliſh writers that Pindar's odes were regular; and though certainly he had not the fire requiſite for the higher ſpecies of lyric poetry, he has ſhown us that enthuſiaſm has its rules, and that in mere confuſion there is neither grace nor greatneſs."

RECOMMENDATORY POEM.

TO MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS PLAYS AND POEMS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH TOLLET †.

CONGREVE! the juſteſt glory of our age!
The whole Menander of the Engliſh ſtage!
Thy comic muſe, in each complete deſign,
Does manly ſenſe and ſprightly wit combine.
And ſure the theatre was meant a ſchool,
To laſh the vicious, and expoſe the fool;
The wilful fool, whoſe wit is always ſhown
To hit another's fault and miſs his own,
Laughs at himſelf, when by thy ſkill expreſt,
And always in his neighbour finds the jeſt.
A fame from vulgar characters to raiſe
Is every poet's labour, and his praiſe;
They, fearful, coaſt; while you forſake the ſhore,
And undiſcover'd worlds of wit explore,
Enrich the ſcene with characters unknown,
There plant your colonies, and fix your throne.
Let Maſkwell's treacheries and Touchwood's rage,
Let rugged Ben, and Foreſight's timorous age,
And Heartwell's ſullen paſſion, grace the ſtage.
Then let half critics veil their idle ſpite,
For he knows beſt to rail, who worſt can write.
Let juſter ſatire now employ thy pen,
To tax the vicious on the world's great ſcene;
There the reformer's praiſe the poet ſhares,
And boldly laſhes whom the zealot ſpares.
Ye Britiſh fair! could your bright eyes refuſe
A pitying tear to grace his tragic muſe?
Can generous Oſmyn ſigh beneath his chain,
Or the diſtreſs'd Almeria weep in vain?
A kindly pity every breaſt muſt move,
For injur'd virtue, or for ſuffering love.
The nymphs adorn Paſtora's ſacred tomb,
And mourn the lov'd Amynta's ſhort-liv'd bloom.
The learn'd admire the poet, when he flies
To trace the Theban ſwan amid the ſkies;
When he tranſlates, ſtill faithful to the ſenſe,
He copies and improves each excellence.
Or when he teaches how the rich and great,
And all but deathleſs wit, muſt yield to fate;
Or when he ſings the courſer's rapid ſpeed,
Or virtue's loftier praiſe, and nobler deed;
Each various grace embelliſhes his ſong,
As Horace eaſy, and as Pindar ſtrong;
Pindar, who long like oracles ador'd
In reverend darkneſs, now to light reſtor'd,
Shall ſtamp thy current wit, and ſeal thy fame's record.

† Daughter of George Tollet, Eſq.

P O E M S.

" ——— Minuentur atræ
" Carmine curæ." Hor.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

To you, my Lord, my muſe her tribute pays
Of various verſe, in various rude eſſays;
To you ſhe firſt addreſs'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whoſe indulgence ſhe depends,
Her few collected lays ſhe now commends.
By no one meaſure bound, her numbers range,
And, unreſolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her ſongs to no diſtinguiſh'd fame aſpire,
For now ſhe tries the reed, anon attempts the lyre:
In high Parnaſſus ſhe no birth right claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Helicenian ſtreams:
Yet near the ſacred mount ſhe loves to rove,
Viſits the ſprings, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet ſhe admires the wing that ſafely ſoars,
At diſtance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the ſwan requires,
Whoſe tow'ring head above the clouds aſpires,
And knows as well, it is your loweſt praiſe,
Such heights to reach with equal ſtrength and eaſe.
O had your genius been to leiſure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verſe with ancient Greece had vie'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, ſeven ſtates divide.
But ſuch, ev'n ſuch renown, too dear had coſt,
Had we the patriot in the poet loſt.
A true poetic ſtate we had deplor'd,
Had not your miniſtry our coin reſtor'd.
But ſtill, my lord, though your exalted name
Stands foremoſt in the faireſt liſt of fame,
Though your ambition ends in public good
(A virtue lineal to your houſe and blood);
Yet think not meanly of your other praiſe,
Nor ſlight the trophies which the muſes raiſe.
How oft a patriot's beſt-laid ſchemes we find
By party croſs'd, or faction undermin'd:
If he ſucceed, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours which from verſe their ſource derive,
Shall both ſurmount detraction, and ſurvive:
And poets have unqueſtion'd right to claim,
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

Lamenting the death of Queen Mary.

" Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."
VIRG.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

BEHOLD, Alexis, ſee this gloomy ſhade,
Which ſeems alone for ſorrow's ſhelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night ſucceeding night excludes the day,
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightſome notes, to cheer the duſky air:
To welcome day, or bid the ſun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daiſy, e'er was ſeen;
No ſweetly-budding flower, nor ſpringing green:
For fragrant myrtle, and the bluſhing roſe,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypreſs grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moſs,
We'll lie, and thou ſhalt ſing of Albion's loſs,
Of Albion's loſs, and of Pattora's death,
Begin thy mournful ſong, and raiſe thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble ſhepherds reeds!
O could I ſing in verſe of equal ſtrain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan ſwain;
Or melting words and moving numbers chooſe,
Sweet as the Britiſh Colin's mourning muſe;
Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Aſtrofel;
Then might I raiſe my voice (ſecure of ſkill),
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The liſtening echo on my ſong ſhould wait,
And hollow rocks Paſtora's name repeat;
Each whiſtling wind, and murmuring ſtream ſhould tell.
How lov'd ſhe liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himſelf in ſong renown'd;
Yet would not all thy art avail, to ſhow
Verſe worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But ſuch true paſſion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick ſighs, and guſhing tears;
Such tender ſorrow in thy heart I read,
As ſhall ſupply all ſkill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common line of dumb diſtreſs,
Each vulgar grief can ſighs and tears expreſs;
In ſweet complaining notes thy paſſion vent,
And not in ſighs, but words explaining ſighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artleſs as nature's notes in birds untaught;
Boundleſs my verſe, and roving be my ſtrains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breaſt,
By whom inſpir'd, I ſung at Comus' feaſt;
While in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have ſat and ſmil'd to hear my cheerful ſong:
Begone, with all thy mirth and ſprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my muſe, to weep, and mourn,
Thy ſpringing laurels all to cypreſs turn;
Wound with thy diſmal cries the tender air, [hair;
And beat thy ſnowy breaſt, and rend thy yellow
Far hence, in utmoſt wilds, thy dwelling chooſe,
Begone, Thalia; ſorrow is my muſe.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
No more theſe woods ſhall with her ſight be bleſs'd,
Nor with her feet, theſe flowery plains be preſs'd;
No more the winds ſhall with her treſſes play,
And from her balmy breath ſteal ſweets away;
No more theſe rivers cheerfully ſhall paſs,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondering flocks have food,
Greedy of ſight, and negligent of food.
No more the nymphs ſhall with ſoft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances pleaſe her ſight;
Nor ever more ſhall ſwain make ſong of mirth,
To bleſs the joyous day that gave her birth;
Loſt is that day which had from her its light,
For ever loſt with her, in endleſs night;
In endleſs night and arms of death ſhe lies,
Death in eternal ſhades has ſhut Paſtora's eyes.
Lament ye nymphs, and mourn ye wretched ſwains;
Stray all ye flocks, and deſart be ye plains;
Sigh all ye winds, and weep ye cryſtal floods;
Fade all ye flowers, and wither all ye woods.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
Within a diſmal grot, which damps ſurround,
All cold ſhe lies upon th' unwholeſome ground;
The marble weeps, and with a ſilent pace,
Its trickling tears diſtil upon her face.
Falſely ye weep, ye rocks, and falſely mourn;
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithleſs tomb relents,
And like the crocodile its prey laments.
O ſhe was heavenly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were ſuch beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining; and within, all white;
Pure to the ſenſe, and pleaſing to the ſight;
Like ſome rare flower, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening is with ſweeteſt odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height, ſhe bore a mind
Humble, as oſiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent ſhe was——
Ah wretched fate! ſhe was, but is no more:
Help me, ye hills and valleys, to deplore.
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
From that bleſt earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flowers with fragrant ſweets ariſe.
Let Myrrh a weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, ſhade her tomb.
Thither let all th' induſtrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs and leave their honey there:
Thither let fairies with their train reſort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight ſport;
There in unuſual wailings waſte the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.
There may no diſmal yew nor cypreſs grow,
Nor holly-buſh, nor bitter alder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his neſt,
And diſtant dens receive each howling beaſt;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.
But let the ſighing doves that ſorrows bring,
And nightingales in ſweet complainings ſing;
Let ſwans from their forſaken rivers fly,
And, ſickening at her tomb, make haſte to die,
That they may help to ſing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimic moan deplore,
And cry with me, "Paſtora is no more!"
I mourn Paſtora dead; let Albion mourn,
And ſable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
And ſee the heavens to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy miſts obſcure the burden'd air;
A ſudden damp o'er all the plain is ſpread,
Each lily ſolds its leaves and hangs its head:
On every tree the bloſſoms turn to tears,
And every bough a weeping moiſture bears.

Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills:
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn.
The fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in sad distraction rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their sharp nails, themselves the satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.
Lo Pan himself beneath a blasted oak
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.
And see yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waist:
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.
Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.
But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.
See the great shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already-faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms;
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
To dust must all that heaven of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are:
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd
But ravenous death the shepherdess has seiz'd.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
"But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,
"With wonder stops my song, and strikes my
"sight!
"And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
"Showing all radiant bright the sacred ground.
"While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends
"Of whitest fire, whose flight to heaven extends!
"On flaking wings it mounts, and quick as sight
"Cuts through the yielding air with rays of light;
"Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
"And, fixing there, a glorious star remains:"
Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.

TO THE KING,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

Irregular Ode.

"Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores:
"Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes."

Hor. ad Augustum.

I.

Of arms and war my muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string:
New fire informs my soul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I soar.
O power unseen! by whose resistless force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course;
For fancy wild and pathless ways will choose,
Which judgment rarely, or with pain, pursues:
Say, sacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds,
Why scorns the lowly swain his oaten reeds;
Daring aloud to strike the sounding lyre,
And sing heroic deeds;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

II.

William, alone, my feeble voice can raise;
What voice so weak, that cannot sing his praise!
The listening world each whisper will befriend!
That breathes his name, and every ear attend.
The hovering winds on downy wings shall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound.
Ev'n I will in his praise be heard;
For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame whose exalted size
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted skies:
A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,
A thousand waking eyes and ever-open ears;
Hourly she stalks with huge gigantic pace,
Measuring the globe, like time, with constant race:
Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's praise;

Of him her thouſand ears ſhall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongue ſhall talk, on him her eyes ſhall gaze.

III.

But lo, a change, aſtoniſhing my eyes!
And all around, behold, new objects riſe!
What forms are theſe I ſee? and whence?
Being ſubſtantial! or does air condenſe,
To clothe in viſionary ſhape my various thought?
Are theſe by fancy wrought!
Can ſtrong ideas ſtrike ſo deep the ſenſe?
O ſacred poeſy! O bourdiels power!
What wonders doſt thou trace, what hidden worlds explore!
Through ſeas, earth, air, and the wide-circling ſky,
What is not fought and ſeen by thy all-piercing eye!

IV.

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the proſpect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a foreſt's ſhade;
A lowing heifer, loveliеſt of the herd,
Stood feeding by, while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war to prove
The victor worthy of the fair-one's love.
Unthought preſage of what met next my view!
For ſoon the ſhady ſcene withdrew:
And now, for woods, and fields, and ſpringing flowers,
Behold a town ariſe, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty towers!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erſpread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and ſhining arms array'd:
With eager eyes beholding both from far
Namur, the prize and miſtreſs of the war.

V.

Now, thirſt of conqueſt, and immortal fame,
Does every chief and ſoldier's heart inflame.
Defenſive arms the Gallic forces bear,
While hardy Britons for the ſtorm prepare:
For fortune had, with partial hand, before
Reſign'd the rule to Gallia's power.
High on a rock the mighty fortreſs ſtands,
Founded by fate, and wrought by nature's hands.
A wondrous taſk it is th' aſcent to gain,
Through craggy cliffs, that ſtrike the ſight with pain,
And nod impending terrors o'er the plain.
To this, what dangers men can add, by force or ſkill
(And great is human force and wit in ill),
Are join'd; on every ſide wide-gaping engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
Ready to hurl deſtruction from above,
In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
Thus fearful does the face of adverſe power appear;
But Britiſh forces are unus'd to fear;
Though thus oppos'd they might, if William were not there.

VI.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the ſtorm begin!
The trumpet's clangor ſpeaks in loud alarms,
Mingling ſhrill notes, with dreadful din
Of cannons burſt, and rattling claſh of arms.
Clamours from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth rebound,
Diſtinction in promiſcuous noiſe is drown'd,
And echo loſt in one continued ſound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are ſent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
Such flames the gulf of Tartarus diſgorge,
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
Such were the peals from thence, ſuch the vaſt blaze that broke,
Reddening with horrid gloom the duſky ſmoke,
When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder ſweat,
And maſſive bolts on repercuſſive anvils beat.

VII.

Amidſt this rage, behold, where William ſtands,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
With face ſerene, diſpenſing dread commands;
Which, heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thouſand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls hiſs harmleſs by:
For ev'ry fire his ſacred head muſt ſpare,
Nor dare the lightning touch the laurels there.

VIII

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of miſſive fires that feſter in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has power t'aſſuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadleſs ſeem.
And now, with deſperate force, and freſh attack,
Through obvious deaths, reſiſtleſs way they make;
Raiſing high piles of earth, and heap on heap they lay,
And then aſcend; reſembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior may)
The fam'd gigantic war,
When thoſe tall ſons of earth did heaven aſpire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)
Uprooting hills, with moſt ſtupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful ſcale.
The gods, with horror and amaze, look'd down.
Beholding rocks from their firm baſis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown, [ment!
With threatening hurl, that ſhook th' aerial firma-
Th' attempt did fear in heaven create;
Even Jove deſponding ſate,
Till Mars, with all his force collected, ſtood,
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood;
Who, tumbling headlong from th' empyreal ſkies,
O'erwhelm'd thoſe hills, by which they thought to riſe.
Mars on the gods did then his aid beſtow,
And now in godlike William ſtorms with equal force below.

IX.

Still they proceed, with firm unſhaken pace,
And hardy breaſts oppos'd to danger's face.
With daring feet, on ſpringing mines they tread
Of ſecret ſulphur, in dire ambuſh laid.
Still they proceed; though all beneath, the labouring earth
Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
Through this, through more, through all they go,
Mounting at laſt amidſt the vanquiſh'd foe.

See, how they climb, and ſcale the ſteepy walls!
See, how the Britons riſe! ſee the retiring Gauls!
Now from the fort, behold, the yielding flag is
ſpread,
And William's banner on the breach diſplay'd.

x.

Hark, the triumphant ſhouts from every voice!
The ſkies with acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected Ios ſing!
Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd
Heroic harmony prepare,
And charm to ſilence every wind,
And glad the late-tormented air.
Far is the ſound of martial muſic ſpread,
Echoing through all the Gallic hoſt,
Whoſe numerous troops the dreadful ſtorm ſurvey'd:
But they, with wonder or with awe diſmay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the fortreſs loſt.
William, their numerous troops with terror fill'd,
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour ſhow!
Not the wing'd Perſeus, with petrific ſhield
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his
foe,
Nor, when on ſoaring horſe he flew, to aid
And ſave from monſter's rage the beauteous
maid;
Or more heroic was the deed;
Or ſhe to ſurer chains decreed,
Than was Namur, till now by William freed.

xi.

Deſcend, my muſe, from thy too-daring height,
Deſcend to earth, and eaſe thy wide-ſtretch'd
wing;
For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
And deſt with pain of triumphs ſing.
More fit for thee, reſume thy rural reeds;
For war let more harmonious harps be ſtrung:
Sing thou of love, and leave great William's
deeds [ſung
To him who ſung the Boyne; or him to whom he

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

"*Dignum laude virum muſa vetat mori.*—Hor.

Deſcend, celeſtial muſe! thy ſon inſpire
Of thee to ſing; infuſe thy holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men, thyſelf diſcloſe;
Say, from what ſource thy heavenly power aroſe,
Which, from unnumber'd years delivering down
The deeds of heroes deathleſs in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.
Time and the muſe ſet forth with equal pace;
At once the rivals ſtarted to the race:
And both at once the deſtin'd courſe ſhall end,
Or both to all eternity contend.
One to preſerve what t'other cannot ſave,
And reſcue virtue riſing from the grave.
To thee, O Montague, theſe ſtrains are ſung,
For thee my voice is tun'd, and ſpeaking lyre is
ſtrung;
For every grace of every muſe is thine;
In thee their various fires united ſhine,
Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!
To thee alone I dare my ſong commend,
Whoſe nature can forgive, and power defend,
And ſhow by turns the patron and the friend.
Begin, my muſe, from Jove derive thy ſong,
Thy ſong of right does firſt to Jove belong;
For thou thyſelf art of celeſtial ſeed,
Nor dare a fire inferior boaſt the breed.
When firſt the frame of this vaſt ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finiſh'd work ſurvey'd;
Viciſſitude of things, of men and ſtates,
Their riſe and fall, were deſtin'd by the fates.
Then time had firſt a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whoſe ample boſom fates repoſe
Cauſes of things, and ſecret ſeeds encloſe,
Which, ripening there, ſhall one day gain a birth
And force a paſſage through the teeming earth.
To him they give to rule the ſpacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling ſphere,
To ſhift the ſeaſons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of power
To him preſcribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule to time the fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;
For every beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good ſoe'er and grateful in his ſight,)
He muſt again to native earth reſtore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good nor great ſhall 'ſcape his hungry maw,
But bleeding nature prove the rigid law.
Not yet the looſen'd earth aloft was flung,
Or pois'd amid the ſkies in balance hung;
Nor yet did golden fires the ſun adorn,
Or borrow'd luſtre ſilver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had time commiſſion to begin,
Or fate the many twiſted web to ſpin;
When all the heavenly hoſt aſſembled came
To view the world yet reſting on its frame;
Eager they preſs, to ſee the fire diſmiſs
And roll the globe along the vaſt abyſs.
When deep revolving thoughts the god retain,
Which for a ſpace ſuſpend the promis'd ſcene;
Once more his eyes on time intentive look,
Again inſpect fate's univerſal book:
Abroad the wondrous volume he diſplays,
And preſent views the deeds of future days.
A beauteous ſcene adorns the foremoſt page,
Where nature's bloom preſents the golden age.
The golden leaf to ſilver ſoon reſigns,
And fair the ſheet, but yet more faintly, ſhines.
Of baſer braſs, the next denotes the times;
An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worſe and brownor face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.
He turns the book, and every age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye purſues:
The firſt of men, and lords of earth deſign'd,
Who under him ſhould govern human-kind,

Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.
All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
And hungry time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste:
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward search'd the roll, to find if fate
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
And all her boasted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first, and second Cæsar, godlike great.
Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
And rising heroes still the search attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd;
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.
Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years, her happy fortunes smile,
And fates propitious bless the beauteous isle;
To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empire firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.
But soon a lowering sky comes on apace,
And fate revers'd shows an ill-omen'd face.
The void of heaven a gloomy horror fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame
Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name:
Conscious, she seeks from day to shrowd her head,
And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.
Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.
Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.
Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
Which, kindling day, restores the darken'd skies:
And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
And now its course to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy omen! Hail, auspicious sight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Pursuing closely, plows the watery way,
Tracing the glory through the flaming sea.
Britannia, rise; awake, O fairest isle,
From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former age of gold.
The fates at length the blissful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run.
Again shall distant lands confess thy sway,
Again the watery world thy rule obey;
Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathless name;
For William's genius every soul inspires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boast
A matchless sword and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
His towering ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;
A gathering storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot through with orient light.
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage resound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shows his awful head;
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And every rolling surge resides in peace.
And now the sacred leaf a landskip wears,
Where heaven serene, and air unmov'd, appears.
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the Sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whispering breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs through the trees.
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
Whole nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.
No more the labouring hind regrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' adventurous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelfy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.
No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies;
But peaceful joys the prosperous times afford,
And banish'd virtue is again restor'd.

And he whoſe arms alone ſuſtain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's iſle;
By whoſe illuſtrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours loſt retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal ſway will virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace ſhall reign;
For his example ſtill the rule ſhall give,
And thoſe it taught to conquer, teach to live.
Proceeding on, the father ſtill unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter ſtill beholds;
The lateſt ſeen the faireſt ſeems to ſhine,
Yet ſudden does to one more fair reſign.
Th' Eternal paus'd——
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore;
Enough he ſaw beſides the coming ſtore.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the ſhining path purſues,
But like the ſun the ſame bright race renews.
And ſhall remorſeleſs fates on him have power!
Or time unequally ſuch worth devour!
Then, wherefore ſhall the brave for fame conteſt?
Why is this man diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt?
Whoſe ſoaring genius now ſublime aſpires,
And deathleſs fame the due reward requires.
Approving heaven th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuſe.
The great Creator ſoon the grant reſolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once again to chooſe,
But ſpake the word, and made th' immortal muſe.
Ne'er did his power produce ſo bright a child,
On whoſe creation infant nature ſmil'd.
Perfect at firſt, a finiſh'd form ſhe wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' aſſembled gods, who long expecting ſtaid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wiſh'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the ſire himſelf his joy diſguiſe,
But ſtedfaſt view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:
Intent a ſpace, at length he ſilence broke,
And thus the god the heavenly fair beſpoke:
" To thee, immortal maid, from this bleſs'd hour,
" O'er time and fame, I give unbounded power.
" Thou from oblivion ſhalt the hero ſave
" Shalt riſe, revive, immortalize the brave.
" To thee, the Dardan prince ſhall owe his fame;—
" To thee, the Cæſars their eternal name.
" Eliza, ſung by thee, with fate ſhall ſtrive,
" And long as time in ſacred verſe ſurvive.
" And yet, O muſe, remains the nobleſt theme;
" The firſt of men, mature for endleſs fame,
" Thy future ſongs ſhall grace, and all thy lays,
" Thenceforth, alone ſhall wait on William's praiſe.
" On his heroic deeds thy verſe ſhall riſe;
" Thou ſhalt diffuſe the fires that he ſupplies.
" Through him thy ſongs ſhall more ſublime aſpire;
" And he, through them, ſhall deathleſs fame acquire;
" Nor time nor fate his glory ſhall oppoſe,
" Or blaſt the monuments the muſe beſtows."
This ſaid; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal hoſt
Again impatient crowd the cryſtal coaſt.
The father, now, within his ſpacious hands,
Encompaſs'd all the mingled maſs of ſeas and lands;
And, having heav'd aloft the ponderous ſphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

I.

Let all be huſh'd, each ſofteſt motion ceaſe,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace;
And every ruder gaſp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou, moſt fickle, moſt uneaſy part;
Thou reſtleſs wanderer, my heart,
Be ſtill; gently, ah leave,
Thou buſy, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulſe; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be ſoftly ſtay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go, reſt, unneceſſary ſprings of life,
Leave your officious toil and ſtrife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be poſſible to die.

II.

Come, all ye love-ſick maids and wounded ſwains,
And liſten to her healing ſtrains.
A wondrous balm between her lips ſhe wears,
Of ſovereign force to ſoften cares;
And this through every ear ſhe can impart
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief ſoft air applies,
Which, warbling myſtic ſounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But ah! beware of clamorous moan;
Let no unpleaſing murmur, or harſh groan,
Your ſlighted loves declare:
Your very tendereſt moving ſighs forbear,
For even they will be too boiſterous here.
Hither let nought but ſacred ſilence come,
And let all ſaucy praiſe be dumb.

III.

And lo! Silence himſelf is here;
Methinks I ſee the midnight god appear.
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the reverend ſhade:
An ancient ſigh he ſits upon,
Whoſe memory of ſound is long ſince gone,
And purpoſely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two ſoft tranſparent clouds do meet,
In which he ſeems to ſink his ſofter feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in deſpair,
Like a thin mantle, ſerves to wrap
In fluid folds his viſionary ſhape.
A wreath of darkneſs round his head he wears,
Where curling miſts ſupply the want of hairs;
While the ſtill vapours, which from poppies riſe
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

IV.

But hark! the heavenly ſphere turns round,
And ſilence now is drown'd
In ecſtaſy of ſound.
How on a ſudden the ſtill air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were juſt alarm'd!
And every ſoul, with tranſport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what ſpeed and care
Deſcending angels cull the thinneſt air!
Haſte then, come all th' immortal throng,
And liſten to her ſong!
Leave your lov'd manſions in the ſky,
And hither, quickly hither fly.
Your loſs of heaven nor ſhall you need to fear;
While ſhe ſings, 'tis heaven here.

V.

See how they crowd, ſee how the little cherubs ſkip!
While others ſit around her mouth, and ſip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,
Thoſe lips, where in ſurpriſe of bliſs they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taſte
So exquiſite a feaſt,
Of muſic and of love.
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each ſacred minſtrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join;
Her voice, which next to yours is moſt divine.
Bleſs the glad earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raiſe,
Which only breath inſpir'd can reach, [teach:
To notes, which only ſhe can learn, and you can
While we, charm'd with the lov'd exceſs,
Are wrapt in ſweet forgetfulneſs
Of all, of all, but of the preſent happineſs:
Wiſhing for ever in that ſtate to lie,
For ever to be dying ſo, yet never die.

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION AND PETITION TO ACHILLES,

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad ω.

Beginning at this line:

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον.
Ἕρμείας·———

Argument introductory to this tranſlation.

Hector's body (after he was ſlain) remained ſtill in the poſſeſſion of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him; and ſent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he ſhould go to Achilles's tent; and how he ſhould there ranſom the body of his ſon. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and, preparing rich preſents for Achilles, ſets forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortune, undertakes to drive his chariot unobſerved through the guards, and to the door of Achilles's tent; which having performed, he diſcovered himſelf a god, and giving him a ſhort inſtruction how to move Achilles to compaſſion, flew up to heaven.

So ſpake the god, and heavenward took his flight;
When Priam from his chariot did alight;
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
With ſolemn pace into Achilles' tent.
Heedleſs he paſs'd through various rooms of ſtate,
Until approaching where the hero ſate;
There, at a feaſt, the good old Priam found
Jove's beſt-belov'd, with all his chiefs around;
Two only were t' attend his perſon plac'd,
Automedon and Alcymus; the reſt
At greater diſtance, greater ſtate expreſs'd.
Priam, unſeen by theſe, his way purſued,
And firſt of all was by Achilles view'd.
About his knees his trembling arms he caſt,
And agonizing graſp'd and held them faſt;
Then caught his hands, and kiſs'd and preſs'd them cloſe,
Thoſe hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
Thoſe hands, whoſe unrelenting force had coſt
Much of his blood (for many ſons he loſt).
But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And, ſeeking refuge, does from juſtice run,
Entering ſome houſe, in haſte, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on:
So did Achilles gaze, ſurpris'd to ſee
The godlike Priam's royal miſery;
All on each other gaz'd, all in ſurpriſe,
And mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes,
Till he at length the ſolemn ſilence broke;
And thus the venerable ſuppliant ſpoke:
" Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
" A proſtrate king, in wretchedneſs grown old:
" Think on your father, and then look on me,
" His hoary age and helpleſs perſon ſee;
" So furrow'd are his cheeks, ſo white his hairs,
" Such, and ſo many, his declining years;
" Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
" Could you imagine ſuch, his miſery!
" Yet it may come, when he ſhall be oppreſs'd,
" And neighbouring princes lay his country waſte;
" Ev'n at this time, perhaps, ſome powerful foe,
" Who will no mercy, no compaſſion, ſhow,
" Entering his palace, ſees him feebly fly,
" And ſeek protection where no help is nigh.
" In vain he may your fatal abſence mourn,
" And wiſh, in vain, for your delay'd return;
" Yet, that he hears you live, is ſome relief;
" Some hopes alleviate his exceſs of grief;
" It glads his ſoul to think he once may ſee
" His much-lov'd ſon; would that were granted me!
" But I, moſt wretched! of all bereft!
" Of all my worthy ſons how few are left!

" Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boaſt,
" When firſt the Greeks invaded Ilion's coaſt:
" Nineteen, the joyful iſſue of one womb,
" Are now, alas! a mournful tribute to one tomb.
" Mercileſs war this devaſtation wrought,
" And their ſtrong nerves to diſſolution brought.
" Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
" My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
" Hector, my darling, and my laſt defence,
" Whoſe life alone their deaths could recompenſe;
" And, to complete my ſtore of countleſs woe,
" Him you have ſlain——of him bereav'd me too!
" For his ſake only hither am I come;
" Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endleſs ſum;
" All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
" A worthleſs ranſom for ſo brave a ſon.
" Fear the juſt gods, Achilles; and on me
" With pity look; think you your father ſee;
" Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
" I can no equal have in miſeries;
" Of all mankind moſt wretched and forlorn,
" Bow'd with ſuch weight as never has been borne;
" Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
" The ſpring and ſource of all my ſorrows come;
" With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
" And kiſs thoſe hands which have my children ſlain."

He ſpake——

Now ſadneſs o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears;
That, and compaſſion, melt him into tears.
Then gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face; but he ſtill proſtrate lay,
And there, with tears and ſighs, afreſh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated ſon.
But paſſion different ways Achilles turns,
Now he Patroclus, now his father mourns:
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
Till ſorrow ſeem'd to wear one common face.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Tranſlated from the Greek of Homer, Iliad ω.

Beginning at this line:

Ὣς ὃ μὲν ἀμφιέπεπλος ἐκείατο πὰρ σακὸς ἐπ' αἴαν.

Connection of this with the former tranſlation.

Priam, at laſt, moves Achilles to compaſſion, and, after having made him preſents of great value, obtains the body of his ſon. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and adviſes him to haſte away with the body, leſt Agamemnon ſhould be informed of his being in the camp: he himſelf helps to harneſs the mules and horſes, and conveys him ſafely, and without noiſe, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

Now did the ſaffron morn her beams diſplay,
Gilding the face of univerſal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unuſual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Caſſandra flies,
Thence ſhe afar the ſad proceſſion ſpies:
Her father and Idæus firſt appear,
Then Hector's corpſe extended on a bier;
At which her boundleſs grief loud cries began,
And, thus lamenting, through the ſtreet ſhe ran:
" Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
" Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
" If e'er you went with joy to ſee him come
" Adorn'd with conqueſt and with laurels home,
" Aſſemble now, his ranſom'd body ſee,
" What once was all your joy; now all your miſery!"

She ſpake, and ſtrait the numerous crowd obey'd,
Nor man, nor woman, in the city ſtay'd;
Common conſent of grief had made them one;
With clamorous moan to Scæa's gate they run;
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they, with loud and freſh lamentings, greet.
His reverend mother, and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal ſtrife:
In ſorrow they no moderation knew,
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There ſtrove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
Attempted firſt his breathleſs corpſe to reach;
Aloud they beat their breaſts, and tore their hair.
Rending around with ſhrieks the ſuffering air.

Now had the throng of people ſtopt the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day;
But Priam from his chariot roſe, and ſpake,
" Trojans, enough; truce with your ſorrows make;
" Give way to me, and yield the chariot room:
" Firſt let me bear my Hector's body home,
" Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave way,
Yielding like waves of a divided ſea.
Idæus to the palace drove, then laid
With care the body on a ſumptuous bed,
And round about were ſkilful ſingers plac'd,
Who wept, and ſigh'd, and in ſad notes expreſs'd
Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of univerſal mournful harmony,
When firſt Andromache her paſſion broke,
And thus (cloſe preſſing his pale cheeks) ſhe ſpoke:

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

O my loſt huſband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in aſhes muſt with them be laid.
Why is my heart thus miſerably torn!
Why am I thus diſtreſs'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing a widow left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft?
Yet I were bleſt, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?

Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with blessings curs'd;
For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,
Wide desolation will lay waste this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?
Who of her reverend matrons will have care?
Who save her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and husband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.
Soon will the Grecians now insulting come,
And bear us captives to their distant home;
I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
And all alike be prisoners of the war;
'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
And be to some inhuman lord a slave.
Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
Or for an only son or father kill'd
By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage;
For many fell by his relentless hand,
Biting that ground, with which their blood was stain'd.
Fierce was thy father (O my child) in war,
And never did his foes in battle spare;
Thence come these sufferings, which so much have cost.
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most:
I saw him not when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his latest breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his last command?
Something he would have said, had I been there,
Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
For I could never, never words forget,
Which night and day I should with tears repeat.
She spake, and wept afresh, when all around
A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.
Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress
With boiling passions in her aged breast,
Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

Hector, my joy, and to my soul more dear
Than all my other numerous issue were;
O my last comfort, and my best-belov'd!
Thou, at whose fall even Jove himself was mov'd,
And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heaven's peculiar care;
From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was freed,
So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
My other sons, made prisoners by his hands,
Were sold like slaves, and shipt to foreign lands.
Thou too were sentenc'd by his barbarous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb.
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain:
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not restore his life again.
Now fresh and glowing ev'n in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart.
Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,
And universal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

O Hector, thou wert rooted in my heart,
No brother there had half so large a part!
Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,
Since first I landed on the Trojan shore;
Since I with godlike Paris fled from home:
(Would I had dy'd before that day had come!)
In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
Which I too often have from others borne.
But you from their reproach still set me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my sisters or the queen revil'd,
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.
Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
Who had no friend alive but you alone:
All will reproach me now where'er I pass,
And fly with horror from my hated face.
This said, she wept; and the vast throng was mov'd,
And with a general sigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud:
"Cease your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
"And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
"Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
"For with Achilles twelve days truce I made."
He spake; and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days space was in that labour spent;
The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Beheld the rolling flames and smoke arise.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the rosy morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then and friends search'd every where,
And gathering up his snowy bones with care,
Wept o'er them; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,
In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
Meantime strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprise.
The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
Ending the funeral with a solemn feast.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

"Mater sæva Cupidinum, &c."

I.

The tyrant queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine

And wanton eaſe, conſpires
To make my heart its peace reſign,
And re-admit love's long-rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn, [return.
The flames ſo long repell'd with double force
Matchleſs her face appears, and ſhines more bright
Than poliſh'd marble when reflecting light:
Her very coyneſs warms;
And with a grateful ſulleneſs ſhe charms:
Each look darts forth a thouſand rays,
Whoſe luſtre an unwary ſight betrays;
My eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe ruſhes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large ſhe reigns!
Cyprus no more with her abode is bleſt;
I am her palace, and her throne my breaſt.
Of ſavage Scythian arms no more I write,
Of Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
And make rough war their ſport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import:
And what's of high import, but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
After our ſacrifice and prayer,
The goddeſs may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

"Eheu fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
"Labuntur anni, &c."

I.

Ah! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all theſe prayers and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundleſs race,
Which Time himſelf can never run
(Swift as he flies, with an unweary'd pace):
Which, when ten thouſand, thouſand years are done,
Is ſtill the ſame, and ſtill to be begun.
Fix'd are thoſe limits, which preſcribe
A ſhort extent to the moſt laſting breath;
And though thou could'ſt for ſacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to ſave thy own,
'Twere fruitleſs all; not all would bribe
One ſupernumerary gaſp from death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhauſted ſtore
Of wealth, in vain thy power;
Thy honours, titles, all muſt fail,
Where piety itſelf can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and juſt,
Muſt all be huddled to the grave,
With the moſt vile and ignominious ſlave,
And undiſtinguiſh'd lie in duſt.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is ſecure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithleſs ſeas,
And is confin'd to home and eaſe,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all theſe arts we try,
All our evaſions, and regret to die;
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is ſo obſcure, as to be hid from fate.

III.

Thou muſt, alas! thou muſt, my friend;
(The very hour thou now doſt ſpend
In ſtudying to avoid, brings on thy end)
Thou muſt forego the deareſt joys of life;
Leave the warm boſom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All muſt be left, and all be loſt;
Thy houſe, whoſe ſtately ſtructure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking carcaſe of its lord.
Of all thy pleaſant gardens, grots, and bowers,
Thy coſtly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flowers,
Nought ſhalt thou have;
Or but a ſprig of roſemary ſhalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The reſt ſhall live and flouriſh, to upbraid
Their tranſitory maſter dead.

IV.

Then ſhall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waſte of that eſtate
Which thou haſt taken ſo much pains to get.
All thy hid ſtores he ſhall unfold,
And ſet at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and priſons, ſhall again be free:
Bury'd alive though now it lies,
Again ſhall riſe;
Again its ſparkling ſurface ſhow,
And free as element profuſely flow.
With ſuch high food he ſhall ſet forth his feaſts,
That cardinals ſhall wiſh to be his gueſts;
And pamper'd prelates ſee
Themſelves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

"Vides ut alta, &c."

I.

Bless me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But ſee (big with the offspring of the north)
The teeming clouds bring forth:
A ſhower of ſoft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And lo! how by degrees
The univerſal mantle hides the trees
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the ſky:

Trembling, the groves ſuſtain their weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of ſnow.

II.

Diffuſive cold does the whole earth invade,
Like a diſeaſe, through all its veins 'tis ſpread,
And each late living ſtream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with ſparkling wine;
Let's drink till our own faces ſhine,
Till we like ſuns appear,
To light and warm the hemiſphere.
Wine can diſpenſe to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate; [mix,
That powerful juice, with which no cold dares
Which ſtill is fluid, and no froſt can fix:
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it ſtorm and thunder, hail and ſnow,
'Tis Heaven's concern; and let it be
The care of Heaven ſtill for me: [ſeas,
Thoſe winds which rend the oaks and plough the
Great Jove can, if he pleaſe,
With one commanding nod appeaſe.

III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come:
The preſent moment's all our ſtore;
The next ſhould Heaven allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one inſtant now.
Look on each day you've paſt
To be a mighty treaſure won;
And lay each moment out in haſte;
We're ſure to live too faſt,
And cannot live too ſoon.
Youth doth a thouſand pleaſures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly;
The flowers that flouriſh in the ſpring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlaſting boy, invites
To revel while you may, in ſoft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly ſhe promiſes at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with ſwifter feet.
To gloomy groves and ſhades obſcure ſhe flies,
There veils the bright confeſſion of her eyes.
Unwillingly ſhe ſtays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in ſoft ſighs conveys
The whiſpers of her heart.
Still ſhe invites and ſtill denies,
And vows ſhe'll leave you if you're rude;
Then from her raviſher ſhe flies,
But flies to be purſu'd;
If from his ſight ſhe does herſelf convey,
With a feign'd laugh ſhe will herſelf betray,
And cunningly inſtruct him in the way.

SONG.

I.

I LOOK'D, and I ſigh'd, and I wiſh'd I could ſpeak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I ſtrove moſt my great paſſion to break
Still then I ſaid leaſt of the matter.

II.

I ſwore to myſelf, and reſolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I ſooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and ſince your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not deſpiſe
Thoſe oglings that tell you my paſſion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither ſhould ſpeak,
The pleaſure we'll ſtill be purſuing; [make
And ſo, without words, I don't doubt we may
A very good end of this wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his paſſion.

ODE.

To all the ſex deceitful,
A long and laſt adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cauſe are many,
And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give (if any)
Few, ſhort, and inſincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now, repenting
Her breach of aſſignation,
Arriv'd with eyes conſenting,
And ſparkling inclination.
Like Citherea ſmiling,
She bluſh'd, and laid his paſſion;
The ſhepherd ceas'd reviling,
And ſung this recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After abſence or deſpair!
Women wiſe increaſe deſiring;
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to pleaſe.

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he deareſt loves!

In cruel abſence doom'd paſt joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh let me ne'er the pangs of abſence try,
Save me from abſence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

False though ſhe be to me and love,
I'll ne'er purſue revenge;
For ſtill the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliſs we oft have met,
They could not always laſt;
And though the preſent I regret,
I'm grateful for the paſt.

SONG IN DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I.

I love and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more ſhall ſigh in vain:
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyneſs bid adieu.

II.

I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet ſtill my Thyrſis ſhall complain;
I'm ſure he's mine, while I refuſe him,
But when I yield, I fear to loſe him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious faſting:
2. And both will tire with often taſting,

When they find the bliſs not laſting.

1. Love is complete in kind poſſeſſing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the bleſſing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we conſent,
Too ſoon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
And granting deſire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

I.

Tell me no more I am deceived,
That Cloe's falſe and common;
I always knew (at leaſt believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As ſuch I lik'd, as ſuch careſs'd,
She ſtill was conſtant when poſſeſs'd,
She could do more for no man.

II.

But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps ſhe fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

Grant me, gentle Love, ſaid I,
One dear bleſſing ere I die;
Long I've borne exceſs of pain,
Let me now ſome bliſs obtain.
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry thus the god reply'd:
Bleſſings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's ſlave?
Ceaſe, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, ev'n Love himſelf's no more.

SONG.

I.

Cruel Amynta can you ſee
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himſelf ne'er vanquiſh'd me,
But through your eyes the conqueſt made.

II.

In ambuſh there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithleſs ſmiles;
No wretches are ſo loſt as they
Whom much ſecurity beguiles.

SONG.

I.

See, ſee, ſhe wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the ſun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

II.

With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldneſs kill!

Occaſioned by a Lady's having writ Verſes in commendation of a Poem which was written in praiſe of another Lady.

Hard is the taſk, and bold th' adventurous flight,
Of him, who dares in praiſe of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts aſcend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who, praiſing beauty, does no wrong,
May boaſt to be ſucceſsful in his ſong:
But when the fair themſelves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchſafes to praiſe;
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his muſe with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM,

Written after the deceaſe of Mrs. Arabella Hunt, under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.

Were there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand ſo bleſt with ſkill divine!

The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

I.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

II.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her!
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

A HYMN TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

Set to Music by Mr. John Eccles.

I.

O HARMONY, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise.
All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!
Wise nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
Could penetrate th' abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.
Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth;
Then all the se shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

CHORUS.

Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

III.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the muses sung; [play'd,
Then first the muses sung; melodious strains Apollo
And music first began by thy auspicious aid.

Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

IV.

Descend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how with various woes oppress,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too soon retreats.
Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

V.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In every breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

VI.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

CHORUS.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no never more return.

O ſooth her cares
With ſofteſt, ſweeteſt airs,
Till victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

CHORUS.

Let victory and peace reſtore
Her faithful lover to her tender breaſt,
Within her folding arms to reſt,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

VIII.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native ſkies repair,
And rule again the ſtarry ſphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To eaſe the world of care,
Cecilia, more than all the muſes ſkill'd!
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

Cecilia, more than all the muſes ſkill'd,
Phœbus himſelf to her muſt yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The ſoft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majeſtic ſound.
In peals the ſwelling notes aſcend the ſkies,
Perpetual breath the ſwelling notes ſupplies,
And laſting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal muſic never dies.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

Occaſioned by reading her Book, entitled,

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

After a painful life in ſtudy ſpent,
The learn'd themſelves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whoſe lives exceed the ſpace
Which ſeems the bound preſcrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their ſhort experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they learn'd to live.
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitleſs human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With ſtrict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration ſtruck, ſhall queſtion who
So very long could live, ſo much to know?
For ſo complete the finiſh'd piece appears,
That learning ſeems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by pureſt wit, to reach
At all that ſtudy or that time can teach.
But to what height muſt his amazement riſe,
When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremoſt opening page,
And there the beauty, ſex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whoſe pure mind aroſe
Th' æthereal ſource from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reaſon fails,
And ſuperſtition o'er philoſophy prevails.
Some heavenly miniſter we ſtrait conclude,
Some angel-mind with female form endued,
To make a ſhort abode on earth, was ſent
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And, having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to diſappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She ſings amid the choir of ſeraphims;
Or ſome refulgent ſtar informs, and guides,
Where ſhe, the bleſt intelligence, preſides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark ſtate,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPITAPH

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGDON, OF STANTON HARCOURT, ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

This peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and ſon, together laid;
Whoſe living virtues ſhall remain,
When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man ſhould be, to ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd worth ſhould do, or ſhun,
At full was in the father ſhown;
What youth could promiſe in the ſon.

But death, obdurate, both deſtroy'd
The perfect fruit, and opening bud:
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe ſweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when of old heroic ſtory tells,
Of knights impriſon'd long by magic ſpells,
Till future time the deſtin'd hero ſend,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end:
Such ſeems this work, and ſo reſerv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poeſy.
Thoſe ſullen clouds, which have for ages paſt,
O'er Perſius' too-long ſuffering muſe been caſt,
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are ſeen.
Sure Phœbus' ſelf thy ſwelling breaſt inſpires,
The god of muſic, and poetic fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great ſurpriſe of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!

Our wonder now does our paſt folly ſhow,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The ſacred oracles in myſteries.
Perſius before in ſmall eſteem was had,
Unleſs what to antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with ſcruple read
(So far our ignorance our faith miſled);
Till you, Apollo's darling prieſt, thought fit
To place it in the poet's ſacred writ.
As coin, which bears ſome awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinſic worth will paſs;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,
To you we all this following treaſure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
Old ſtoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Poliſh'd by you, in modern brilliant ſhines;
And as before, for Perſius, our eſteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to old Perſius, but the new.
For ſtill obſcure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himſelf in you alone he lives.
So ſtubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling ſparks reveal;
But through your ſkill, from thoſe ſmall ſeeds of fire
Bright flames ariſe, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

The Argument.

THE deſign of this Satire is to expoſe and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particulary that exorbitant luxury uſed by the Romans in their feaſting. The poet draws the occaſion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective againſt the vanity and folly of ſome perſons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great eſtates and quality. He ſhows us the miſerable end of ſuch ſpendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courſes which they took to bring themſelves to it; adviſing men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occaſion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greateſt men in former ages: to which he oppoſes the riot and intemperance of the preſent; attributing to the latter a viſible remiſſneſs in the care of heaven over the Roman ſtate. He inſtances ſome lewd practices at feaſts, and, by the bye, touches the nobility with making vice and debauchery conſiſt with their principal pleaſures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; adviſing him (in one particular ſomewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and diſquiets for the preſent, and a moderate uſe of pleaſures for the future.

If noble Atticus make ſplendid feaſts,
And with expenſive food indulge his gueſts,
His wealth and quality ſupport the treat;
Nor is it luxury in him, but ſtate.
But when poor Rutilus ſpends all his worth,
In hopes of ſetting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madneſs: for what greater jeſts,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feaſts?
But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd by no power, reſtrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:
'Mongſt common fencers practiſes the trade,
That end debaſing for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his diſgrace is owing to his ſword.
Many there are of the ſame wretched kind,
Whom their deſpairing creditors may find
Lurking in ſhambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whoſe ſole bliſs is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reaſon why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous, of theſe
The pooreſt wretch is ſtill moſt hard to pleaſe;
And he whoſe thin, tranſparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ranſack every element for choice
Of every fiſh and fowl at any price;
If, brought from far, it very dear has coſt,
It has a flavour then, which pleaſes moſt,
And he devours it with a greater guſt.
In riot thus, while money laſts, he lives,
And, that exhauſted, ſtill new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere neceſſity to eat,
He comes to pawn his diſh to buy his meat.
Nothing of ſilver or of gold he ſpares,
Not what his mother's ſacred image bears;
The broken relic he with ſpeed devours,
As he would all the reſt of 's anceſtors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to ſale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The ſtings of hunger, ſoon, and want, he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to ſerve
Fencers for miſerable ſcraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now you ſee a plenteous feaſt;
The queſtion is, at whoſe expence 'tis dreſt.
In great Ventidius we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus the vanity deſpiſe.
Strange ignorance! that the ſame man who knows
How far you mount above this mole-hill ſhows,
Should not perceive a difference as great
Between ſmall incomes and a vaſt eſtate!
From heaven to mortals ſure that rule was ſent,
Of "Know thyſelf," and by ſome god was meant
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courſes which we ſteer.

Therſites, though the moſt preſumptuous Greek,
Yet durſt not for Achilles' armour ſpeak;
When ſcarce Ulyſſes had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words and force of ſenſe:
Fools only make attempts beyond their ſkill;
A wiſe man's power's the limit of his will.
If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyſelf to thrift, not luxury;
And wiſely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which neceſſity confines thy price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable end,
Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
Whoſe large voracious throats have ſwallow'd all,
Both land and ſtock, intereſt and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who ſold his very ring to purchaſe meat;
And, though a knight, 'mongſt common ſlaves now ſtands,
Begging an alms with undiſtinguiſh'd hands.
Sure ſudden death to ſuch ſhould welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps miſery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are ſteps in villainy which theſe
Obſerve to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to reſtore, they ſpend;
But that and their ſmall ſtock of credit gone,
Leſt Rome ſhould grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late years 'tis no more ſcandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than, in the midſt of ſummer's ſcorching heat,
From crowds, and noiſe, and buſineſs, to retreat.
One only grief ſuch fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleaſures left behind,
The plays and looſe diverſions of the place;
But not one bluſh appears for the diſgrace.
Ne'er was of modeſty ſo great a dearth,
That out of countenance Virtue's fled from earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and ſcorn,
She's with Aſtrea gone, not to return.
This day, my Perſicus, thou ſhalt perceive
Whether myſelf I keep thoſe rules I give,
Or elſe an unſuſpected glutton live;
If moderate fare and abſtinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feaſt reviv'd, to-day thou'lt ſee;
That poor Evander, I, and thou ſhalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Meantime, I ſend you now your bill of fare;
Be not ſurpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the ſhambles I provide,
But from my own ſmall farm the tendereſt kid,
And fatteſt of my flock, a ſuckling yet,
That ne'er had nouriſhment but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce graſs; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, ſhall mountain 'ſparagus be laid,
Pull'd by ſome plain, but cleanly country maid.
The largeſt eggs, yet warm within their neſt,
Together with the hens which laid them, dreſt;
Cluſters of grapes preſerv'd for half a year,
Which plump and freſh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, freſh and fair,
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digeſtion now, and fit for uſe.
Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a ſenator:
When the good Curius thought it no diſgrace,
With his own hands a few ſmall herbs to dreſs:
And from his little garden cull'd a feaſt,
Which fetter'd ſlaves would now diſdain to taſte;
For ſcarce a ſlave, but has to dinner now,
The well-dreſs'd paps of a fat pregnant ſow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous treat,
On birth-days, feſtivals, or days of ſtate,
A ſalt dry ſlitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had freſh-meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd
If aught was left of what they ſacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthieſt and the greateſt men in Rome;
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had, at leaſt, thrice conſuls been;
Or the dictator's office had diſcharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to huſband and manure the land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might command.
Then might y' have ſeen the good old general haſte,
Before th' appointed hour, to ſuch a feaſt;
His ſpade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn field.
'Twas then when pious conſuls bore the ſway,
And vice, diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our cenſors then were ſubject to the law,
Ev'n power itſelf of juſtice ſtood in awe.
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
Where largeſt tortoiſe-ſhells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greateſt price be had,
And ſhining jewels to adorn his bed,
That he at vaſt expence might loll his head.
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The ſoldier then, in Grecian arts unſkill'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field;
If cups of ſilver or of gold be brought,
With jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious trappings ſtraight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glittering ſpoil his horſe adorn'd;
Or elſe a helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf ſuckling the twins was there,
And Mars himſelf, arm'd with his ſhield and ſpear,
Hovering above his creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatening death to each reſiſting foe.
No uſe of ſilver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No ſideboards then with gilded plate were dreſs'd,
No ſweating ſlaves with maſſive diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive riot was not underſtood,
But earthern platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the luxury of this?

Heaven unwearied then did bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He ſnuff'd their incenſe with a gracious nod;
And would have ſtill been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol gold.
His golden ſtatues hence the god have driven:
For well he knows where our devotion's given.
'Tis gold we worſhip, though we pray to heaven.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can pleaſe us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The niceſt diſh his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be ſet,
His lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your veniſon's rank, or ointments ſtink.
Order ſome other table to be brought,
Something at great expence in India bought,
Beneath whoſe orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedeſtals of ivory:
He finds no more of that offenſive ſmell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were ſent,
By ſympathy from thoſe o' th' elephant.
But ſuch fine feeders are no gueſts for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then, that unfaſhionable man am I,
With me they'd ſtarve for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole houſe afford,
Not in my very tables, or cheſs-board;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taſte from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſavoury haut-goût from the haft.
A hearty welcome to plain wholeſome meat
You'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal ſtate;
No ſewers nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by ſkilful Trypherus are taught;
In whoſe fam'd ſchools the various forms appear
Of fiſhes, beaſts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his ſcholars learn
How to diſſect, and the nice joints diſcern;
While all the neighbours are with noiſe oppreſt,
From the harſh carving of his wooden feaſt.
On me attends a raw unſkilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my Ganymede:
With diligence he'll ſerve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen veſſels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by ſhameful pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unſkill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb appear,
With honeſt faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou ſhalt my rural pages ſee,
For I have dreſt them both to wait on thee.
Of country ſwains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t' other my ſhepherd's ſon;
A cheerful ſweetneſs in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though ſometimes ſadneſs will o'ercaſt the joy,
And gentle ſighs break from the tender boy;
His abſence from his mother oft' he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wiſhes to return;
Longing to ſee his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain.
A modeſt bluſh he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, ſuch baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen thoſe humble graces ſcorn.
This youth to-day ſhall my ſmall treat attend,
And only he with wine ſhall ſerve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the ſame vines, beneath whoſe fruitful ſhade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh feaſt,
With amorous ſongs and wanton dances grac'd;
When ſprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and friſk in air;
Whoſe pliant limbs in various poſtures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love.
Such ſights the languid nerves to action ſtir,
And jaded luſt ſprings forward with this ſpur.
Virtue would ſhrink to hear this lewdneſs told,
Which huſbands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make them both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to deſire.
But ſhe, who by her ſex's charter muſt
Have double pleaſure paid, feels double luſt;
Apace ſhe warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her boſom heaves, and pulſes beat;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips ſhe lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in paſſion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me nor my eſtate;
Theſe are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on ivory tables dine,
Whoſe marble floors with drunken ſpawlings ſhine;
Let him laſcivious ſongs and dances have,
Which, or to ſee, or hear, the lewdeſt ſlave,
The vileſt proſtitute in all the ſtews,
With baſhful indignation would refuſe.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime:
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
A veſtal raviſh'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diverſions in a lord.
But my poor entertainment is deſign'd
T' afford you pleaſures of another kind:
Yet with your taſte your hearing ſhall be fed,
And Homer's ſacred lines and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're ſung;
Verſe ſo ſublimely good no voice can wrong.
Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealouſies and fears; and, while you may,
To peace and ſoft repoſe give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
Be free; be all uneaſy paſſion ſtill.

What though thy wife do with the morning light
(When thou in vain haſt toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and houſe, abroad to roam,
And, having quench'd her flame, come breathleſs home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with diſorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her boſom bare;
With ears ſtill tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in ſin, ſtill burning in deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content,
Swelling with paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night alarms
You muſt ſeem fond, and doating on her charms,
Take her (the laſt of twenty) to your arms.
Let this, and every other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threſhold be forgot;
All thy domeſtic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adultery, with the ſervant's theft;
And (the moſt racking thought which can intrude)
Forget falſe friends and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalenſian ſhows are in the Circus ſeen;
There (to the bane of horſes) in high ſtate
The Prætor ſits on a triumphal ſeat;
Vainly with enſigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conqueſt from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to ſuch a numerous crowd,
To ſay all Rome) will in the Circus ſweat;
Echoes already do their ſhouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry—"Away, away,
"The green have won the honour of the day."
Oh, ſhould theſe ſports be but one year forborn,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diverſion mourn;
For that would now a cauſe of ſorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such ſhows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vigorous youth to active ſports inclin'd.
On beds of roſes laid, let us repoſe,
While round our heads refreſhing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll baſk in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our eaſe.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common cenſure fear:
On feſtivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the uſual time;
But that continued, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For frequent uſe would the delight exclude;
Pleaſure's a toil when conſtantly purſued.

PROLOGUE TO QUEEN MARY,

Upon her Majeſty's coming to ſee the Old Batchelor, after having ſeen the Double Dealer.

By this repeated act of grace, we ſee
Wit is again the care of Majeſty;
And while thus honour'd our proud ſtage appears,
We ſeem to rival ancient theatres.
Thus flouriſh'd wit in our forefather's age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian ſtage.
Whoſe wit is beſt, we'll not preſume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excel:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, ſeen
So fair a circle, and ſo bright a Queen.
Long has the muſes' land been overcaſt,
And many rough and ſtormy winters paſt;
Hid from the world, and thrown in ſhades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almoſt void of light:
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has ſtruggled ſtrongly with the killing cold:
So does it ſtill through oppoſition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by ſnow:
But when ſhot forth, then draws the danger near,
On every ſide the gathering winds appear,
And blaſts deſtroy that fruit, which froſts would ſpare.
But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth that from this royal preſence flows.
O would ſhe ſhine with rays more frequent here!
How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then, like the ſun, with pleaſure ſhe might view
The ſmiling earth, cloth'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads ſhould various flowers be ſeen
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious Queen.

EPILOGUE

At the opening of the Queen's Theatre, in the Hay-Market,

WITH AN ITALIAN PASTORAL.

Whatever future fate our houſe may find,
At preſent we expect you ſhould be kind;
Inconſtancy itſelf can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You muſt be fix'd a little ere you range,
You muſt be true till you have time to change.
A week, at leaſt; one night is ſure too ſoon:
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty we know you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?
This day, without preſumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;
For not alone our houſe and ſcenes are new,
Our ſong and dance, but even our actors too.
Our play itſelf has ſomething in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one conſtant woman.
In ſweet Italian ſtrains our ſhepherds ſing,
Of harmleſs loves our painted foreſts ring,
In notes, perhaps, leſs foreign than the thing.
To ſound and ſhow at firſt we make pretence,
In time we may regale you with ſome ſenſe,
But that, at preſent, were too great expence.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to-night from ſmutty jeſts debarr'd:
But, in good-breeding, ſure they'll once excuſe
Ev'n modeſty, when in a ſtranger-muſe.

The day's at hand when we ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And to yourſelves ſhow your dear ſelves again:
Paint the reverſe of what you've ſeen to-day,
And in bold ſtrokes the vicious town diſplay.

PROLOGUE TO PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS,

A TRAGEDY.

By Charles Hopkins.

Our age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
For fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt part;
And a good head, more uſeful than a heart.
This way of war does our example yield;
That ſtage will win, which longeſt keeps the field.
We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But ſtarving one another to compliance.
Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd;
And thoſe which firſt are hungry, are ſubdu'd.
And there, in truth, depends the great deciſion:
They conquer, who cut off the foe's proviſion.
Let fools with knocks and bruiſes keep a pother,
Our war and trade is to outwit each other.
But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct and our foreſight fail us;
To raiſe recruits, and draw new forces down;
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,
To muſter up our rhymes, without our reaſon,
And forage for an audience out of ſeaſon?
Our author's fears muſt this falſe ſtep excuſe;
'Tis the firſt flight of a juſt-feather'd muſe:
Th' occaſion ta'en, when critics are away;
Half wits and beaux, thoſe ravenous birds of prey.
But, heaven be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our author his firſt flight commence;
Thus, againſt friends at firſt, with foils we fence:
Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to ſwim upon a table.
Then ſpare the youth; or, if you'll damn the play,
Let him but firſt have his, then take your day.

EPILOGUE TO OROONOKO.

You ſee we try all ſhapes, and ſhifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and ſunſhine mix'd in April weather.
Your different taſtes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the ſock, t'other the buſkin wears:
Thus while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volſcius, hip-hop, in a ſingle boot.
Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books:
But he makes feaſts for friends, and not for cooks.
Though errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profeſſion:
We damſels fly, to ſave our reputation:
So they their valour ſhow; we, our diſcretion.
To lands of monſters and fierce beaſts they go:
We to thoſe iſlands where rich huſbands grow:
Though they're no monſters, we may make them ſo.
If they're of Engliſh growth, they'll bear't with patience:
But ſave us from a ſpouſe of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bleſs your ſtars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindneſs,
Who thought her huſband kill'd her out of kindneſs.
Death with a huſband ne'er had ſhown ſuch charms,
Had ſhe once died within a lover's arms.
Her error was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor ſoul! ſhe wanted ſome of our town-breeding!
Forgive this Indian's fondneſs of her ſpouſe;
Their law no Chriſtian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conſcience of their vows!
If virtue in a heathen be a fault,
Then damn the heathen ſchool where ſhe was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and ſham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PROLOGUE TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,

A COMEDY,

Written by Mr. J. Dryden, Junior.

This year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets, and for blaſted plays:
We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd and over-ſtock'd.
Our authors too, by their ſucceſs of late,
Begin to think third-days are out of date.
What can the cauſe be, that our plays won't keep,
Unleſs they have a rot ſome years, like ſheep?
For our parts, we confeſs, we're quite aſham'd,
To read ſuch weekly bills of poets damn'd.
Each pariſh knows 'tis but a mournful caſe
When chriſtenings fall, and funerals increaſe.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be ſuch wits, and write ſuch things?
You're willing to be waſps, but want the ſtings.
Let not your ſpleen provoke you to that height;
'Odslife! you don't know what you do, ſirs, when you write.
You'll find that Pegaſus has tricks, when try'd,
Though you make nothing on't, but up and ride:
Ladies and all, i'faith, now get aſtride.
Contriving characters, and ſcenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots:
With the ſame eaſe, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
Though this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould ſtop,
But ſhould they write, we muſt e'en ſhut up ſhop.

How ſhall we make this mode of writing ſink?
A mode, ſaid I? 'tis a diſeaſe I think,
A ſtubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink.
For ſtill it ſpreads, till each th' infection takes,
And ſeizes ten, for one that it forſakes.
Our play to-day is ſprung from none of theſe;
Nor ſhould you damn it, though it does not pleaſe,
Since born without the bounds of your four ſeas.
For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet as a ſtranger, there is ſomething due:
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was ſent;
Start not at Rome! for there's no popery meant:
Though there the poet may his dwelling chooſe,
Yet ſtill he knows his country claims his muſe.
Hither an offering his firſt-born he ſends,
Whoſe good, or ill ſucceſs, on you depends.
Yet he has hope ſome kindneſs may be ſhown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the fire may for the ſon atone.
There's his laſt refuge, if the play don't take,
Yet ſpare young Dryden for his father's ſake.

PROLOGUE TO A VERY GOOD WIFE,

A COMEDY, BY POWELL.

Spoken by Mr. Haines.

Here's a young fellow here—an actor—Powell—
One whoſe perſon, perhaps, you all may know well;
And he has writ a play—this very play
Which you are all come here to ſee, to-day;
And ſo, it being an uſual thing to ſpeak
Something or other for the author's ſake,
Before the play (in hopes to make it take)
I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,
To ſay what (if you pleaſe) you're like to hear.
Firſt know, that favour which I'd fain have ſhown,
I aſk not for, in his name, but my own;
For, without vanity, I'm better known.
Mean time then, let me beg you would forbear
Your cat-calls, and the inſtruments of war.
For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,
Before your roaring gods deſt oy us all!
I'll ſpeak with words ſweet as diſtilling honey,
With words—as if I meant to borrow money;
Fair, gentle ſirs, moſt ſoft alluring beaux,
Think 'tis a lady, that for pity ſues.
Bright ladies—but to gain the ladies grace,
I think I need no more than ſhow my face.
Next then, you authors, be not you ſevere;
Why, what a ſwarm of ſcribblers have we here!
One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten,
All in one row, and brothers of the pen.
All would be poets; well, your favour's due
To this day's author, for he's one of you.
Among the few which are of noted fame,
I'm ſafe; for I myſelf am one of them.
You've ſeen me ſmoke at Will's among the wits;
I'm witty too, as they are—that's by fits.
Now, you, our city friends, who hither come
By three o'clock, to make ſure elbow-room:
While ſpouſe, tuckt-up, does in her pattens trudge it,
With handkerchief of prog, like troll with budget,
And here, by turns, you eat plumb cake and judge it;
Pray be you kind, let me your grace importune,
Or elſe—egad, I'll tell you all your fortune.
Well now, I have but one thing more to ſay,
And that's in reference to our third day;
An odd requeſt—may be you'll think it ſo;
Pray come, whether you like the play or no:
And if you'll ſtay, we ſhall be glad to ſee you,
If not—leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi' you!

PROLOGUE TO THE COURT,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

The happy muſe, to this high ſcene preferr'd,
Hereafter ſhall in loftier ſtrains be heard;
And, ſoaring to tranſcend her uſual theme,
Shall ſing of virtue and heroic fame.
No longer ſhall ſhe toil upon the ſtage,
And fruitleſs war with vice and folly wage;
No more in mean diſguiſe ſhe ſhall appear,
And ſhapes ſhe would reform be forc'd to wear:
While ignorance and malice join'd to blame,
And break the mirror that reflects their ſhame.
Henceforth ſhe ſhall purſue a nobler taſk,
Show her bright virgin face, and ſcorn the ſatyr's maſk.
Happy her future days! which are deſign'd
Alone to paint the beauties of the mind:
By juſt originals to draw with care,
And copy from the court a faultleſs fair:
Such labours with ſucceſs her hopes may crown,
And ſhame to manners an incorrigible town.
While this deſign her eager thought purſues,
Such various virtues all around ſhe views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to chooſe.
Yet ſtill ambitious of the daring flight,
One only awes her with ſuperior light.
From that attempt the conſcious muſe retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aſpires;
But ſecretly applauds, and ſilently admires.
Hence ſhe reflects upon the genial ray
That firſt enliven'd this auſpicious day:
On that bright ſtar, to whoſe indulgent power
We owe the bleſſings of the preſent hour.
Concurring omens of propitious fate
Pore, with one ſacred birth an equal date;
Whence we derive whatever we poſſeſs,
By foreign conqueſt, or domeſtic peace.
Then, Britain, then, thy dawn of bliſs begun;
Then broke the morn that lighted up this ſun!
Then was it doom'd whoſe councils ſhould ſucceed,
And by whoſe arm the Chriſtian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE TEARS OF

AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS,

A PASTORAL;

Lamenting the death of the Late

LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD GODOLPHIN, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

" Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
" Amiſſus queritur fœtus—
" ——————miſerabile carmen
" Integrat, et mœſtis latè lòca queſtibus implet."
VIRG. Georg. 4.

'TWAS at the time when new-returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the ſight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
When wholly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy ſides firſt ſhake the ſilver dew.
'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her deſpair,
Forſook her myrtle bower, and roſy bed, [dead.
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas
Who had a heart ſo hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? who ſuch relentleſs eyes?
Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb diſtreſs, and new compaſſion ſhow;
As taught by her to taſte of human woe.
Nature herſelf attentive ſilence kept,
And motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept;
The riſing ſun reſtrain'd his fiery courſe,
And rapid rivers liſten'd at their ſource;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying ſound,
Leſt repetition ſhould her accents drown;
The very morning wind withheld his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiſeleſs trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with loved Amyntas laid.
No noiſe, no whiſpering ſigh, no murmuring groan,
Preſum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguiſh could expreſs,
All other mourning would have made it leſs.
" Hear me," ſhe cried, " ye nymphs and ſylvan gods,
" Inhabitants of theſe once-lov'd abodes;
" Hear my diſtreſs, and lend a pitying ear,
" Hear my complaint—you would not hear my prayer;
" The loſs which you prevented not, deplore,
" And mourn with me Amyntas now no more.
" Have I not cauſe, ye cruel powers, to mourn?
" Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
" Tell me, thou ſun that round the world doth ſhine,
" Haſt thou beheld another loſs like mine?
" Ye winds, who on your wings ſad accents bear,
" And catch the ſounds of ſorrow and deſpair,
" Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
" Such weight of woe, ſuch deadly ſighs, before?
" Tell me, thou earth, on whoſe wide ſpreading
" The wretched load is laid of human race, [baſe
" Doſt thou not feel thyſelf with me oppreſt?
" Lie all the dead ſo heavy on thy breaſt?
" When hoary winter on thy ſhrinking head
" His icy, cold depreſſing hand has laid,
" Haſt thou not felt leſs chillneſs in thy veins?
" Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
" But why to thee do I relate my woe.
" Thou cruel earth, my moſt remorſeleſs foe,
" Within whoſe darkſome womb the grave is made,
" Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
" What is't to me, though on thy naked head
" Eternal winter ſhould his horror ſhed, [froſt,
" Though all thy nerves are numb'd with endleſs
" And all thy hopes of future ſpring were loſt?
" To me what comfort can the ſpring afford?
" Can my Amyntas be with ſpring reſtor'd?
" Can all the rains that fall from weeping ſkies,
" Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
" No, never! never!—Say then, rigid earth,
" What is to me thy everlaſting dearth?
" Though never flower again its head ſhould rear,
" Though never tree again ſhould bloſſom bear,
" Though never graſs ſhould clothe the naked ground, [found.
" Nor ever healing plant or wholeſome herb be
" None, none were found when I bewail'd their want; [plant,
" Nor wholeſome herb was found, nor healing
" To eaſe Amyntas of his cruel pains;
" In vain I ſearch'd the valleys, hills and plains;
" But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
" Or poiſonous weeds diſtilling deadly dew.
" And if ſome naked ſtalk, not quite decay'd,
" To yield a freſh and friendly bud eſſay'd,
" Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender ſhoot,
" A ſhrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
" Witneſs to this, ye fawns of every wood,
" Who at the prodigy aſtoniſh'd ſtood.
" Well I remember what ſad ſigns ye made,
" What ſhowers of unavailing tears ye ſhed;
" How each ran fearful to his moſſy cave,
" When the laſt gaſp the dear Amyntas gave.
" For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
" And ſudden night o'erſpread the darken'd ſkies;
" Phantoms, and fiends, and wandering fires appear'd,
" And ſcreams of ill-prefaging birds were heard.
" The foreſt ſhook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
" And frighted ſtreams their wonted channels left;
" With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
" Where many a herd and harmleſs ſwain was drown'd;
" While I forlorn and deſolate was left,
" Of every help, of every hope bereft;
" To every element expos'd I lay,
" And to my griefs a more defenceleſs prey.
" For thee, Amyntas, all theſe pains were borne,
" For thee theſe hands were wrung, theſe hairs were torn;
" For thee my ſoul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
" Theſe eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.

" To mourn thy fall, I'll fly the hated light,
" And hide my head in ſhades of endleſs night:
" For thou wert light, and life, and health to me;
" The ſun but thankleſs ſhines that ſhows not thee.
" Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
" The joy of ſight, the talk of every tongue?
" Did ever branch ſo ſweet a bloſſom bear?
" Or ever early fruit appear ſo fair?
" Did ever youth ſo far his years tranſcend?
" Did ever life ſo immaturely end?
" For thee the tuneful ſwains provided lays,
" And every muſe prepar'd thy future praiſe.
" For thee the buſy nymph ſtripp'd every grove,
" And myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets wove.
" But now, ah diſmal change! the tuneful throng
" To loud lamentings turn the cheerful ſong,
" Their pleaſing taſk the weeping virgins leave,
" And with unfiniſh'd garlands ſtrew thy grave.
" There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
" There grieving grow to earth, deſpair, and die."
This ſaid, her loud complaint of force ſhe ceas'd,
Exceſs of grief her faultering ſpeech ſuppreſs'd.
Along the ground her colder limbs ſhe laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
Then from her ſwimming eyes began to pour
Of ſoftly falling rain a ſilver ſhower;
Her looſely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'erſpread the dewy graſs like ſtreams of light:
As if the ſun had of his beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to earth the glories he had worn.
A ſight ſo lovely ſad, ſuch deep diſtreſs,
No tongue can tell, no pencil can expreſs.
And now the winds, which had ſo long been ſtill,
Began the ſwelling air with ſighs to fill:
The water-nymphs, who motionleſs remain'd,
Like images of ice, while ſhe complain'd,
Now loos'd their ſtreams; as when deſcending rains
Roll the ſteep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone creation, who ſo long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Diſmal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and ſighs were heard around,
And Echo multiplied each mournful ſound.
When all at once an univerſal pauſe
Of grief was made, as from ſome ſecret cauſe.
The balmy air with fragrant ſcents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums diſtill'd.
Such, if not ſweeter, was the rich perfume
Which ſwift aſcended from Amyntas' tomb:
As if th' Arabian bird her neſt had fir'd,
And on the ſpicy pile were now expir'd.
And now the turf, which late was naked ſeen,
Was ſudden ſpread with lively-ſpringing green;
And Amaryllis ſaw, with wondering eyes,
A flowery bed, where ſhe had wept, ariſe;
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had ſhed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From every tear that fell a violet grew,
And thence their ſweetneſs came, and thence their mournful hue.
Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When ſolitude ye ſeek in gloomy ſhades;
Or walk on banks where ſilent waters flow,
For there this lovely flower will love to grow.
Think on Amyntas oft as ye ſhall ſtoop
To crop the ſtalks, and take them ſoftly up.
When in your ſnowy necks their ſweets you wear,
Give a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear:
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
And bleſs his peaceful grave, where firſt they grew.

TO CYNTHIA,

WEEPING, AND NOT SPEAKING.

ELEGY.

Why are thoſe hours, which heaven in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitleſs ſorrow ſpent?
Why ſighs my fair? why does that boſom move
With any paſſion ſtirr'd, but riſing love?
Can diſcontent find place within that breaſt,
On whoſe ſoft pillows ev'n deſpair might reſt?
Divide thy woes, and give me my ſad part;
I am no ſtranger to an aching heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it to give you relief;
All love's ſevereſt pangs I can endure:
I can bear pain, though hopeleſs of a cure,
I know what 'tis to weep, and ſigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
I know what 'tis to wiſh, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble love, unkind diſdain:
Anger and hate I have been forc'd to hear,
Nay, jealouſy—and I have felt deſpair.
Theſe pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love,
Till warm compaſſion took at length my part,
And melted to my wiſh your yielding heart.
O the dear hour in which you did reſign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And, in a kiſs, you ſaid your heart was mine.
Through each returning year may that hour be
Diſtinguiſh'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the ſun that hour in all his light,
Let him collect the day to be more bright,
Shine all that hour, and let the reſt be night.
And ſhall I all this heaven of bliſs receive
From you, yet not lament to ſee you grieve
Shall I, who nouriſh'd in my breaſt deſire,
When your cold ſcorn and frowns forbid the fire;
Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our ſouls is ſeal'd,
When all my joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not ſhare the ſorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does ariſe
This flood of tears? whence are theſe frequent ſighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flower
Oppreſs'd with drops of a hard-falling ſhower,
Bend with its weight of grief, and ſeem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiſs the root of woe?
Lean on my breaſt, and let me fold thee faſt,
Lock'd in theſe arms, think all thy ſorrows paſt;
Or what remain think lighter made by me;
So I ſhould think, were I ſo held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;

Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O speak—for woe in silence most appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
Is there a cause which words can not express?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it less?
I know not what to think—am I in fault?
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love; nor would I be
Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep afresh, and at that word you start!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part?
Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,
For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.
Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,
And racking fears and restless doubts increase
And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
The hottest hell, in which a heart can burn.

AMORET.

I.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

II.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they would by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

LESBIA.

When Lesbia first I saw so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound.
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

Doris, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush, and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint th' injurious theft.

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furnish'd front disdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size, she is nor short, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint.

Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice,
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill disguise.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great contempt,
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects:

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant,
Or, if you please, her will:
For, when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,

And ſtare upon the ſtrange man's face,
As one ſhe ne'er had known.

So well ſhe can the truth diſguiſe,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or diſtruſts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some cenſure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we beſtow
Beſpeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor aſks, nor needs:
For all her favours done
From her love flow, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the ſun.

On one or other ſtill her fires
Diſplay their genial force;
And ſhe, like Sol, alone retires,
To ſhine elſewhere of courſe.

TO SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O SLEEP! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How ſoon a troubled breaſt thy falſehood finds!
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no diſtreſs is ſhown, nor want betray'd:
But oh! how ſwift, how ſure thou art to ſhun
The wretch by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy ſofter powers,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why doſt thou ceaſe thy hovering wings to ſpread,
With friendly ſhade, around my reſtleſs bed?
Can no complainings thy compaſſion move?
Is thy antipathy ſo ſtrong to love?
O no! thou art the proſperous lover's friend,
And doſt uncall'd his pleaſing toils attend.
With equal kindneſs, and with rival charms,
Thy ſlumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms;
Or from her boſom he to thine retires, [ſpires,
Where, ſooth'd with eaſe, the panting youth re-
'Till ſoft repoſe reſtore his drooping ſenſe,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh! what torture does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by deſpair!
From racking thoughts by [illegible]nd ſlumber freed,
But painful nights his joyl[illegible]days ſucceed.
But why, dull god, do [illegible]ce complain?
Thou didſt not cauſe, [illegible]anſt thou eaſe my pain.
Forgive what my diſ[illegible]ng grief has ſaid;
I own, unjuſtly I thy [illegible]h upbraid.
For oft I have thy [illegible]er'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant [illegible] from reſt withheld;
Implor'd the muſe to break thy gentle chains,
And ſung with Philomel my nightly ſtrains.
With her I ſing, but ceaſe not with her ſong,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my diſtreſs his warbling throat:
Each ſetting and each riſing ſun I mourn,
Wailing alike his abſence and return.

And all for thee—what had I well-nigh ſaid?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No, as the wing'd muſicians of the grove,
Th' aſſociates of my melody and love,
In moving ſound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So ſhall my muſe my tuneful ſorrows ſing,
And loſe in air her name from whom they ſpring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind moleſt,
Soft be her ſlumbers, and ſincere her reſt:
For her, O Sleep! thy balmy ſweets prepare;
The peace I loſe for her, to her transfer.
Huſh'd as the falling dews, whoſe noiſeleſs ſhowers
Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow: and as thoſe dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking day to re-aſcend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently riſe,
And to the world reſtore the day-break of her eyes.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY

L——Y——'S PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller! to ſuperior ſkill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquiſh'd muſe exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praiſe.
Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace ſome image of the much lov'd fair;
But ſtill my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather ſhow'd how much, than whom, I lov'd:
But thy unerring hands, with matchleſs art,
Have ſhown my eyes th' impreſſion in my heart;
The bright idea both exiſts and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:
Whoſe daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others ſome faint reſemblance may expreſs,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by gueſs.
Thy pictures raiſe no doubts; when brought to view,
At once they're known, and ſeem to know us too.
Tranſcendent artiſt! how complete thy ſkill?
Thy power to act is equal to thy will.
Nature and art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppoſe each other, but befriend;
For what thy fancy has with fire deſign'd,
Is by thy ſkill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures light conſents with ſhade,
And each to other is ſubſervient made;
Judgment and genius ſo concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.
But after-days, my friend, muſt do thee right,
And ſet thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vaſt deſert is kept in ſtore,
Unpaid, till the deſerver is no more.
Yet thou, in preſent, the beſt part haſt gain'd,
And from the choſen few applauſe obtain'd:
Ev'n he who beſt could judge, and beſt could praiſe,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathleſs lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone ſuffice thee, think that fame.

Unfit I follow where he led the way,
And court applauſe by what I ſeem to pay.
Myſelf I praiſe, while I thy praiſe intend,
For 'tis ſome virtue, virtue to commend;
And next to deeds which our own honour raiſe,
Is to diſtinguiſh them who merit praiſe.

TO A CANDLE.

ELEGY.

Thou watchful taper, by whoſe ſilent light
I lonely paſs the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witneſs of my ſecret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain:
O learn with me my hopeleſs love to moan;
Commiſerate a life ſo like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my deſtruction turn,
Waſting that heart by which ſupply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and ſuffering they diſplay;
At once are ſigns of life, and ſymptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night preſume to ſhine;
Their humble rays not daring to aſpire
Before the ſun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conſcious ſhame, and equal awe,
To ſhades obſcure, and ſolitude withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright beams their being firſt aroſe.

OVID's THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ART OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

Wherein he recommends the rules and inſtructions to the Fair Sex in the conduct of their amours; after having already compoſed two books for the uſe of Men upon the ſame ſubject.

The men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair.
Both ſexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty love determine which ſhall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to ſhow
Unequal force againſt a naked foe:
No glory from ſuch conqueſt can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave diſdain'd.
But ſome exclaim, "What phrenzy rules your
" mind?
" Would you increaſe the craft of woman kind!
" Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you
" may
" Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey."
But, ſure, too hard a cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.
Examine firſt impartially each fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If Menelaus, and the king of men,
With juſtice of their ſiſter-wives complain;
If falſe Eriphyle forſook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her huſband's death;
Penelope was loyal ſtill, and chaſte,
Though twenty years her lord in abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd,
Who, though in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her huſband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceſte's piety was prov'd,
Who loſt her life to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, Capaneus, Evadne cry'd;
Nor death itſelf our nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire;
She ſaid, and leap'd amid the funeral fire.
Virtue herſelf a goddeſs we confeſs,
Both female in her name and in her dreſs;
No wonder then, if, to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little ſail.
Of ſportive loves I ſing, and ſhow what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe her bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe'd pleaſe,
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain, love's dart:
Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with care,
You'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs Jaſon from Medea fled,
And made Creuſa partner of his bed.
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown ſhore
Thy abſence, perjur'd Theſeus, did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theſeus, to thy care.
Inquire the cauſe, and let Demophoon tell,
Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She ſought th' appointed ſhore, and view'd the ſea:
Her fall the fading trees conſent to mourn,
And ſhed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince ſo far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn and languiſhing with grief,
His ſword alone he left, thy laſt relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, ſhall I the cauſe impart
Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.
Love of itſelf too quickly will expire;
But powerful art perpetuates deſire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.
Before my ſight the Cyprian goddeſs ſhone,
And thus ſhe ſaid; "What have poor women
done?
" Why is that weak, defenceleſs ſex expos'd,
" On every ſide, by men well arm'd, incloſ'd?
" Twice are the men inſtructed by the muſe,
" Nor muſt ſhe now to teach the ſex refuſe.
" The Bard, who injur'd Helen in his ſong,
" Recanted after, and redreſs'd the wrong.
" And you, if on my favour you depend,
" The cauſe of women, while you live, defend."

This ſaid, a myrtle ſprig, which berries bore
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath ſhe wore).
The gift receiv'd, my ſenſe enlighten'd grew,
And from her preſence inſpiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd, mind:
And hear my precepts, while ſhe prompts my
E'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waſte your time:
Now, while you may, and ripening years invite,
Enjoy the ſeaſonable, ſweet delight:
For rolling years, like ſtealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to ſtop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not hereafter will the loſs repay;
For every morrow will the taſte decay,
And leave leſs reliſh than the former day.
I've ſeen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming roſe vied with the bluſhing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my
head,
And ſee how leafleſs now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-ſick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will preſs upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to ſtrew your ſtreet with morning
flowers.
Then nightly knockings at your door will ceaſe,
Whoſe noiſeleſs hammer, then, may ruſt in peace.
Alas, how ſoon a clear complexion fades!
How ſoon a wrinkled ſkin plump fleſh invades!
And what avails it, though the fair-one ſwears
She from her infancy had ſome gray hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The ſnake his ſkin, the deer his horns may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigours paſt:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.
Then crop the flower which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its ſtalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender ſex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too ſoon will youth impair:
Continual harveſt wears the fruitful field,
And earth itſelf decays too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, Cynthia, ſcorn the Latmian ſwain;
Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus diſdain;
The Paphian queen, who for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like them love.
Refuſe not thoſe delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languiſh with deſire.
Falſe though they prove, what loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 'twill all remain.
Though conſtant uſe ev'n flint and ſteel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women loſe, you cry, if men obtain;
What do they loſe, that's worthy to retain?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the ſex,
But undeceive whom needleſs fears perplex.
Thus far a gentle breeze ſupplies our ſail,
Now launch'd to ſea, we aſk a briſker gale.
And, firſt, we treat of dreſs. The well-dreſs'd
vine
Produces plumpeſt grapes, and richeſt wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the ſex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, though heavenly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days if women ſlighted dreſs,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If Hector's ſpouſe was clad in ſtubborn ſtuff,
A ſoldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample breaſt, provides
Seven luſty bulls, and tans their ſturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude ſimplicity Rome firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This capitol with that of old compare;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worſhipp'd there.
That lofty pile, where ſenates dictate law, [ſtraw.
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with
And where Apollo's fane refulgent ſtands,
Was heretofore a track of paſture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And diſtant ſhores for orient pearls are ſought:
Nor for, that hills exhauſt their marble veins,
And ſtructures riſe whoſe bulk the ſea reſtrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſh'd from the ruſt of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroidery, or brocade, appear;
Too rich a dreſs may ſometimes check deſire,
And cleanlineſs more animates love's fire.
The hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a grace,
And much become, or miſbecome the face.
What ſuits your features, of your glaſs inquire;
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long ſhould part and flat the hair,
Left, upward comb'd, the length too much ap-
So Laodamia dreſs'd. A face too round [pear—
Should ſhow the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.
On either ſhoulder, one her locks diſplays;
Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he ſings his lays:
Another, all her treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Diſhevell'd locks moſt graceful are to ſome;
Others, the binding fillets more become:
Some plait, like ſpiral ſhells, their braided hair,
Others, the looſe and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the ſeveral dreſſes worn,
Which artfully each ſeveral face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beaſts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are, who ſeem to ſlight all care,
And with a pleaſing negligence enſnare;
Whoſe mornings oft in ſuch a dreſs are ſpent,
And all is art that looks like accident.
With ſuch diſorder Iole was grac'd,
When great Alcides firſt the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete ſhe fled.

Nature, indulgent to the ſex, repays
The loſſes they ſuſtain, by various ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe hairs they ſhed in age,
Loſt, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage,
Women, with juice of herbs, gray locks diſguiſe,
And art gives colour which with nature vies.
The well-wove towers they wear, their own are thought;
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they bluſh to buy heads ready dreſs'd,
And thooſe, at public ſhops, what ſuits them beſt.
Coſtly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly muſt in ſuch expence appear,
When more becoming colours are leſs dear?
One with a dye is tinig'd of lovely blue;
Such as, through air ſerene, the ſky we view.
With yellow luſtre ſee another ſpread,
As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread.
Some of the ſea-green wave the caſt diſplay;
With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array;
And ſome the ſaffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the bluſhing morn.
Of myrtle-berries, one the tincture ſhows;
In this, of amethyſts, the purple grows,
And that more imitates the paler roſe.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whoſe ſilvery plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
Nor almond, nor the chelnut dye diſclaim;
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find, with various flowers o'erſpread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's froſt is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which, the thirſty wool imbibes the dye.
Try every one: what beſt becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the ſkin, black may become it beſt,
In black the lovely fair Briſeis dreſs'd:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white,
Andromeda ſo charm'd the wondering ſight.
I need not warn you of too powerful ſmells,
Which ſometimes healeth, or kindly hear, expels.
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The caſual growth of all unſeemly hair.
Though not to nymphs of Caucaſus I ſing,
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the Myſian ſpring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, through no neglect,
You let your teeth diſcloſe the leaſt defect.
You know the uſe of white to make you fair,
And how, with red, loſt colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And ſkin when wanting, o'er a ſcar extend.
Nor need the fair one be aſham'd, who tries
By art, to add new luſtre to her eyes.
A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preſerve the face, and how repair.
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May ſee, what pains to pleaſe them I've employ'd.
But, ſtill beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the medicines you apply:
Though art aſſiſts, yet muſt that art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.
Who would not take offence, to ſee a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted greaſe?
And though your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unſavoury ſcept is ſtill the ſame.
Marrow of ſtags nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the ſight.
Ev'n Myro's ſtatutes, which for art ſurpaſs
All other's, once were but a ſhapeleſs maſs;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unſhorn.
Think, how that ſtone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect Venus ſhows to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from obſervers, in ſome ſecret place.
Add the laſt hand, before yourſelves you ſhow;
Your need of art, why ſhould your lovers know?
For many things, when moſt conceal'd, are beſt;
And few of ſtrict inquiry bear the teſt.
Thoſe figures which in theatres are ſeen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no ſpectators are allow'd to pry,
Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair-one comb her hair in ſight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her ſhoulder ſpread;
But let her look, that ſhe with care avoid
All fretful humours, while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh haſte,
All that her woman does, who does her beſt.
I hate a vixen, that her maid aſſails,
And ſcratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears muſt mourn,
And her heart curſes what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but ſome,
Plant centinels before her dreſſing-room:
Or in the fane of the good goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd acceſs.
'Tis ſaid, that I (but 'tis a tale deviſ'd)
A lady at her toilet once ſurpris'd;
Who, ſtarting, ſnatch'd in haſte the tower ſhe wore,
And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall every ſuch diſgrace,
Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches beſt adorn;
A leafeleſs tree, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairleſs head.
But think not theſe inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate beauties of the finiſh'd kind:
Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, theſe my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whoſe charms
Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won;
What lover, or what huſband, would not fight
In ſuch a cauſe, where both are in the right?
The crowd I teach, ſome homely, and ſome fair,
But of the former ſort, the larger ſhare.
The handſome leaſt require the help of art,
Rich in themſelves, and pleas'd with nature's part.

When calm the ſea, at eaſe the pilot lies,
But all his ſkill exerts when ſtorms ariſe.
Faults in your perſon, or your face, correct:
And few are ſeen that have not ſome defect.
The nymph too ſhort her ſeat ſhould ſeldom quit,
Leſt, when ſhe ſtands, ſhe may be thought to ſit;
And when extended on her couch ſhe lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her ſize.
The lean of thick-wrought ſtuff her clothes ſhould chooſe,
And fuller made, than what the plumper uſe.
If pale, let her the crimſon juice apply;
If ſwarthy, to the Pharian varniſh fly.
A leg too lank, tight garters ſtill muſt wear;
Nor ſhould an ill-ſhap'd foot be ever bare.
Round ſhoulders, bolſter'd, will appear the leaſt;
And lacing ſtrait, confines too full a breaſt.
Whoſe fingers are too fat, and nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much geſture in diſcourſe.
And you, whoſe breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another ſpeak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whoſe teeth are black, uneven, or unſound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or ſpoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your gums,
And loſe the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your ſides too ſtrong concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the ſoftneſs of the ſex forſake.
In ſome, diſtortions quite the face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one, too hoarſe a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd.
What cannot art attain! many, with eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they pleaſe.
Others, through affectation, liſp, and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too maſculine a motion ſhocks the ſight;
But female grace allures with ſtrange delight.
One has an artful ſwing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the ſwelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they looſely flow,
And every ſtep and graceful motion ſhow.
Another, like an Umbrian's ſturdy ſpouſe,
Strides all the ſpace her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjuſt;
Nor ſhow too nice a gait, nor too robuſt.
If ſnowy white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left arm, bare,
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.
Syrens, though monſters of the ſtormy main,
Can ſhips, when under ſail, with ſongs, detain:
Scarce could Ulyſſes by his friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
Singing inſinuates; learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perſuades,
Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
Or in Ruelle ſome ſoft Egyptian air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.

The rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſts to liſten ſtay'd,
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd;
Ev'n Cerberus and hell that ſound obey'd.
And ſtones officious were, thy walls to raiſe,
O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays.
The dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion, by thy ſongs inſpir'd.
Of ſweet Callimachus the works rehearſe,
And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verſe.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But ſofteſt Sappho beſt inſtructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verſe to theſe ſucceed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruſe;
Of all the Latin bards the nobleſt muſe.
Ev'n I, 'tis poſſible, in after-days,
May 'ſcape oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labour'd lines ſome readers may approve,
Since I've inſtructed either ſex in love.
Whatever book you read of this ſoft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.
Tender epiſtles too by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd,
Such was your ſacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo! and, Lyæus, thine!
Still unaccompliſh'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept dancers of the ſtage.
Of ſome old trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Though it becomes the ſex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at cheſs to be expert,
For games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.
Learn every game, you'll find it prove of uſe;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But eaſier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then each breaſt is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then baſe deſire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the ſky,
While loſing gameſters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd every caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay, weep at laſt.
Good Jove, avert ſuch ſhameful faults as theſe
From every nymph whoſe heart 's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher ſports deſign'd:
To wield the ſword, and hurl the pointed ſpear;
To ſtop, or turn the ſteed in full career.
Though martial fields ill ſuit your tender frames,
Nor may you ſwim in Tiber's rapid ſtreams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing Virgin's ſign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you ſhould repair
To pleaſant walks, and breathe refreſhing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the ſhady groves
Which Cæſar honours, and which Phœbus loves;
Phœbus, who ſunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Auguſtus' victory complete.

Or ſeek thoſe ſhades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's name;
Or where Agrippa firſt adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Iſis' fane, to theatres reſort;
And in the circus ſee the noble ſport.
In every public place, by turns, be ſhown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in ſinging, Thamyras tranſcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your ſkill commend?
Had not Apelles drawn the ſea-born queen,
Her beauties ſtill beneath the waves had been.
Poets, inſpir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repaid with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of gods and kings the moſt peculiar care;
Majeſtic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich poſſeſſions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the poet's ſtatue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still, there's a pleaſure, that proceeds from praiſe:
What could the high renown of Homer raiſe,
But that he ſung his Iliad's deathleſs lays?
Who could have been of Danae's charms aſſur'd,
Had ſhe grown old, within her tower immur'd?
This, as a rule, let every nymph purſue;
That 'tis her intereſt oft to come in view.
A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, through many, to make ſure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing crowd aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.
In every place to pleaſe, be all her thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil;
Anon, the ſtag himſelf ſhall ſeek the toil.
How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whoſe charms are heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair who ſees her lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new deſire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with funeral fire.
Beware of men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd;
And look, you fly with ſpeed a fop profeſs'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thouſand more,
Will tell the ſame dull ſtory o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such flattering things all women ſure ſhould hate,
Light as themſelves, and more effeminate.
Believe me, all I ſay is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy ſtill had ſtood.
Many, with baſe deſigns, will paſſion feign,
Who know no love, but ſordid love of gain.
But let no powder'd heads, nor eſſenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, eaſy hearts enſnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common ſharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lover burn with fierce deſire
Your jewels to enjoy, and beſt attire.
Poor Cloe, robb'd, runs crying through the ſtreets
And as ſhe runs, "Give me my own," repeats
How often, Venus, haſt thou heard ſuch cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy Appian votaries!
Some ſo notorious are, their very name
Muſt every nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have deſtroy'd;
And faithleſs men with conſtant care avoid.
Truſt not a Theſeus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has ſo oft th' atteſting gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoon, heir to Theſeus' crimes,
Haſt loſt thy credit to all future times.
Promiſe for promiſe equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your words
For ſhe for any act of hell is fit,
And, undiſmay'd, may ſacrilege commit,
With impious hands could quench the veſtal fire,
Poiſon her huſband in her arms for hire;
Who firſt to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
But hold, my muſe, check thy unruly horſe,
And more in ſight purſue th' intended courſe.
If love-epiſtles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are ſent, to ſound your heart;
Let all ſuch letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be ſecretly convey'd:
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a paſſion is, and when ſincere.
Ere in return you write, ſome time require;
Delays, if not too long, increaſe deſire:
Nor let the preſſing youth with eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude diſdain:
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increaſe,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.
Be ſure avoid set phraſes, when you write
The uſual way of ſpeech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A ſtyle too coarſe takes from a handſome face,
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.
But ſince (though chaſtity be not your care),
You from your huſband ſtill would hide th' affair,
Write to no ſtranger till his truth be try'd,
Nor in a fooliſh meſſenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whoſe hand the traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who, raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enſlav'd!
Such treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe diſcoveries ſure as light'ning blaſt
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhould with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.
But ſince your letters may be brought to light
What if in ſeveral hands you learn'd to write!
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
Firſt rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you ſubſcribe a female name.
Now greater things to tell, my muſe prepare
And clap on all the ſail the bark can bear.

Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the fineſt face:
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.
When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; ſhe flung it quite aſide:
"Nor is thy muſic ſo much worth," ſhe cry'd.
Look in your glaſs when you with anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know.
Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the ſight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome airs diſguſt create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad Tecmeſſa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mourning beauties ſullen heroes move,
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, waſtes all the night.
Had they not both born children (to be plain),
I ne'er could think they'd with their huſbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
"My life, my ſoul;" or ſpeak endearing words.
Why from compariſons ſhould I refrain,
Or fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent generals uſe,
And how their ſeveral officers they chooſe;
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horſe is thought more fit.
So you your ſeveral lovers ſhould ſelect,
And, as you find them qualified, direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend;
The lawyer ſhould, in courts, your cauſe defend.
We, who write verſe, with verſe alone ſhould bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame ſhall through the world be blaz'd;
So Nemeſis, ſo Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From eaſt to weſt, Lycoris' praiſes ring;
Nor are Corinna's ſilent, whom we ſing.
No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere:
Nor wealth he ſeeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But ſhuns the bar; and books and ſhades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With eaſe we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our ſofter ſtudies with our ſouls combine,
And both to tenderneſs our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's prayer,
The God that fills him, and the muſe revere;
Something divine is in us, and from heaven
Th' inſpiring ſpirit can alone be given.

'Tis ſin, a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a ſin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from ſight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new admirer fright.
As ſkilful riders rein with different force,
A new-back'd courſer, and a well-train'd horſe;
Do you, by different management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind careſſes oft indulge the boy,
And all the harveſt of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of rivals moſt beware;
Nor love nor empire can a rival bear.
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth diſdains, endure:
No windows break, nor houſes ſet on fire,
Nor tear their own, or miſtreſs's attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs reſent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but ſooner dies;
Then ſwiftly ſeize the joy that ſwiftly flies.
Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How ſurely to enſlave ourſelves we ſhow!
To truſt a traitor, you'll no ſcruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your ſake.
Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her lover loſe;
Would you retain him long, then long refuſe.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore
Ships, by fair winds are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
The huſband, when he pleaſes, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry
"Here's no admittance, Sir; I muſt deny."
The very huſband, ſo repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.
Thus far with foils you've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
I now ſharp weapons for the ſex provide;
No doubt, againſt myſelf to ſee them try'd.
When firſt a lover you deſign to charm
Beware, leſt jealouſies his ſoul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the ſkill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man
Anon, by due degrees, ſmall doubts create,
And let him fear ſome rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which elſe would languiſh, and too ſoon grow old
Then ſtrains the courſer, to outſtrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, ſuſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your huſband's ſpies beſet the door:
Though free as Thais, ſtill affect a fright,
For ſeeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in through your window ſteal,
Though he might enter at the door as well;

And ſometimes let your maid ſurpriſe pretend,
And beg you in ſome hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon diſpel his fear,
And let him taſte of happineſs ſincere;
Leſt quite diſhearten'd with too much fatigue,
He ſhould grow weary of the dull intrigue.
But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the huſband, and the ſpy.
That wives ſhould of their huſbands ſtand in awe,
Agrees with juſtice, modeſty, and law:
But that a miſtreſs may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am ſure, denies:
For ſuch fair nymphs theſe precepts are deſign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Though ſtuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Adviſ'd by me, you ſhall elude his care.
When you to waſh or bathe retire from ſight,
Can he obſerve what letters then you write?
Or, can his caution againſt ſuch provide,
Which, in her breaſt, your confident may hide?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her ſhoe?
Yet, theſe perceiv'd, you may her back undreſs,
And, writing on her ſkin, your mind expreſs.
New milk, or pointed ſpires of flax, when green,
Will ink ſupply' and letters mark unſeen:
Fair will the paper ſhow, nor can be read,
Till all the writing's with warm aſhes ſpread.
Acriſius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tower of braſs a grandſire made.
Can ſpies avail, when you to plays reſort,
Or in the circus view the noble ſport?
Or, can you be to Iſis' fane purſued,
Or Cybele's, whoſe rites all men exclude?
Though watchful ſervants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing room.
Or when ſome ſudden ſickneſs you pretend,
May you not take to your ſick bed a friend?
Falſe keys a private paſſage may procure,
If not, there are more ways beſides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follower treat;
When drunk, you may with eaſe his care defeat;
Or, to prevent too ſudden a ſurpriſe,
Prepare a ſleeping draught to ſeal his eyes:
Or let your maid, ſtill longer time to gain,
An inclination for his perſon feign;
With faint reſiſtance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.
But what need all theſe various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greateſt vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry Jove with offerings is appeas'd.
With preſents, fools and wife alike are caught,
Give but enough, the huſband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a ſpy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with ſuch men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.
Once, I remember, I with cauſe complain'd
Of jealouſy, occaſion'd by a friend:
Believe me, apprehenſions of that kind
Are not alone to our falſe ſex confin'd.
Truſt not too far your ſhe companion's truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhould intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover in your ſtead;
Nor keep a ſervant with too fair a face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her lady's place.
But whither do I run with heedleſs rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound inſtructed by the hare?
But, all ſelf-ends and intereſt ſet apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art:
Defenceleſs and unarm'd, expoſe my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.
Perpetual fondneſs of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himſelf, he your deſign will aid,
To what we wiſh, 'tis eaſy to perſuade.
With dying eyes his face and form ſurvey,
Then ſigh, and wonder he ſo long could ſtay.
Now drop a tear your ſorrows to aſſuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage:
Such proofs as theſe will all diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive love.
Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
But chiefly one, ſuch fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glaſs, and his own charms admires.
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddeſs might with eaſe be won.
Light wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtraight fly out, when you a rival fear:
Let not your paſſion o'er your ſenſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly every idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a ſad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.
Near where his purple head Hymettus ſhows,
And flowering hills, a ſacred fountain flows;
With ſoft and verdant turf the ſoil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling ſhrubs the ground o'erſhade;
There roſemary and bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's ſcent combine.
The tamariſks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytiſſus and garden pines abound:
While through the boughs ſoft winds of zephyr paſs,
Trembie the leaves, and tender tops of graſs.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt;
And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay"
But ſome tale-bearing, too officious friend,
By chance o'erheard him, as he thus complain'd
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealouſy ſurpris'd, and fainting fears,
Her roſy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, ſupply'd the place:
Pale ſhe appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When firſt the vine the winter's blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, ſuch the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.

Reviving from her ſwoon, her robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs face to wound forbore.
Now all diſhevell'd, to the wood ſhe flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, ſhe leaves below her friends,
And all alone the ſhady hill aſcends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (ſuch was thy thought),
She now ſhall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its raſh deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus love with doubts perplexes ſtill thy mind,
And makes thee ſeek what thou muſt dread to find.
But ſtill thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the plaie appears;
But more than all, exceſſive love deceives,
Which all it fears, too eaſily believes.
And now a chilneſs runs through every vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching ardour of the mid-day ſun:
With water firſt he ſprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat, then ſought his uſual place.
Procris, with anxious, but with ſilent care,
View'd him extended, with his boſom bare;
And hear'd him ſoon th' accuſtom'd words repeat,
"Come, zephyr; Aura, come; allay this heat:"
Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.
With joy ſhe roſe to claſp him in her arms,
But Cephalus, the ruſtling noiſe alarms;
Some beaſt he thinks he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtrait his arrows and his bow prepares.
"Hold, hold, unhappy youth!"—I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou haſt thy Procris ſlain.
"Me, me (ſhe cries) thou'ſt wounded with thy "dart!
"But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
"Yet lighter on my aſhes earth will lie,
"Since, though untimely, I unrivall'd die:
"Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in "death,
"Jealous of air, to air I yield my breath."
Cloſe to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming tears, the wound he made;
At length the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp her huſband's lips receive.
Now, to purſue our voyage we provide,
Till ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.
You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhould teach
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a feaſt;
Rather come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt.
For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexions of a coarſer kind
From candle-light no ſmall advantage find.
During the time you eat obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;
Nor yet too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extremes in either kind beware,
And ſtill before your belly's full forbear.
No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,
Though more than Helen ſhe in charms abound.
I own, I think, of wine the moderate uſe
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But carefully from all intemperance keep,
Nor drink till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.
For in ſuch ſleeps brutalities are done,
Which, though you loathe, you have no power to ſhun.
And now th' inſtructed nymph from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modeſty forbids: nor more, my muſe
With weary wings the labour'd flight purſues;
Her purple ſwans unyok'd the chariot leave,
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive.
Thus, with impartial care, my art I ſhow,
And equal arms on either ſex beſtow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid muſt own their maſter is in love.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'Tis ſtrange, dear Temple, how it comes to paſs,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.
So Horace ſings—and ſure as ſtrange is this,
That no one man's diſpleas'd with what he is.
The fooliſh, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their perſons and their parts content.
Nor is that all, ſo odd a thing is man,
He moſt would be what leaſt he ſhould or can.
Hence, homely faces ſtill are foremoſt ſeen,
And croſs-ſhap'd fops affect the niceſt mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the ſkies,
And fools are ſtill moſt forward to adviſe;
Th' untruſted wretch to ſecrecy pretends,
Whiſpering his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and ſmile, and ſhrug with art,
Who nothing has to loſe, the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus man perverſe againſt plain nature ſtrives,
And to be artfully abſurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luſcus at ogling aims,
Old Fritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noiſome Curculio, whoſe envenom'd breath,
Though at a diſtance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his ſtinking whiſper throws;
Nor mends his manners, though you hold your noſe.
Therſites, who ſeems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontleſs impudence,
Aſſumes ſoft airs, and with a ſlur comes in,
Attempts a ſmile, and ſhocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a diſſuaſive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.
Nature to each allots his proper ſphere,
But, that forſaken, we like comets err:
Toſs'd through the void, by ſome rude ſhock we're broke,
And all her boaſted fire is loſt in ſmoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or eaſe,
Men moſt affect in general to pleaſe;
Of this affection vanity's the ſource,
And vanity alone obſtructs its courſe;
That teleſcope of fools, through which they ſpy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glaſs remov'd, would each himſelf ſurvey,
And in juſt ſcales his ſtrength and weakneſs weigh,
Purſue the path for which he was deſign'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one but to ſome merit might pretend,
Perhaps might pleaſe, at leaſt would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Muſt be no Bavius, but a Bickerſtaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Marus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
And wiſh the tradeſman were a tradeſman ſtill.
If Addiſon, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We ſtudy them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curſe the time.
All rules of pleaſing in this one unite,
"Affect not any thing in nature's ſpite."
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-reſembling human-kind.
"None are, for being what they are, in fault,
"But for not being what they would be thought."
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleaſing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who ſeem
By nature form'd for love, and for eſteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you poſſeſs,
And really are what others but profeſs.
I'll not offend you, while myſelf I pleaſe;
I loath to flatter, though I love to praiſe.
But when ſuch early worth ſo bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't ſo ſtupidly affected prove,
Not to confeſs it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applauſe
You've won in arms, and in your country's cauſe;
Nor patriot now, nor hero I commend,
But the companion praiſe, and boaſt the friend.
But you may think, and ſome, leſs partial, ſay,
That I preſume too much in this eſſay.
How ſhould I ſhow what pleaſes? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.
I've read, or heard, a learned perſon once
(Concern'd to find his only ſon a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whoſe memory, it ſeems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholeſome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatiſe by,
Till time ſhould make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the ſire prepares the book t' impart,
Which was yclept, of memory the art.
But, ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himſelf remember what he wrote.
Now to apply the ſtory that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my caſe: like moſt of theirs who teach;
I ill may practiſe what I well may preach.
Myſelf not trying, or not turn'd to pleaſe,
May lay the line, and meaſure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the minories ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel,
Which arm Aurelia with a ſhape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus ſchool the times,
And write in rugged proſe the rules of ſofter rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhow us what are bad by what they write.

A LETTER

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1729.

"Albi ſermonum noſtrorum candide judex."

SINCEREST critic of my proſe or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleaſing Stowe employs thy time,
Say, Cobham, what amuſes thy retreat?
Or ſtratagems of war, or ſchemes of ſtate?
Doſt thou recal to mind with joy, or grief,
Great Marlborough's actions; that immortal chief,
Whoſe ſlighteſt trophy rais'd in each campaign,
More than ſuffic'd to ſignalize a reign?
Does thy remembrance riſing warm thy heart
With glory paſt, where thou thyſelf hadſt part?
Or doſt thou grieve indignant now to ſee
The fruitleſs end of all thy victory;
To ſee th' audacious foe, ſo late ſubdued,
Diſpute thoſe terms for which ſo long they ſued,
As if Britannia now were ſunk ſo low,
To beg that peace ſhe wonted to beſtow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that ſhame!
That England ſhould retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceaſing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the luſtre of her ſword.
Or doſt thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought, and heart devouring woe,
And fix thy mind alone on rural ſcenes;
To turn the level'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raiſe the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent ſprings to lift their heads,
On watery columns, capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air!
Or doſt thou, weary grown, theſe works neglect,
No temples, ſtatues, obeliſks, erect,
But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads?
Or ſhun the noontide ray in wholeſome ſhades?
Or ſlowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wiſe and good?
For nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd
A perſon pleaſing with a worthy mind

Not given thee form alone, but means, and art,
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
Poor were the praiſe in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to uſe that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;
Graceful in form, and winning in addreſs;
While well you think, what aptly you expreſs;
With health, with honour, with a fair eſtate,
A table free, and eloquently neat,
What can be added more to mortal bliſs?
What can he want who ſtands poſſeſt of this?
What can the fondeſt wiſhing mother more
Of heaven attentive for her ſon implore?
And yet a happineſs remains unknown,
Or to philoſophy reveal'd alone;
A precept, which, unpractis'd, renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleaſure turns to pain.
Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever paſſions may thy mind infeſt,
(Where is that mind which paſſions ne'er moleſt?)
Amidſt the pangs of ſuch inteſtine ſtrife,
Still think the preſent day the laſt of life;
Defer not till to-morrow to be wiſe,
To-morrow's ſun to thee may never riſe.
Or ſhould to-morrow chance to cheer thy ſight
With her enlivening and unlook'd-for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
As favours unexpected doubly pleaſe. [ſues,
Who thus can think, and who ſuch thoughts pur-
Content may keep his life, or calmly loſe:
All proofs of this thou may'ſt thyſelf receive,
When leiſure from affairs will give thee leave.
Come, ſee thy friend, retir'd without regret,
Forgetting care, or ſtriving to forget;
In eaſy contemplation ſoothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme:
Not ſo robuſt in body, as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd;
Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,
Compar'd with thoſe of our fore-father's days;
For virtue now is neither more or leſs,
And vice is only varied in the dreſs.
Believe it, men have ever been the ſame,
And all the golden age is but a dream.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ON *MISS TEMPLE*, AFTERWARDS LADY OF SIR THOMAS LYTTELTON.

Leave, leave the drawing-room,
Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom;
The nymph that's fated to o'ercome,
Now triumphs at the wells.
Her ſhape, and air, and eyes,
Her face, the gay, the grave, the wiſe,
The beau, in ſpite of box and dice,
Acknowledge, all excels.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, to aſk her name,
The crowned muſe's nobleſt theme,
Whoſe glory by immortal fame
Shall only founded be.
But if you long to know,
Then look round yonder dazzling row!
Who moſt does like an angel ſhow,
You may be ſure 'tis ſhe.

See near thoſe ſacred ſprings,
Which cure to fell diſeaſes brings,
(As ancient fame of Ida ſings)
Three goddeſſes appear!
Wealth, glory; two poſſeſt;
The third with charming beauty bleſt,
So fair, that heaven and earth confeſt
She conquer'd everywhere.

Like her, this charmer now
Makes every love-ſick gazer bow;
Nay, even old age her power allow,
And baniſh'd flames recall.
Wealth can no trophy rear,
Nor glory now the garland wear:
To beauty every Paris here
Devotes the golden ball.

EPIGRAM

ON THE SICKNESS OF MADAM MOHUN, AND MR. CONGREVE.

One fatal day, a ſympathetic fire
Seiz'd him that writ, and her that did inſpire.
Mohun, the muſes theme, their maſter Congreve,
Beauty and wit, had like to 've lain in one grave.

A PINDARIC ODE

HUMBLY OFFERED TO THE QUEEN,

On the victorious Progreſs of her Majeſty's Arms under the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

" ——Operoſa parvus
" Carmina fingo." Hor. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

A Diſcourſe on the Pindaric Ode.

The following ode is an attempt towards reſtoring the regularity of the ancient lyric poetry, which ſeems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our Engliſh writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a ſort of poems intituled Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and ſtyle of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant in our language, one ode contrived after his model. What idea can an Engliſh reader have of Pindar (to whoſe mouth, when a child, the bees brought their honey, in omen of the future ſweetneſs and melody of his ſongs) when he ſhall ſee ſuch rumbling and grating papers of verſes, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of theſe late Pindarics is, a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expreſſed in a like parcel of irregular ſtanzas, which alſo conſiſt of ſuch another complication of diſproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verſes and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which theſe titular odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the odes of Pindar, both as to the exact obſervation of the meaſures and numbers of his ſtanzas and verſes, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digreſſions are frequent, and his tranſitions ſudden, yet is there ever ſome ſecret connection, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itſelf to the underſtanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been ſo miſunderſtood and miſapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the ſtanzas in different odes; but in each particular ode they are ever correſpondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the ode.

All the odes of Pindar which remain to us, are ſongs of triumph, victory, or ſucceſs, in the Grecian games: they were ſung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre and ſometimes to the lyre and pipe: they conſiſted oſteneſt of three ſtanzas; the firſt was called the Strophé, from the verſion or circular motion of the fingers in that ſtanza from the right hand to the left. The ſecond ſtanza was called the Antiſtrophé, from the controverſion of the chorus; the fingers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the ſtrophé. The third ſtanza was called the Epode (it may be as being the after-ſong), which they ſung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of theſe different motions and ſtations in ſinging their odes, is not our preſent buſineſs to inquire. Some have thought that, by the contrariety of the ſtrophé and antiſtrophé, they intended to repreſent the contrarotation of the *primum mobile*, in reſpect of the *ſecunda mobilia*; and that, by their ſtanding ſtill at the epode, they meant to ſignify the ſtability of the earth. Others aſcribe the inſtitution to Theſeus, who thereby expreſſed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method obſerved in the compoſition of theſe odes, was therefore as follows: The poet having made choice of a certain number of verſes to conſtitute his ſtrophé or firſt ſtanza, was obliged to obſerve the ſame in his antiſtrophé, or ſecond ſtanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of verſes and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third ſtanza, or epode; where, accordingly, he diverſified his numbers, as his ear or fancy led him: compoſing that ſtanza of more or fewer verſes than the former, and thoſe verſes of different meaſures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this epode being thus formed, he was ſtrictly obliged to the ſame meaſure as often as he ſhould repeat it in the order of his ode, ſo that every epode in the ſame ode is eternally the ſame in meaſure and quantity, in reſpect to itſelf; as is alſo every ſtrophé and antiſtrophé, in reſpect to each other.

The lyric poet, Steſichorus (whom Longinus reckons amongſt the ableſt imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian ſays, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been neareſt of any body, in merit, to Homer), was, if not the inventor of this order in the ode, yet ſo ſtrict an obſerver of it in his compoſitions, that the three ſtanzas of Steſichorus became a common proverb to expreſs a thing univerſally known, "ne tria quidem Steſichori nôſti;" ſo that when any one had a mind to reproach another with exceſſive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, "he did not ſo much as know the three ſtanzas of Steſichorus;" that is, did not know that an ode ought to conſiſt of a ſtrophé, an antiſtrophé, and an epode. If this was ſuch a mark of ignorance among them, I am ſure we have been pretty long liable to the ſame reproof; I mean, in reſpect of our imitations of the odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a ſhort ode, nor to enter upon a diſſertation of lyric poetry in general. but thus much I thought proper to ſay, for the information of thoſe readers whoſe courſe of ſtudy has not led them into ſuch inquiries.

I hope I ſhall not be ſo miſunderſtood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this enſuing ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from ſuch thoughts; I have only given an inſtance of what is practicable, and am ſenſible that I am as diſtant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to ſing our odes, the titles, as well as uſe of ſtrophé, antiſtrophé, and epode, are obſolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good Engliſh odes, without the diſtinction of Greek appellations to their ſtanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and obſerved the order of them in the enſuing ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the compoſition of theſe odes, which have been repreſented to us hitherto, as the moſt confuſed ſtructures in nature.

However, though there be no neceſſity that our triumphal odes ſhould conſiſt of the three aforementioned ſtanzas; yet if the reader can obſerve that the great variation of the numbers in the third ſtanza (call it epode, or what you pleaſe) has a pleaſing effect in the ode, and makes him return to the firſt and ſecond ſtanzas with more appetite than he could do, if always cloyed with the ſame quantities and meaſures; I cannot ſee why ſome uſe may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the Engliſh ode. There is certainly a pleaſure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; eſpecially if it appears ſo carefully executed, that the difficul-

ty does not ſhow itſelf, till it is ſought for; and that the ſeeming eaſineſs of the work, firſt ſets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When ſymmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleaſed. Therefore, certainly, poetry, which includes painting and muſic, ſhould not be deſtitute of them; and of all poetry, eſpecially the ode, whoſe end and eſſence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pindaric odes, ſpeaking of the muſic of numbers, ſays, "which "ſometimes (eſpecially in ſongs and odes) almoſt "without any thing elſe makes an excellent "poet."

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that ſomething ſhould be ſaid of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our diſcourſe. But there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning of that gentleman, that I think nothing ſhould be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindaric odes. The beauty of his verſes are an atonement for the irregularity of his ſtanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the ſtrictneſs of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and ſublimity of his ſtyle and ſentiments.

Yet I muſt beg leave to add, that I believe thoſe irregular odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occaſion of ſo many deformed poems ſince, which, inſtead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to uſe the Italian painter's term) been only caricatures of him, reſemblances that for the moſt part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error in having heretofore miſcalled a few irregular ſtanzas a Pindaric ode; and poſſibly, if others, who have been under the ſame miſtake, would ingenuouſly confeſs the truth, they might own that, never having conſulted Pindar himſelf, they took all his irregularity upon truſt; and, finding their account in the great eaſe with which they could produce odes without being obliged either to meaſure or deſign, remained ſatisfied; and, it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet, if Pauſanias was well informed, we may be aſſured that brevity was a beauty which he moſt induſtriouſly laboured to preſerve in his hymns, notwithſtanding, as the ſame author reports, that they were but few in number.

The ſhortneſs of the following ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the preface, and in ſome meaſure for the defects which may be found in it. It conſiſts of the ſame number of ſtanzas with that beautiful ode of Pindar, which is the firſt of his pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I reſolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the laſt ſtrophé of the ſame ode; which take in the paraphraſe of Sudorius.

"Qui multa paucis ſtringere commode
"Novere, morſus hi facile invidos
"Spernunt, et auris menſque pura
"Omne ſupervacuum rejectat."

ODE.

I.

DAUGHTER of memory, immortal muſe,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou chooſe,
Of Anna's name to ſing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raiſe ſublime on thy æthereal wing,
And conſecrate with dews of thy Caſtalian ſpring?

II.

Without thy aid, the moſt aſpiring mind
Muſt flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to riſe in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright virtue's praiſe.
Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humbleſt ſwain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

III.

High in the ſtarry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus ſung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm;
That harp which on Cyllene's ſhady hill,
When firſt the vocal ſhell was found,
With more than mortal ſkill
Inventor Hermes taught to ſound:
Hermes on bright Latona's ſon,
By ſweet perſuaſion won,
The wondrous work beſtow'd;
Latona's ſon, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine;
A god the gift, a god th' invention ſhow'd.

I.

To that high-ſounding lyre I tune my ſtrains;
A lower note his lofty ſong diſdains
Who ſings of Anna's name.
The lyre is ſtruck! the ſounds I hear!
O muſe, propitious to my prayer!
O well-known ſounds! O melody, the ſame
That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian flame.

II.

Nor are theſe ſounds to Britiſh bards unknown,
Or ſparingly reveal'd to one alone;
Witneſs ſweet Spenſer's lays;
And witneſs that immortal ſong,
As Spenſer ſweet, as Milton ſtrong,
Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raiſe,
And mighty William ſing with well-proportion'd praiſe.

III.

Riſe, fair Auguſta, lift thy head,
With golden towers thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
With cheerful ray the ruddy morn.

Thy lovely form, and freſh-reviving ſtate,
In cryſtal flood of Thames ſurvey;
Then bleſs thy better fate,
Bleſs Anna's moſt auſpicious ſway.
While diſtant realms and neighbouring lands,
Arm'd troops and hoſtile bands
On every ſide moleſt,
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair capital of liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon reſt.

I.

As Britain's iſle, when old vex'd ocean roars,
Unſhaken ſees againſt her ſilver ſhores
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's queen, amidſt the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the baſe of her well-founded ſtate,
Serene and ſafe looks down, nor feels the ſhocks of fate.

II.

But greateſt ſouls, though bleſt with ſweet repoſe,
Are ſooneſt touch'd with ſenſe of others woes.
Thus Anna's mighty mind,
To mercy and ſoft pity prone,
And mov'd with ſorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy reſt reſign'd,
To wake for common good, and ſuccour humankind.

III.

Fly, tyranny; no more be known
Within Europa's bliſsful bound;
Far as th' unhabitable zone
Fly every hoſpitable ground.
To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, night,
Unpeopled empire ſhare,
And rob thoſe lands of legal right.
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When juſtice ſhall have power;
Juſtice to earth reſtor'd!
Again Aſtrea reigns!
Anna her equal ſcale maintains,
And Marlborough wields her ſure-deciding ſword.

I.

Now, couldſt thou ſoar, my muſe, to ſing the man,
In heights ſublime, as when the Mantuan ſwan
Her towering pinions ſpread;
Thou ſhould'ſt of Marlborough ſing, whoſe hand
Unerring from his queen's command,
Far as the ſeven-mouth'd Iſter's ſecret head,
To ſave th' Imperial ſtate, her hardy Britons led.

II.

Nor there thy ſong ſhould end; though all the Nine
Might well their harps and heavenly voices join
To ſing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay;
And ſpoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim ſing,
And with ſucceſs that ſong purſue;
What art could aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor ſtill in view?
For as the ſun ne'er ſtops his radiant flight,
Nor ſets but with impartial ray,
To all who want his light
Alternately tranſfers the day:
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great Marlborough, ſtill the ſame,
Inceſſant runs his courſe:
To climes remote and near
His conquering arms by turns appear,
And univerſal is his aid and force.

I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary muſe, [chooſe,
For O! what notes, what numbers could'ſt thou
Though in all numbers ſkill'd,
To ſing the hero's matchleſs deed,
Which Belgia ſav'd, and Brabant freed;
To ſing Ramillia's day! to which muſt yield
Cannæ's illuſtrious fight, and fam'd Pharſalia's field?

II.

In the ſhort courſe of a diurnal ſun,
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verſe ſuch worth can raiſe?
Luſtre and life, the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds ſublime, exalted high like theſe,
Tranſcend his utmoſt flight, and mock his diſtant praiſe.

III.

Still would the willing muſe aſpire,
With tranſport ſtill her ſtrains prolong;
But fear unſtrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration ſtops her ſong.
Go on, great chief, in Anna's cauſe proceed;
Nor ſheath the terrors of thy ſword,
Till Europe thou had freed,
And univerſal peace reſtor'd.
This mighty work when thou ſhalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy ſpoils;
Rewards ev'n worthy of thy toils,
The queen's juſt favour, and thy country's love.

To the Right Honourable
THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN,
LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIC ODE.

" ——Quemvis mediâ erue turbâ:
" Aut ob avaritiam, aut miſerâ ambitione laborat.
" Hunc capit argenti ſplendor——
" Hic mutat merces ſurgente à ſole, ad eum quo
" Veſpertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps
" Fertur ——————
" Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere poetas."
HOR. L. i. Sat 4.

I.

To hazardous attempts and hardy toils
Ambition ſome excites;

And ſome deſire of martial ſpoils
To bloody fields invites;
Others inſatiate thirſt of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To paſs the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and ſeas, and air;
Preſſing the doubtful voyage till India's ſhore
Her ſpicy boſom bares, and ſpreads her ſhining ore.

II.

Nor widows tears, nor tender orphans cries,
Can ſtop th' invader's force;
Nor ſwelling ſeas, nor threatening ſkies,
Prevent the pirate's courſe:
Their lives to ſelfiſh ends decreed,
Through blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suſpend th' impetuous and unjuſt purſuit:
But power and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raiſe, or urge their hate.

III.

But not for theſe his ivory lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus ſtring,
Nor Polyhymnia crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode ſing.
Thy ſprings, Caſtalia, turn their ſtreams aſide
From rapine, avarice and pride;
Nor do thy greens, ſhady Aonia, grow
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

I.

How juſt, moſt mighty Jove, yet how ſevere,
Is thy ſupreme deceee,
That impious men ſhall joyleſs hear
The muſe's harmony!
Their ſacred ſongs, (the recompenſe
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raiſe,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praiſe,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

II.

Monſtrous Typhæus thus new terrors fill,
He, who aſſail'd the ſkies,
And now beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celeſtial ſound,
He bellows in th' abyſs profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the ſeas, and far Campania's ſhore;
While all his hundred mouths at once reſpire
Volumes of curling ſmoke, and floods of liquid fire.

III.

From heaven alone all good proceeds;
To heavenly minds belong
All power and love, Godolphin, of good deeds,
And ſenſe of ſacred ſong!
And thus moſt pleaſing are the muſe's lays
To them who merit moſt her praiſe;
Wherefore, for thee her ivory lyre ſhe ſtrings,
And ſoars with rapture while ſhe ſings.

I.

Whether affairs of moſt important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cauſe and Europe's fate
Thy ſerious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are ſpent
In cares, on public good intent;
Or whether leiſure hours invite
To manly ſports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts reſiding, or to plains retir'd,
Where generous ſteeds contest, with emulation fir'd!

II.

Thee ſtill ſhe ſeeks, and tuneful ſings thy name,
As once ſhe Theron ſung.
While with the deathleſs worthy's fame
Olympian Piſa rung:
Nor leſs ſublime is now her choice,
Nor leſs inſpir'd by thee her voice.
And now ſhe loves aloft to ſound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, ſhe takes delight
The ſwift heel'd horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid flight.

III.

And ſee! the air-born racers ſtart,
Impatient of the rein;
Faſter they run than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor, paſſing, print the plain!
The winds themſelves, who with their ſwiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy pinions ply;
So far in matchleſs ſpeed thy courſers paſs
Th' æthereal authors of their race.

I.

And now awhile the well-ſtrain'd courſers breathe;
And now, my muſe, prepare
Of olive-leaves a twiſted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive firſt deſign'd;
Deep in the glebe her ſpear ſhe lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd:
The Gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,
And all, with one conſent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

II.

This done, earth-ſhaking Neptune next eſſay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Againſt the ſounding beach; the ſtroke
Tranſfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, ſwift as light,
Forth ruſh'd the firſt-born horſe. Stupendous ſight!
Neptune for human good the beaſt ordains,
Whom ſoon he tam'd to uſe, and taught to bear the reins.

III.

Thus gods contended (noble ſtrife,
Worthy the heavenly mind!)
Who moſt ſhould do to ſoften anxious life,
And moſt endear mankind.
Thus thou, Godolphin, doſt with Marlborough ſtrive,
From whoſe joint toils we reſt derive;
Triumph in wars abroad his arm aſſures,
Sweet peace at home thy care ſecures.

AN IMPOSSIBLÆ THING.

A TALE.

To thee, dear Dick, this tale I ſend,
Both as a critic and a friend.
I tell it with ſome variation
(Not altogether a tranſlation)
From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
Whoſe muſe would touch thee to the quick.
The ſubject is of that ſame kind,
To which thy heart ſeems moſt inclin'd:
How verſe may alter it, God knows;
Thou lov'ſt it well, I'm ſure, in proſe.
So, without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in ſuſpence,
I ſhall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curst of mind.
To help a lover in diſtreſs,
Contriv'd a charm with ſuch ſucceſs,
That in ſhort ſpace the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain, made betwixt them both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:
The lover laid down his ſalvation,
And Satan ſtak'd his reputation.
The latter promis'd, on his part,
(To ſerve his friend, and ſhow his art),
That madam ſhould by twelve o'clock,
Though hitherto as hard as rock,
Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiſs and coo like any dove.
In ſhort, the woman ſhould be his,
That is, upon condition—viz.
That he, the lover, after taſting
What one would wiſh were everlaſting,
Should, in return for ſuch enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with freſh employment:
"That's all, quoth Pug; my poor requeſt
"Is, only, never to have reſt.
"You thought, 'tis like, with reaſon too,
"That I ſhould have been ſerv'd, not you:
"But what? upon my friend impoſe!
"No—though a devil, none of thoſe.
"Your buſineſs then, pray underſtand me,
"Is nothing more but to command me.
"Of one thing only let me warn ye;
"Which ſomewhat nearly may concern ye:
"As ſoon as e'er one work is done,
"Straight name a new one; and ſo on:
"Let each to other quick ſucceed,
"Or elſe—you know how 'tis agreed—
"For if through any hums or haws
"There haps an intervening pauſe,
"In which, for want of freſh commands,
"Your ſlave obſequious idle ſtands,
"Nor ſoul nor body ever more
"Shall ſerve the nymph whom you adore;
"But both be laid at Satan's feet,
"To be diſpos'd as he thinks meet."
At once the lover all approves;
For who can heſitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought:
"Why, after all, I venture nought;
"What myſtery is in commanding?
"Does that require much underſtanding?
"Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
"He'd go the better of the lay:
"But he muſt do what I think fit—
"Pſhaw, pſhaw, young Belzebub is bit."
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjuſts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The ſpell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In ſweet embraces, balmy kiſſes,
And riots in the bliſs of bliſſes.
"O joy," cried he, "that has no equal!"
But hold—no raptures—mark the ſequel.
For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a ſilky ſlumber ſeiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious Dæmon near,
Now buzz'd for buſineſs in his ear:
In haſte, he names a thouſand things;
The goblin plies his wicker wings,
And in a trice returns to aſk
Another and another taſk.
Now palaces are built and towers,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then ſtorms are in an inſtant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.
Now ſhowers of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd:
And he, in one aſtoniſh'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
Theſe things, and ſtranger things than theſe,
Were done with equal ſpeed and eaſe.
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll ſend;
And Pug ſoon reach'd his journey's end,
And ſoon return'd with ſuch a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the ſquire (who had ſome hope
In holy water and the pope)
Was out of heart, and at a ſtand
What next to wiſh, and what command;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black deſpair ſucceeds brown ſtudy.
In this diſtreſs the woful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her counſel, for whoſe ſake
Both ſoul and body were at ſtake.
"And is this all?" replies the fair:
"Let me alone to cure this care.
"When next your Dæmon ſhall appear,
"Pray give him—look, what I hold here,
"And bid him labour, ſoon or late,
"To lay theſe ringlets lank and ſtrait."
Then, ſomething ſcarcely to be ſeen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and ſweetly ſmiling, cry'd,
"Your goblin's ſkill ſhall now be try'd."
She ſaid; and gave—what ſhall I call
That thing ſo ſhining, criſp, and ſmall,
Which round his finger ſtrove to twine?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine?
Or ſprig from Cytherea's grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?

With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flower of fairy land:
Leſs precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
Or that, which modern ages ſee
The ſpur and prize of chivalry,
Whoſe curls of kindred texture grace
Heroes and kings of Spaniſh race.
The ſpark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He iſſues, thus, his ſtrict command:
" This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
" Render direct, and perpendicular;
" But ſo direct, that in no ſort
" It ever may in rings retort.
" See me no more till this be done:
" Hence, to thy taſk—avaunt, be gone."
Away the fiend like lightning flies,
And all his wit to work applies:
Anvils and preſſes he employs,
And dins whole hell with hammering noiſe.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elaſtic fibre mocks his pains,
And its firſt ſpiral form retains.
New ſtratagems the ſprite contrives,
And down the depths of ſea he dives:
" This ſprunt its pertneſs ſure will loſe,
" When laid (ſaid he) to ſoak in ooze."
Poor fooliſh fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives;
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vigorous curls reverts.
So when to earth Alcides flung
The huge Antæus, whence he ſprung,
From every fall freſh ſtrength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what ſlight to practiſe next:
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force avails.
But all concur his ſhame to ſhow,
And more exaſperate the foe.
And now he penſive turns and ſad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phænomenon.
Sometimes he twiſts and twirls it round,
Then, pauſing, meditates profound:
No end he ſees of his ſurpriſe,
Nor what it ſhould be can deviſe:
For never was yet wool or feather,
That could ſtand buff againſt all weather;
And unrelax'd, like this, reſiſt
Both wind and rain, and ſnow and miſt.
What ſtuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What ſpinſter which could ſpin ſuch thread,
He nothing knew; but, to his coſt,
Knew all his fame and labour loſt.
Subdued, abaſh'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis ſaid, he bluſh'd; 'tis ſure, he ſwore
Not all the wiles that hell could hatch
Could conquer that ſuperb muſtach.
Defeated thus, thus diſcontent,
Back to the man the Dæmon went:
" I grant," quoth he, " our contract null,
" And give you a diſcharge in full.
" But tell me now, in name of wonder,
" (Since I ſo candidly knock under)
" What is this thing? Where could it grow?
" Pray take it—'tis in *ſtatu quo*.
" Much good may't do you; for my part,
" I waſh my hands of 't from my heart."
" In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,"
Replies the lad, " you're too ſoon weary.
" What, leave this trifling taſk undone!
" And think'ſt thou this the only one?
" Alas! were this ſubdued, thou'dſt find
" Millions of more ſuch ſtill behind;
" Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
" Both you and all your whole fraternity."

THE PEASANT IN SEARCH OF HIS HEIFER.

A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE.

It ſo befell: a ſilly ſwain
Had fought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton ſhe had friſking ſtray'd,
And left the lawn, to ſeek the ſhade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood in haſte he hies;
Where, ſingling out the faireſt tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or ſee.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to paſs
A jolly lad and buxom laſs:
The place was apt, the paſtime pleaſant;
Occaſion with her forelock preſent;
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But ſo ſhe turn'd, or ſo was laid,
That ſhe ſome certain charms diſplay'd,
Which with ſuch wonder ſtruck his ſight
(With wonder, much; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, " What?
" What ſee I, gods! What ſee I not!"
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis gueſs'd,
'Twas more than well could be expreſs'd.
The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Straight ſtopt him ſhort in mid career;
And louder cry'd, " Ho! honeſt friend,
" That of thy ſeeing ſeeſt no end;
" Doſt ſee the heifer that I ſeek?
" If doſt, pray be ſo kind to ſpeak."

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.

Sing, muſe, the force and all-informing fire,
Of Cyprian Venus, goddeſs of deſire:
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move
And tame the ſtubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds, and ravenous beaſts of prey,
Her influence feel, and own her kindly ſway.
Through pathleſs air, and boundleſs ocean's ſpace,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole nature on her ſole ſupport depends,
And far as life exiſts, her care extends.

Of all the numerous hoſt of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preſerves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
In ſhining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war preſides, and well-diſputed fights;
With thirſt of fame ſhe firſt the hero fir'd,
And firſt the ſkill of uſeful arts inſpir'd;
Taught artiſts firſt the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with braſs to arm, and form the fenceful ſhield:
She firſt taught modeſt maids in early bloom,
To ſhun the lazy life, and ſpin, or ply the loom.
Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
Her ſmiling arts and proffer'd friendſhip flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
Or ſilver-ſounding voice, to wake the morn,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouſe the woodland deer;
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed ſpear.
Sometimes, of gloomy groves ſhe likes the ſhades,
And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads;
And ſometimes ſeeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves ſociety where virtue reigns.
The third celeſtial power averſe to love
Is virgin Veſta, dear to mighty Jove; [woo'd;
Whom Neptune fought to wed, and Phœbus
And both with fruitleſs labour long purſu'd.
For ſhe, ſeverely chaſte, rejected both,
And bound her purpoſe with a ſolemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She ſwore, and Jove aſſenting, bow'd his head.
But ſince her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and bleſſings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want ſupply'd.
High on a throne ſhe ſits amidſt the ſkies,
And firſt is fed with fumes of ſacrifice;
For holy rites to Veſta firſt are paid,
And on her altar firſt-fruit offerings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.
These are the powers above, and only theſe,
Whom love and Cytherea's art diſpleaſe;
Of other beings, none in earth or ſkies
Her force reſiſts, or influence denies.
With eaſe her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
Ev'n he, whoſe dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns ſuperior ſway.
Enſlav'd to mortal beauties by her power,
He oft deſcends, his creatures to adore;
While, to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-diſſembled ſhape the god belies.
Juno, his wife and ſiſter, both in place
And beauty firſt among th' æthereal race;
Whom, all tranſcending, in ſuperior worth,
Wife Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
And Jove, by never-erring counſel ſway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.
But Jove at length, with juſt reſentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herſelf with love inſpir'd.
Swift through her veins the ſweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breaſt deſire of mortal man;
That ſhe, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleaſures of inferior love;
And not inſultingly the gods deride,
Whoſe ſons were human by the mother's ſide:
Thus, Jove ordain'd, ſhe now for man ſhould burn,
And bring forth mortal offſpring in her turn.
Amongſt the ſprings which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchiſes fed;
Whoſe godlike form and face the ſmiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madneſs, ſoon as ſeen:
To Cyprus ſtraight the wounded goddeſs flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour riſe,
And altars ſmoke with daily ſacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, ſhe to her ſhrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the ſhining gates ſhe barr'd;
The ready graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;
Her flowing hair around her ſhoulders ſpreads,
And all adown ambroſial odour ſheds.
Laſt, in tranſparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of pureſt gold;
And, thus attir'd, her chariot ſhe aſcends,
And, Cyprus left, her flight to Troy ſhe bends.
On Ida ſhe alights, then ſeeks the ſeat,
Which lov'd Anchiſes choſe for his retreat;
And ever as ſhe walk'd through lawn or wood,
Promiſcuous herds of beaſts admiring ſtood;
Some humbly follow, while ſome fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
And the ſwift panther ſtops to gaze with fix'd delight.
For every glance ſhe gives ſoft fire imparts,
Enkindling ſweet deſire in ſavage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all ſingle out their mates,
And to their ſhady dens each pair retreats.
Meantime the tent ſhe ſpies ſo much deſir'd,
Where her Anchiſes was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow ſwains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and ſought the plains;
In pleaſing ſolitude the youth ſhe found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious ſound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter ſtood,
In form and dreſs, a huntreſs of the wood;
For, had he ſeen the goddeſs undiſguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been ſurpris'd;
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To ſee a nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd:
For from her flowing robe a luſtre ſpread,
As if with radiant flames ſhe were array'd;
Her hair in part diſclos'd, and part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held:
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breaſt;
Bright as the moon ſhe ſhone, with ſilent light,
And charm'd his ſenſe with wonder and delight.
Thus while Anchiſes gaz'd, through every vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleaſing pain:
At length he ſpake:—"All hail, celeſtial fair!
"Who humbly doſt to viſit earth repair.
"Whoe'er thou art, deſcended from above,
"Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love;
"All hail! all honour ſhall to thee be paid:
"Or art thou *Themis? or the †blue-ey'd maid?

* The goddeſs of equity and right. † Pallas.

" Or art thou faireſt of the graces three,
" Who with the gods ſhare immortality?
" Or elſe, ſome nymph, the guardian of theſe woods,
" Theſe caves, theſe fruitful hills, or cryſtal floods?
" Whoe'er thou art, in ſome conſpicuous field,
" I to thy honour will an altar build,
" Where holy offerings I'll each hour prepare,
" O prove but thou propitious to my prayer!
" Grant me, among the Trojan race to prove
" A patriot worthy of my country's love;
" Bleſs'd in myſelf, I beg I next may be
" Bleſs'd in my children and poſterity:
" Happy in health, long let me ſee the ſun,
" And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
He ſaid.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd,
" Delight of human kind, thy ſex's pride!
" Honour'd Anchiſes, you behold in me
" No goddeſs bleſs'd with immortality;
" But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
" Otreus my father (you have heard the name),
" Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
" And all her towns and fortreſſes commands.
" When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
" There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;
" Then wonder not, if, thus inſtructed young,
" I, like my own, can ſpeak the Trojan tongue.
" In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
" Why thus arriv'd, I ſhall the cauſe unfold.
" As late our ſports we practis'd on the plain,
" I and my fellow nymphs of Cynthia's train,
" Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
" And by admiring crowds encompaſs'd round,
" Lo! hovering o'er my head I ſaw the god
" Who Argus ſlew, and bears the golden rod;
" Sudden he ſeiz'd, then bore me from their ſight,
" Cutting through liquid air his rapid flight:
" O'er many ſtates and peopled towns we paſs'd,
" O'er hills and vallies, and o'er deſarts waſte;
" O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholeſome fens,
" And woods where beaſts inhabit dreadful dens.
" Through all which pathleſs way our ſpeed was ſuch,
" We ſtopt not once the face of earth to touch.
" Meantime he told me, while through air we fled,
" That Jove ordain'd I ſhould Anchiſes wed,
" And with illuſtrious offspring bleſs his bed.
" This ſaid, and pointing to me your abode,
" To heaven again up-ſoar'd the ſwift-wing'd god:
" Thus, of neceſſity, to you I come,
" Unknown, and loſt, far from my native home.
" But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
" By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
" By your good parents (for no bad could e'er
" Produce a ſon ſo graceful, good, and fair),
" That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
" But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
" Inviolate and guiltleſs of your bed,
" Let me be to your houſe and mother led.
" Me to your father and your brothers ſhow,
" And our alliance firſt let them allow:
" Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
" And no unequal match I may be found.
" Equality to them my birth may claim,
" Worthy a daughter's or a ſiſter's name,
" Though for your wife of too inferior fame.
" Next, let ambaſſadors to Phrygia haſte,
" To tell my father of my fortunes paſt,
" And eaſe my mother in that anxious ſtate
" Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
" They, in return, ſhall preſents bring from thence
" Of rich attire, and ſums of gold immenſe:
" You in peculiar ſhall with gifts be grac'd,
" In price and beauty far above the reſt.
" This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
" Grateful to men below, and gods above."
She ſaid, and from her eyes ſhot ſubtle fires,
Which to his heart inſinuate deſires.
Reſiſtleſs love invading thus his breaſt,
The panting youth the ſmiling queen addreſs'd.
" Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
" And Otreus you report your father's name;
" And ſince th' immortal Hermes from above,
" To execute the dread commands of Jove,
" Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
" A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:
" Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r
" One minute to defer the happy hour;
" This inſtant will I ſeize upon thy charms,
" Mix with thy ſoul and melt within thy arms:
" Though Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
" Stood ready to tranſfix my panting heart;
" Though death, though hell, in conſequence attend,
" Thou ſhalt with me the genial bed aſcend."
He ſaid, and ſudden ſnatch'd her beauteous hand:
The goddeſs ſmil'd, nor did th' attempt withſtand:
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed
Where ſoft and ſilken coverlets were ſpread,
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick ſown with furs of many a ſavage beaſt,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his ſpoil;
And ſtill remain'd the trophies of his toil.
Now to aſcend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haſte diſrobes the fair.
Her ſparkling necklace firſt he laid aſide;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair untied:
And now, his buſy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waiſt;
Her radiant robe, at laſt, aſide was thrown,
Whoſe roſy hue with dazzling luſtre ſhone.
The queen of love the youth thus diſarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her veſtments laid.
Anchiſes now (ſo Jove and fate ordain'd)
The ſweet extreme of ecſtacy attain'd;
And mortal life, was like th' immortals bleſs'd,
Not conſcious of the goddeſs he poſſeſs'd.
But when the ſwains their flocks and herds had fed,
And from the flow'ry field returning, led
Their ſheep to fold, and oxen to the ſhed;
In ſoft and pleaſing chains of ſleep profound,
The wary goddeſs her Anchiſes bound:
Then gently riſing from his ſide and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.
And now her fair-crown'd head aloft ſhe rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herſelf appears;

er face refulgent, and majeſtic mien,
o nſeſs'd the goddeſs, love's and beauty's queen.
Then thus aloud ſhe calls. " Anchiſes, wake;
" Thy fond repoſe and lethargy forſake:
" Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
" Behold me well—ſay, if I ſeem the ſame"
At her firſt call the chains of ſleep were broke,
And, ſtarting from his bed, Anchiſes woke:
But when he Venus view'd without diſguiſe,
Her ſhining neck beheld, and radiant eyes:
Awed and abaſh'd, he turn'd his head aſide,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppreſs'd,
In winged words he thus the queen addreſs'd.
" When firſt, O goddeſs, I thy form beheld,
" Whoſe charms ſo far humanity excell'd;
" To thy celeſtial pow'r my vows I paid,
" And with humility implor'd thy aid:
" But thou, for ſecret cauſe to me unknown,
" Didſt thy divine immortal ſtate diſown.
" But now, I beg thee by the filial love
" Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,
" Compaſſion on my human ſtate to ſhow;
" Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
" Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
" Nor let me ſhare of men the common fate:
" Since never man with length of days was bleſt.
" Who in delights of love a deity poſſeſs'd."
To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus replied
" Be bold, Anchiſes; in my love confide:
" Nor me, nor other god, thou needſt to fear,
" For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
" Know, from our loves, thou ſhalt a ſon obtain,
" Who over all the realm of Troy ſhall reign;
" From whom a race of monarchs ſhall deſcend,
" And whoſe poſterity ſhall know no end.
" To him thou ſhalt the name Æneas give,
" As one, for whoſe conception I muſt grieve,
" Oft as I think he to exiſt began
" From my conjunction with a mortal man."
But Troy, of all the habitable earth,
To a ſuperior race of men gives birth;
Producing heroes of th' æthereal kind,
And next reſembling gods in form and mind.
From thence great Jove to azure ſkies convey'd,
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede.
Where, by th' immortals honour'd, (ſtrange to ſee!)
The youth enjoys a bleſs'd eternity.
In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the king, his ſire, his abſence mourn,
Doubtful by whom, or where the boy was borne:
Till Jove, at length, in pity of his grief,
Diſpatch'd Argicides to his relief;
And more, with gifts to pacify his mind,
He ſent him horſes of a deathleſs kind,
Whoſe feet outſtripp, in ſpeed, the rapid wind:
Charging withal ſwift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heavenly ſtate;
Where all his hours are paſt in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor death deſtroy.
Now, when this embaſſy the king receives,
No more for abſent Ganymede he grieves;
The pleaſing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his ſwift-heel'd ſteeds he drives.

" But when the gold-enthron'd Aurora made
" Tithonus partner of her roſy bed,
" (Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
" Reſembling gods in face and form divine)
" For him ſhe ſtrait the Thunderer addreſs'd,
" That with perpetual life he might be bleſs'd:
" Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her requeſt.
" But ah! how raſh was ſhe, how indiſcreet!
" The moſt material bleſſing to omit;
" Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
" That length of days might be with ſtrength
" ſupplied;
" And to her lover's endleſs life, engage
" An endleſs youth, incapable of age
" But hear what fate befel this heav'nly fair,
" In gold enthron'd, the brighteſt child of air.
" Tithonus, while of pleaſing youth poſſeſs'd,
" Is by Aurora with delight careſs'd;
" Dear to her arms, he in her court reſides,
" Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmoſt tides.
" But when ſhe ſaw gray hairs begin to ſpread,
" Deform his beard, and diſadorn his head,
" The goddeſs cold in her embraces grew,
" His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
" Yet ſtill a kind of nurſing care ſhe ſhow'd,
" And food ambroſial, and rich clothes beſtow'd;
" But when of age he felt the ſad extreme,
" And ev'ry nerve was ſhrunk, and limb was lame,
" Lock'd in a room her uſeleſs ſpouſe ſhe left,
" Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft.
" On terms like theſe, I never can deſire
" Thou ſhouldſt to immortality aſpire.
" Couldſt thou indeed, as now thou art, remain
" Thy ſtrength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain,
" Couldſt thou for ever thus my huſband prove,
" I might live happy in thy endleſs love;
" Nor ſhould I e'er have cauſe to dread the day,
" When I muſt mourn thy loſs and life's decay.
" But thou, alas! too ſoon and ſure muſt bend
" Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
" Inexorable age! whoſe wretched ſtate
" All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.
" Now, know, I alſo muſt my portion ſhare,
" And for thy ſake reproach and ſhame muſt bear,
" For I, who heretofore in chains of love
" Could captivate the minds of gods above,
" And force them, by my all-ſubduing charms,
" To ſigh and languiſh in a woman's arms:
" Muſt now no more that pow'r ſuperior boaſt,
" Nor tax with weakneſs the celeſtial hoſt;
" Since I myſelf this dear amends have made,
" And am at laſt by my own arts betray'd.
" Erring like them, with appetite deprav'd,
" This hour, by thee, I have a ſon conceiv'd;
" Whom hid beneath my zone, I muſt conceal,
" Till time his being and my ſhame reveal.
" Him ſhall the nymphs who theſe fair woods
" adorn,
" In their deep boſoms nurſe, as ſoon as born;
" They nor of mortal nor immortal ſeed
" Are ſaid to ſpring, yet on ambroſia feed,
" And long they live, and oft in chorus join
" With gods and goddeſſes in dance divine.
" Theſe the Sileni court; theſe Hermes loves,
" And their embraces ſeeks in ſhady groves.

" Their origin and birth theſe nymphs deduce
" From common parent earth's prolific juice;
" With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
" Or ample-ſpreading oaks at once they grow;
" All have their trees allotted to their care,
" Whoſe growth, duration, and decreaſe they ſhare.
" But holy are theſe groves by mortals held,
" And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.
" But when the fate of ſome fair tree draws nigh,
" It firſt appears to droop, and then grows dry;
" The bark to crack and periſh next is ſeen,
" And laſt the boughs it ſheds, no longer green:
" And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
" And live and die coæval with their trees.
" Theſe gentle nymphs, by my perſuaſion won,
" Shall in their ſweet receſſes nurſe my ſon;
" And when his cheeks with youth's firſt bluſhes
" glow,
" To thee the ſacred maids the boy ſhall ſhow.
" More to inſtruct thee, when five years ſhall
" end,
" I will again to viſit thee deſcend,
" Bringing thy beauteous ſon to charm thy
" ſight,
" Whoſe godlike form ſhall fill thee with delight;
" Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
" And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
" There, if inquiry ſhall be made, to know
" To whom thou doſt ſo bright an offſpring owe;
" Be ſure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
" But ready anſwer make as I direct.
" Say of a Sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
" And Calycopis call his mother's name.
" For ſhould thou boaſt the truth, and madly own
" That thou in bliſs hadſt Cytherea known,
" Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
" And with avenging thunder ſtrike thee dead.
" Now all is told thee, and juſt caution giv'n,
" Be ſecret thou, and dread the wrath of heav'n."
She ſaid, and ſudden ſoar'd above his ſight,
Cutting through liquid air her heav'nward flight.
All hail, bright Cyprian queen! thee firſt I praiſe,
Then to ſome other pow'r transfer my lays.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Containing

CREATION;

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM, IN SEVEN BOOKS.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The themes of vulgar lays, with juſt diſdain
I leave unſung, the flocks, the amorous ſwain,
The pleaſures of the land, and terrors of the main.—
I meditate to ſoar above the ſkies,
To heights unknown, through ways untry'd to riſe;
I would th' Eternal from his works aſſert,
And ſing the wonders of Creating Art.

CREATION, BOOK I.

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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF BLACKMORE.

Of Sir Richard Blackmore, eminent as he was, both as a poet and a phyſician, very few memorials have been left by his contemporaries. His writings have attracted much notice; but it has been his lot to be much oftener mentioned by enemies than by friends.

He was the ſon of Robert Blackmore of Corſham, in Wiltſhire, Gent. deſcended from a good family in Dorſetſhire, and ſtyled by Jacob, an "Attorney at Law." The time of his birth is not certainly known.

He received his early education at a private country ſchool, from whence, in the thirteenth year of his age, he was removed to Weſtminſter. Of his ſchool exerciſes tradition has preſerved no account.

In 1668, he was entered a commoner of Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he took the degree of Maſter of Arts, June 3. 1676, and reſided thirteen years; a much longer time than it is uſual to ſpend at the Univerſity, and which ſeems to have been paſſed in the ſtudies preparatory to the profeſſion he intended to follow; which was that of phyſic.

Dr. Johnſon, who has written his life with candour and diſcernment, is of opinion that he ſpent his time at the Univerſity with very little attention to the buſineſs of the place; becauſe, in his poems, the ancient names of nations, or places, which he often introduces, are pronounced by chance. But it may be reaſonably doubted, whether a few inſtances of falſe pronunciation, or capricious orthography, are ſufficient to warrant the ſuppoſition of his being negligent of ſtudy, or deficient in claſſical erudition.

In the early period of his life, he is ſaid to have been engaged for ſome time in the profeſſion of a ſchoolmaſter; a ſituation certainly not in itſelf diſhonourable, though it was often urged as a kind of reproach, when he became conſpicuous enough to excite malevolence. In one of the numerous ſatirical pieces that were written againſt him, are the following pungent lines, attributed by T. Brown, to Colonel Codrington:

By nature form'd, by want a pedant made,
Blackmore at firſt ſet up the whipping trade;
Next quack commenced, then fierce with pride he ſwore,
That toothach, gout, and corns, ſhould be no more.
In vain his drugs, as well as birch he tried;
His boys grew blockheads, and his patients died.

His being a ſchoolmaſter, is alſo alluded to by Garth, in the following lines:

Unwieldly pedant, let thy awkward muſe
With conſcious praiſe, with flatteries abuſe;
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any but thy ſchool-boys ſmart.

"And let it be remembered," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "for his honour, that to have been once a ſchoolmaſter, is the only reproach which all the perſpicacity of malice, animated by wit, has ever fixed upon his private life."

It is probable that his indigence did not long compel him to teach a ſchool. Some circumſtances concurring, it may be preſumed, in his favour, he travelled into Italy, and took the degree of Doctor of Phyſic, at the Univerſity of Padua.

He alſo viſited France, Germany, and the Low Countries, and, having ſpent about a year and a half abroad, he returned to England.

On his arrival in London, he commenced Phyſician, and obtained high eminence and extenſive practice.

He became Fellow of the College of Phyſicians, April 12. 1687, being one of the thirty which, by the new charter of King James, were added to the former Fellows.

His reſidence was at Sadler's Hall in Cheapſide, and his friends were chiefly in the city. At that time, a citizen was a term of reproach; and his place of abode was another topic to which his adverſaries had recourſe in the penury of ſcandal.

In his travels, he had ſeen too much of foreign ſlavery to be fond of domeſtic chains; and, therefore, early declared himſelf in favour of the Revolution, and zealouſly eſpouſed thoſe principles upon which it was effected.

He was not known as a poet till he publiſhed *Prince Arthur, an Heroic Poem, in Ten Books*, 1695, written, as he relates, "by ſuch catches and ſtarts, and in ſuch occaſional, uncertain hours, as his profeſſion afforded, and for the greateſt part in coffee-houſes, or in paſſing up and down the ſtreets. In the latter part of the apology, he was accuſed by Dryden of writing "to the rumbling of his chariot wheels." He incurred the diſpleaſure of Dryden, by cenſuring, in his preface, the licentiouſneſs of the ſtage.

Prince Arthur appears to have been generally read; for in two years it had three editions: a very uncommon inſtance of favourable reception, at a time when literary curioſity was yet confined to particular claſſes of the nation.

As he was not, however, "free of the poet's company, but a downright interloper, an unlicenſed adventurer," his ſucceſs naturally raiſed animoſity; and Dennis attacked him in "Remarks on Prince Arthur," publiſhed in 1696, in which he endeavoured to ſhow that his action had neither unity, integrity, nor morality, nor univerſality; and that conſequently he could have no fable, nor no heroic poem; and that his narration was neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful. It was not, however, his deſign to prove that *Prince Arthur* was a work of no merit; for in his dedication to the Earl of Dorſet, he ſays, "I believe *Prince Arthur* to be neither admirable nor contemptible: for, if I had either the one or the other opinion, I ſhould certainly never have written againſt him." To the cenſure of Dennis, may be oppoſed the approbation of Locke, and the admiration of Molineux, which are found in their printed letters. Molineux is particularly delighted with the *Song of Mopas*. It is alſo praiſed by Watts in the preface to his "Horæ Lyricæ." And Gildon, in his "Art of Poetry," ſays, "That notwithſtanding his merit, this admirable author did not think himſelf upon the ſame footing with Homer."

The animadverſions of Dennis, inſolent and contemptuous as they were, raiſed no implacable reſentment in Blackmore; for, in one of his latter works, he praiſes Dennis as "equal to Boileau in poetry, and ſuperior to him in critical abilities."

His *Prince Arthur* was followed, in 1697, by *King Arthur*, an epic poem, in twelve books; in the preface to which, he atones for the "provoking preface" to *Prince Arthur*, by beſtowing a genteel and juſt eulogium on Congreve's "Mourning Bride." He alſo acknowledges, that ſeveral conſiderable defects are to be found in *Prince Arthur*; and apologizes for them, by confeſſing that, when he undertook it, he had been long a ſtranger to the muſes. "I had read but little poetry," ſays he, "throughout my whole life; and in fifteen years before, I had not, as I can remember, wrote a hundred lines in verſe, excepting a copy of Latin verſes in honour of a friend's book."

The reſentment of the wits and critics was not ſoftened either by the panegyric or the apology; but he found advantages more than equivalent to all their outrages; for he was this year made one of the Phyſicians in ordinary to King William, and advanced by him to the honour of knighthood, with a preſent of a gold chain and a medal.

The malignity of the wits attributed his knighthood to his new poem; but poetical merit was not a ſufficient recommendation to the favour and notice of William, who, in conferring honours and rewards on Blackmore, no doubt, regarded the eminence which he had attained in his profeſſion, and his zealous attachment to the principles of the Revolution.

Pope, when he became his enemy, mentions this as an inſtance of honours and rewards being improperly beſtowed by kings.

> The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
> One knighted Blackmore and one penſioned Quarles.

In 1700, he publiſhed *A Satire upon Wit*, or rather the abuſe of wit, the diſpoſition which ſo much prevailed of turning every thing ſerious into ridicule and banter. This poem united almoſt all the poets againſt him, and brought upon him lampoons and ridicule from every ſide. In T. Brown's works, are upwards of twenty different ſatirical pieces in verſe, written by men of high rank and genius, againſt Blackmore, who is ſometimes called the *Cheapſide Knight*, and the *City Bard*, and ſometimes the *Merry Portaſter of Sadler's Hall in Cheapſide*.

In this performance, he juſtly cenſured Dryden's impurities, but praiſed his powers; though in a ſubſequent edition, he ungeneroufly retained the ſatire and omitted the praiſe.

The ſame year, he publiſhed *A Paraphraſe on the Book of Job*, and other parts of the ſcripture, which Dryden, who purſued him with great malignity, lived long enough to ridicule in a prologue.

Upon the king's death, March 8. 1701-2, he was one of the phyſicians who gave their opinions at the opening of his Majeſty's body. At the acceſſion of Queen Anne, he was appointed one of her Phyſicians, and continued in that ſtation for ſome time.

In 1705, he publiſhed *Eliza, an Heroic Poem* in ten books, which does not appear to have found many readers at the time, and is now neglected.

In 1706, he publiſhed his *Advice to the Poets*, a poem on the Duke of Marlborough's victories; which was followed, in 1708, by *The Kit-Kats*, a poem, and the next year by *Inſtructions to Vanderbank*, a ſequel to the *Advice to the Poets*, which Steele ridiculed in the "Tatler," with ſuch ſucceſs, that he put an end to the ſpecies of writers who give *advice to painters*.

In 1712, he publiſhed his *Creation, a Philoſophical Poem* in ſeven books; which is deſervedly eſteemed a claſſical performance, and, if he had written nothing elſe, would have tranſmitted his name to poſterity, among the firſt favourites of the Engliſh muſe.

There is a tradition, that, as he proceeded in writing it, he laid his manuſcript, from time to time, before a club of wits, with whom he aſſociated, and that every man contributed, as he could, either improvement or correction. But, admitting this friendly reviſion to have actually taken place, which is by no means certain, Blackmore will ſtill retain an ample dividend of praiſe; for to him muſt always be aſſigned the plan of the work, the diſtribution of its parts, the choice of topics, the train of argument, and what is yet more, the general predominance of philoſophical judgment and poetical ſpirit; for correction ſeldom effects more than the ſuppreſſion of faults: a happy line, or a ſingle elegance, may perhaps be added; but of a large work, the original conſtitution and general character muſt always remain.

In 1713, when the "Spectator" ſtopped, he condeſcended to entertain the polite world, as a periodical eſſayiſt. "I reſolved," he ſays in a letter to Hughes, "by the aid of another friend, to publiſh a paper three times a week, and to own that I had ſome hand in it. Accordingly this deſign has been twice publicly advertiſed. The paper is called the *Lay-Monk*; and now I believe the tenderneſs of your friendſhip, joined with your diffidence of ſucceſs, begins to put you in pain, and make you tremble for me. But I entreat you to diſmiſs all concern of that nature, for I can run no riſk. I am not determined by deſire of fame, or profit, to undertake this difficult and hazardous promiſe; but I have other views, which I am under obligations to purſue, though I ſhould run a greater venture than I do now. If I miſcarry, I am but where I was; if I ſucceed, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of accompliſhing a deſign, that I have formed for public good." [*Letters of Eminent Perſons, Vol. I. p.* 82.]

The firſt paper was publiſhed Nov. 16. 1713, the laſt Feb. 25. 1713-14. Hughes is ſaid to have contributed every third paper. The papers were afterwards collected into a volume, and called in the title, *The Lay-Monaſtery, a ſequel to the Spectator*. He became one of the *Elects* of the College of Phyſicians, Aug. 22. 1716, and was ſoon after (Oct. 1.) choſen *Cenſor*.

In 1716 and 1717, he publiſhed two volumes of *Eſſays on ſeveral Subjects*, which deſerve commendation only as they are written for the higheſt and nobleſt purpoſe, the promotion of virtue and religion.

He had very juſt ideas of the true ends of writing; but his thoughts are ſeldom recommended by elegance of ſtyle and correctneſs of compoſition.

In 1718, he publiſhed a collection of *Poems on various Subjects*, containing, the ſmall pieces formerly printed, together with *Hymn to the Light of the World, with a deſcription of the Cartoons of Raphael*, firſt printed in 1703, *The Nature of Man*, in three books, firſt printed 1711, and *Cremes*, a ſatire, *The Story of Don Carlos, Prince of Spain, An Ode to the Creator, Hymn to the Sacred Spirit, On Repentance, On Retirement*, &c.

Having ſucceeded ſo well in demonſtrating the exiſtence and providence of God, in his poem on the *Creation*, he now undertook to eſtabliſh the truth of Revelation, and publiſhed, in 1721, *The Redeemer, a Poem* in ſix books.

The ſame year he produced *A new verſion of the Pſalms of David, fitted to the tunes uſed in Churches*, which was recommended by public authority to be uſed in the Churches and Chapels of England.

There was yet another monarch of this iſland whom he conſidered as worthy of the epic muſe, and in 1723, he produced *King Alfred, an Heroic Poem*, in twelve books, which, like *Eliza*, "dropped dead-born from the preſs," and cloſed his epic labours. In the dedication he ſays, that "he had a greater part in the ſucceſſion of the Houſe of Hanover than ever he had boaſted."

"Of his four epic poems," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "the firſt had ſuch reputation and popularity, as enraged the critics; the ſecond was at leaſt known enough to be ridiculed; the two laſt found neither friends nor enemies."

Beſides the original poems and eſſays already enumerated, he wrote a variety of hiſtorical, theological, and medical tracts, which were publiſhed in the following order: *A Diſcourſe on the Plague*, 8vo, 1720; *Modern Arians Unmaſked*, 8vo, 1721; *a Treatiſe on the Small-Pox*, 8vo, 1722; *Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy againſt King William*, 8vo, 1723; *a Treatiſe on Conſumptions*, 8vo, 1724; *a Treatiſe on the Spleen and Vapours*, 8vo, 1725; *a Critical Diſſertation on the Spleen*, 8vo, 1725; *Juſt Prejudices againſt the Arian Hypotheſis*, 8vo, 1725; *Diſcourſes on the Gout, Rheumatiſm, and King's Evil*, 8vo, 1726; *Diſſertations on a Dropſy, a Tympany, the Jaundice, the Stone, and Diabetes*, 8vo, 1727, *Natural Theology*, 8vo, 1728.

His biographers have reported, that the ridicule which was thrown on the poet, was in time followed by the neglect of the phyſician; and that his practice, which was once invidiouſly great, forſook him in the latter part of his life: but the fact may be reaſonably doubted, and ſome communications in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1792, ſhew that he was conſulted by perſons of the higheſt rank, and preſerved his profeſſional credit and reputation till the cloſe of his life.

He died on the 8th of October 1729, in an advanced age, and manifeſted in his laſt illneſs the ſame fervent piety which had diſtinguiſhed him in his life. He left behind him *The Accompliſhed Preacher, or an Eſſay upon Divine Eloquence*, which was printed in 8vo, 1731, by the Rev. Mr. John White of Nayland in Eſſex, who attended his death-bed, and bore teſtimony to the elevated piety with which he prepared for his approaching diſſolution.

Since his death, none of his numerous publications have been reprinted, except his *Creation*, which has gone through ſeveral editions, and was recommended by Dr. Johnſon to be inſerted in the collection of "The Engliſh Poets," with the general approbation of the public.

Of the private life and domeſtic character of Blackmore, there are no memorials. As a man he was juſtly entitled to great applauſe: for numerous as his enemies and opponents were, they ſeem to have been incapable of fixing the leaſt imputation on his character; and thoſe who perſonally knew him, ſpoke highly of his virtues. He was the friend of Hughes. Addiſon appears to have had a great perſonal regard for him, and he was in terms of friendſhip with Pope, ſo late as 1714. This friendſhip was broken by his accuſing Pope, in his *Eſſays*, of profaneneſs and immorality, on a report from Curl that he was the author of a "Traveſtie on the Firſt Pſalm." Pope was afterwards the perpetual and inceſſant enemy of Blackmore, and ſatirized him in the "Dunciad," in the following lines:

> But far o'er all, ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
> Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.
> In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze!
> Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze,
> Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
> And courts to courts return it round and round;

Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both arts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly and who ſings ſo long.

Hardly any writer has ever been more ridiculed than Blackmore; yet there have been few, perhaps none, who have had better intentions. He was certainly a man of conſiderable learning and abilities, and a moſt zealous advocate for the intereſts of religion and virtue. He wrote, indeed, too much, and was deficient in taſte; nor did he take ſufficient time to poliſh his compoſitions; but he was far from being deficient in genius, and, it is evident, that it was not his dullneſs which excited ſo much animoſity againſt him.

His *Creation* is by univerſal conſent accounted the nobleſt production of his genius. Addiſon [*Spect.* 339.] ſays, it "was undertaken with ſo good an intention, and executed with ſo great a maſtery, that it deſerves to be looked upon as one of the moſt uſeful and noble productions in our Engliſh verſe. The reader cannot but be pleaſed to ſee the depths of philoſophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to ſee ſo great a ſtrength of reaſon amidſt ſo beautiful a redundancy of the imagination." Even Dennis calls it a "Philoſophical Poem, which has equalled that of Lucretius, in the beauty of its verſification, and infinitely ſurpaſſed it in the ſolidity and ſtrength of its reaſoning." "This writer," ſays Mr. Duncombe, [*Letters of Eminent Perſons*, *vol.* 1. p. 82.] "though the butt of the wits, eſpecially Dryden and Pope, was treated with more contempt than he deſerved. In particular, his poem on the *Creation* has much merit. And let it be remembered that the reſentment of thoſe wits were excited by Sir Richard's zeal for religion and virtue, by cenſuring the libertiniſm of Dryden, and the (ſuppoſed) profaneneſs of Pope."

"Blackmore," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "by the unremitted enmity of the wits, whom he provoked more by his virtue than his dullneſs, has been expoſed to worſe treatment than he deſerved: his name was ſo long uſed to point every epigram upon dull writers, that it became at laſt a bye-word of contempt; but it deſerves obſervation, that malignity takes hold only of his writings, and that his life paſſed without reproach, even when his boldneſs of reprehenſion naturally turned upon him many eyes deſirous to ſpy faults, which many tongues would have made haſte to publiſh.

"As an author, he may juſtly claim the honours of magnanimity. The inceſſant attack of his enemies, whether ſerious or merry, are never diſcovered to have diſturbed his quiet, or to have leſſened his confidence in himſelf, they neither awaked him to ſilence nor to caution; they neither provoked him to petulance, nor depreſſed him to complaint. While the diſtributors of literary fame were endeavouring to depreciate and degrade him, he either deſpiſed or defied them, wrote on as he had written before, and never turned aſide to quiet them by civility or repreſs them by confutation.

"He depended with great ſecurity on his own powers, and perhaps was for that reaſon leſs diligent in peruſing books. His literature was, I think, but ſmall. What he knew of antiquity, I ſuſpect him to have gathered from modern compilers; but though he could not boaſt of much critical knowledge, his mind was ſtored with general principles; and he left minute reproaches to thoſe whom he conſidered as little minds.

"With this diſpoſition he wrote moſt of his poems. Having formed a magnificent deſign, he was careleſs of particular and ſubordinate elegancies; he ſtudied no niceties of verſification; he waited for no felicities of fancy; but caught his firſt thoughts on his firſt words in which they were preſented; nor does it appear that he ſaw beyond his performances, or had ever elevated his ideas to that ideal perfection which every genius born to excel is condemned always to purſue, and never overtake. In the firſt ſuggeſtions of his imagination, he acquieſced; he thought them good, and did not ſeek for better. His works may be read a long time without the occurrence of a ſingle line that ſtands prominent from the reſt.

"The poem on *Creation* has, however, the appearance of more circumſpection; it wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of ſtyle, nor elegance of diction; it has either been written with great care, or what cannot be imagined of ſo long a work, with ſuch felicity as made care leſs neceſſary.

" Its two conſtituent parts are ratiocination and deſcription. To reaſon in verſe, is allowed to be difficult; but Blackmore, not only reaſons in verſe, but very often reaſons poetically, and finds the art of uniting ornament with ſtrength, and eaſe with cloſeneſs. This is a ſkill which Pope might have condeſcended to learn from him, when he needed it ſo much in his " Moral Eſſays."

" In his deſcriptions both of life and nature, the poet and the philoſopher happily co-operate; truth is recommended by elegance, and elegance ſuſtained by truth.

" In the ſtructure and order of the poem, not only the greater parts are properly conſecutive, but the dedactic and illuſtrative paragraphs are ſo happily mingled, that labour is relieved by pleaſure, and the attention is led on through a long ſucceſſion of varied excellence, to the original poſition, the fundamental principle of wiſdom and of virtue."

CREATION;

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

BY SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KNIGHT, M. D.

AND FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN LONDON.

" Principio cœlum, ac terras campoſque liquentes,
" Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque aſtra
" Spiritus intus alit, totamque infuſa per artus
" Mens agitat molem, et magno ſe corpore miſcet.
" Inde hominum, pecudumque genus, viteque volantum,
" Et quæ marmoreo fert monſtra ſub æquore pontus." VIRG.

PREFACE.

IT has been the opinion of many perſons of great ſenſe and learning, that the knowledge of a God, as well as ſome other ſelf-evident and unconteſted notions, is born with us, and exiſts antecedent to any perception or operation of the mind. They expreſs themſelves on this ſubject in metaphorical terms, altogether unbecoming philoſophical and judicious inquiries, while they aſſert, that the knowledge of a God is interwoven with our conſtitution, that it is written, engraven, ſtamped, and imprinted in clear and diſcernible characters on the heart; in which manner of ſpeech they affect to follow the great orator of the Romans.

By theſe unartful phraſes they can mean nothing but this, that the propoſition, *There is a God*, is actually exiſtent in the mind, as ſoon as the mind has its being; and is not at firſt acquired, though it may be afterwards confirmed, by any act of reaſon, by any argument or demonſtration. I muſt confeſs my inability to conceive this inbred knowledge, theſe original independent ideas, that owe not their being to the operation of the underſtanding, but are, I know not how, congenite and co-exiſtent with it.

For how a man can be ſaid to have knowledge before he knows, how ideas can exiſt in the mind without and before perception, I muſt own is too difficult for me to comprehend. That a man is born with a faculty or capacity to know, though as yet without any actual knowledge; and that, as the eye has a native diſpoſition and aptitude to perceive the light, when fitly offered, though as yet it never exerciſed any act of viſion, and had no innate images in the womb; ſo the mind is endued with a power and faculty to know and perceive the truth of this propoſition, *There is a God*, as ſoon as it ſhall be repreſented to it; all this is clear and intelligible; but any thing more is, as I have ſaid, above my reach. In this opinion, which I had many years ago entertained, I was afterwards confirmed by the famous author of the Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. Nor can I ſee that, by this doctrine, the argument for the exiſtence of a Deity, drawn from the general aſſent of all nations (excepting perhaps ſome few, who are ſo barbarous that they approach very near the condition of brute animals), is at all invalidated. For ſuppoſing there is no inbred know-

ledge of a God; yet if mankind generally aſſent to it, whether their belief proceeds from their reflection on themſelves, or on the viſible creation about them, it will be certainly true, that the exiſtence of a Deity carries with it the cleareſt and moſt uncontrolable evidence; ſince mankind ſo readily and ſo univerſally perceive and embrace it. It deſerves conſideration, that St. Paul upon this argument does not appeal to the light within, or to any characters of the Divine Being originally engraven on the heart, but deduces the cauſe from the effect, and from the creation infers the Creator.

It is very probable that thoſe who believe an innate idea of a Divine Being, unproduced by any operation of the mind, were led by this to another opinion, namely, that there never was in the world a real Atheiſt in belief and ſpeculation, how many ſoever there may have been in life and practice. But, upon due examination, this opinion, I imagine, will not abide the teſt; which I ſhall endeavour to make evident.

But, before I enter upon this ſubject, it ſeems proper to take notice of the apology, which ſeveral perſons of great learning and candour have made for many famous men, and great philoſophers, unjuſtly accuſed of impiety.

Whoever ſhall ſet about to mend the world, and reform men's notions, as well as their manners, will certainly be the mark of much ſcandal and reproach; and will effectually be convinced, that it is too poſſible the greateſt lovers and benefactors of mankind may be repreſented by the multitude, whoſe opinions they contradict, as the worſt of men. The hardy undertakers, who expreſs their zeal to rectify the ſentiments of a prejudiced people in matters of religion, who labour to ſtem the tide of popular error, and ſtrike at the foundations of any ancient, eſtabliſhed ſuperſtition, muſt themſelves expect to be treated as pragmatical and inſolent innovators, diſturbers of the public peace, and the great enemies of religion. The obſervation of all ages confirms this truth; and, if any man who is doubtful of it would try the experiment, I make no queſtion he will very ſoon be thoroughly convinced.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Anaxagoras, though he was the firſt philoſopher who plainly aſſerted an Eternal Mind by whoſe power the world was made, for oppoſing the public worſhip at Athens, whoſe refined wits were plunged in the moſt ſenſeleſs idolatry, and particularly for denying the divinity of the Sun, ſhould be condemned for irreligion, and treaſon againſt the gods; and be heavily fined and baniſhed the city. It is no wonder, after ſo ſharp a perſecution of this zealous reformer, that Socrates, the next ſucceſſor but one to Anaxagoras, and the laſt of the Ionic ſchool, for oppoſing their ſcandalous rabble of deities, and aſſerting one Divine Being, ſhould be condemned for atheiſm, and put to death, by blind ſuperſtition and implacable bigotry.

Some have been condemned by their antagoniſts for impiety, who maintain poſitions, which thoſe from whom they diſſent imagine have a tendency to the diſbelief of a Deity. But this is a manifeſt violation of juſtice, as well as candour, to impute to any man the remote conſequences of his opinion, which he himſelf diſclaims and deteſts, and who, if he ſaw the connection of his principles with ſuch concluſions, would readily renounce them. No man can be reaſonably charged with more opinions than he owns; and if this juſtice were obſerved in polemical diſcourſes, as well of theology as philoſophy, many perſons had eſcaped thoſe hard names, and terrible cenſures, which their angry antagoniſts have thought fit to fix upon them. No one, therefore, is to be reputed an Atheiſt, or an enemy to religion, upon the account of any erroneous opinion, from which another may, by a long chain of ſequels, draw that concluſion; much leſs for holding any doctrines in philoſophy, which the common people are not able to examine or comprehend, who, when they meddle with ſpeculations, of which they are unqualified to judge, will be as apt to cenſure a philoſopher for an atheiſt, as an aſtronomer for a magician.

I would fain too in this place make ſome apology for the great numbers of looſe and vicious men, who laugh at religion, and ſeem in their converſation to diſclaim the belief of a Deity. I do not mean an apology for their practice, but their opinion. I hope theſe unhappy perſons, at leaſt the greateſt part, who have given up the reins to their paſſions and exorbitant appetites, are, rather than atheiſts, a careleſs and ſtupid ſort of creatures, who, either out of a ſupine temper, or for fear of being diſturbed with remorſe in their unwarrantable enjoyments, never ſoberly conſider with themſelves, or exerciſe their reaſon on things of the higheſt importance. Theſe perſons never examine the arguments that enforce the belief of a Deity, and the obligations of religion: but take the word of their ingenious friends, or ſome atheiſtical pretender to philoſophy, who aſſures them there is no God, and therefore no religion. And notwithſtanding all atheiſts have leave given them by their principles to become libertines, yet it is not true that all libertines are atheiſts. Some plainly aſſert their belief of a God; and others, who deny his exiſtence, yet do not deny it upon any principles, any ſcheme of philoſophy which they have framed, and by which they account for the exiſtence and duration of the world, in the beautiful order in which we ſee it, without the aid of a Divine Eternal Mind.

But there are two ſorts of men, who, without injuſtice, have been called atheiſts; thoſe who frankly and in plain terms have denied the being of a God; and thoſe who, though they aſſerted his being, denied thoſe attributes and perfections, which the idea of a God includes; and ſo, while they acknowledged the name, ſubverted the thing. Theſe are as real atheiſts as the former, but leſs ſincere. If any man ſhould declare he believes a Deity, but affirms that this Deity is of human ſhape, and not eternal; that he derives his being from the fortuitous concourſe and complication of atoms; or, though he allowed him to be eternal,

ſhould maintain, that he ſhowed no wiſdom, deſign, or prudence, in the formation, and no care or providence in the government of the world; that he never reflects on any thing exterior to his own being, nor intereſts himſelf in human affairs; does not know, or does not attend to, any of our actions: ſuch a perſon is, indeed, and in effect, as much an atheiſt as the former. For though he owns the appellation, yet his deſcription is deſtructive of the idea of a God. I do not affirm, that the idea of a God implies the relation of a Creator: but, ſince in the demonſtration of the exiſtence of a God, we argue from the effect to the cauſe, and proceed from the contemplation of the creature to the knowledge of the Creator, it is evident we cannot know there is a God, but we muſt know him to be the Maker, and, if the Maker, then the Governor and Benefactor of the world. Could there be a God, who is entirely regardleſs of things without him, who is perfectly unconcerned with the direction and government of the world, is altogether indifferent whether we worſhip or affront him, and is neither pleaſed nor diſpleaſed with any of our actions; he would certainly to us be the ſame as no God. The log in the fable would be altogether as venerable a deity; for, if he has no concern with us, it is plain, we have none with him: if we are not ſubject to any laws he has made for us, we can never be obedient, or diſobedient, nor can we need forgiveneſs, or expect reward. If we are not the ſubjects of his care and protection, we can owe him no love or gratitude; if he either does not hear, or diſregards our prayers, how impertinent is it to build temples, and to worſhip at his altars! In my opinion, ſuch notions of a Deity, which lay the axe to the root of all religion, and make all the expreſſions of it idle and ridiculous; which deſtroy the diſtinction of good and bad, all morality of our actions, and remove all the grounds and reaſons of fear of puniſhment, and hope of reward; will juſtly denominate a man an atheiſt, though he ever ſo much diſclaims that ignominious title.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic ſchool, and the philoſophers who ſucceeded him, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Diogenes, Apollionates, Anaxagoras, and Archelaus, are cenſured by Ariſtotle as diſbelievers of a Deity; the reaſon he gives is, that theſe philoſophers, in treating of the principles of the world, never introduce the Deity as the efficient cauſe. But if it be conſidered, that natural ſcience was then in its infancy, and that thoſe primitive philoſophers only undertook to account for the material principle out of which the world was made, which one aſſerted to be water, one fire, another air; though this may prove that they formed but a lame and unfiniſhed ſcheme of philoſophy, yet it does not evince, that they denied the being of a God, or that they did not believe him to be the efficient cauſe of all things. It is indeed a convincing evidence that their philoſophy was imperfect, as at firſt it might well be; but from their ſilence or omiſſion of him in their ſyſtems, when they deſigned to treat only of the material cauſes of things, it is unreaſonable to affirm that they denied his being: and it is certain Anaxagoras taught, that, beſides it, matter, was abſolutely neceſſary to aſſert a Divine Mind, the Contriver and Maker of the world; and for this religious principle, as we ſaid before, he was at Athens an illuſtrious confeſſor.

After the death of Socrates, the Ionic ſchool was ſoon divided into various ſects and philoſophical parties: of the Cyrenaic ſchool, Theodorus and Dion Boriſthenites, were reputed Atheiſts, contemners of the Gods, and deriders of religion. Yet ſince it does not appear, that they had formed any impious ſcheme of philoſophy, or maintained their irreligion by any pretended principles of reaſon, it is not improbable that theſe men were rather abandoned libertines, without conſideration and reflection, than ſpeculative and philoſophical Atheiſts.

The Italic ſchool, to its great diſhonour, was more fertile in impiety, and produced a greater number of theſe irreligious philoſophers. The maſters, who ſucceeded their famous founder Pythagoras, ſoon degenerated from his noble and pious principles, and not only corrupted the purity of his doctrine, but became downright apoſtates, renouncing the belief of a God, and ſubverting the foundations of religion. Leucippus, Democritus, Diagoras, and Protagoras, were juſtly reckoned in this rank; who aſſerted, that the world was made by the caſual combination of atoms, without any aſſiſtance or direction of a Divine Mind. They taught their followers this doctrine, ſupported it with arguments, and ſo were Atheiſts on the pretended principles of reaſon. But among all the ancient obdurate Atheiſts, and inveterate enemies of religion, no one ſeems more ſincere, or more implacable, than Epicurus.

And though this perſon was perhaps of as dull an underſtanding, of as unrefined thought, and as little ſagacity and penetration, as any man who was ever complimented with the name of a philoſopher; yet ſeveral great wits, and men of diſtinguiſhed learning, in this laſt age, have been pleaſed to give the world high encomiums of his capacity and ſuperior attainments.

After a long night of ignorance had overſpread the face of Europe, many wiſe men, from a generous love of truth, reſolved to exerciſe their reaſon, and free themſelves from prejudice, and a ſervile veneration of great names, and prevailing authority; and, growing impatient of tyrannical impoſitions, as well in philoſophy as religion, to their great honour, ſeparated both from the church of Rome, and the ſchool of Ariſtotle. Theſe patriots of the commonwealth of learning, combined to reform the corruptions, and redreſs the grievances of philoſophy; to pull down the Peripatetic monarchy, and ſet up a free and independent ſtate of ſcience; and, being fully convinced of the weakneſs and unreaſonableneſs of Ariſtotle's ſyſtem, which conſiſted chiefly of words without any determined meaning, and of idle metaphyſical definitions, of which many were falſe, and many unintelligible; they in this caſe had recourſe to

the Corpuſcularian hypotheſis, and revived the obſolete and exploded ſyſtem of Epicurus.

Many of theſe noble leaders, who had declared againſt the Peripatetic uſurpation, and aſſerted the rights and liberties of human underſtanding, called in this philoſopher, for want of a better, to depoſe Ariſtotle. And though a general revolution did not follow, yet the defection from the prince of ſcience, as he was once eſteemed, was very great. When theſe firſt reformers of Ariſtotle's ſchool had eſpouſed the intereſt of Epicurus, and introduced his doctrines, that his hypotheſis might be received with the leſs oppoſition, they thought it neceſſary to remove the ignominious character of impiety, under which their philoſopher had long lain. And it is indeed very natural for a man, who has embraced another's notions and principles, to believe well of his maſter, and to ſtand up in the defence of his reputation. The learned Gaſſendus is eminent above all others for the warm zeal he has expreſſed, and the great pains he has taken, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, and clear his character from the imputation of irreligion.

After the unhappy fate of Anaxagoras and the great Socrates, it is no wonder that the philoſophers, who ſucceeded ſhould grow more cautious in propagating their opinions, for fear of provoking the magiſtrate, and making themſelves obnoxious to the laws of their country: and, if any had formed irreligious ſchemes, it is to be ſuppoſed, they would take care to guard, as well as they could, againſt the puniſhment to be inflicted on all who denied the gods, and derided the eſtabliſhed worſhip. An atheiſt cannot be ſuppoſed to be fond of ſuffering, when pain and death are what he chiefly abhors: and therefore Epicurus, who, if Cicero and Plutarch knew his opinion, was a downright profeſſed atheiſt, has not in terms denied, but indeed aſſerted, the being of the gods; and ſpeaks honourably of them, ſo far as regards the excellence of their nature, and their happineſs. But when he deſcribes his gods, and gives them a human face and limbs, and ſays they are neither incorporeal nor corporeal, but as it were corporeal; while he excludes them from any hand in making, or care in guiding and governing the world, and undertakes to ſhow that all things were brought about by mere chance, without any help or direction of the gods, who are altogether unconcerned with human affairs, and regardleſs of our actions; he muſt laugh in himſelf, and be ſuppoſed to have formed this ridiculous idea of a Divine Being, merely to eſcape the character of an impious philoſopher. For though he owns the name of a God, by his deſcription he entirely deſtroys the Divine Nature. Nor do I think, that Ariſtotle can be defended from the charge of atheiſm; for while he affirms, that the world, as to its formation, as well as its progreſſion and duration, is independent on the gods, and owes nothing to their power, wiſdom, or providence, he utterly ſubverts all pretence to religion and divine worſhip, and comes at laſt into the dregs of the Epicurean ſcheme: this, I believe, I have plainly proved in the following poem.

As to the modern Atheiſts, Vaninus, Hobbes, and Spinoſa; I have ſpoken of them in their turn, and ſhall not anticipate what is ſaid hereafter.

I have been determined to employ ſome of my leiſure hours in writing on this ſubject, by the melancholy reflection I have often made on the growth of profaneneſs, and the prevailing power of looſe and irreligious principles in this nation.

It is a mortifying conſideration to all who love mankind, and wiſh well to their country, that this opinion has of late years, above the example of paſt ages, ſpread its contagious influence ſo far and wide, that now, emboldened by the power and number of its aſſertors, it becomes inſolent and formidable. Thoſe impious maxims, which a ſmall party in the laſt age, when inflamed with wine, vented in private, are now the entertainment of the coffee-houſe, publicly profeſſed, and in many companies ſpoken of in cool blood, as the ordinary ſubjects of converſation.

All ages have brought forth ſome monſters, ſome profeſſors and patrons of irreligion; monſters in reſpect of their ſcarceneſs, as well as deformity; but the amazing abundance of theſe odious productions is, I believe, peculiar to this fertile age. I am apt to think, that moſt who were reckoned atheiſts in former reigns were rather unbridled libertines, than irreligious in principle: but now we are ſo far advanced, that the infection has ſeized the mind; the Atheiſt in practice is become one in ſpeculation, and looſeneſs of manners improved to intellectual impiety.

Many (which is without example) expreſs an ardent zeal for profaneneſs, are grown bigots in atheiſm, and with great induſtry and application propagate their principles, form parties, and concert meaſures to carry on with vigour the cauſe of irreligion. They careſs, and are very fond of, thoſe who boldly declare for impiety, and mock all religion as cheat and impoſture. Theſe are wits, men of ſenſe, of large and free thoughts, and cannot fail of being men in faſhion. And as the renegades and deſerters of heaven, who renounce their God for the favour of men, and chooſe to grow popular at the deareſt rate, are by many protected and applauded: ſo there are places where a man, that has the aſſurance to own the belief of a Deity and a future ſtate, would be expoſed and laughed out of countenance. Hence many are tempted to conceal their notions of religion, for fear of blaſting their reputation, and of being neglected and deſpiſed by thoſe from whoſe favour they expect profit or promotion.

Immediately after the Reſtoration, the people, intoxicated with the pleaſures of peace, and influenced by the example of a looſe court, as well as from their great averſion to the former fanatical ſtrictneſs and ſeverity of converſation, which they deteſted as hypocriſy, indulged themſelves in ſenſual liberties, and by degrees ſunk deep into luxury and vice. Then it was that ſome irreligious men, taking advantage of this growing diſſolution of manners, began to propagate their deteſtable notions, and ſow the ſeeds of profaneneſs and impiety, which ſprung up apace, and flouriſhed in

proportion to the growth of immorality. Thus vice and irreligion, mutually aſſiſting each other, extended their power by daily encroachments; and the ſolid temper and firmneſs of mind, which the people once poſſeſſed, being ſlackened and diſſolved by the power of riot and forbidden pleaſure, their judgment ſoon became vitiated; which corruption of taſte has ever ſince gradually increaſed, as the confederate powers of vice and profaneneſs have ſpread their infection, and gained upon religion.

While looſe principles and impious opinions pervert the judgment, a petulant humour, that inclines men to give an air of levity and ridicule to all their diſcourſes, and turn every thing to mirth and raillery, does in proportion get ground; this being eſteemed the moſt ſucceſsful method to weaken the power and authority of religion in the minds of men.

I would not here be underſtood as if I condemned the qualifications of wit and pleaſantry, but only the miſapplication of them. I ſhall always retain a great value for ingenious men, provided they do not abuſe and proſtitute their talents to the worſt purpoſes; I mean the deriding all ſobriety of manners, and turning into jeſt the principles which conſtitute our duty here, and aſſure our happineſs hereafter. But can any man who reveres a God, and loves his country, ſtand by unconcerned, while looſe and profane wits ſhow ſo much zeal and diligence in propagating maxims, which tend ſo directly to the diſhonour of the one, and the ruin of the other?

Should Atheiſm and corruption of manners, thoſe inſeparable companions, which, as cauſes and effects, mutually introduce and ſupport each other, prevail much farther; ſhould impious notions in any age hereafter generally infect the higheſt, as well as the inferior ranks of men; what confuſion of affairs muſt enſue! It would be impoſſible to find men of principle to fill the places of truſt and honour, or patrons to promote them: merit would incapacitate and diſqualify for the favour of great men, and a religious character would be an invincible obſtruction to advancement; there would be no perſons of rank to encourage men of worth, and bring neglected virtue into faſhion. On the contrary, the contemners of heaven and deriders of piety would be careſſed, applauded, and promoted; the diſpoſers of preferment would confer all on thoſe who embrace their opinions: and what a terrible temptation would this be to our youth, to accommodate their notions to thoſe of the men in power, when they ſhall ſee that their favour is not otherwiſe to be procured!

Is it not highly probable that, in ſuch an age, clubs and cabals would be formed of ſcoffers and buffoons, to laugh religion out of countenance, and make the profeſſors of it the object of public ſcorn and contempt?

Beſides, it is natural to believe that magiſtrates in a commonwealth, generally compoſed of atheiſts, would likewiſe proceed to violence, and perſecute thoſe whom they could not perſuade to embrace their notions, as much as any ſect of religion has ever done. For it is not religion, but corrupted human nature, that puſhes men on to compulſive methods of obliging their adverſaries to renounce their own, and aſſert the opinions of men in power. It is from the factious temper of a party, not the ſpirit of piety; it is from pride and an impatience of contradiction, or from luſt of dominion, or a violent deſire of engroſſing the places of honour and profit, that men endeavour, by cruel and coercive methods, to ſilence their opponents, and ſuppreſs their competitors. And if it will be allowed that human paſſions will always exert themſelves with uniformity, and therefore ſtill produce the like effects; if we may foretel what atheiſts when in power are like to do, from what they have done, as far as they had ability; we may be aſſured, when they do not want power, they will never want a will to employ violence, to extinguiſh the notions of piety, and the hateful hereſy of religion. It would not be ſtrange if atheiſtical teſts, in ſuch a ſtate of affairs, ſhould be formed and impoſed, to keep men of dangerous principles out of all poſts of power and profit; and all that believed the being of a God, and the rewards and puniſhments of another life, ſhould be looked on as diſaffected to the government, and the diſturbers of the public peace.

And if ſuch notions of impiety, and ſuch a degenerate conſtitution of manners, ſhould ever prevail in this unhappy nation, any man, without the gift of prophecy, and, indeed, with a very moderate penetration, may foreſee, that the public will then be expoſed to inevitable ruin.

But before the intereſts of virtue and religion are reduced to ſo deplorable a ſtate, it is to be hoped this once wiſe and ſober nation will awake from its lethargy; that, notwithſtanding the preſent popularity of vice, levity, and impiety, it may one day recover its reliſh of ſolid knowledge and real merit; that buffoons themſelves may one day be expoſed, the laughers in their turn become ridiculous, and an atheiſtical ſcoffer be as much out of credit, as a ſober and religious man is at preſent: virtue, ſerioufneſs, and a due reverence of ſacred and divine things, may revive among us; and it is the duty and intereſt of every man that loves his country, and wiſhes well to mankind, to make his utmoſt efforts to bring about ſuch a happy revolution. This would the ſooner be effected, if the virtuous part of ingenious men (for virtue has ſtill a party) would not ſupinely ſtand by, and ſee the honour and intereſt of religion expoſed and inſulted; but, inſtead of an abject, unactive deſpondence, would unite their endeavours, with vigour and reſolution, againſt the common enemies of God and their country. It is great pity, that in ſo noble a cauſe any ſhould ſhow ſuch poorneſs of ſpirit, as to be aſhamed of aſſerting their religion, and ſtemming the tide of impiety, for fear of becoming the entertainment of ſcoffing libertines.

I know the gentlemen of atheiſtical notions pretend to refined parts, and paſs themſelves upon the world for wits of the firſt rank: yet in debate they decline argument, and rather truſt to the deciſion of raillery. But if it were poſſible for theſe gentlemen to apply themſelves in good earneſt to

the reaſons alleged in proof of a Divine Being, in a manner that becomes an inquiry of ſuch conſequence, I ſhould believe their conviction were not to be deſpaired of.

But there is little appearance that they will be ever prevailed on to conſider this matter with deliberate and unprejudiced thought; and, therefore, I am not ſo ſanguine to think, that any arguments I can bring, though ever ſo clear and demonſtrative, are like to make any impreſſion upon a veteran atheiſt. I have, nevertheleſs, thought it a ſeaſonable ſervice to endeavour to ſtop the contagion, and, as far as I am able, to preſerve thoſe who are not yet infected.

I would entreat theſe to diſtinguiſh between raillery and argument, and not believe that mirth ought to determine in ſo weighty a caſe; that they would not admit of principles of the utmoſt concern without examination, and take impiety upon content; that they would appeal from the buffoon and the mocker, to the impartial deciſion of right reaſon, and debate this matter with the gravity that becomes the importance of the ſubject.

But, ſince the gentlemen who own no obligations of religion for the rule of behaviour, ſet up in its ſtead a ſpurious principle, which they call honour, and a greatneſs of mind, that will not deſcend to a mean or baſe action; let them reflect, whether that term, as they uſe it, is not an empty ſound without any determined meaning. If honour lays a man under any obligation to perform or forbear any action, then, it is evident honour is a law or rule, and the tranſgreſſion of it makes us guilty and obnoxious to puniſhment: and if it be a law, it muſt be the declaration of ſome legiſlator's will; for this is the definition of a law that regulates the manners of a moral agent. Now, I aſk a man of honour, who denies religion, what, or whoſe law he breaks, if he deviates from what he imagines a point of honour? It is plain there can be no tranſgreſſion, where there is no law; no irregularity where there is no rule; nor can a man do a baſe or diſhonourable thing, if he lies under no obligation to the contrary. Honour, therefore, abſtracted from the notion of religion, which enjoins it, is an idle chimera, which can have little power over any man that does not believe a Divine Legiſlator, whoſe authority muſt enforce it.

It is the ſame with friendſhip and gratitude, which are principles that the Atheiſt will often commend. But how is any man bound to be grateful, or to be a friend? Should he act a contrary part, and be treacherous and ungrateful, what guilt has he contracted? Has he offended againſt any law? or can he become guilty, without the breach of any? If you ſay he has broken any law, tell us the law, and by whom it was made. If the laws of the Supreme Being are ſet aſide, we can lie under no regulation, but have an unbounded liberty over all our actions; we may, without the leaſt fault or diſhonour, break our oaths, ſubvert the government, betray our friends, aſſaſſinate our parents; in ſhort, commit all kinds of the moſt deteſtable crimes without remorſe; for, not being controlled by any obligation, we may do whatever our paſſions or our intereſts prompt us to, without being accountable to any tribunal for the leaſt tranſgreſſion.

If it be ſaid, we are obliged by the laws of our country; I anſwer, that, as to the actions we are ſpeaking of, ſuch as a man of honour, a great and generous mind, a friend, a grateful perſon, is ſuppoſed to think himſelf obliged to, theſe are ſuch as are not regulated by municipal laws, and therefore men are at liberty, whether they will act by what they call a principle of honour or not, and can juſtly incur no cenſure or reproach, ſhould they have no regard to that pompous and ſounding word; for if their actions are not morally determined either by human or divine laws, they may very juſtly, and honourably too, act with unlimited freedom in theſe matters. Beſides, whoever believes himſelf free from the obligations of divine precepts, cannot look on himſelf as bound by any human laws. He may indeed, from the apprehenſion of puniſhment, forbear an action thus forbidden, and it is his intereſt ſo to do: but, if he thinks no divine authority makes it his duty to ſubmit to the magiſtrate, and obey the laws of his country, he is at liberty, as to any guilt, whether he will obey or no. If he ventures the puniſhment, he eſcapes the ſin. If an Atheiſt ſwears fidelity to his prince, what controlling power is he under, which affects the mind, not to betray him if he thinks it fit and ſafe to do it? If he lets his parents, or his patron, or his friend periſh, what iniquity is he accountable for?

The exiſtence of a God has been already cleared and abundantly demonſtrated, by many pious and learned authors; whence this attempt may be cenſured as impertinent and unneceſſary. But as thoſe excellent performances being writ in proſe and the greateſt part in the learned languages, or at leaſt in a ſcholaſtic manner, are ill-accommodated to great numbers not of a learned education and many who have more knowledge, and greater genius, will not undergo the trouble of reading and conſidering the arguments expreſſed in a manner to them obſcure, dry, and diſagreeable. I have therefore formed a poem on this great and important ſubject, that I might give it the advantage peculiar to poetry, and adapt it more to the general apprehenſion and capacity of mankind. The harmony of numbers engages many to read and retain what they would neglect if written in proſe and I perſuade myſelf the Epicurean philoſopher had not lived ſo long, nor been ſo much eſteemed had it not been kept alive and propagated by the famous poem of Lucretius.

I have choſen to demonſtrate the exiſtence of God from the marks of wiſdom, deſign, contrivance, and the choice of ends and means, which appear in the univerſe. Out of the various arguments that evince the truth of this propoſition "There is a God," I have ſelected this as the most evident and intelligible

I may with reaſon preſume, that I ſhall not incur any cenſure for not employing new arguments to prove the being of a God; none but what have

been produced before by many writers, even from the eldeſt days of philoſophy. It was never objected to Lucretius, that, in his applauded poem, he has not invented a new ſyſtem of philoſophy, but only recited in poetical numbers the ancient doctrines of Democritus and Epicurus. Nor can it with reaſon be ſuppoſed, that the arguments by which he ſupports their opinions were not long before in the ſchools of Greece. Nor have modern writers on this ſubject invented, but purſued the demonſtration of a God, from the evident appearance of contrivance and wiſdom in the viſible world, which they have done with more clearneſs and ſtrength, than thoſe who went before them. And while theſe have attempted to evince the exiſtence of a God only from the contemplation of corporeal nature, I have carried the argument on to the actions of living, ſenſitive, and intelligent beings, ſo far as we are acquainted with them; believing that brighter and more noble ſtrokes of wiſdom and deſign appear in the principles of life, ſenſation, and reaſon, than in all the compaſs of the material world.

I have endeavoured to give the ſubject yet greater degrees of perſpicuity, more variety of argument, as well as eaſy and familiar expreſſion, that, the ſtyle being more pleaſing, and the demonſtration more readily apprehended, it may leave a deeper impreſſion, and its effects and uſefulneſs may become more extenſive. In order to this, I have rarely uſed any term of art, or any phraſe peculiar to the writing and converſation of learned men. I have attempted, as Monſieur Fontenelle has done with great ſucceſs in his plurality of worlds, to bring philoſophy out of the ſecret receſſes of the ſchools, and ſtrip it of its uncouth and myſterious dreſs, that it may become agreeable, and admitted to a general converſation.

I take it for granted, that no judicious reader will expect, in the philoſophical and argumentative parts of this poem, the ornaments of poetical eloquence. In this caſe, where metaphor and deſcription are not admitted leſt they ſhould darken and enfeeble the argument, if the reaſoning be cloſe, ſtrong, and eaſily apprehended; if there be an elegant ſimplicity, purity, and propriety of words, and a juſt order and connection of the parts, mutually ſupporting and enlightening one another, there will be all the perfection which the ſtyle can demand.

I may ſafely conclude, that no man will expect that in this poem I ſhould borrow any embelliſhments from the exploded and obſolete theology of the ancient idolaters of Greece or Rome; that I ſhould addreſs any rapturous invocations to their idle deities, or adorn the ſtyle with alluſions to their fabulous actions. I have more than once publicly declared my opinion, that a Chriſtian poet cannot but appear monſtrous and ridiculous in a Pagan dreſs; that though it ſhould be granted, that the heathen religion might be allowed a place in light and looſe ſongs, mock heroic, and the lower lyric compoſitions; yet, in Chriſtian poems of the ſublime and greater kind, the mixture of the Pagan theology muſt, by all who are maſters of reflection and good ſenſe, be condemned, if not as impious, at leaſt as impertinent and abſurd. And this is a truth ſo clear and evident, that I make no doubt it will by degrees force its way and prevail over the contrary practice. Should Britons recover their virtue, and reform their taſte, they would no more bear the heathen religion in verſe, than in proſe. Chriſtian poets, as well as Chriſtian preachers, the buſineſs of both being to inſtruct the people, though the laſt only are wholly appropriated to it, ſhould endeavour to confirm and ſpread their own true religion. If a divine ſhould begin his ſermon with a ſolemn prayer to Bacchus, or Apollo, to Mars, or Venus, what would the people think of their preacher? And is it not as really, though not equally, abſurd, for a poet in a great and ſerious poem, wherein he celebrates ſome wonderful and happy event of Divine Providence, or magnifies the illuſtrious inſtrument that was honoured to bring the event about, to addreſs his prayer to falſe deities, and cry for help to the abominations of the heathen?

The deſign of this poem is to demonſtrate the ſelf-exiſtence of an Eternal Mind from the created and dependent exiſtence of the univerſe, and to confute the hypotheſis of the Epicureans and Fataliſts, under whom all the patrons of impiety, ancient or modern, of whatſoever denomination, may be ranged. The firſt of whom affirm the world was in time cauſed by chance; and the other that it exiſted from eternity without a cauſe. It is true, as before mentioned, both theſe acknowledged the exiſtence of gods; but, by their abſurd and ridiculous deſcription of them, it is plain they had nothing elſe in view, but to avoid the obnoxious character of atheiſtical philoſophers.

This likewiſe has been often objected to the deiſts of the preſent times, that at leaſt a great part of them only conceal their notions under that name, while they are really to be numbered among the atheiſts. I have before expreſſed my reaſons, why I cannot embrace this opinion. It is true, indeed, that moſt of the deiſts maintain a particular friendſhip with the atheiſts, are pleaſed with their looſe and impious converſation, and appear very tender of their credit and eſteem. They are charitable in crying up their ſhining qualities, and in concealing, excuſing, or leſſening, their immoral actions; while at the ſame time they ſhow an affectation in expoſing the faults and follies of the Chriſtians, eſpecially thoſe who are the moſt ſtrict and regular in their manners, and appear to be moſt in earneſt. It is likewiſe remarkable, that theſe gentlemen expreſs no zeal for the extirpation of irreligious principles: they have never, as far as I know, written any thing againſt them; nor are they pleaſed in company to declare their deteſtation of ſuch impious maxims, or to produce arguments to confute them; while at the ſame time they take great pains, and ſhow a warm zeal, to weaken the belief of the Chriſtian religion, and to expoſe the pretended errors of its different profeſſors; which ſeems, indeed, ſtrange, ſince he that owns a God and his providence, ſhould in reaſon look upon thoſe who believe neither to be infinitely

more oppoſite to him, than thoſe who agree with him in the belief of a God, and differ only in the point of revealed religion.

Beſides, it is obſervable that the preſent deiſts have not drawn and publiſhed any ſcheme of religion, or catalogues of the duties they are obliged to perform, or whence ſuch obligations ariſe. They do not tell us, that they look on man as an accountable creature; nor, if they do, for what, and to whom, or when, that account is to be made, and what rewards and puniſhments will attend it. I do not affirm they have no ſuch ſcheme in their thoughts; but, ſince they will not let us know their creed, and in the mean time deride and triumph over that of the Chriſtians, I cannot defend them from thoſe who ſay they are juſtly to be ſuſpected.

And that the deiſt may clear himſelf from the ſuſpicion of being an atheiſt, or at leaſt a friend and favourer of their principles; I could wiſh he would in public aſſert and demonſtrate the being of a God and his providence, and declare his abhorrence of the principles of thoſe who diſbelieve them.

It would likewiſe give great ſatisfaction, and remove the objections of thoſe that charge them with direct irreligion, if they would pleaſe to give ſome account of their belief: Whether they look upon God as one who governs mankind by laws to be diſcovered by the light of reaſon, which reſtrain our inclinations and determine our duty; that they would tell us what thoſe laws are, and what ſanctions do enforce them; and until this be done, they cannot well diſcharge themſelves from the ſuſpicion before-mentioned.

And here I would addreſs myſelf to the irreligious gentlemen of the age: and I deſire them not to take up prejudices againſt the exiſtence of a God, and run away with impious maxims, until they have exerciſed their conſideration, and made an impartial inquiry into the grounds and reaſons that ſupport the belief of a Divine Eternal Being. In order to ſuch a reaſonable examination, it is but juſt and decent they ſhould be in earneſt, and hear the arguments we offer with temper and patience; that they ſhould inure themſelves to think, and weigh the force of thoſe arguments, as becomes ſincere inquirers after truth. The being of a God, and the duties that reſult from that principle, are ſubjects of the greateſt excellence and dignity in themſelves, and of the greateſt concern and importance to mankind; and, therefore, ſhould never be treated in mirth and ridicule. Generals of armies and counſellors of ſtate, ſenators, and judges, in the great and weighty affairs that come before them, do not put on the air of jeſters and buffoons, and, inſtead of grave and ſolemn debates, aim at nothing but ſallies of wit, and treat their ſubjects and one another only with raillery and deriſion: yet the buſineſs propoſed to the conſideration of the perſons I ſpeak to is, in every reſpect, infinitely ſuperior to any of theirs before-mentioned.

Are they ſure there is no God, and therefore no religion? If they are not, what a terrible riſque do they run! If their reaſons amount only to a probability, the contrary opinion may be true, and that *may be* is enough to give them the moſt frightful apprehenſions, and diſturb them amidſt all the pleaſures they enjoy. But if they ſay they are aſſured, and paſt doubt, there is no God; let them conſider, confidence in an opinion is not always the effect of certainty and demonſtration. Their predeceſſors, the atheiſts of former ages, were as certain, that is, as confident, they reaſoned right, as they can be. They cannot pretend to clearer light, and greater aſſurance of the truth of their maxims, than Epicurus and Lucretius did; or inſult their adverſaries with greater contempt than thoſe have done: yet theſe men themſelves, at leaſt many of them, allow thoſe philoſophers were groſsly miſtaken, and will by no means truſt to the Epicurean ſcheme, as the foundation of their opinions. If theſe great maſters, notwithſtanding their unexampled confidence, have been miſtaken, why may not their ſucceſſors be ſo?

If they ſet up Ariſtotle's ſcheme, and think they ſecure their principles by making the world to be eternal, and all effects and events the reſult of ſuch a fatal neceſſity, and an indiſſoluble concatenation of cauſes, as render it impoſſible, that things that are ſhould not be, or that they ſhould be otherwiſe than they are; let them conſider, that the greateſt aſſertors of impiety, I mean Democritus, Leucippus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, oppoſed this as an idle and incoherent ſyſtem; and that indeed it is ſo, ſhall be after demonſtrated: and ſhould not this ſhake their confidence, that all their friends in the Epicurean ſchools, who were ſufficiently delivered from the prejudices of education and ſuperſtitious impreſſions, could not ſee the leaſt probability in the ſcheme of the Fataliſts, on which theſe gentlemen are pleaſed to rely in a matter of the higheſt importance?

Will they confide in Mr. Hobbes? has that philoſopher ſaid any thing new? does he bring any ſtronger forces into the field than the Epicureans did before him? will they derive their certainty from Spinoſa? can ſuch an obſcure, perplexed, unintelligible author create ſuch certainty, as leaves no doubt or diſtruſt? If he is indeed to be underſtood, what does he allege more than the ancient Fataliſts have done, that ſhould amount to demonſtration?

Beſides, if, as they pretend, they are eſtabliſhed beyond poſſibility of deception in the truth of their maxims, why are they ſo very fond of thoſe authors, that ſet up any new doctrine? and why do they embrace with ſo much pleaſure their new ſchemes of irreligion? They are very glad to hear of any great genius, that can invent freſh arguments to ſtrengthen their opinions; and does not this betray a ſecret diffidence, that demands further light and confirmation?

But further; ſince theſe gentlemen ſhow ſo much induſtry in propagating their opinions, and are ſo fond of making proſelytes to atheiſm; ſince they affect a zeal in countenancing, applauding, and preferring, thoſe whom they have delivered from religious prejudices, and reformed and re-

fined with their free, large, and generous principles, how comes it to paſs, that they neglect to inform and improve their neareſt relations? Are they careful to inſtruct their wives and daughters, that they need not revere the imaginary phantom of a God; that religion is the creature of a timorous and ſuperſtitious mind, or of crafty prieſts, and cunning politicians; that, therefore, they are free from all reſtraints of virtue and conſcience, and may proſtitute their perſons in the moſt licentious manner, without any remorſe, or uneaſy reflection; that it is idle to fear any divine puniſhment hereafter; and as to the ſhame and diſhonour that may attend the liberties they take, in caſe they become public, that ſcandal proceeds from the groſs miſtakes of people perverted with religion, and miſguided by a belief of a Divine Being, and of rewards and puniſhments in an imaginary life after this?

Do they take pains to inform their eldeſt ſons, that they owe them no gratitude or obedience; that they may uſe an uncontrolled freedom in indulging all their appetites, paſſions, and inclinations; that, if they are willing to poſſeſs their father's honour and eſtate, they may, by poiſon or the poignard, take away his life; and, if they are careful to avoid the puniſhment of the magiſtrate, by their ſecret conduct, they may be fully ſatisfied of the innocence of the action; and as they have done themſelves much good, ſo they have done their father no injury, and therefore may enjoy in perfect tranquillity the fruits of their parricide? Whatever they may affirm among their looſe friends, I cannot conceive they can be guilty of ſo much folly, as to propagate theſe opinions in their own families, and inſtruct their wives and children in the boundleſs liberties, which, by the principles of atheiſm, are their undoubted right; for in all actions, where religion does not interpoſe and reſtrain us, we are perfectly, as has been ſaid, free to act as we think beſt for our profit and pleaſure.

Beſides, to what a deplorable condition would mankind be reduced, ſhould theſe opinions be univerſally embraced! If ſo many kings and potentates, who yet profeſs their belief of a God, and of rewards and puniſhments in a life to come, do, notwithſtanding, from boundleſs ambition and a cruel temper, oppreſs their ſubjects at home, and ravage and deſtroy their neighbours abroad, ſhould think themſelves free from all divine obligations, and therefore too from the reſtraints of oaths and ſolemn contracts; theſe fences and ſecurities removed, what a deluge of calamities would break in upon the world! what oppreſſion, what violence, what rapine, what devaſtation, would finiſh the ruin of human nature! for, if mighty princes are ſatisfied that it is impoſſible for them to do any wrong, what bounds are left to inſatiable avarice and exorbitant thirſt of power! if monarchs may, without the leaſt guilt, violate their treaties, break their vows, betray their friends, and ſacrifice their truth and honour at pleaſure to their paſſions, or their intereſt, what truſt, what confidence, could be ſupported between neighbour potentates! and without this what confuſion and diſtraction muſt of neceſſity enſue!

On the other hand, if ſubjects were univerſally atheiſts, and looked on themſelves as under no divine obligation to pay any duty or obedience to the ſupreme magiſtrate; if they believed that, when they took their oaths of allegiance, they ſwore by nothing, and invocated a power not in being; that therefore thoſe oaths oblige them no longer than they think it ſafe, and for their intereſt, to break them; ſhould ſuch principles obtain, would not the thrones of princes be moſt precarious: would not ambition, revenge, reſentment, or intereſt continually excite ſome or other to betray or aſſault the lives of their ſovereigns? and why ſhould they be blamed by the atheiſt for doing it? why are traitors, aſſaſſins, haters of their princes, and enemies to their country, branded with the odious names of ruffians and villains, if they lie under no obligations to act otherwiſe than they do?

Should conſpirators, who aſſaſſinate their lawful ſovereign, have the good fortune to make their eſcape, I aſk the atheiſt, if he has in the leaſt an ill opinion of them for being engaged in ſuch an execrable undertaking? If he ſays he has not, then the point is gained, and an atheiſt is what I have repreſented. If he ſays he has, I next aſk him, why? Let him tell me in what their guilt conſiſts? Is it in the breach of any divine law? That cannot be, for he owns none. Is it the tranſgreſſion of any human law? Tell me what obligation he is under to obey any human law, if no divine law enforces ſuch obedience. Does their guilt conſiſt in the breach of their duty to their prince and their oaths of allegiance? Still the ſame queſtion recurs, what duty can a ſubject owe to a prince which divine laws do not conſtitute and determine? and how can an oath of allegiance bind but by virtue of ſome divine command, that obliges us not to violate our vows?

By this it appears that an atheiſt muſt be the worſt of ſubjects; that his principles ſubvert the thrones of princes, and undermine the foundations of government and ſociety, on which the happineſs of mankind ſo much depends; and therefore it is not poſſible to conceive how there can be a greater diſturber of the public peace, or a greater enemy to his prince and country, than a profeſſed atheiſt, who propagates with zeal his deſtructive opinions.

I have proved, in the following poem, that no hypotheſis hitherto invented in favour of impiety has the leaſt ſtrength or ſolidity, no not the leaſt appearance of truth to recommend it. A man muſt be deſerted of Heaven, and inflexibly hardened, that cannot, or rather will not, ſee the unreaſonableneſs of irreligious principles. I demand only a candid temper in the reader, and a mind pleaſed with truth, and delivered from the prejudices of atheiſtical converſation.

A SUMMARY ACCOUNT OF THE FOLLOWING POEM,

AND OF WHAT IS CONTAINED IN EACH BOOK.

THE deſign of this work is to demonſtrate the exiſtence of a Divine Eternal Mind.

The arguments uſed for this end are taken from the various marks of wiſdom and artful contrivance, which are evident to obſervation in the ſeveral parts of the material world, and the faculties of the human ſoul.

The firſt book contains the proof of a Deity, from the inſtances of deſign and choice, which occur in the ſtructure and qualities of the earth and ſea.

The ſecond purſues the proof of the ſame propoſition, THERE IS A GOD, from the celeſtial motions, and more fully from the appearances in the ſolar ſyſtem, and the air.

In the third, the objections which are brought by atheiſtical philoſophers againſt the hypotheſis eſtabliſhed in the two preceding books, are anſwered.

In the fourth, is laid down the hypotheſis of the Atomiſts or Epicureans, and other irreligious philoſophers, and confuted.

In the fifth, the doctrine of the Fataliſts, or Ariſtotelians, who make the world to be eternal, is conſidered and ſubverted.

In the ſixth, the argument of the two firſt books is reſumed, and the exiſtence of God demonſtrated from the prudence and art diſcovered in the ſeveral parts of the body of man.

In the ſeventh, the ſame demonſtration is carried on from the contemplation of the inſtincts in brute animals, and the faculties and operations of the ſoul of man.

The book concludes with a recapitulation of what has been treated of, and a hymn to the Creator of the World.

CREATION.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The propoſition. The invocation. The exiſtence of a God demonſtrated, from the marks of wiſdom, choice, and art, which appear in the viſible world, and infer an intelligent and free cauſe. This evinced from the contemplation, I. of the earth. 1. Its ſituation. 2. The coheſion of its parts, not to be ſolved by any hypotheſis yet produced. 3. Its ſtability. 4. Its ſtructure, or the order of its parts. 5. Its motion diurnal and annual, or elſe the motion of the ſun in both thoſe reſpects. The cauſe of theſe motions not yet accounted for by any philoſopher. 6. Its outſide or face; the beauties and conveniencies of it; its mountains, lakes, and rivers. II. The exiſtence of a God proved from the marks and impreſſions of prudence and deſign, which appear in the ſea. 1. In its formation. 2. The proportion of its parts in reſpect of the earthy. 3. Its ſituation. 4. The contexture of its parts. 5. Its brackiſh or briny quality. 6. Its flux and reflux.

No more of courts, of triumphs, or of arms,
No more of valour's force, or beauty's charms;
The themes of vulgar lays, with juſt diſdain,
I leave unſung, the flocks, the amorous ſwain,
The pleaſures of the land, and terrors of the main.
How abject, how inglorious 'tis to lie
Grovelling in duſt and darkneſs, when on high
Empires immenſe, and rolling worlds of light,
To range their heavenly ſcenes, the muſe invite!
I meditate to ſoar above the ſkies,
To heights unknown, through ways untry'd to riſe:
I would th' Eternal from his works aſſert,
And ſing the wonders of creating art.
While I this unexampled taſk eſſay,
Paſs awful gulfs, and beat my painful way;
Celeſtial Dove! divine aſſiſtance bring,
Suſtain me on thy ſtrong-extended wing,
That I may reach th' Almighty's ſacred throne,
And make his cauſeleſs power, the cauſe of all things known.
Thou doſt the full extent of nature ſee,
And the wide realms of vaſt immenſity:
Eternal Wiſdom thou doſt comprehend,
Riſe to her heights, and to her depths deſcend:
The Father's ſacred counſels thou canſt tell,
Who in his boſom didſt for ever dwell.
Thou on the deep's dark face, immortal dove!
Thou with Almighty energy didſt move
On the wild waves, incumbent didſt diſplay
Thy genial wings, and hatch primæval day.
Order from thee, from thee diſtinction came,
And all the beauties of the wond'rous frame.
Hence ſtampt on nature we perfection find,
Fair as th' idea in the Eternal Mind.

See, through this vaſt extended theatre
Of ſkill divine what ſhining marks appear!
Creating power is all around expreſt,
The God diſcover'd, and his care confeſt.
Nature's high birth her heavenly beauties ſhow;
By every feature we the parent know.
Th' expanded ſpheres, amazing to the ſight!
Magnificent with ſtars and globes of light,
The glorious orbs, which heaven's bright hoſt compoſe,
Th' impriſon'd ſea, that reſtleſs ebbs and flows,
The fluctuating fields of liquid air,
With all the curious meteors hovering there,
And the wide regions of the land, proclaim
The Power Divine, that rais'd the mighty frame.
What things ſoe'er are to an end referr'd,
And in their motions ſtill that end regard,
Always the fitneſs of the means reſpect,
Theſe as conducive chooſe, and thoſe reject,
Muſt by a judgment foreign and unknown
Be guided to their end, or by their own;
For to deſign an end, and to purſue
That end by means, and have it ſtill in view,
Demands a conſcious, wiſe, reflecting cauſe,
Which freely moves, and acts by reaſon's laws;
That can deliberate, means elect, and find
Their due connection with the end deſign'd.
And ſince the world's wide frame does not include
A cauſe with ſuch capacities endued;
Some other cauſe o'er nature muſt preſide,
Which gave her birth, and does her motions guide.
And here behold the cauſe, which God we name,
The ſource of beings, and the mind ſupreme;
Whoſe perfect wiſdom, and whoſe prudent care,
With one confederate voice unnumber'd worlds declare.

See, how the earth has gain'd that very place,
Which of all others in the boundleſs ſpace,
Is moſt convenient, and will beſt conduce
To the wiſe ends requir'd for nature's uſe.
You, who the Mind and Cauſe Supreme deny,
Nor on his aid to form the world rely,
Muſt grant, had perfect wiſdom been employ'd
To find, through all th' interminable void,
A ſeat moſt proper, and which beſt became
The earth and ſea, it muſt have been the ſame.
Now who can this ſurpriſing fact conceive,
Who this event fortuitous believe,
That the brute earth, unguided, ſhould embrace
The only uſeful, only proper place
Of all the millions in the empty ſpace?
Could ſtupid atoms with impetuous ſpeed
By different roads and adverſe ways proceed;
From regions oppoſite begin their flight,
That here they might rencounter, here unite?
What charms could theſe terreſtrial vagrants ſee
In this one point of all immenſity,
That all th' enamour'd troops ſhould thither flow?
Did they its uſeful ſituation know?
And, when the ſquadrons with a ſwift career
Had reach'd that point, why did they ſettle there,
When nothing check'd their flight but gulfs of air;
Since Epicurus and his ſcholars ſay
That unobſtructed matter flies away,
Ranges the void, and knows not where to ſtay?
If you, ſagacious ſons of art, pretend
That by their native force they did deſcend,
And ceas'd to move, when they had gain'd their end;
That native force till you enlighten'd know,
Can its myſterious ſpring diſcloſe, and ſhow
How 'tis exerted, how it does impel,
Your uninſtructive words no doubts diſpel.
We aſk you, whence does motive vigour flow?
You ſay, the nature of the thing is ſo.
But how does this relieve th' inquirer's pain?
Or how the dark impulſive power explain?
The Atomiſts, who ſkill mechanic teach,
Who boaſt their clearer ſight, and deeper reach,
Aſſert their atoms took that happy ſeat,
Determin'd thither by their inbred weight;
That downward through the ſpacious void they ſtrove
To that one point, from all the parts above.
Grant this poſition true, though up and down
Are to a ſpace not limited unknown;
But ſince they ſay our earth from morn to morn
On its own axis is oblig'd to turn;
That ſwift rotation muſt diſperſe in air
All things, which on the rapid orb appear:
And if no power that motion ſhould controul,
It muſt diſjoint and diſſipate the whole.
'Tis by experience uncontеſted found,
Bodies orbicular, when whirling round,
Still ſhake off all things on their ſurface plac'd,
And to a diſtance from the centre caſt.
If ponderous atoms are ſo much in love
With this one point, that all will thither move,
Give them the ſituation they deſire;
But let us then, ye ſages next inquire,
What cauſe of their coheſion can you find;
What props ſupport, what chains the fabric bind?
Why do not beaſts that move, or ſtones that lie
Looſe on the field, through diſtant regions fly?
Or why do fragments, from a mountain rent,
Tend to the earth with ſuch a ſwift deſcent?
Thoſe who aſcribe this one determin'd courſe
Of ponderous things to gravitating force,
Refer us to a quality occult,
To ſenſeleſs words, for which while they inſult
With juſt contempt the famous Stagyrite,
Their ſchools ſhould bleſs the world with clearer light.
Some, the round earth's coheſion to ſecure,
For that hard taſk employ magnetic power.
Remark, ſay they, the globe; with wonder own
Its nature, like the fam'd attractive ſtone.
This has its axis, ſo th' obſerver tells,
Meridians, poles, æquator, parallels.
To the terreſtrial poles by conſtant fate
Th' obſequious poles themſelves accommodate,
And, when of this poſition diſpoſſeſt,
They move, and ſtrive, nor ever will they reſt,
Till their lov'd ſituation they regain,
Where pleas'd they ſettle, and unmov'd remain.
And ſhould you, ſo experience does decide,
Into ſmall parts the wondrous ſtone divide,
Ten thouſand of minuteſt ſize expreſs
The ſame propenſion, which the large poſſeſs.
Hence all the globe ('tis ſaid) we may conclude
With this prevailing energy endued:
That this attractive, this ſurpriſing ſtone
Has no peculiar virtue of its own;
Nothing but what is common to the whole,
To ſides, to axis, and to either pole.
The mighty magnet from the centre darts
This ſtrong, though ſubtle force, through all the parts;
Its active rays, ejaculated thence,
Irradiate all the wide circumference.
While every part is in proportion bleſt,
And of its due attractive power poſſeſt;
While adverſe ways the adverſe atoms draw
With the ſame ſtrength, by nature's conſtant law
Balanc'd and fix'd; they can no longer move;
Through gulfs immenſe no more unguided rove.
If cords are pull'd two adverſe ways, we find
The more we draw them, they the faſter bind.
So when with equal vigour nature ſtrains
This way and that theſe fine mechanic chains,
They fix the earth, they part to part unite,
Preſerve their ſtructure, and prevent their flight.
Preſſure, they ſay, and weight, we muſt diſown,
As things occult, by no ideas known,
And on the earth's magnetic power depend
To fix its ſeat, its union to defend.
Let us this fam'd hypotheſis ſurvey,
And with attentive thought remark the way,
How earth's attractive parts their force diſplay.
The maſs, 'tis ſaid, from its wide boſom pours
Torrents of atoms, and eternal ſhowers
Of fine magnetic darts, of matter made
So ſubtle, marble they with eaſe pervade:
Refin'd, and (next to incorporeal) thin,
Not by Auſonian glaſſes to be ſeen,

These emanations take their constant flight
Swift from the earth, as from the sun the light;
To a determin'd distance they ascend,
And there inflect their course, and downward tend.
What can insult unequal reason more,
Than this magnetic, this mysterious power?
That cords and chains, beyond conception small,
Should gird and bind so fast this mighty ball!
That active rays should spring from every part,
And, though so subtle, should such force exert!
That the light legions should be sent abroad,
Range all the air, and traverse every road!
To stated limits should excursions make,
Then backward of themselves their journey take;
Should in their way to solid bodies cling,
And home to earth the captive matter bring;
Where all things on its surface spread are bound
By their coersive vigour to the ground!
Can this be done without a Guide Divine?
Should we to this hypothesis incline,
Say, does not here conspicuous wisdom shine?
Who can enough magnetic force admire?
Does it not counsel and design require
To give the earth this wondrous energy,
In such a measure, such a just degree,
That it should still perform its destin'd task,
As nature's ends and various uses ask?
For, should our globe have had a greater share
Of this strong force, by which the parts cohere,
Things had been bound by such a powerful chain,
That all would fix'd and motionless remain;
All men, like statues, on the earth would stand.
Nor would they move the foot, or stretch the hand;
Birds would not range the skies, nor beasts the woods,
Nor could the fish divide the stiffen'd floods.
Again, had this strange energy been less,
Defect had been as fatal as excess.
For want of cement strong enough to bind
The structure fast, huge ribs of rock, disjoin'd
Without an earthquake, from their base would start,
And hills unhing'd from their deep roots depart.
And, while our orb perform'd its daily race,
All beings, found upon his ample face,
Would, by that motion dissipated, fly
Whirl'd from the globe, and scatter through the sky;
They must, obedient to mechanic laws,
Assemble where the stronger magnet draws;
Whether the sun that stronger magnet proves,
Or else some planet's orb that nearer moves.
Who can unfold the cause that does recall
Magnetic rays, and make them backward fall?
If these effluvia, which do upward tend,
Because less heavy than the air, ascend;
Why do they ever from their height retreat,
And why return to seek their central seat?
From the same cause, ye sons of art, declare
Can they by turns descend, and rise in air?
Prodigious 'tis, that one attractive ray
Should this way bend, the next an adverse way;
For, should th' unseen magnetic jets descend
All the same way, they could not gain their end;
They could not draw and bind the fabric fast,
Unless alike they every part embrac'd.
How does Cartesius all his sinews strain,
How much he labours, and how much in vain,
The earth's attractive vigour to explain!
This bold contriver thus his thoughts conveys:
Incessant streams of thin magnetic rays
Gush from their fountains with impetuous force,
In either pole, then take an adverse course:
Those from the southern pole the northern seek;
The southern those that from the northern break;
In either pole these rays emitted meet
Small pores provided, for their figures fit;
Still to and fro they circulating pass,
Hold all the frame, and firmly bind the mass.
Thus he the parts of earth from flight restrains,
And girds it fast by fine imagin'd chains.
But oh! how dark is human reason found!
How vain the man with wit and learning crown'd!
How feeble all his strength when he essays
To trace dark Nature, and detect her ways;
Unless he calls its Author to his aid,
Who every secret spring of motion laid,
Who over all his wondrous works presides,
And to their useful ends their causes guides!
These paths in vain are by inquirers trod;
There's no philosophy without a God.
Admir'd Cartesius, let the curious know,
If your magnetic atoms always flow
From pole to pole, what form'd their double source,
What spurr'd, what gave them their inflected course?
Tell, what could drill and perforate the poles,
And to th' attractive rays adapt their holes?
A race so long what prompts them to pursue?
Have the blind troops th' important end in view?
How are they sure they in the poles shall meet
Pores of a figure to their figure fit?
Are they with such sagacity endued
To know, if this their journey be pursued,
They shall the earth's construcure closely bind,
And to the centre keep the parts confin'd?
Let us review this whole magnetic scheme,
Till wiser heads a wiser model frame.
For its formation let fit atoms start.
To one determin'd point, from every part.
Encountering there from regions opposite,
They clash, and interrupt each other's flight;
And, rendezvousing with an adverse course,
Produce an equal poise, by equal force:
For while the parts by laws magnetic act,
And are at once attracted, and attract;
While match'd in strength they keep the doubtful field,
And neither overcome, and neither yield,
To happy purpose they their vigour spend;
For these contentions in the balance end,
Which must in liquid air the globe suspend.
Besides materials which are brute and blind,
Did not this work require a knowing mind,
Who for the task should fit detachments choose
From all the atoms, which their host diffuse
Through the wide regions of the boundless space,
And for their rendezvous appoint the place?

Who ſhould command, by his almighty nod,
Theſe choſen troops, unconſcious of the road,
And unacquainted with th' appointed end,
Their marches to begin, and thither tend;
Direct them all to take the neareſt way,
Whence none of all th' unnumber'd millions ſtray;
Make them advance with ſuch an equal pace,
From all the adverſe regions of the ſpace,
That they at once ſhould reach the deſtin'd place;
Should muſter there, and round the centre ſwarm,
And draw together in a globous form?
Grant, that by mutual oppoſition made
Of adverſe parts, their mutual flight is ſtaid;
That thus the whole is in a balance laid;
Does it not all mechanic heads confound,
That troops of atoms, from all parts around,
Of equal number, and of equal force,
Should to this ſingle point direct their courſe;
That ſo the counter-preſſure every way,
Of equal vigour, might their motions ſtay,
And, by a ſteady poiſe, the whole in quiet lay?
Beſides, the ſtructure of the earth regard:
For firmneſs how is all its frame prepar'd!
With what amazing ſkill is the vaſt building rear'd!
Metals and veins of ſolid ſtone are found
The chief materials which the globe compound.
See, how the hills, which high in air aſcend,
From pole to pole their lofty lines extend.
Theſe ſtrong unſhaken mounds reſiſt the ſhocks
Of tides and ſeas tempeſtuous, while the rocks,
That ſecret in a long continued vein
Paſs through the earth, the ponderous pile ſuſtain:
Theſe mighty girders, which the fabric bind,
Theſe ribs robuſt and vaſt, in order join'd;
Theſe ſubterranean walls, diſpos'd with art,
Such ſtrength, and ſuch ſtability impart,
That ſtorms above, and earthquakes under ground,
Break not the pillars, nor the work confound.
Give to the earth a form orbicular,
Let it be pois'd, and hung in ambient air;
Give it the ſituation to the ſun
Such as is only fit; when this is done,
Suppoſe it ſtill remain'd a lazy heap;
From what we grant, you no advantage reap.
You either muſt the earth from reſt diſturb,
Or roll around the heavens the ſolar orb.
Eiſe what a dreadful face will nature wear!
How horrid will theſe loneſome ſeats appear!
This ne'er would ſee one kind refreſhing ray;
That would be ruin'd, but a different way,
Condemn'd to light, and curs'd with endleſs day:
A cold Icelandian deſert one would grow;
One, like Sicilian furnaces, would glow.
That nature may this fatal error ſhun,
Move, which will pleaſe you beſt, the earth or ſun.
But, ſay, from what great builder's magazines
You'll engines fetch, what ſtrong, what vaſt machines
Will you employ to give this motion birth,
And whirl ſo ſwiftly round the ſun or earth?
Yet, learned heads, by what mechanic laws
Will you of either orb this motion cauſe?
Why do they move? why in a circle? why
With ſuch a meaſure of velocity?
Say, why the earth—if not the earth, the ſun
Does through his winding road the zodiac run?
Why do revolving orbs their tracks ſublime
So conſtant keep, that ſince the birth of time
They never vary'd their accuſtom'd place,
Nor loſt a minute in ſo long a race?
But hold! perhaps I rudely preſs too far;
You are not vers'd in reaſoning ſo ſevere.
To a firſt queſtion your reply's at hand;
Aſk but a ſecond, and you ſpeechleſs ſtand.
You ſwim at top, and on the ſurface ſtrive,
But to the depths of nature never dive:
For if you did, inſtructed you'd explore
Divine contrivance, and a God adore.
Yet ſons of art one curious piece deviſe,
From whoſe conſtructure motion ſhall ariſe.
Machines, to all philoſophers 'tis known,
Move by a foreign impulſe, not their own.
Then let Gaſſendus chooſe what frame he pleaſe,
By which to turn the heavenly orbs with eaſe;
Thoſe orbs muſt reſt, till by th' exerted force
Of ſome firſt mover they begin their courſe:
Mere diſpoſition, mere mechanic art,
Can never motion to the globes impart;
And, if they could, the marks of wiſe deſign
In that contrivance would conſpicuous ſhine.
Theſe queſtions ſtill recur: we ſtill demand,
What moves them firſt, and puts them off at hand?
What makes them this one way their race direct,
While they a thouſand other ways reject?
Why do they never once their courſe inflect?
Why do they roll with ſuch an equal pace,
And to a moment ſtill perform their race!
Why earth or ſun diurnal ſtages keep?
In ſpiral tracks why through the zodiac creep?
Who can account for this, unleſs they ſay
Theſe orbs th' Eternal Mind's command obey,
Who bad them move, did all their motions guide,
To each its deſtin'd province did divide;
Which to complete, he gave them motive power,
That ſhall, as long as he does will, endure?
Thus we the frame of nature have expreſt;
Now view the earth in finiſh'd beauty dreſt;
The various ſcenes, which various charms diſplay,
Through all th' extended theatre ſurvey.
See how ſublime th' uplifted mountains riſe,
And with their pointed heads invade the ſkies!
How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
Diſtinguiſh ſtates, and ſever'd realms defend!
How ambient ſhores confine the reſtleſs deep,
And in their ancient bounds the billows keep!
The hollow vales their ſmiling pride unfold;
What rich abundance do their boſoms hold!
Regard their lovely verdure, raviſh'd view
The party-colour'd flowers of various hue.
Not eaſtern monarchs, on their nuptial day,
In dazzling gold and purple ſhine ſo gay
As the bright natives of th' unlabour'd field,
Unvers'd in ſpinning, and in looms unſkill'd.
See, how the ripening fruits the gardens crown,
Imbibe the ſun, and make his light their own!
See the ſweet brooks in ſilver mazes creep,
Enrich the meadows, and ſupply the deep;
While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
And vital moiſture, where they paſs, beſtow;

Admire the narrow ſtream, and ſpreading lake,
The proud aſpiring grove, and humble brake:
How do the foreſts and the woods delight!
How the ſweet glades and openings charm the ſight!
Obſerve the pleaſant lawn and airy plain,
The fertile furrows rich with various grain;
How uſeful all! how all conſpire to grace
Th' extended earth, and beautify her face!
Now, ſee, with how much art the parts are made?
With how much wiſdom are the ſtrata laid,
Of different weight, and of a different kind,
Of ſundry forms, for ſundry ends deſign'd!
Here in their beds the finiſh'd minerals reſt,
There the rich wombs the ſeeds of gold digeſt.
Here in fit moulds, to Indian nations known,
Are caſt the ſeveral kinds of precious ſtone;
The diamond here, by mighty monarchs worn,
Fair as the ſtar that beautifies the morn;
And, ſplendid by the ſun's embody'd ray,
The rubies there their crimſon light diſplay;
There marble's various colour'd veins are ſpread;
Here of bitumen unctuous ſtores are bred.
What ſkill on all its ſurface is beſtow'd,
To make the earth for man a fit abode!
The upper moulds, with active ſpirits ſtor'd,
And rich in verdant progeny, afford
The flowery paſture, and the ſhady wood,
To men their phyſic, and to beaſts their food.
Proceed yet farther, and a proſpect take
Of the ſwift ſtream, and of the ſtanding lake.
Had not the deep been form'd, that might contain
All the collected treaſures of the main,
The earth had ſtill o'erwhelm'd with water ſtood,
To man an uninhabitable flood.
Yet had not part as kindly ſtaid behind,
In the wide ciſterns of the lakes confin'd;
Did not the ſprings and rivers drench the land,
Our globe would grow a wilderneſs of ſand;
The plants and groves, the tame and ſavage beaſt,
And man, their lord, would die with drought oppreſt.
Now, as you ſee, the floating element
Part looſe in ſtreams, part in the ocean pent,
So wiſely is diſpos'd, as may conduce
To man's delight, or neceſſary uſe
See how the mountains in the midſt divide
The nobleſt regions, that from either ſide
The ſtreams, which to the hills their currents owe,
May every way along the valley flow,
And verdant wealth on all the ſoil beſtow!
So Atlas and the mountains of the moon,
From north to ſouth, in lofty ridges run
Through Afric realms, whence falling waters lave
Th' inferior regions with a winding wave.
They various rivers give to various ſoil,
Niger to Guinea, and to Ægypt Nile.
So from the towering Alps on different ſides,
Diſſolving ſnows deſcend in numerous tides,
Which in the vale beneath their parties join
To form the Rhone, the Danube, and the Rhine.
So Caucaſus, aſpiring Taurus ſo,
And fam'd Imaüs, ever white with ſnow,
Through eaſtern climes their lofty lines extend,
And this and that way ample currents ſend,
A thouſand rivers make their crooked way,
And diſembogue their floods into the ſea;
Whence ſhould they ne'er by ſecret roads retire,
And to the hills, from whence they came, aſpire;
They by their conſtant ſtreams would ſo increaſe
The watery ſtores, and raiſe ſo high the ſeas,
That the wide hollow would not long contain
Th' unequal treaſures of the ſwelling main;
Scorning the mounds which now its tide withſtand,
The ſea would paſs the ſhores, and drown the land.
Tell, by what paths, what ſubterranean ways,
Back to the fountain's head the ſea conveys
The refluent rivers, and the land repays?
Tell, what ſuperior, what controlling cauſe
Makes waters, in contempt of nature's laws,
Climb up, and gain th' aſpiring mountains height,
Swift and forgetful of their native weight?
What happy works, what engines under-ground,
What inſtruments of curious art are found,
Which muſt with everlaſting labour play,
Back to their ſprings the rivers to convey,
And keep their correſpondence with the ſea?
Perhaps you'll ſay, their ſtreams the rivers owe
In part to rain, in part to melting ſnow;
And that th' attracted watery vapours riſe
From lakes and ſeas, and fill the lower ſkies:
Theſe when condens'd the airy region pours
On the dry earth in rain, or gentle ſhowers;
Th' inſinuating drops ſink through the ſand,
And paſs the porous ſtrainers of the land;
Which freſh ſupplies of watery riches bring
To every river's head, to each exhauſted ſpring;
The ſtreams are thus, their loſſes to repair,
Back to their ſource tranſmitted to the air;
The waters ſtill their circling courſe maintain,
Flow down in rivers, and return in rain;
And on the ſoil with heat immoderate dry'd,
To which the rain's pure treaſures are deny'd,
The mountains more ſublime in æther riſe,
Tranſfix the clouds, and tower amidſt the ſkies;
The ſnowy fleeces, which their heads involve,
Still ſtay in part, and ſtill in part diſſolve;
Torrents and loud impetuous cataracts
Through roads abrupt, and rude unfaſhion'd tracts,
Roll down the lofty mountain's channell'd ſides,
And to the vale convey their foaming tides;
At length, to make their various currents one,
The congregated floods together run; [head,
Theſe confluent ſtreams make ſome great river's
By ſtores ſtill melting and deſcending fed;
Thus from th' aſpiring mountains of the moon
Diſſolving treaſures ruſh in torrents down,
Which paſs the ſun-burnt realms and ſandy ſoil,
And bleſs th' Ægyptian nation with their Nile;
Then whoſoe'er his ſecret riſe would know,
Muſt climb the hills, and trace his head in ſnow;
And through the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone,
All ample rivers of our milder zone,
While they advance along the flats and plains,
Spread by the ſhowers augmented, and the rains;
Yet theſe their ſource and firſt beginning owe
To ſtores, that from the Alpine mountains flow;
Hence, when the ſnows in winter ceaſe to weep,
And undiſſolv'd their flaky texture keep,

The banks with eaſe their humble ſtreams contain,
Which ſwell in ſummer, and thoſe banks diſdain.
Be this account allow'd, ſay, do not here
Th' impreſſions of conſummate art appear?
In every ſpacious realm a riſing ground,
Obſervers tell, is in the middle found;
That all the ſtreams, which flow from either ſide,
May through the valleys unobſtructed glide.
What various kingdoms does the Danube lave,
Before the Euxine ſea receives its wave!
How many nations of the ſun-burnt ſoil
Fam'd Niger bleſs! how many drink the Nile!
Through what vaſt regions near the riſing ſun
Does Indus, Ganges, and Hydaſpes, run!
What happy empires, wide Euphrates, teem,
And pregnant grow by thy prolific ſtream!
How many ſpacious countries does the Rhine,
In winding banks, and mazes ſerpentine,
Traverſe, before he ſplits in Belgia's plain,
And loſt in ſand creeps to the German main!
Floods which through Indian realms their courſe purſue,
That Mexico enrich, and waſh Peru,
With their unwearied ſtreams yet farther paſs,
Before they reach the ſea, and end their race.
And ſince the rivers and the floods demand,
For their deſcent, a prone and ſinking land,
Does not this due declivity declare
A wiſe director's providential care?
See, how the ſtreams advancing to the main
Through crooked channels draw their cryſtal train!
While lingering thus they in meanders glide,
They ſcatter verdant life on either ſide.
The valleys ſmile, and with their flowery face
And wealthy births confeſs the floods embrace.
But this great bleſſing would in part be loſt,
Nor would the meads their blooming plenty boaſt;
Did uncheck'd rivers draw their fluid train
In lines direct, and rapid ſeek the main.
The ſea does next demand our view; and there
No leſs the marks of perfect ſkill appear.
When firſt the atoms to the congreſs came,
And by their concourſe form'd the mighty frame,
What did the liquid to th' aſſembly call,
To give their aid to form the ponderous ball?
Firſt, tell us, why did any come? next, why
In ſuch a diſproportion to the dry?
Why were the moiſt in number ſo outdone,
That to a thouſand dry, they are but one?
When they united, and together clung,
When undiſtinguiſh'd in one heap they hung,
How was the union broke, the knot unty'd?
What did th' entangled elements divide?
Why did the moiſt disjoin'd, without reſpect
To their leſs weight, the loweſt ſeat elect?
Could they diſpenſe to lie below the land,
With nature's law, and unrepeal'd command;
Which gives to lighter things the greateſt height,
And ſeats inferior to ſuperior weight?
Did they foreſee, unleſs they lay ſo low,
The reſtleſs flood the land would overflow,
By which the delug'd earth would uſeleſs grow?
What, but a conſcious agent, could provide
The ſpacious hollow, where the waves reſide?
Where, barr'd with rock, and fenc'd with hills, the deep
Does in its womb the floating treaſures keep;
And all the raging regiments reſtrain
In ſtated limits, that the ſwelling main
May not in triumph o'er the frontier ride,
And through the land licentious ſpread its tide?
What other cauſe the frame could ſo contrive,
That, when tempeſtuous winds the ocean drive,
They cannot break the tye, nor diſunite
The waves, which roll connected in their flight?
Their bands, though ſlack, no diſſolution fear,
Th' unſever'd parts the greateſt preſſure bear,
Though looſe, and fit to flow, they ſtill cohere.
This apt, this wiſe contexture of the ſea,
Makes it the ſhips driv'n by the winds obey;
Whence hardy merchants ſail from ſhore to ſhore,
Bring Indian ſpices home, and Guinea's ore.
When you with liquid ſtores have fill'd the deep,
What does the flood from putrefaction keep?
Should it lie ſtagnant in its ample ſeat,
The ſun would through it ſpread deſtructive heat.
The wiſe Contriver, on his end intent,
Careful this fatal error to prevent,
And keep the waters from corruption free,
Mixt them with ſalt, and ſeaſon'd all the ſea.
What other cauſe could this effect produce?
The brackiſh tincture through the main diffuſe?
You, who to ſolar beams this taſk aſſign,
To ſcald the waves, and turn the tide to brine,
Reflect, that all the fluid ſtores, which ſleep
In the remoteſt caverns of the deep,
Have of the briny force a greater ſhare
Than thoſe above, that meet the ambient air.
Others, but oh how much in vain! erect
Mountains of ſalt, the ocean to infect.
Who, vers'd in nature, can deſcribe the land,
Or fix the place on which thoſe mountains ſtand?
Why have thoſe rocks ſo long unwaſted ſtood,
Since, laviſh of their ſtock, they through the flood
Have, ages paſt, their melting cryſtal ſpread,
And with their ſpoils the liquid regions fed?
Yet more, the wiſe Contriver did provide,
To keep the ſea from ſtagnating, the tide;
Which now we ſee advance, and now ſubſide.
If you exclude this great Directing Mind,
Declare what cauſe of this effect you find.
You who this globe round its own axis drive,
From that rotation this event derive:
You ſay, the ſea, which with unequal pace
Attends the earth in this its rapid race.
Does with its waves fall backward to the weſt,
And, thence repell'd, advances to the eaſt:
While this revolving motion does endure,
The deep muſt reel, and ruſh from ſhore to ſhore;
Thus to the ſetting, and the riſing ſun,
Alternate tides in ſtated order run.
Th' experiments you bring us, to explain
This notion, are impertinent and vain:
An orb or ball round its own axis whirl,
Will not the motion to a diſtance hurl,
Whatever duſt or ſand you on it place,
And drops of water from its convex face?
If this rotation does the ſeas affect,
The rapid motion rather would eject

The ſhores the low capacious caves contain,
And from its ample baſon caſt the main;
Aloft in air would make the ocean fly,
And daſh its ſcatter'd waves againſt the ſky.
If you, to ſolve th' appearance, have recourſe
To the bright ſun's or moon's impulſive force;
Do you, who call for demonſtration, tell
How diſtant orbs th' obedient flood impel?
This ſtrong, myſterious influence explain,
By which, to ſwell the waves, they preſs the main.
But if you chooſe magnetic power, and ſay
Thoſe bodies by attraction move the ſea;
Till with new light you make this ſecret known,
And tell us how 'tis by attraction done,
You leave the mind in darkneſs ſtill involv'd,
Nor have you, like philoſophers, reſolv'd
The doubts, which we to reaſoning men refer,
But with a cant of words abuſe the ear.
Thoſe who aſſert the lunar orb preſides
O'er humid bodies, and the ocean guides;
Whoſe waves obſequious ebb, or ſwelling run,
With the declining or increaſing moon;
With reaſon ſeem her empire to maintain,
As miſtreſs of the rivers and the main.
Perhaps her active influences cauſe
Th' alternate flood, and give the billow laws;
The waters ſeem her orders to obey,
And ebb and flow, determin'd by her ſway.
Grant that the deep this foreign ſovereign owns,
That mov'd by her it this and that way runs:
Say, by what force ſhe makes the ocean ſwell;
Does ſhe attract the waters, or impel?
How does ſhe rule the rolling waves, and guide
By fixt and conſtant laws the reſtleſs tide?
Why does ſhe dart her force to that degree,
As gives ſo juſt a motion to the ſea,
That it ſhould flow no more, no more retire,
Than nature's various uſeful ends require?
A Mind Supreme you therefore muſt approve,
Whoſe high command caus'd matter firſt to move:
Who ſtill preſerves its courſe, and, with reſpect
To his wiſe ends, all motions does direct.
He to the ſilver moon this province gave,
And fixt her empire o'er the briny wave;
Endued her with ſuch juſt degrees of power,
As might his aims and wiſe deſigns procure,
Might agitate and work the troubled deep,
And rolling waters from corruption keep,
But not impel them o'er their bounds of ſand,
Nor force the waſteful deluge o'er the land.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The introduction. The numerous and important bleſſings of religion. The exiſtence of a God demonſtrated, from the wiſdom and deſign which appear in the motions of the heavenly orbs; but more particularly in the ſolar ſyſtem. I. In the ſituation of the ſun, and its due diſtance from the earth. The fatal conſequences of its having been placed otherwiſe than it is. II. In its diurnal motion, whence the change of day and night proceeds: then in its annual motion, whence ariſe the different degrees of heat and cold. The confinement of the ſun between the tropics, not to be accounted for by any philoſophical hypotheſis. The difficulties of the ſame, if the earth moves, and the ſun reſts. The ſpring of the ſun's motion, not to be explained by any irreligious philoſophy. The contemplation of the ſolar light, and the uſes made of it for the end propoſed. The appearances in the ſolar ſyſtem not to be ſolved, but by aſſerting a God. The ſyſtems of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, conſidered. The ſolar ſyſtem deſcribed, and compared with the fixed ſtars, which are ſuppoſed centres of the like ſyſtems. Reflections on that compariſon. The hypotheſis of Epicurus, in relation to the motion of the ſun. Wiſdom and deſign diſcovered in the air; in its uſeful ſtructure, its elaſticity, its various meteors; the wind, the rain, thunder, and lightning. A ſhort contemplation of the vegetable kind.

Cæsus, by hardy Epicurus taught,
From Greece to Rome his impious ſyſtem brought;
Then war with heaven he did inſulting wage,
And breath'd againſt the gods immortal rage:
See, he exclaims, the ſource of all our woe!
Our fears and ſufferings from religion flow.
We grant a train of miſchiefs oft proceeds
From ſuperſtitious rites and penal creeds;
But view religion in her native charms,
Diſperſing bleſſings with indulgent arms;
From her fair eyes what heavenly rays are ſpread,
What blooming joys ſmile round her bliſsful head!
Offspring divine; by thee we bleſs the cauſe,
Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws;
His independent being we adore,
Extol his goodneſs, and revere his power;
Our wondering eyes his high perfections view,
The lofty contemplation we purſue,
Till raviſh'd we the great idea find,
Shining in bright impreſſions on our mind.

Inſpir'd by thee, gueſt of celeſtial race,
With generous love, we human-kind embrace;
We provocations unprovok'd receive,
Patient of wrong, and eaſy to forgive;
Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cauſe,
Nor deviate from the line unerring juſtice draws.
Thy luſtre, bleſt effulgence, can diſpel
The clouds of error, and the gloom of hell;
Can to the ſoul impart ethereal light,
Give life divine and intellectual ſight;
Before our raviſh'd eyes thy beams diſplay
The opening ſcenes of bliſs, and endleſs day;
By which incited, we with ardour riſe,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the ſkies.
Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,
Diſmiſs their tortures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious conquerors in their mad career,
Check'd by thy voice, lay down the ſword and ſpear.
The boldeſt champions of impiety,
Scornful of Heaven, ſubdu'd or won by thee,
Before thy hallow'd altars bend the knee;
Looſe wits, made wiſe, a public good become,
The ſons of pride an humble mien aſſume;
The profligate in morals grows ſevere,
Defrauders juſt, and ſycophants ſincere.
With amorous language, and bewitching ſmiles,
Attractive airs, and all the lover's wiles,
The fair Egyptian Jacob's ſon careſs'd,
Hung on his neck, and languiſh'd on his breaſt;
Courted with freedom now the beauteous ſlave,
Now flattering ſued, and threatening now did rave;
But not the various eloquence of love,
Nor power enrag'd, could his fix'd virtue move.
See, aw'd by Heaven, the blooming Hebrew flies
Her artful tongue, and more perſuaſive eyes;
And, ſpringing from her diſappointed arms,
Prefers a dungeon to forbidden charms.
Stedfaſt in virtue's and his country's cauſe,
Th' illuſtrious founder of the Jewiſh laws,
Who, taught by Heaven, at genuine greatneſs aim'd,
With worthy pride imperial blood diſclaim'd;
Th' alluring hopes of Pharaoh's throne reſign'd,
And the vain pleaſures of a court declin'd;
Pleas'd with obſcure receſs, to eaſe the pains
Of Jacob's race, and break their ſervile chains;
Such generous minds are form'd where bleſt religion reigns.
Ye friends of Epicurus, look around,
All nature view with marks of prudence crown'd:
Mind the wiſe ends, which proper means promote;
See how the different parts for different uſe are wrought;
Contemplate all this conduct and deſign,
Then own and praiſe th' Artificer Divine.
Regard the orb ſublime, in æther borne,
Which the blue regions of the ſkies adorn;
Compar'd with whoſe extent this low-hung ball,
Shrink to a point, is deſpicably ſmall:
Their number, counting thoſe th' unaided eye
Can ſee, or by invented tubes deſcry,
With thoſe which in the adverſe hemiſphere,
Or near each pole to lands remote appear;
The wideſt ſtretch of human thought exceeds,
And in th' attentive mind amazement breeds;
While theſe ſo numerous, and ſo vaſt of ſize,
In various ways roll through the trackleſs ſkies;
Through croſſing roads perplex'd and intricate,
Perform their ſtages, and their rounds repeat;
None by colliſion from their courſe are driven,
No ſhocks, no conflicts, break the peace of heaven;
No ſhatter'd globes, no glowing fragments fall,
No worlds o'erturn'd cruſh this terreſtrial ball;
In beauteous order all the orbs advance
And in their mazy complicated dance,
Not in one part of all the pathleſs ſky,
Did any ever halt, or ſtep awry.
When twice ten thouſand men depriv'd of ſight,
To ſome wide vale direct their footſteps right;
Shall there a various figur'd dance eſſay,
Move by juſt ſteps, and meaſur'd time obey;
Shall croſs each other with unerring feet,
Never miſtake their place, and never meet:
Nor ſhall in many years the leaſt decline
From the ſame ground, and the ſame winding line:
Then may in various roads the orbs above,
Without a guide, in perfect concord move;
Then beauty, order, and harmonious laws,
May not require a wiſe Directing Cauſe.
See how th' indulgent father of the day
At ſuch due diſtance does his beams diſplay,
That he his heat may give to ſea and land,
In juſt degrees, as all their wants demand!
But had he, in th' unmeaſurable ſpace
Of æther, choſen a remoter place;
For inſtance, pleas'd with that ſuperior ſeat
Where Saturn, or where Jove, their courſe repeat;
Or had he happen'd farther yet to lie,
In the more diſtant quarters of the ſky;
How ſad, how wild, how exquiſite a ſcene
Of deſolation, had this planet been!
A waſteful, cold, untrodden wilderneſs,
The gloomy haunts of horror and diſtreſs:
Inſtead of woods, which crown the mountain's head,
And the gay honours of the verdant mead;
Inſtead of golden fruits, the garden's pride,
By genial ſhow'rs and ſolar heat ſupply'd;
Icelandian cold, and Hyperborean ſnows,
Eternal froſt, with ice that never flows,
Unſufferable winter, had defac'd
Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waſte:
No mild indulgent gales would gently bear,
On their ſoft wings, ſweet vapours through the air,
The balmy ſpoils of plants and fragrant flowers,
Of aromatic groves, and myrtle bowers,
Whoſe odoriferous exhalations fan
The flame of life, and recreate beaſt and man;
But ſtorms, ev'n worſe than vex Norwegian waves,
That breed in Scythia's hills, or Lapland caves,
Would through this bleak terreſtrial deſart blow,
Glaze it with ice, or whelm it o'er with ſnow.
Or had the ſun, by like unhappy fate,
Elected to the earth a nearer ſeat,
His beams had cleft the hill, the valley dry'd,
Exhal'd the lake, and drain'd the briny tide:
A heat ſuperior far to that which broils
Borneo, or Sumatra, Indian iſles;
Than that which ripens Guinea's golden ore,
Or burns the Lybian hind, or tans the Moor;

waſte, and turn'd the land
. ins of cinders, and to vales of ſand;
No beaſts could then have rang'd the leafleſs wood,
Nor finny nations cut the boiling flood:
Birds had not beat the airy road, the ſwains
No flocks had tended on the ruſſet plains.
Thus, had the ſun's bright orb been more remote,
The cold had kill'd; and, if more near, the drought.

Next let Lucretian ſages, ſee the ſun
His courſe diurnal and his annual run.
How in his glorious race he moves along,
Gay as a bridegroom, as a giant ſtrong:
How his unvary'd labour he repeats,
Returns at morning, and at eve retreats;
And by the diſtribution of his light,
Now gives to man the day, and now the night;
Night, when the drowſy ſwain and traveller ceaſe
Their daily toil, and ſoothe their limbs with eaſe;
When all the weary ſons of woe reſtrain
Their yielding cares with ſlumber's ſilken chain,
Solace ſad grief, and lull reluctant pain.

And while the ſun, ne'er covetous of reſt,
Flies with ſuch rapid ſpeed from eaſt to weſt,
In tracks oblique he through the zodiac rolls,
Between the northern and the ſouthern poles:
From which revolving progreſs through the ſkies,
The needful ſeaſons of the year ariſe.
And as he now advances, now retreats,
Whence winter colds proceed, and ſummer heats,
He qualifies and cheers the air by turns,
Which winter freezes, and which ſummer burns.
Thus his kind rays the two extremes reduce,
And keep a temper fit for nature's uſe.
The froſt and drought, by this alternate power,
The earth's prolific energy reſtore.
The lives of man and beaſt demand the change;
Hence fowls the air, and fiſh the ocean, range.
Of heat and cold this juſt ſucceſſive reign,
Which does the balance of the year maintain;
The gardener's hope and farmer's patience props,
Gives vernal verdure and autumnal crops.

Should but the ſun his duty once forget,
Nor from the north, nor from the ſouth retreat:
Should not the beams revive, and ſooth the ſoil,
Mellow the furrow for the ploughman's toil;
A teeming vigour ſhould they not diffuſe,
Ferment the glebe, and genial ſpirits looſe,
Which lay impriſon'd in the ſtiffen'd ground,
Congeal'd with cold, in froſty fetters bound;
Unfruitful earth her wretched fate would mourn,
No graſs would clothe the plains, no fruit the trees adorn.

But did the lingering orb much longer ſtay,
Unmindful of his courſe, and crooked way;
The earth, of dews defrauded, would deteſt
The fatal favour of th' effulgent gueſt;
To diſtant worlds implore him to repair,
And free from noxious beams the ſultry air;
His rays productive now of wealth and joy,
Would then the paſture and the hills annoy,
And with too great indulgence would deſtroy:
In vain the labouring hind would till the land,
Turn up the glebe, and ſow his ſeed in ſand;
The meads would crack, in want of binding dews,
The channels would th' exhaling river loſe:
While in their haunts wilds beaſts expiring lie,
The panting herds would on the paſture die,
But now the ſun at neither tropic ſtays
A longer time than his alternate rays
In ſuch proportion heat and luſtre give,
As do not ruin nature, but revive.

When the bright orb, to ſolace ſouthern ſeats,
Inverts his courſe, and from the north retreats;
As he advances, his indulgent beam
Makes the glad earth with freſh conceptions teem;
Reſtores their leafy honours to the woods,
Flowers to the banks, and freedom to the floods;
Unbinds the turf, exhilarates the plain,
Brings back his labour, and recruits the ſwain;
Through all the ſoil a genial ferment ſpreads,
Regenerates the plants, and new adorns the meads.
The birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
At nature's verdant reſtoration ſing,
And with melodious lay ſalute the ſpring.

The heats of ſummer benefits produce
Of equal number, and of equal uſe:
The ſprouting births, and beauteous vernal bloom,
By warmer rays to ripe perfection come;
Th' auſtere and ponderous juices they ſublime,
Make them aſcend the porous ſoil, and climb
The orange-tree, the citron, and the lime;
Which, drunk in plenty by the thirſty root,
Break forth in painted flowers, and golden fruit;
They explicate the leaves, and ripen food
For the ſilk-labourers of the mulberry wood;
And the ſweet liquor on the cane beſtow,
From which prepar'd the luſcious ſugars flow;
With generous juice enrich the ſpreading vine,
And in the grape digeſt the ſprightly wine.
The fragrant trees, which grow by Indian floods,
And in Arabia's aromatic woods,
Owe all their ſpices to the ſummer's heat,
Their gummy tears, and odoriferous ſweat.
Now the bright ſun compacts the precious ſtone,
Imparting radient luſtre, like his own:
He tinctures rubies with their roſy hue,
And on the ſapphire ſpreads a heavenly blue;
For the proud monarch's dazzling crown prepares
Rich orient pearl, and adamantine ſtars.

Next autumn, when the ſun's withdrawing ray
The night enlarges, and contracts the day,
To crown his labour to the farmer yields
The yellow treaſures of his fruitful fields:
Ripens the harveſt for the crooked ſteel,
(While bending ſtalks the rural weapon feel;)
The fragrant fruit for the nice palate fits,
And to the preſs the ſwelling grape ſubmits.

At length, forſaken by the ſolar rays,
See, drooping nature ſickens and decays;
While winter all his ſnowy ſtores diſplays,
In hoary triumph unmoleſted reigns
O'er barren hills, and bleak untrodden plains;
Hardens the glebe, the ſhady grove deforms,
Fetters the floods, and ſhakes the air with ſtorms.
Now active ſpirits are reſtrain'd with cold,
And priſons, cramp'd with ice, the genial captives hold.

The meads their flowery pride no longer wear,
And trees extend their naked arms in air;
The frozen furrow, and the fallow field,
Nor to the spade, nor to the harrow, yield.
  Yet in their turn the snows and frosts produce
Various effects, and of important use.
Th' intemperate heats of summer are controll'd
By winter's rigour, and inclement cold,
Which checks contagious spawn, and noxious steams,
The fatal offspring of immoderate beams;
Th' exhausted air with vital nitre fills,
Infection stops, and deaths in embryo kills;
Constrains the glebe, keeps back the hurtful weed,
And fits the furrow for the vernal seed.
The spirits now, as said, imprison'd stay,
Which else, by warmer sun-beams drawn away,
Would roam in air, and dissipated stray.
Thus are the winter frosts to nature kind,
Frosts, which reduce excessive heats, and bind
Prolific ferments in resistless chains,
Whence parent earth her fruitfulness maintains.
To compass all these happy ends, the sun
In winding tracks does through the zodiac run.
  You, who so much are vers'd in causes, tell,
What from the tropics can the sun repel?
What vigorous arm, what repercussive blow,
Bandies the mighty globe still to and fro,
Yet with such conduct, such unerring art,
He never did the trackless road desert?
Why does he never in his spiral race
The tropics or the polar circles pass? [trol
What gulfs, what mounds, what terrors can con-
The rushing orb, and make him backward roll?
Why should he halt at either station? why
Not forward run in unobstructive sky?
Can he not pass an astronomic line?
Or does he dread th' imaginary sign;
That he should ne'er advance to either pole,
Nor farther yet in liquid æther roll,
Till he has gain'd some unfrequented place
Lost to the world in vast unmeasur'd space?
  If to the old you the new schools prefer,
And to the fam'd Copernicus adhere;
If you esteem that supposition best,
Which moves the earth, and leaves the sun at rest;
With a new veil your ignorance you hide,
Still is the knot as hard to be unty'd;
You change your scheme, but the old doubts remain,
And still you leave th' inquiring mind in pain.
  This problem, as philosophers, resolve:
What makes the globe from west to east revolve?
What is the strong impulsive cause, declare,
Which rolls the ponderous orb so swift in air?
To your vain answer will you have recourse,
And tell us 'tis ingenite, active force,
Mobility, or native power to move,
Words which mean nothing, and can nothing prove?
That moving power, that force innate explain,
Or your grave answers are absurd and vain:
We no solution of our question find;
Your words bewilder, not direct the mind.
  If you, this rapid motion to procure,
For the hard task employ magnetic power;
Whether that power you at the centre place,
Or in the middle regions of the mass,
Or else, as some philosophers assert,
You give an equal share to every part;
Have you by this the cause of motion shown?
After explaining, is it not unknown?
Since you pretend, by reason's strictest laws,
Of an effect to manifest the cause;
Nature, of wonders so immense a field,
Can none more strange, none more mysterious yield
None that eludes sagacious reason more
Than this obscure, inexplicable power.
Since you the spring of motion cannot show,
Be just, and faultless ignorance allow;
Say, 'tis obedience to th' Almighty nod,
That 'tis the will, the power, the hand of God.
  Philosophers of spreading fame are found,
Who by th' attraction of the orbs around
Would move the earth, and make its course obey
The sun's and moon's inevitable sway
Some from the pressure and impelling force
Of heavenly bodies would derive its course;
Whilst in the dark and difficult dispute
All are by turns confuted, and confute;
Each can subvert th' opponent's scheme, but non
Has strength of reason to support his own.
  The mind employ'd in search of secret things,
To find out motion's cause and hidden springs,
Through all th' ethereal regions mounts on high,
Views all the spheres, and ranges all the sky;
Searches the orbs, and penetrates the air
With unsuccessful toil, and fruitless care;
Till, stopp'd by awful heights, and gulfs immense
Of wisdom, and of vast omnipotence,
She trembling stands, and does in wonder gaze,
Lost in the wide inextricable maze.
  See, how the sun does on the middle shine,
And round the globe describe th' æquator line;
By which wise means he can the whole survey
With a direct, or with a slanting ray,
In the succession of a night and day.
Had the north pole been fix'd beneath the sun,
To southern realms the day had been unknown:
If the south pole had gain'd that nearer seat,
The northern climes had met as hard a fate.
And since the space, that lies on either [illegible]
The solar orb, is without limits wide,
Grant that the sun had happen'd to prefer
A seat ascant but one diameter,
Lost to the light by that unhappy place
This globe had lain a frozen, lonesome mass.
  Behold the light emitted from the sun,
What more familiar, and what more unknown!
While by its spreading radiance it reveals
All nature's face, it still itself conceals.
See how each morn it does its beams display,
And on its golden wings bring back the day!
How soon th' effulgent emanations fly
Through the blue gulf of interposing sky!
How soon their lustre all the region fills,
Smiles on the vallies, and adorns the hills!
Millions of miles, so rapid is their race,
To cheer the earth, they in few moments pass.
Amazing progress! At its utmost stretch,
What human mind can this swift motion reach?
But if, to save so quick a flight, you say
The ever-rolling orb's impulsive ray

On the next threads and filaments does bear
Which form the ſpringy texture of the air,
That thoſe ſtill ſtrike the next, till to the ſight
The quick vibration propagates the light;
'Tis ſtill as hard, if we this ſcheme believe,
The cauſe of light's ſwift progreſs to conceive.
With thought from prepoſſeſſion free, reflect
On ſolar rays, as they the ſight reſpect.
The beams of light had been in vain diſplay'd,
Had not the eye been fit for viſion made:
In vain the author had the eye prepar'd
With ſo much ſkill, had not the light appear'd.
The old and new aſtronomers in vain
Attempt the heavenly motions to explain.
Firſt Ptolemy his ſcheme celeſtial wrought,
And of machines a wild proviſion brought:
Orbs centric and eccentric he prepares,
Cycles and epicycles, ſolid ſpheres,
In order plac'd, and with bright globes inlaid,
To ſolve the tow'rs by heavenly bodies made.
But ſo perplex'd, ſo intricate a frame,
The latter ages with deriſion name.
The comets, which at ſeaſons downward tend,
Then with their flaming equipage aſcend;
Venus, which in the purlieus of the ſun
Does now above him, now beneath him, run;
The ancient ſtructure of the heavens ſubvert,
Rear'd with vaſt labour, but with little art.
Copernicus, who rightly did condemn
This eldeſt ſyſtem, form'd a wiſer ſcheme;
In which he leaves the ſun at reſt, and rolls
The orb terreſtrial on its proper poles;
Which makes the night and day by this career,
And by its ſlow and crooked courſe the year.
The famous Dane, who oft the modern guides,
To earth and ſun their provinces divides:
The earth's rotation makes the night and day;
The ſun revolving through the th' ecliptic way
Effects the various ſeaſons of the year,
Which in their turn for happy ends appear.
This ſcheme or that, which pleaſes beſt, embrace,
Still we the fountain of their motion trace.
Kepler aſſerts theſe wonders may be done
By the magnetic virtue of the ſun,
Which he, to gain his end, thinks fit to place
Full in the centre of that mighty ſpace,
Which does the ſpheres, where planets roll, include,
And leaves him with attractive force endued.
The ſun, thus ſeated, by mechanic laws,
The earth and every diſtant planet draws;
By which attraction all the planets, found
Within his reach, are turn'd in æther round.
If all theſe rolling orbs the ſun obey,
Who holds his empire by magnetic ſway?
Since all are guided with an equal force,
Why are they ſo unequal in their courſe?
Saturn in thirty years his ring completes,
Which ſwifter Jupiter in twelve repeats.
Mars three and twenty months revolving ſpends;
The earth in twelve her annual journey ends.
Venus, thy race in twice four months is run;
For his, Mercurius three demands; the moon
Her revolution finiſhes in one.
If all at once are mov'd, and by one ſpring,
Why ſo unequal is their annual ring?

If ſome, you ſay, preſs'd with a ponderous load
Of gravity, move ſlower in their road,
Becauſe, with weight incumber'd and oppreſt,
Theſe ſluggiſh orbs th' attractive ſun reſiſt;
Till you can weight and gravity explain,
Thoſe words are inſignificant and vain.
If planetary orbs the ſun obey,
Why ſhould the moon diſown his ſovereign ſway?
Why in a whirling eddy of her own
Around the globe terreſtrial ſhould ſhe run?
This diſobedience of the moon will prove
The ſun's bright orb does not the planet move.
Philoſophers may ſpare their toil; in vain
They form new ſchemes, and rack their thoughtful brain,
The cauſe of heavenly motions to explain:
After their various unſucceſsful ways,
Their fruitleſs labour, and inept eſſays,
No cauſe of thoſe appearances they'll find,
But power exerted by th' Eternal Mind;
Which through their roads the orbs celeſtial drives,
And this or that determin'd motion gives.
The Mind Supreme does all his worlds controul,
Which by his order this and that way roll;
From him they take a delegated force,
And by his high command maintain their courſe;
By laws decreed e'er fleeting time begun,
In their fix'd limits they their ſtages run.
But if the earth, and each erratic world,
Around their ſun their proper centre whirl'd,
Compoſe but one extended vaſt machine,
And from one ſpring their motions all begin;
Does not ſo wide, ſo intricate a frame,
Yet ſo harmonious, ſovereign art proclaim?
Is it a proof of judgment to invent
A work of ſpheres involv'd, which repreſent
The ſituation of the orbs above,
Their ſize and number ſhow, and how they move?
And does not in the orbs themſelves appear
A great contrivance, and deſign as clear?
This wide machine the univerſe regard,
With how much ſkill is each apartment rear'd!
The ſun, a globe of fire, a glowing maſs,
Hotter than melting flint, or fluid glaſs,
Of this our ſyſtem holds the middle place.
Mercurius, neareſt to the central ſun,
Does in an oval orbit circling run;
But rarely is the object of our ſight
In ſolar glory ſunk, and more prevailing light.
Venus the next, whoſe lovely beams adorn
As well the dewy eve, as opening morn,
Does her fair orb in beauteous order turn.
The globe terreſtrial next, with ſlanting poles,
And all its ponderous load, unwearied rolls.
Then we behold bright planetary Jove
Sublime in air through his wide province move;
Four ſecond planets his dominion own,
And round him turn, as round the earth the moon.
Saturn, revolving in the higheſt ſphere,
With lingering labour finiſhes his year.
Yet is this mighty ſyſtem, which contains
So many worlds, ſuch vaſt æthereal plains,
But one of thouſands, which compoſe the whole,
Perhaps as glorious, and of worlds as full.

The ſtars, which grace the high expanſion, bright
By their own beams, and unprecarious light,
Though ſome near neighbours ſeem, and ſome diſplay
United luſtre in the milky way,
At a vaſt diſtance from each other lie,
Sever'd by ſpacious voids of liquid ſky.
All theſe illuſtrious worlds, and many more,
Which by the tube aſtronomers explore;
And millions which the glaſs can ne'er deſcry,
Loſt in the wilds of vaſt immenſity;
Are ſuns, are centres, whoſe ſuperior ſway
Planets of various magnitude obey.
If we with one clear comprehenſive ſight
Saw all theſe ſyſtems, all theſe orbs of light;
If we their order and dependence knew,
Had all their motions and their ends in view,
With all the comets which in æther ſtray,
Yet conſtant to their time and to their way;
Which planets ſeem, though rarely they appear,
Rarely approach the radiant ſun ſo near,
That his fair beams their atmoſphere pervade,
Whence their bright hair and flaming trains are made;
Would not this view convincing marks impart
Of perfect prudence, and ſtupendous art?
The maſters form'd in Newton's famous ſchool,
Who does the chief in modern ſcience rule,
Erect their ſchemes by mathematic laws,
And ſolve appearances with juſt applauſe:
Theſe, who have nature's ſteps with care purſued,
That matter is with active force endued,
That all its parts magnetic power exert,
And to each other gravitate, aſſert.
While by this power they on each other act,
They are at once attracted, and attract.
Leſs bulky matter therefore muſt obey
More bulky matter's more engaging ſway;
By this the fabric they together hold,
By this the courſe of heavenly orbs unfold.
Yet theſe ſagacious ſons of ſcience own
Attractive virtue is a thing unknown.
This wondrous power, they piouſly aſſert,
Th' Almighty Author did at firſt impart
To matter in degrees, that might produce
The motions he deſign'd for nature's uſe.
But, leſt we ſhould not here due reverence pay
To learned Epicurus, ſee the way
By which this reaſoner, of ſuch high renown,
Moves through th' ecliptic road the rolling ſun.
Oppreſt with thirſt and heat, to adverſe ſeats
By turns, ſays he, the panting ſun retreats
To ſlake his drought, his vigour to repair
In ſnowy climes, and frozen fields of air;
Where the bright glutton revels without reſt
On his cool banquet, and aërial feaſt;
Still to and fro he does his light convey
Through the ſame track, the ſame unalter'd way,
On luxury intent, and eager of his prey.
But if the ſun is back and forward roll'd,
To treat his thirſty orb with polar cold,
Say, is it not, good Epicurus, ſtrange
He ſhould not once beyond the tropic range,
Where he, to quench his drought ſo much inclin'd,
May ſnowy fields, and nitrous paſtures find,
Meet ſtores of cold ſo greedily purſu'd,
And be refreſh'd with never-waſting food?
Sometimes this wondrous man is pleas'd to ſay,
This way and that ſtrong blaſts the ſun convey;
A northern wind his orb with vigour drives,
Till at the ſouthern tropic it arrives;
Then, wanting breath, and with his toil oppreſt,
He drops his wings, and leaves the air at reſt;
Freſh guſts, now ſpringing from the ſouthern pole
Aſſault him there, and make him backward roll.
Thus gales alternate through the zodiac blow
The ſailing orb, and waft him to and fro;
While Epicurus, bleſt with thought refin'd,
Makes the vaſt globe the paſtime of the wind.
Were it not idle labour to confute
Notions ſo wild, unworthy of diſpute;
I'd of the learned Epicurus aſk,
If this were for the winds a proper taſk?
Illuſtrious ſage, inform th' inquirer, why
Still from one ſtated point of all the ſky
The fickle meteor ſhould the ſun convey
Through the ſame ſtages of his ſpiral way?
Why in one path, why with ſuch equal pace,
That he ſhould never miſs in all his race,
Of time one minute, or one inch of ſpace?
Remark the air's tranſparent element,
Its curious ſtructure, and its vaſt extent:
Its wondrous web proclaims the loom divine;
Its threads, the hand that drew them out ſo fine.
This thin contexture makes its boſom fit
Celeſtial heat and luſtre to tranſmit;
By which of foreign orbs the riches flow
On this dependent, needy ball below.
Obſerve its parts link'd in ſuch artful ſort,
All are at once ſupported, and ſupport:
The column pois'd ſits hovering on our heads,
And a ſoft burden on our ſhoulders ſpreads;
So the ſide-arches all the weight ſuſtain,
We find no preſſure, and we feel no pain;
Still are the ſubtile ſtrings in tenſion found,
Like thoſe of lutes to juſt proportion wound,
Which of the air's vibration is the ſource,
When it receives the ſtrokes of foreign force.
Let curious minds, who would the air inſpect,
On its elaſtic energy reflect.
The ſecret force through all the frame diffus'd,
By which its ſtrings are from compreſſion loos'd;
The ſpungy parts, now to a ſtraiter ſeat
Are forc'd by cold, and widen'd now by heat;
By turns they all extend, by turns retire,
As nature's various ſervices require;
They now expand to fill an empty ſpace,
Now ſhrink to let a ponderous body paſs.
If raging winds invade the atmoſphere,
Their force its curious texture cannot tear,
Make no diſruption in the threads of air;
Or if it does, thoſe parts themſelves reſtore,
Heal their own wounds, and their own breaches cure.
Hence the melodious tenants of the ſky,
Which haunt inferior ſeats, or ſoar on high,
With eaſe through all the fluid region ſtray,
And through the wide expanſion wing their way;
Whoſe open meſhes let terreſtrial ſteams
Paſs through, entic'd away by ſolar beams;

And thus a road reciprocal display
To rising vapours, and descending day.
Of heat and light, what ever-during stores,
Brought from the sun's exhaustless golden shores,
Through gulfs immense of intervening air,
Enrich the earth, and every loss repair!
The land, its gainful traffic to maintain,
Sends out crude vapours, in exchange for rain;
The flowery garden, and the verdant mead,
Warm'd by their rays, their exhalations spread,
In showers and balmy dews to be repaid;
The streams, their banks forsaken, upward move,
And flow again in wandering clouds above:
These regions Nature's magazines on high
With all the stores demanded there supply;
Their different steams the air's wide bosom fill,
Moist from the flood, dry from the barren hill;
Materials into meteors to be wrought,
Which back to these terrestrial seats are brought,
By Nature shap'd to various figures, those
The fruitful rain, and these the hail compose,
The snowy fleece, and curious frost-work; these
Produce the dew, and those the gentle breeze:
Some form fierce winds, which o'er the mountain pass,
And beat with vigorous wings the valley's face;
O'er the wide lake and barren desart blow,
O'er Libya's burning sand, and Scythia's snow;
Shake the high cedar, through the forest sweep,
And with their furious breath ferment the deep.
This thin, this soft contexture of the air
Shows the wise Author's providential care,
Who did the wondrous structure so contrive,
That it might life to breathing creatures give;
Might reinspire, and make the circling mass
Through all its winding channels fit to pass.
Had not the Maker wrought the springy frame
Such as it is, to fan the vital flame,
The blood, defrauded of its nitrous food,
Had cool'd and languish'd in th' arterial road:
While the tir'd heart had strove with fruitless pain
To push the lazy tide along the vein.
Of what important use to human kind,
To what great ends subservient, is the wind!
Behold, where'er this active vapour flies,
It drives the clouds, and agitates the skies:
This from stagnation and corruption saves
Th' aërial ocean's ever-rolling waves.
This animals, to succour life, demand;
For, should the air unventilated stand,
The idle deep corrupted would contain
Blue deaths, and secret stores of raging pain;
The scorching sun would with a fatal beam
Make all the void with births malignant teem,
Engender jaundice, spotted torments breed,
And purple plagues, from pestilential seed;
Exhaling vapours would be turn'd to swarms
Of noxious insects, and destructive worms,
More than were rais'd to scourge tyrannic lust,
By Moses' rod, from animated dust.
Another blessing, which the breathing wind
Benevolent conveys to human kind,
Is, that it cools and qualifies the air,
And with soft breezes does the regions cheer,
On which the sun o'er-friendly does display
Heat too prevailing, and redundant day.
Ye swarthy nations of the torrid zone,
How well to you is this great bounty known!
As frequent gales from the wide ocean rise
To fan your air, and moderate your skies;
So constant winds, as well as rivers, flow
From your high hills enrich'd with stores of snow;
For this great end, these hills rise more sublime
Than those erected in a temperate clime.
Had not the Author this provision made,
By which your air is cool'd, your sun allay'd,
Destroy'd by too intense a flame, the land
Had lain a parch'd inhospitable sand.
These districts, which between the tropics lie,
Which scorching beams directly darted fry,
Were thought an uninhabitable seat,
Burnt by the neighbouring orb's immoderate heat:
But the fresh breeze, that from the ocean blows,
From the wide lake, or from the mountain snows,
So sooths the air, and mitigates the sun,
So cures the regions of the sultry zone,
That oft' with Nature's blessings they abound,
Frequent in people, and with plenty crown'd.
As active winds relieve the air and land,
The seas no less their useful blasts demand:
Without this aid, the ship would ne'er advance
Along the deep, and o'er the billow dance,
But lie a lazy and a useless load,
The forest's waste spoils, the lumber of the flood,
Let but the wind with an auspicious gale,
To shove the vessel, fill the spreading sail,
And see, with swelling canvass wing'd, she flies,
And with her waving streamers sweeps the skies!
Th' adventurous merchant thus pursues his way
Or to the rise, or to the fall of day.
Thus mutual traffic sever'd realms maintain,
And manufactures change to mutual gain;
Each other's growth and arts they sell and buy,
Ease their redundance, and their wants supply.
Ye Britons, who the fruit of commerce find,
How is your isle a debtor to the wind,
Which thither wafts Arabia's fragrant spoils,
Gems, pearls, and spices, from the Indian isles,
From Persia silks, wines from Iberia's shore,
Peruvian drugs, and Guinea's golden ore!
Delights and wealth to fair Augusta flow
From every region whence the winds can blow.
See, how the vapours congregated rear
Their gloomy columns, and obscure the air!
Forgetful of their gravity, they rise,
Renounce the centre, and usurp the skies,
Where, form'd to clouds, they their black lines display,
And take their airy march, as winds convey.
Sublime in air while they their course pursue,
They from their sable fleeces shake the dew
On the parch'd mountain, and with genial rain
Renew the forest, and refresh the plain:
They shed their healing juices on the ground,
Cement the crack, and close the gaping wound.
Did not the vapours, by the solar heat
Thinn'd and exhal'd, rise to their airy seat,
Or not in watery clouds collected fly,
Then form'd to ponderous drops desert the sky;

The fields would no recruits of moiſture find,
But, by the ſun-beams dry'd, and by the wind,
Would never plant, or flower, or fruit, produce,
Or for the beaſt, or for his maſter's uſe.
But in the ſpacious climates, which the rain
Does never bleſs (ſuch is th' Egyptian plain),
With how much art is that defect ſupply'd!
See, how ſome noble river's ſwelling tide,
Augmented by the mountains' melting ſnows,
Breaks from its banks, and o'er the region flows!
Hence fruitful crops and flowery wealth enſue,
And to the ſwain ſuch mighty gains accrue,
He ne'er reproaches Heaven for want of dew.
See, and revere, th' artillery of heaven,
Drawn by the gale, or by the tempeſt driven!
A dreadful fire the floating batteries make,
O'erturn the mountain, and the foreſt ſhake.
This way and that they drive the atmoſphere,
And its wide boſom from corruption clear,
While their bright flame conſumes the ſulphur trains,
And noxious vapours, which infect our veins.
Thus they refine the vital element,
Secure our health, and growing plagues prevent.
Your contemplation farther yet purſue;
The wondrous world of vegetables view!
Obſerve the foreſt oak, the mountain pine,
The towering cedar, and the humble vine,
The bending willow, that o'erſhades the flood,
And each ſpontaneous offspring of the wood!
The oak and pine, which high from earth ariſe,
And wave their lofty heads amidſt the ſkies,
Their parent earth in like proportion wound,
And through crude metals penetrate the ground;
Their ſtrong and ample roots deſcend ſo deep
That fixt and firm they may their ſtation keep,
And the fierce ſhocks of furious winds defy,
With all the outrage of inclement ſky.
But the baſe brier and the noble vine
Their arms around their ſtronger neighbour twine.
The creeping ivy, to prevent its fall,
Clings with its fibrous grapples to the wall.
Thus are the trees of every kind ſecure,
Or by their own, or by a borrow'd power.
But every tree from all its branching roots
Amidſt the glebe ſmall hollow fibres ſhoots;
Which drink with thirſty mouths the vital juice,
And to the limbs and leaves their food diffuſe:
Peculiar pores peculiar juice receive,
To this deny, to that admittance give.
Hence various trees their various fruits produce,
Some for delightful taſte, and ſome for uſe.
Hence ſprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,
For phyſic ſome, and ſome deſign'd for food.
Hence fragrant flowers, with different colours dy'd,
On ſmiling meads unfold their gaudy pride.
Review theſe numerous ſcenes, at once ſurvey
Nature's extended face; then, ſceptics, ſay,
In this wide field of wonders can you find
No art diſcover'd, and no end deſign'd?

BOOK III.

The Argument.

The introduction. Uſeful knowledge firſt purſued by man. Agriculture. Architecture. Sculpture. Painting. Muſic. The Grecian philoſophers firſt engaged in uſeleſs ſpeculations. The abſurdity of aſſerting the ſelf-exiſtent, independent, and eternal being of atoms, according to the ſcheme of Epicurus. Anſwer to the objections of atheiſts to the ſcheme of creation aſſerted in the two former books. The objections brought by Lucretius againſt creation, from the neceſſity of pre-exiſtent matter for the formation of all kinds of beings; from the pretended unartful contrivance of the world; from thorns, briers, and noxious weeds; from ſavage beaſts, ſtorms, thunder, diſeaſes; from the painful birth and the ſhort life of man; from the inequality of heat and cold in different climates; anſwered. The objections of the Pyrrhonians, or Sceptics, anſwered. A reply to thoſe who aſſert all things owe their being and their motions to nature. Their different and ſenſeleſs account of that word. More apparent and eminent ſkill and wiſdom expreſſed in the works of nature than in thoſe of human art. The unreaſonableneſs of denying ſkill and deſign in the author of thoſe works. Vaninus, Hobbes, and Spinoſa, conſidered.

Ere vain philoſophy had rear'd her ſchool,
Whoſe chiefs imagin'd realms of ſcience rule,
With idle toil form viſionary ſchemes,
And wage eternal war for rival dreams;
Studious of good, man diſregarded fame,
And uſeful knowledge was his eldeſt aim:
Through metaphyſic wilds he never flew,
Nor the dark haunts of ſchool chimæras knew,
But had alone his happineſs in view.
He milk'd the lowing herd, he preſs'd the cheeſe,
Folded the flock, and ſpun the woolly fleece.
In urns the bees delicious dews he lay'd,
Whoſe kindling wax invented day diſplay'd;
Wreſted their iron entrails from the hills,
Then with the ſpoils his glowing forges fills;
And ſhap'd with vigorous ſtrokes the ruddy bar
To rural arms, unconſcious yet of war.

He made the ploughshare in the furrow shine,
And learn'd to sow his bread, and plant his vine.
Now verdant food adorn'd the garden beds,
And fruitful trees shot up their branching heads;
Rich balm from groves, and herbs from grassy plains,
His fever sooth'd, or heal'd his wounded veins.
Our fathers next, in architecture skill'd,
Cities for use, and forts for safety build:
Then palaces and lofty domes arose,
These for devotion, and for pleasure those.
Their thoughts were next to artful sculpture turn'd,
Which now the palace, now the dome adorn'd.
The pencil then did growing fame acquire,
Then was the trumpet heard, and tuneful lyre,
One did the triumph sing, and one the war inspire.
Greece did at length a learned race produce,
Who needful science mock'd, and arts of use,
Consum'd their fruitless hours in eager chase
Of airy notions, through the boundless space
Of speculation, and the darksome void,
Where wrangling wits, in endless strife employ'd,
Mankind with idle subtilties embroil,
And fashion systems with romantic toil;
These with the pride of dogmatizing schools
Impos'd on nature arbitrary rules;
Forc'd her their vain inventions to obey,
And move as learned frenzy trac'd the way:
Above the clouds while they presum'd to soar,
Her trackless heights ambitious to explore,
And heaps of undigested volumes writ,
Illusive notions of fantastic wit;
So long they Nature search'd, and mark'd her laws,
They lost the knowledge of th' Almighty cause.
Th' erroneous dictates of each Grecian sage
Renounc'd the doctrines of the eldest age.
Yet these their matchless science did proclaim,
Usurp distinction, and appropriate fame.
But though their schools produc'd no nobler fruit
Than empty schemes, and triumphs of dispute;
The notions which arise from Nature's light
As well adorn the mind, as guide her right,
Enlarge her compass, and improve her sight.
These ne'er the breast with vain ambition fire,
But banish pride, and modest thoughts inspire.
By her inform'd, we blest religion learn,
Its glorious object by her aid discern;
The rolling worlds around us we survey,
Th' alternate sovereigns of the night and day;
View the wide earth adorn'd with hills and woods,
Rich in her herds, and fertile by her floods;
Walk through the deep apartments of the main,
Ascend the air to visit clouds and rain;
And, while we ravish'd gaze on Nature's face,
Remark her order, and her motions trace,
The long coherent chain of things we find
Leads to a Cause Supreme, a wise Creating Mind.
You, who the being of a God disclaim,
And think mere chance produc'd this wondrous frame;
Say, did you e'er reflect, Lucretian tribe,
To matter what perfections you ascribe?
Can you to dust such veneration show?
An atom with such privilege endow,
That from its nature's pure necessity
It should exist, and no corruption see?
Since your first atoms independent are,
And not each other's being prop and bear,
And since to this it is fortuitous
That others should existence have; suppose
You in your mind one atom should remove
From all the troops, that in the vacant grove,
Cannot our thought conceive one atom less?
If so, you Grecian sages must confess
That matter, which you independent name,
Cannot a being necessary claim;
For what has being from necessity,
It is impossible it should not be.
Why has an atom this one place possest
Of all the empty void, and not the rest?
If by its nature's force 'tis present here,
By the same force it must be every where;
Can beings be confin'd, which necessary are?
If a first body may to any place
Be not determin'd, in the boundless space,
'Tis plain, it then may absent be from all;
Who then will this a self-existence call?
As time does vast eternity regard,
So place is with infinitude compar'd:
A being then, which never did commence,
Must, as eternal, likewise be immense.
What cause within, or what without, is found,
That can a being uncreated bound?
None that's internal, for it has no cause;
Nor can it be controll'd by foreign laws,
For then it clearly would dependent be
On force superior, which will ne'er agree
With self-existence and necessity.
Absurdly then to atoms you assign
Such powers, and such prerogatives divine.
Thus while the notion of a God you slight,
Yourselves (who vainly think you reason right)
Make vile material Gods, in number infinite.
Now let us, as 'tis just, in turn prepare
To stand the foe, and wage defensive war.
Lucretius first, a mighty hero, springs
Into the field, and his own triumph sings.
He brings, to make us from our ground retire,
The reasoner's weapons, and the poet's fire.
The tuneful sophist thus his battle forms,
Our bulwarks thus in polish'd armour storms:
To parent matter things their being owe,
Because from nothing no productions flow;
And, if we grant no pre-existent seed,
Things, different things, from what they do, might breed,
And any thing from any thing proceed;
The spicy groves might Scythia's hills adorn,
The thistle might the amaranth have borne,
The vine the lemon, and the grape the thorn;
Herds from the hills, men from the seas might rise,
From woods the whales, and lions from the skies.
Th' elated bard here, with a conqueror's air,
Disdainful smiles, and bids his foes despair.
But, Carus, here you use poetic charms,
And not assail us with the reasoner's arms.
Where all is clear, you fancy'd doubts remove,
And what we grant with ease, with labour prove.

What you would prove, but cannot, you decline;
But chooſe a thing you can, and there you ſhine.
Tell us, fam'd Roman, was it e'er denied,
That ſeeds for ſuch productions are ſupplied?
That Nature always muſt materials find
For beaſts and trees, to propagate their kind?
All generation, the rude peaſant knows,
A pre-exiſtent matter muſt ſuppoſe.
But what to Nature firſt her being gave?
Tell, whence your atoms their exiſtence have?
We aſk you, whence the ſeeds conſtituent ſpring
Of every plant, and every living thing?
Whence every creature ſhould produce its kind,
And to its proper ſpecies be confin'd?
To anſwer this, Lucretius, will require
More than ſweet numbers and poetic fire.
But ſee how well the poet will ſupport
His cauſe, if we the argument retort.
If chance alone could manage, ſort, divide,
And, beings to produce, your atoms guide;
If caſual concourſe did the world compoſe,
And things from hits fortuitous aroſe;
Then any thing might come from any thing;
For how from chance can conſtant order ſpring?
The foreſt oak might bear the bluſhing roſe,
And fragrant myrtles thrive in Ruſſian ſnows;
The fair pomegranate might adorn the pine,
The grape the bramble, and the ſloe the vine;
Fiſh from the plains, birds from the floods might riſe,
And lowing herds break from the ſtarry ſkies.
But, ſee, the chief does keener weapons chooſe,
Advances bold, and thus the fight renews:
" If I were doubtful of the ſource and ſpring
" Whence things ariſe, I from the ſkies could bring,
" And every part of nature, proofs, to ſhow
" The world to gods cannot its being owe;
" So full of faults is all th' unartful frame:
" Firſt we the air's unpeopled deſert blame.
" Brute beaſts poſſeſs the hill, and ſhady wood;
" Much do the lakes, but more the ocean's flood
" (Which ſevers realms, and ſhores divided leaves)
" Take from the land by interpoſing waves;
" One third, by freezing cold and burning heat,
" Lies a deform'd, inhoſpitable ſeat;
" The reſt, unlabour'd, would by nature breed
" Wild brambles only, and the noxious weed,
" Did not induſtrious man, with endleſs toil,
" Extort his food from the reluctant ſoil;
" Did not the farmer's ſteel the furrow wound,
" And harrows tear the harveſt from the ground,
" The earth would no ſpontaneous fruits afford
" To man, her vain imaginary lord.
" Oft', when the labouring hind has plough'd the field,
" And forc'd the glebe unwillingly to yield,
" When green and flowery nature crowns his hope
" With the gay promiſe of a plenteous crop,
" The fruits (ſad ruin!) periſh on the ground,
" Burnt by the ſun, or by the deluge drown'd;
" Or ſoon decay, by ſnows immoderate chill'd,
" By winds are blaſted, or by lightning kill'd.
" Nature, beſides, the ſavage beaſt ſuſtains,
Breeds in the hills the terror of the plains,
" To man a fatal race. Could this be ſo,
" Did gracious gods diſpoſe of things below?
" Their proper plagues with annual ſeaſons come,
" And deaths untimely blaſt us in the bloom.
" Man at his birth (unhappy ſon of grief!)
" Is helpleſs caſt on the wide coaſts of life,
" In want of all things whence our comforts flow
" A ſad and moving ſpectacle of woe.
" Infants in ill-preſaging cries complain,
" As conſcious of a coming life of pain.
" All things mean time to beaſts kind Nature grants,
" Prevents their ſufferings, and ſupplies their wants;
" Brought forth with eaſe, they grow, and ſkip, and feed,
" No dangling nurſe, or jingling gewgaw, need;
" In caves they lurk, or o'er the mountains range,
" Nor ever through the year their garment change;
" Unvers'd in arms, and ignorant of war,
" They need no forts, and no invaſion fear;
" Whate'er they want, from Nature's hand they gain;
" The life ſhe gave, ſhe watches to maintain."
Thus impotent in ſenſe, though ſtrong in rage,
The daring Roman does the gods engage:
But undiſmay'd we face th' intrepid foe,
Suſtain his onſet, and thus ward the blow.
Suppoſe defects in this terreſtrial ſeat,
That nature is not, as you urge, complete;
That a divine and wiſe Artificer
Might greater wonders of his art confer,
And might with eaſe on man, and man's abode,
More bounty, more perfection, have beſtow'd;
If in this lower world he has not ſhown
His utmoſt ſkill, ſay, has he therefore none?
We in productions arbitrary ſee
Marks of perfection, different in degree.
Though maſters now more ſkill, now leſs impart,
Yet are not all their works the works of art?
Do poets ſtill ſublimer ſubjects ſing,
Still ſtretch to heaven a bold aſpiring wing,
Nor e'er deſcend to flocks and labouring ſwains,
Frequent the floods, or range the humble plains?
Did, Grecian Phidias, all thy pieces ſhine
With equal beauty? or, Apelles, thine?
Or Raphael's pencil never chooſe to fall?
Say, are his works tranſigurations all?
Did Buonorota never build, O Rome,
A meaner ſtructure, than thy wondrous dome?
Though, in their works applauded as their beſt,
Greater deſign and genius are expreſt,
Yet is there none acknowledg'd in the reſt?
In all the parts of Nature's ſpacious ſphere
Of art, ten thouſand miracles appear:
And will you not the Author's ſkill adore,
Becauſe you think he might diſcover more?
You own a watch th' invention of the mind,
Though for a ſingle motion 'tis deſign'd,
As well as that, which is with greater thought,
With various ſprings, for various motions wrought
An independent, wiſe, and conſcious cauſe,
Who freely acts by arbitrary laws,
Who at connexion and at order aims,
Creatures diſtinguiſh'd in perfection frames.
Unconſcious cauſes only ſtill impart
Their utmoſt ſkill, their utmoſt power exert.

Thoſe, which can freely chooſe, diſcern, and know,
In acting can degrees of vigour ſhow,
And more, or leſs of art or care beſtow.
If all perfection were in all things ſhown,
All beauty, all variety, were gone.
As this inferior habitable ſeat
By different parts is made one whole complete;
So our low world is only one of thoſe,
Which the capacious univerſe compoſe.
Now to the univerſal whole advert;
The earth regard as of that whole a part,
In which wide frame more noble worlds abound;
Witneſs, ye glorious orbs, which hang around,
Ye ſhining planets, that in æther ſtray,
And thou, bright lord and ruler of the day!
Witneſs, ye ſtars, which beautify the ſkies,
How much do your vaſt globes in height and ſize,
In beauty and magnificence outgo
Our ball of earth, that hangs in clouds below!
Between yourſelves too is diſtinction found,
Of different bulk, with different glory crown'd;
The people, which in your bright regions dwell,
Muſt this low world's inhabitants excel;
And, ſince to various planets they agree,
They from each other muſt diſtinguiſh'd be,
And own perfections different in degree.
When we on fruitful Nature's care reflect,
And her exhauſtleſs energy reſpect,
That ſtocks this globe, which you Lucretians call
The world's coarſe dregs, which to the bottom fall,
With numerous kinds of life, and bounteous fills
With breathing gueſts the vallies, floods, and hills;
We may pronounce each orb ſuſtains a race
Of living things adapted to the place.
Were the refulgent parts and moſt refin'd
Only to ſerve the dark and baſe deſign'd?
Were all the ſtars, whoſe beauteous realms of light,
At diſtance only hung to ſhine by night,
And with their twinkling beams to pleaſe our ſight?
How many roll in æther, which the eye
Could ne'er, till aided by the glaſs, deſcry;
And which no commerce with the earth maintain!
Are all thoſe glorious empires made in vain?
Now, as I ſaid, the globe terreſtrial view,
As of the whole a part, a mean one too.
Though 'tis not like th' æthereal worlds refin'd,
Yet is it juſt, and finiſh'd in its kind;
Has all perfection which the place demands,
Where in coherence with the reſt it ſtands.
Were to your view the univerſe diſplay'd,
And all the ſcenes of nature open laid;
Could you their place, proportion, harmony,
Their beauty, order, and dependence, ſee,
You'd grant our globe had all the marks of art,
All the perfection due to ſuch a part,
Though not with luſtre, or with magnitude,
Like the bright ſtars, or brighter ſun, endued.
You oft' declaim on man's unhappy fate;
Inſulting, oft' demand in this debate,
If the kind gods could ſuch a wretch create?
But whence can this unhappineſs ariſe?
You ſay, as ſoon as born, he helpleſs lies,
And mourns his woes in ill-preſaging cries.
But does not Nature for the child prepare
The parent's love, the nurſe's tender care,
Who, of their own forgetful, ſeek his good,
Enfold his limbs in bands, and fill his veins with food?
That man is frail and mortal, is confeſt;
Convulſions rack his nerves, and cares his breaſt;
His flying life is chas'd by ravening pains,
Through all its doubles in the winding veins;
Within himſelf he ſure deſtruction breeds,
And ſecret torment in his bowels feeds;
By cruel tyrants, by the ſavage beaſt,
Or his own fiercer paſſions he's oppreſt;
Now breathes malignant air, now poiſon drinks;
By gradual death, or by untimely, ſinks.
But theſe objectors muſt the cauſe upbraid
That has not mortal man immortal made;
For, if he once muſt feel the fatal blow,
Is it of great importance when, or how?
Should the Lucretian lingering life maintain
Through numerous ages, ignorant of pain,
Still might the diſcontented murmurer cry,
Ah, hapleſs fate of man! ah, wretch, doom'd once to die!
But oh! how ſoon would you, who thus complain,
And Nature's cauſe of cruelty arraign,
By reaſon's ſtandard this miſtake correct,
And ceaſe to murmur, did you once reflect,
That death removes us only from our ſeat,
Does not extinguiſh life, but change its ſtate.
Then are diſplay'd (oh raviſhing ſurpriſe!)
Fair ſcenes of bliſs, and triumphs in the ſkies;
To which admitted, each ſuperior mind,
By virtue's vital energy refin'd,
Shines forth with more than ſolar glory bright,
And, cloth'd with robes of beatific light,
His hours in heavenly tranſports does employ,
Young with immortal bloom from living ſtreams of joy.
You aſk us, why the ſoil the thiſtle breeds?
Why its ſpontaneous births are thorns and weeds?
Why for the harveſt it the harrow needs?
The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dreſs the hills and vales array'd,
And all its face in flowery ſcenes diſplay'd:
The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth ſpicy groves inſtead of thorn;
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crown'd, have honour'd all the plains:
This nature might have boaſted, had the mind,
Who form'd the ſpacious univerſe, deſign'd
That man, from labour free as well as grief,
Should paſs in lazy luxury his life.
But he his creature gave a fertile ſoil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil;
That ſome reward his induſtry ſhould crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.
But while, inſulting, you arraign the land,
Aſk why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand

Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they without the ſculptor's ſkill and pain
No perfect ſtatue yield, no baſſe relieve,
Or finiſh'd column for the palace give;
Yet if from hills unlabour'd figures came,
Man might have eaſe enjoy'd, though never fame.
You may the world of more defects upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade;
That ſhe did never at her own expence
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the ſtately rooms;
That ſhe no caſtle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand theſe various works prepar'd,
What thoughtful care, what labour had been ſpar'd!
But then no realm would one great maſter ſhow,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reaſon too you might demand,
Why boats and ſhips require the artiſt's hand?
Why generous Nature did not theſe provide
To paſs the ſtanding lake, or flowing tide?
You ſay the hills, which high in air ariſe,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the ſkies,
The earth's diſhonour and encumbering load,
Of many ſpacious regions man defraud,
For beaſts and birds of prey a deſolate abode.
But can th' objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that elſe would be diſjoin'd?
Do not thoſe heaps the raging tide reſtrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Does not the river from the mountain flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden ſand
From the high ridges to the flater land.
The lofty lines abound with endleſs ſtore
Of mineral treaſure, and metallic ore;
With precious veins of ſilver, copper, tin,
Without how barren, yet how rich within!
They bear the pine, the oak and cedar yield,
To form the palace, and the navy build.
When the inclement meteors you accuſe,
And aſk if gracious God would ſtorms produce;
You ne'er reflect, that by the driving wind
The air from noxious vapours is refin'd;
Freed from the putrid ſeeds of pain and death,
That living creatures might not, by their breath,
Through their warm veins, inſtead of vital food,
Diſperſe contagion, and corrupt their blood.
Without the wind, the ſhip were made in vain,
Adventurous merchants could not croſs the main,
Nor ſever'd realms their gainful trade maintain.
Then with this wiſe reflection you diſturb
Your anxious thought, that our terreſtrial orb
In many parts is not by man poſſeſt,
With too much heat, or too much cold, oppreſt.
But in miſtake you this objection found:
Unnumber'd iſles and ſpacious tracts of ground,
Which feel the ſcorching ſun's directer beam,
And did to you inhoſpitable ſeem,
With tawny nations, or with black, abound,
With noble rivers lav'd, with plenty crown'd;
And regions too from the bright ere remote
Are peopled, which you unfrequented thought.

But could Lucretius on the ſun reflect,
His proper diſtance from the earth reſpect,
Obſerve his conſtant road, his equal pace,
His round diurnal, and his annual race;
Could he regard the nature of the light,
Its beauteous luſtre, and its rapid flight,
And its relation to the ſenſe of ſight;
Could he to all theſe miracles advert,
And not in all perceive one ſtroke of art?
Grant, that the motions of the ſun are ſuch,
That ſome have light too little, ſome too much:
Grant, that in different tracts he might have roll'd,
And given each clime more equal heat and cold:
Yet view the revolutions, as they are,
Does there no wiſdom, no deſign appear?
Could any but a knowing, prudent Cauſe
Begin ſuch motions, and aſſign ſuch laws?
If the Great Mind had form'd a different frame,
Might not your wanton wit the ſyſtem blame?
Though here you all perfection ſhould not find,
Yet is it all th' Eternal Will deſign'd:
It is a finiſh'd world, and perfect in its kind.
Not that its regions every charm include,
With which celeſtial empires are endued;
Nor is conſummate goodneſs here conferr'd,
If we perfection abſolute regard;
But what's before aſſerted, we repeat,
Of the vaſt whole it is a part complete.
But ſince you are diſpleas'd the partial ſun
Is not indulgent to the frigid zone;
Suppoſe more ſuns in proper orbits roll'd,
Diſſolv'd the ſnows, and chas'd the polar cold;
Or grant that this revolv'd in ſuch a way,
As equal heat to all he might convey,
And give the diſtant poles their ſhare of day;
Obſerve how prudent Nature's icy hoard,
With all her nitrous ſtores, would be devour'd;
Then would unbalanc'd heat licentious reign,
Crack the dry hill, and chap the ruſſet plain;
Her moiſture all exhal'd, the cleaving earth
Would yield no fruit, and bear no verdant birth.
You of the pools and ſpacious lakes complain,
And of the liquid deſerts of the main,
As hurtful theſe, or uſeleſs, you arraign.
Beſides the pleaſure which the lakes afford,
Are not their waves with fiſh delicious ſtor'd?
Does not the wide capacious deep the ſky
With dewy clouds, the earth with rain, ſupply?
Do not the rivers, which the valley lave,
Creep through the ſecret ſubterraneau cave,
And to the hills convey the refluent wave?
You then muſt own, the earth the ocean needs,
Which thus the lake recruits, the fountain feeds.
The noxious plant, and ſavage animal,
Which you the earth's reproach and blemiſh call,
Are uſeful various ways; if not for food,
For manufactures or for medicine good.
Thus we repel with reaſon, not evade,
The bold objections by Lucretius made.
Pyrrhonians next, of like ambitious aim,
Wanton of wit, and panting after fame,
Who ſtrove to ſink the ſects of chief renown,
And on their ruin'd ſchools to raiſe their own;
Boldly preſum'd, with rhetorician pride,
To hold of any queſtion either ſide.

They thought, in every ſubject of debate,
In either ſcale the proof of equal weight.
Aſk, if a God exiſtent they allow?
The vain declaimers will attempt to ſhow,
That, whether you renounce him, or aſſert,
There's no ſuperior proof on either part.
Suppoſe a God, we muſt, ſay they, conclude
He lives; if ſo, he is with ſenſe endued;
And, if with ſenſe endued, may pain perceive,
And what can ſuffer pain may ceaſe to live.
Pyrrhoniaſts, we a living God adore,
An unexhauſted ſpring of vital power;
But his immortal, uncreated life
No torment feels, and no deſtructive grief.
Does he by *different organs taſte or hear?*
Or by an eye do things to him appear?
Has he a muſcle, or extended nerve,
Which to impart or pain or pleaſure ſerve?
Of all perfection poſſible poſſeſt,
He finds no want, nor is with woe oppreſt.
Though we can ne'er explore the life divine,
And ſound the bleſt abyſs by reaſon's line,
Yet 'tis not, mortal man, a tranſient life, like thine.
Others, to whom the whole mechanic tribe
With an harmonious ſympathy ſubſcribe,
Nature with empire univerſal crown,
And this high queen the world's Creator own.
If you what builder rear'd the world demand,
They ſay 'twas done by Nature's powerful hand;
If whence its order and its beauty roſe,
Nature, they ſay, did ſo the frame diſpoſe;
If what its ſteady motions does maintain,
And holds of cauſes and effects the chain,
O'er all her works this Sovereign Cauſe preſides,
Upholds the orbs, and all their motions guides.
Since to her bounty we ſuch bleſſings owe,
Our generous Benefactor let us know.
When the word Nature you expreſs, declare,
Form'd in your minds what image does appear?
Can you that term of doubtful ſound explain?
Show it no idle offspring of the brain?
Sometimes by Nature your enlighten'd ſchool
Intends of things the univerſal whole;
Sometimes it is the order, that connects,
And holds the chain of cauſes and effects:
Sometimes it is the manner and the way,
In which thoſe cauſes do their force convey,
And in effects their energy diſplay.
That ſhe's the work itſelf you oft aſſert,
As oft th' artificer, as oft the art;
That is, that we may Nature clearly trace,
And by her marks diſtinctly know her face;
She's now the building, now the architect,
And now the rule which does his hand direct.
But let this empreſs be whate'er you pleaſe;
Let her be all or any one of theſe;
She is with reaſon, or ſhe's not, endu'd!
If you the firſt affirm, we thence conclude
A God, whoſe being you oppoſe, you grant:
But if this mighty queen does reaſon want,
How could this noble fabric be deſign'd,
And faſhion'd by a Maker brute and blind?
Could it of art ſuch miracles invent,
And raiſe a beauteous world of ſuch extent?
Still at the helm does this dark pilot ſtand,
And with a ſteady, never-erring hand,
Steer all the floating worlds, and their ſet courſe command?
That clearer ſtrokes of maſterly deſign,
Of wiſe contrivance, and of judgment, ſhine
In all the parts of Nature, we aſſert,
Than in the brighteſt works of human art:
And ſhall not thoſe be judg'd th' effect of thought,
As well as theſe with ſkill inferior wrought?
Let ſuch a ſphere to India be convey'd,
As Archimede or modern Hugens made;
Will not the Indian, though untaught and rude,
This work th' effect of wiſe deſign conclude?
Is there ſuch ſkill in imitation ſhown?
And in the things, we imitate, is none?
Are not our arts, by artful Nature taught,
With pain and careful obſervation ſought?
Behold the painter, who with Nature vies:
See his whole ſoul exerted in his eyes!
He views her various ſcenes, intent to trace
The maſter lines, that form her finiſh'd face:
Are thought and conduct in the copy clear,
While none in all th' original appear?
Tell us, what maſter, for mechanics fam'd,
Has one machine ſo admirably fram'd,
Where you will art in ſuch perfection grant,
As in a living creature or a plant?
Declare, what curious workmanſhip can vie
Or with a hand or foot, an ear, or eye?
That can for ſkill as much applauſe deſerve,
As the fine texture of the fibrous nerve;
Or the ſtupendous ſyſtem, which contains
Th' arterial channels, or the winding veins?
What artificial frame, what inſtrument,
Did one ſuperior genius yet invent,
Which to the bones or muſcles is preferr'd,
If you their order, form, or uſe, regard?
Why then to works of nature is aſſign'd
An Author unintelligent and blind,
When ours proceed from choice and conſcious mind?
To this you ſay, that Nature's are indeed
Moſt artful works, but then they ne'er proceed
From Nature acting with deſign and art,
Who, void of choice, her vigour does exert;
And by unguided motion things produce,
Regardleſs of their order, end, or uſe.
By Tully's mouth thus Cotta does diſpute,
But thus, with eaſe, the Roman we confute.
Say, if in artful things no art is ſhown,
What are the certain marks, that make it known?
How will you artful from unartful bound,
And not th' ideas in our mind confound?
Than this no truth diſplays before our ſight
A brighter beam, or more convincing light;
That ſkilful works ſuppoſe a ſkilful Cauſe,
Which acts by choice, and moves by prudent laws.
Where you, unleſs you are as matter blind,
Conduct and beauteous diſpoſition find,
Conſpiring order, fitneſs, harmony,
Uſe, and convenience; will you not agree
That ſuch effects could not be undeſign'd,
Nor could proceed but from a knowing mind?

Old ſyſtems you may try, or new ones raiſe,
May ſhift and wind, and plot a thouſand ways;
May various words, and forms of diction uſe,
And with a different cant th' unjudging ear amuſe;
You may affirm, that chance did things create,
Or let it nature be, or be it fate;
Body alone, inert and brute, you'll find,
The cauſe of all things is by you aſſign'd.
And, after all your fruitleſs toil, if you
A Cauſe diſtinct from matter will allow,
It muſt be conſcious, not like matter blind,
And ſhow you grant a God, by granting mind.
Vaninus next, a hardy modern chief,
A bold oppoſer of Divine Belief,
Attempts religion's fences to ſubvert,
Strong in his rage, but deſtitute of art;
In impious maxims fix'd, he Heaven defy'd,
An unbelieving, anti-martyr dy'd.
Strange, that an atheiſt pleaſure ſhould refuſe,
Relinquiſh life, and death in torment chooſe!
Of ſcience what a deſpicable ſhare
Vaninus own'd, his publiſh'd dreams declare.
Let impious wits applaud a godleſs mind,
As bleſt with piercing ſight, and ſenſe refin'd,
Contriv'd and wrought by Nature's careful hand,
All the proud ſchools of learning to command;
Let them pronounce each patron of their cauſe
Claims by diſtinguiſh'd merit juſt applauſe;
Yet I this writer's want of ſenſe arraign,
Treat all his empty pages with diſdain,
And think a grave reply miſ-ſpent and vain:
To borrow light, his error to amend,
I would the atheiſt to Vaninus ſend
At length Britannia's ſoil, immortal ſhame!
Brought forth a ſage of celebrated name,
Who with contempt on bleſt religion trod,
Mock'd all her precepts, and renounc'd his God,
As awful ſhades and horrors of the night
Diſturb the mother, and the child affright;
Who ſee dire ſpectres through the gloomy air
In threatening forms advance, and ſhuddering hear
The groans of wandering ghoſts, and yellings of deſpair
From the ſame ſpring, he ſays, devotion flows,
Confcience of guilt from dread of vengeance roſe;
Religion is the creature of the ſpleen,
And troubled fancy forms the world unſeen;
That timorous minds, with ſelf-tormenting care,
Create thoſe awful phantoms which they fear.
Such arms were us'd by impious chiefs of old,
Vain as this modern hero, and as bold.
Who would not this philoſopher adore,
For finding worlds diſcover'd long before?
Can he one flower in all his garden ſhow,
Which in his Grecian maſter's did not grow?
And yet, imperious, with a teacher's air,
Boaſtful, he claims a right to wiſdom's chair;
Gaſping with ardent thirſt of falſe renown,
With Grecian wreaths he does his temples crown,
Triumphs with borrow'd ſpoils, and trophies not his own.
The world, he grants, with clouds was overſpread;
Truth ne'er erected yet her ſtarry head,
Till he, bright genius, roſe to chaſe the night,
And through all nature ſhone with new-ſprung light.
But let th' inquirer know, proud Briton! why
Hope ſhould not gods, as well as fear ſupply;
Does not th' idea of a God include
The notion of beneficent and good;
Of one to mercy, not revenge, inclin'd,
Able and willing to relieve mankind?
And does not this idea more appear
The object of our hope, than of our fear?
Then tell us, why this paſſion, more than that,
Should build their altars, and the gods create?
But let us grant the weak and timorous mind
To ſuperſtitious terrors is inclin'd;
That horrid ſcenes, and monſters form'd in air,
By night the children and the mother ſcare;
That apparitions, by a fever bred,
Or by the ſpleen's black vapours, fill the head;
Does that affect the ſage of ſenſe refin'd,
Whoſe body's healthful, and ſerene his mind?
Yet more, inſulting Briton! let us try,
Your reaſon's force, your arguments apply.
You ſay, ſince ſpectres from the fancy flow,
To timorous fancy gods their being owe;
Since phantoms to the weak ſeem real things,
Religion from miſtake and weakneſs ſprings.
But though the vulgar have illuſions ſeen,
Thought objects were without that were within;
Yet we from hence abſurdly ſhould conclude,
All objects of the mind the mind delude:
That our ideas idle are, that none
Were ever real, and that nothing's known.
But, leaving phantoms and illuſive fear,
Let us at reaſon's judgment-ſeat appear;
There let the queſtion be ſeverely try'd;
By an impartial ſentence we abide:
Th' Eternal Mind's exiſtence we ſuſtain,
By proofs ſo full, by evidence ſo plain,
That none of all the ſciences have ſhown
Such demonſtration of the truths they own.
Spinoſa next, to hide his black deſign,
And to his ſide th' unwary to incline,
For heaven his enſigns treacherous diſplays,
Declares for God, while he that God betrays;
For whom he's pleas'd ſuch evidence to bring,
As ſaves the name, while it ſubverts the thing.
Now hear his labour'd ſcheme of impious uſe:
No ſubſtance can another e'er produce;
Subſtance no limit, no confinement, knows,
And its exiſtence from its nature flows;
The ſubſtance of the univerſe is one,
Which is the ſelf-exiſtent God alone.
The ſpheres of æther, which the world encloſe,
And all th' apartments, which the whole compoſe;
The lucid orbs, the earth, the air, the main,
With every different being they contain,
Are one prodigious aggregated God,
Of whom each ſand is part, each ſtone and clod;
Supreme perfections in each inſect ſhine,
Each ſhrub is ſacred, and each weed divine.
Sages, no longer Egypt's ſons deſpiſe,
For their cheap gods, and ſavoury deities!

No more their coarſe divinities revile!
To leeks, to onions, to the crocodile,
You might your humble adorations pay,
Were you not gods yourſelves, as well as they.
As much you pull religion's altars down,
By owning all things God, as owning none;
For ſhould all beings be alike divine,
Of worſhip if an object you aſſign,
God to himſelf muſt veneration ſhew,
Muſt be the idol and the votary too;
And their aſſertions are alike abſurd,
Who own no God, or none to be ador'd.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The introduction. No man happy, that has not conquered the fears of death. The inability of the Epicurean ſcheme to accompliſh that end. Religion only capable of ſubduing thoſe fears. The hypotheſis of Epicurus concerning the formation of the univerſe ſhown to be abſurd. I. In a more general ſurvey of the parts of the univerſe. II. By a more cloſe and ſtrict examination of his ſcheme. The principle of motion not accounted for by that ſcheme; nor the determination of it one way. Pondus, gravity, innate mobility, words without a meaning. Deſcent of atoms; upwards and downwards, a middle or centre abſurdly aſſerted by Epicurus in infinite ſpace. His hypotheſis not to be ſupported, whether his matter be ſuppoſed finite or infinite. His ridiculous aſſertion relating to the diurnal and annual motion of the ſun. The impoſſibility of forming the world by the caſual concourſe of atoms. They could never meet if they moved with equal ſpeed. Primitive atoms, being the ſmalleſt parts of matter, would move more ſlowly than bodies of greater bulk, which have more gravity; yet theſe are abſurdly ſuppoſed to move the ſwifteſt. His aſſertion, that ſome primitive atoms have a direct, and others an inclining motion, implies a contradiction. Lucretius's explanation of this inclining motion of ſome firſt atoms not intelligible. The inexplicable difficulty of ſtopping the atoms in their flight, and cauſing them to ſettle in a formed world. The ponderous earth not to be ſuſtained in liquid air. The Epicurean formation of the heavens very ridiculous. No account given by the Epicureans how the ſun and ſtars are upheld in fluid æther. Their idle account of the formation of the air. The variety of figure and ſize given by Epicurus to his atoms, a convincing proof of wiſdom and deſign. Another proof is the diſproportion of the moiſt and dry atoms in the formation of the earth. His ludicrous and childiſh account of the formation of the hollow for the ſea. No account given by Epicurus, or his followers, of the motion of the heavenly orbs, particularly of the ſun.

CARUS, we grant, no man is bleſt, but he
Whoſe mind from anxious thoughts of death is free.
Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn,
Sublime through gazing throngs in triumph borne;
Let acclamations ring around the ſkies,
While curling clouds of balmy incenſe riſe;
Let ſpoils immenſe, let trophies gain'd in war,
And conquer'd kings, attend his rolling car;
If dread of death, ſtill unſubdu'd remains,
And ſecret o'er the vanquiſh'd victor reigns;
Th' illuſtrious ſlave in endleſs thraldom bears
A heavier chain than his led captive wears.
With ſwifteſt wing, the fears of future fate
Elude the guards, and paſs the palace gate;
Traverſe the lofty rooms, and uncontroll'd
Fly hovering round the painted roofs, and bold
To the rich arras cling, and perch on buſts of gold;
Familiar horrors haunt the monarch's head,
And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed
Chaſe gentle ſleep; black cares the ſoul infeſt,
And broider'd ſtars adorn a troubled breaſt:
In vain they aſk the charming lyre, in vain
The flatterer's ſweeter voice, to lull their pain;
Riot and wine but for a moment pleaſe;
Delights they oft enjoy, but never eaſe.
What are diſtinction, honour, wealth, and ſtate,
The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great;
The numerous troops, that envy'd thrones ſecure,
And ſplendid enſigns of imperial power?
What the high palace, rear'd with vaſt expence,
Unrivall'd art, and luxury immenſe,
With ſtatutes grac'd by ancient Greece ſupply'd,
With more than Perſian wealth, and Tyrian pride?
What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
Which now the huntſman, now the fowler, finds;
The richeſt wines, which Gallia's happy field,
Which Tuſcan hills, or thine, Iberia, yield?
Nature deprav'd abundance does purſue;
Her firſt and pure demands are cheap and few.
What health promotes, and gives unenvy'd peace,
Is all expenceleſs, and procur'd with eaſe.
Behold the ſhepherd, ſee th' induſtrious ſwain,
Who ploughs the field, or reaps the ripen'd grain,

How mean, and yet how tasteful is their fare!
How sweet their sleep! their souls how free from care!
They drink the streaming crystal, and escape
Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape;
And, to protect their limbs from rigorous air,
Garments, their own domestic work, they wear:
Yet thoughts of death their lonely cots molest,
Affright the hind, and break the labourer's rest.
Since these reflections on approaching fate
Distrust and ill-presaging care create;
'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,
While fears of death within insulting reign.
But then Lucretian wits absurdly frame,
To sink those inbred fears, their impious scheme.
To chase the horrors of a conscious mind,
They desperate means and wild expedients find;
The hardy rebels aiming to appease
Their fierce remorse, and dream a while at ease,
Of crying guilt th' avenging power disown,
And pull their high Creator from his throne;
That done, they mock the threats of future pain,
As monstrous fictions of the poet's brain.
Thy force alone, Religion! Death disarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms;
Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears;
We undismay'd this awful power obey, [way,
That guides us through the safe, though gloomy
Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
Where ravish'd minds enjoy, what here they own'd, a God.
Regard, ye sages of Lucretian race,
Nature's rich dress, behold her lovely face.
Look all around, terrestrial realms survey,
The isles, the rivers, and the spacious sea;
Observe the air, view with attentive eyes
The glorious concave of the vaulted skies;
Could these from casual hits, from tumult those, arise!
Can rule and beauty from distraction grow?
Can symmetry from wild confusion flow?
When atoms in th' unmeasur'd space did rove,
And in the dark for doubtful empire strove;
Did intervening chance the feuds compose,
Establish friendship, and disarm the foes?
Did this the ancient darksome horrors chase,
Distinction give, and spread celestial grace
O'er the black districts of the empty space?
Could atoms, which, with undirected flight,
Roam'd through the void, and rang'd the realms of night,
Of reason destitute, without intent,
Depriv'd of choice, and mindless of event,
In order march, and to their posts advance,
Led by no guide, but undesigning chance?
What did th' entangled particles divide,
And sort the various seeds of things ally'd?
To make primæval elements select
All the fit atoms, and th' unfit reject?
Distinguish hot from cold, and moist from dry,
Range some to form the earth, and some the sky?
From the embrace, and gloomy arms, of night,
What freed the glimmering fire, and disengag'd the light?
Could chance such just and prudent measures take?
To frame the world, such distribution make?
If to your builder you will conduct give,
A power to choose, to manage, and contrive,
Your idol chance, suppos'd inert and blind,
Must be inroll'd an active conscious mind.
Did this your wise and sovereign architect
Design the model, and the world erect?
Were by her skill the deep foundations laid,
The globes suspended, and the heavens display'd?
By what elastic engines did she rear
The starry roof, and roll the orbs in air?
On the formation of the earth reflect;
Is this a blind fortuitous effect?
Did all the grosser atoms, at the call
Of chance, file off, to form the ponderous ball,
And undetermin'd into order fall?
Did of themselves th' assembled seeds arrive,
And without art this artful frame contrive?
To build the earth, did chance materials choose,
And through the parts cementing glue diffuse;
Adjust the frontier of the sea and soil,
Balance and hang in air the finish'd pile?
Ye towering hills, whose snowy peaks arise
Above the clouds, and winter in the skies;
Ye rocks, which on the shores your heads advance;
Are you the labour and the care of chance?
To draw up stones of such prodigious weight,
And raise the amazing heaps to such a height,
What huge machine, what forceful instrument,
Did your blind builder of the world invent?
Could it distinguish, could it wall around
The damp and dark apartments under ground;
With rocky arches vault the hollow caves,
And form the tracks of subterranean waves;
Extend the different mineral veins, and spread
For rich metallic ores the genial bed?
What could prepare the gulfs to entertain
Between their shores the interposing main;
Disjoin the land, the various realms divide,
And spread with scatter'd isles th' extended tide
Regard th' unnumber'd wonders of the deep,
Where confluent streams, their race completed sleep:
Did chance the compass take, and in the dark
The wide dimensions of the ocean mark;
Then dig the ample cave, and stretch the shores
Whose winding arms confine the liquid stores,
Which, gushing from the mountain to the main,
Through verdant vallies draw their humid train?
Did it design the deep abyss, and spread
The ancient waters on their central bed?
To the wild flood did sovereign fortune say,
Thus far advance, and here thy billows stay;
Be this thy barrier, this enclosing sand
Thou shalt not pass, nor overflow the land?
And do the waves revere her high command?
Did chemic chance the furnaces prepare,
Raise all the labour-houses of the air,
And lay crude vapours in digestion there;
Where nature is employ'd, with wondrous skill,
To draw her spirits, and her drops distil;
Meteors for various purposes to form,
The breeze to cheer, to terrify the storm?

Did he extend the gloomy clouds on high,
Where all th' amazing fireworks of the sky
In unconcocted seeds fermenting lie,
Till the imprison'd flames are ripe for birth,
And ruddy bolts exploded wound the earth?
What ready hand applies the kindled match,
Which evening trains of unctuous vapours catch?
Whence shoots with lambent flight the falling star,
And flames unhurtful hovering dance in air?
What curious loom does chance by evening spread?
With what fine shuttle weave the virgin's thread,
Which, like the spider's net, hangs on the grassy mead?
Let us the moulds to fashion meteors know,
How these produce the hail, and those the snow?
What gave the exhalations wings to rise,
To leave their centre, and possess the skies?
Let us no longer missive weapons throw,
But close the fight, and grapple with the foe;
Submit to reason's strictest test their scheme,
And by mechanic laws pursue the huddled frame.
See, how th' ambitious architects design:
'To rear the world without the power divine,
As principles, the great contrivers place
Unbounded matter in unbounded space:
Matter was first, in parts minute, endued
With various figures, various magnitude;
Some, moving in the spacious infinite,
Describe a line oblique, and some a right;
For, did not some from a strait course deflect,
They could not meet, they could no world erect:
While unfatigued from endless ages past,
They rang'd the dark interminable waste,
Oft' clashing and rencountering in their flight,
Some atoms leap aside, and some upright;
They various ways recoil, and swiftly flow
By mutual repercussions to and fro,
'Till, shuffled and entangled in their race,
They clasp each other with a close embrace;
Combin'd by concourse, mingled and compress,
They grow in bulk, and complicated rest.
Hence did the world and all its parts arise!
Hence the bright sun and stars, and hence the skies!
Hence sprung the air, the ocean, and the earth!
And hence all nature had its casual birth!
If you demand what wise directing mind
The wondrous platform of the world design'd;
Did range, divide, and in their order place,
The crude materials of th' unfashion'd mass;
Did move, direct, and all the parts control,
With perfect skill, to serve the beauteous whole;
Fortune to this high honour they advance,
And no surveyor want, no guide, but chance.
Lucretian masters, now to make it plain
In building worlds how raw you are, and vain;
Grant that before this mighty frame was rear'd,
Before confusion fled, and light appear'd,
In the dark void and empty realms of night
Your restless atoms did pursue their flight;
And in their adverse paths, and wild career,
By chance rencounter, and by chance cohere;
'Thus clasp'd in strict embraces, they produce
Unnumber'd casual forms for different use:
You, who to clearer reason make pretence,
Of wit refin'd, and eminent in sense,
Let us, ye sons of Epicurus, know
The spring, whence all these various motions flow.
What vigour push'd primæval atoms on?
Was it a foreign impulse, or their own?
If 'twas a foreign delegated force,
Which mov'd those bodies, and control'd their course;
Asserting this, you your own scheme destroy,
And power divine, to form the world, employ.
If from a moving principle within
Your active atoms did their flight begin,
That spring, that moving principle explain,
And in the schools unrivall'd you shall reign;
Declare its nature, and assign its name;
For motion, and its cause, are not the same.
We know, you'll tell us, 'tis impulsive weight,
Mobility, or power to move innate:
Profound solution! worthy of your schools,
Where reason in its boasted freedom rules.
But thus you mock mankind, and language use,
Not to inform the mind, but to amuse.
Of motion we the principle demand;
You say 'tis power to move, and there you stand!
But is it to explain, to change the name?
Is not the doubt in different words the same?
Do you reveal the spring of motion more,
By wisely calling that a moving power,
Which we had term'd a principle before?
The youngest head new-vers'd in reasoning knows
That motion must a power to move suppose;
Which while in vain you labour to unfold,
You clearly tell us, that Lucretians hold
An active spring, a principle approve,
Distinct from matter, which must matter move.
Matter, as such, abstracted in the mind,
We from a power to move divested find,
Not more to motion than to rest inclin'd;
The power, which motion does to matter give,
We therefore most distinct from both conceive;
A power to nature given by Nature's Lord,
When first he spoke the high creating word,
When for his world materials he prepar'd,
And on each part this energy conferr'd.
Ye vain philosophers! presumptuous race!
Who would the Great Eternal Mind displace;
Take from the world its Maker, and advance
To his high throne your thoughtless idol chance?
Let us th' inquiry by just steps pursue;
With motion we your atoms will endue,
We ask, when in the spacious void they stray,
Why still they beat one track, and move one way?
Still the same flight why do their parties take?
Why this, or that way, no digression make?
What will to this our Atomists reply?
They answer, by an innate gravity
The ponderous bodies still are downward borne,
And never upwards of themselves return.
Acute and solid answer! see a flight,
Worthy of finest wit, and clearest sight!
Do not these wise mechanic masters know,
That no man can conceive, or high or low,
Nor find distinction of superior place,
Or of inferior, in the empty space!

Uncircumſcrib'd, and ignorant of bound,
And where no midſt, no centre, can be found?
Perhaps, your maſter's doctrine to ſuſtain,
And matter's downward motion to explain,
You with this famous Gallic friend aſſert,
That is ſuperior, whence your atoms ſtart,
And that inferior in the empty ſpace
To which they all direct their rapid race.
Now let us recollect, and what you ſay
At large, in one contracted view ſurvey.
You ſay, your atoms move; we aſk you, why?
Becauſe it is their nature, you reply.
But ſince that native power you never ſhow,
You only ſay they move, becauſe they do;
But let your atoms move, we bid you ſay,
Why they move this, and not a different way?
You tell us, 'tis from inbred gravity;
That is, you tell us, 'tis you know not why.
Till what is gravity you let us know,
By ſenſeleſs words how can we wiſer grow?
We give you this ingenite, moving force,
That makes them always downward take their courſe;
We then demand, which place inferior is
Within the ſpacious unconfin'd abyſs?
You ſay 'tis that, to which the atoms bend
Their ſwift career, for ſtill they muſt deſcend;
That is, they downward move, becauſe they downward tend.
Let us, Lucretians, now our taſk purſue,
And of your ſcheme remaining wonders view.
Say, if your atoms of immortal race
Are equal and commenſurate to ſpace:
If ſo, the boundleſs vaſt immenſity
While thus poſſeſt would full of matter be;
For in the vacant (as your ſchools approve)
Should finite matter be ſuppos'd to move,
Not knowing how to ſtop, or where to ſtay,
It unobſtructed muſt purſue its way,
Be loſt in void immenſe, and diſſipated ſtray;
The ſcattering bodies never would combine,
Nor to compoſe a world by concourſe join,
But, if all ſpace is full, if all poſſeſt,
Which ſuppoſition you embrace as beſt,
Then crowded matter would for ever reſt;
Nature no change of place had ever ſeen;
Where all is full, no motion can begin;
For, if it ſhould, you'll be compell'd to ſay,
Body does body pierce, to force its way;
Or unconfin'd immenſity retreats,
To give your atoms room to change their ſeats.
And here with us Lucretius does agree,
That, if ſome place from matter be not free,
In plenitude no motion could commence,
All would be ſtagnate in the vaſt immenſe.
If it be ſaid, ſmall parts of empty ſpace
Are interſpers'd through all the ſpreading maſs,
By which ſome bodies give to others place;
Then matter, you muſt grant, would finite be,
And ſtretch unequal to immenſity;
And then, as Epicurus judges right,
It would for ever take a uſeleſs flight,
Loſt in expanſion void and infinite.
Beſides, allowing through th' extended whole
Small ſcatter'd ſpaces not of body full,
Then matter, you Lucretians muſt agree,
Has not exiſtence from neceſſity;
For, if its being neceſſary were,
Why are ſome parts of ſpace from matter clear?
Why does it here exiſt, and why not there?
Lucretians, now, which ſide you pleaſe, embrace:
If in your void you finite ſubſtance place,
'Tis diſſipated through th' immenſe abyſs,
And you to form the world materials miſs;
You'll not the progreſs of your atoms ſtay,
Nor to collect the vagrants find a way.
Thus too your maſter's ſcheme will be deſtroy'd,
Who, wholly to poſſeſs the boundleſs void,
No leſs than matter infinite employ'd.
If you, in honour to your founder's ſkill,
The boundleſs void with boundleſs ſubſtance fill,
Then tell us, how you can your bodies roll
Through ſpace, of matter ſo completely full?
The force this ſingle reaſon does exert
Will the foundations of your ſcheme ſubvert:
Nor were it needful to purſue the blow,
Or form a freſh attack, unleſs to ſhow
How ſlight your works in every quarter are,
How ill your huddled ſentiments cohere.
Be this, O Greece, thy everlaſting ſhame,
That thoughtleſs Epicurus rais'd a name,
Who built by artleſs chance this mighty frame.
Could one whoſe wit ſuch narrow limits bound,
Nature, thy depths unfathomable ſound?
Of his ſagacious thoughts to give a part,
Does not this wiſe philoſopher aſſert
The radiant ſun's extinguiſh'd every night,
And every morn, rekindled, darts his light?
That the vaſt orb, which caſts ſo far his beams,
Is ſuch, or not, much bigger, than he ſeems?
That the dimenſions of his glorious face
Two geometric feet do ſcarce ſurpaſs?
Does he not make the fickle winds convey
The ſun revolving through his crooked way?
But, ſince his ſchool has gain'd ſuch ſpreading fame,
And modern wits his maſter-ſkill proclaim;
Let us yet farther carry this debate,
And, as you aſk, confer on matter weight,
To make it move within the vaſt abyſs,
And downward too, ev'n where no downward is.
If this be true, as you Lucretians ſay,
That atoms wing with equal ſpeed their way,
Then how could this that atom overtake?
How could they claſh, and how colliſions make?
If in a line oblique your bodies rove,
Or in a perpendicular they move,
If ſome advance not ſlower in their race,
And ſome more ſwift ſhould not purſue the chaſe,
How could they be entangled, how embrace?
'Tis demonſtration, 'tis meridian light,
Thoſe bodies ne'er could juſtle, ne'er could fight,
Nor by their mutual ſhocks be ruffled in their flight.
Since matter of a greater magnitude
Muſt be with greater gravity endued,
Then the minuteſt parts muſt ſtill proceed
With leſs, the greater with the greater ſpeed.

Hence your firſt bodies, which the ſmalleſt are,
On which the ſwifteſt motion you confer,
Muſt be contented with the ſloweſt pace,
And yield to matter of more bulk the race.
How wondrous little muſt thoſe atoms be,
Which you endow with ſuch velocity!
Minute beyond conception, when we find
Bodies ſo ſmall, where many are combin'd!
How many various figures muſt we take,
What numerous complications uſe, to make
Some compound things, ſo ſmall of magnitude,
That all our ſenſes they with eaſe elude!
Light exhalations, that from earth ariſe,
Attracted by the ſun-beams through the ſkies,
Which the myſterious ſeeds of thunder bear,
Of winds, and all the meteors of the air;
Though they around us take their conſtant flight,
Their little ſize eſcapes the ſharpeſt ſight.
The fragrant vapours breath'd from rich perfumes,
From Indian ſpices, and Arabian gums,
Though many years they flow, will ſcarce abate
The odoriferous body's bulk or weight.
Though antimonial cups, prepar'd with art,
Their force to wine through ages ſhould impart;
This diſſipation, this profuſe expence,
Nor ſhrinks their ſize, nor waſtes their ſtores immenſe.
The powder which deſtructive guns explode,
And by its force their hollow wombs unload,
When rarefy'd of ſpace, poſſeſſes more,
Five hundred times, than what it fill'd before.
The ſeeds of fern, which, by prolific heat
Cheer'd and unfolded, form a plant ſo great,
Are leſs a thouſand times than what the eye
Can unaſſiſted by the tube deſcry.
By glaſſes aided, we in liquor ſee
Some living things minute to that degree,
That a prodigious number muſt unite,
To make the ſmalleſt object of the ſight.
How little bodies muſt the light compound,
Which by your maſters is corporeal own'd;
Since the vaſt deluge of refulgent rays,
Which in a day the ſun a thouſand ways
Through his wide empire laviſhly conveys,
Were they collected in one ſolid maſs,
Might not in weight a ſingle drachm ſurpaſs!
At leaſt thoſe atoms wondrous ſmall muſt be,
Small to an unconceivable degree;
Since though theſe radiant ſpoils, diſpers'd in air,
Do ne'er return, and ne'er the ſun repair,
Yet the bright orb, whence ſtill new torrents flow,
Does no apparent loſs, no diminution know.
Now, curious wits, who nature's work inſpect
With rapture, with aſtoniſhment, reflect
On the ſmall ſize of atoms, which unite
To make the ſmalleſt particle of light!
Then how minute primæval atoms are,
From this account Lucretians may infer:
Yet they on theſe, without regard to right,
Confer the honour of the quickeſt flight.
Within the void, with what a ſwift career
Your rapid matter moves will thus appear.
That all mix'd bodies are in ſpeed outdone
By your firſt atoms, you with eaſe will own;
For compound beings can no motion have,
But what their firſt conſtituent atoms gave:
Then your primæval ſubſtances exceed
The ſwift-wing'd wind, or ſwifter light, in ſpeed.
How ſoon the ſun-beams at the morning's birth
Leap down from heaven, and light upon the earth!
Prodigious flight! they in few moments paſs
The vaſt æthereal interpoſing ſpace.
Should you enjoin a rock ſo hard a taſk,
It would more years, than light will minutes, aſk.
One atom then (ſo you'll be forc'd to ſay)
Muſt rocks and hills and the whole globe outweigh;
Since it exceeds them by its ſwifter flight,
And ſwifter motion ſprings from greater weight.
If nature's rule your atoms do enjoin
To move directly downward in a line;
Say, how can any from that path decline?
Th' inclining motion then, which you ſuppoſe,
Whence the firſt concourſe of your atoms roſe,
Muſt the great maxim of your ſchools ſubvert,
Which ſtill with one confederate voice aſſert,
That matter by neceſſity deſcends
In lines direct, yet part obliquely tends.
In lines direct, yet part obliquely tends.
And thus your matter, by its native force,
To different points would ſteer a different courſe;
Determin'd by the ſame impulſive weight,
Move in a line oblique, and in a ſtraight.
To heal your ſyſtem's deep and ghaſtly wound,
Which this objection gives, Lucretius found
A method; who a motion did invent
Not ſtraight entirely, nor entirely bent,
Which forms a line to crooked ſomewhat like,
Slanting almoſt, and, as it were, oblique.
Who does not now this wondrous bard adore?
See reaſon's conquering light, and wit's reſiſtleſs power?
If atoms, after their eternal dance,
Into this beauteous fabric leap'd by chance;
If they combin'd by caſual concourſe; ſay,
What, in a free and unobſtructed way,
Did in a full career your atoms ſtay?
What mounds, what force, when ruſhing from the height
Of ſpace immenſe, could ſtop them in their flight?
Why in their road did they not forward paſs?
But ſay, where now we find the ſettled maſs,
Why did they ceaſe from moving in deſpite
Of their own nature, and impelling weight?
Had the wiſe troops ſagacity to know,
That, there arriv'd, they ſhould no further go?
That, in this point of all the ſpacious void,
To form a world they were to be employ'd?
Did they, in proſpect of ſo great a good,
In this one place of all the liquid road,
All their encumbering gravity unload?
Fatigued, and ſpent with labour infinite,
Did they grow torpid, and unapt for flight?
Or, in th' embrace and downy lap of air
Lull'd and enchanted, did they ſettle there!
Grant in this ſingle place by chance they met,
That there by chance they did their weight forget;
It happen'd there they form'd a mighty maſs,
Where yet no order, no diſtinction, was:

Let this be ſo; we aſk you to explain
The wondrous power that did the parts ſuſtain,
For ſtill their nature and their weight remain.
What from deſcent ſhould ponderous matter ſtay,
When no more ponderous matter ſtops its way?
Can airy columns prop the mighty ball,
Its preſſure balance, and prevent its fall?
And after this remains a mighty taſk,
Which more than human ſkill and power will aſk,
The ſtrong myſterious cements to unfold,
Which atoms ſtrictly complicated hold.
But let us leave the heap in air's embrace,
To reſt unmov'd within the empty ſpace,
Which knows no height, or depth, or middle place:
Tell, how you build the chambers of the ſky,
Extend the ſpheres, and hang the orbs on high?
You ſay, when matter firſt began to fall,
And ſettle into this terreſtrial ball,
Preſs'd from the earth thin exhalations roſe,
Vapours and ſteams, materials to compoſe
The ſpacious regions of the liquid air,
The heavens, and all the luminaries there:
Theſe vapours ſoon (miraculous event!)
Shuffled by chance, and mix'd by accident,
Into ſuch ranks and beauteous order fell,
As no effect of wiſdom can excel.
Hence did the planets, hung in æther, ſtray!
Hence roſe the ſtars, and hence the milky way!
Hence did the ſun along the ſkies advance!
The ſource of day but ſprung from night and chance!
But who can ſhow the legends, that record
More idle tales, or fable ſo abſurd?
Does not your ſcheme affront ev'n vulgar ſenſe;
That ſpheres of ſuch a vaſt circumference,
That all the orbs, which in the regions roll,
Stretching from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole,
Should their conſtructure, and their beauty, owe
To vapours preſs'd from this poor ball below!
From this ſmall heap could exhalations riſe
Enough, and fit, to ſpread and vault the ſkies?
Lucretius thus the manner has diſplay'd
How meteors, not how heavenly globes, are made.
But grant the ſteams, which by expreſſion roſe,
Did all the ſpheres and every orb compoſe;
Since their ingenite gravity remains,
What girder binds, what prop the frame ſuſtains?
The ſun's bright beams, which you of matter make,
From heaven their downward flight perpetual take:
Why does not then his body, which outweighs
By infinite degrees his golden rays,
By its own force precipitated fall,
And hide in ruins this terreſtrial ball?
Can air, unable to ſuſtain the light,
Support the ſun of ſuch ſuperior weight;
And all the ponderous heavenly orbs ſuſpend
Againſt their nature, which does downward tend?
Tell, wiſe Lucretius, tell the ſecret art,
Which keeps the heavens and earth ſo long apart.
Thus too the air, preſs'd from this maſs, you ſay,
Between the earth and ſkies expanded lay;

Not with intention that the ſolar light
Through the thin gulf might take an eaſy flight;
Or that with nitrous food it ſhould inſpire
The breathing lungs, and feed the vital fire;
But mere contingence did the gulf extend,
Regardleſs of convenience, uſe, or end.
Now, vaunting poet! ſhould it be confeſs'd,
That from the earth the air is thus expreſs'd;
Since things by heavier things are upward thrown,
Which tend with ſtronger gravitation down;
Why are the ſun, and the fair orbs of light,
All which ſo far exceed the air in weight,
Hung from the centre at a greater height?
Why do not theſe their nature's law obey,
Ruſh from above, and near the centre ſtay,
And make all lighter bodies give them way?
Tell us, Lucretius, why they ne'er purſue
This natural bent, and this undoubted due?
Since to the earth you give the middle place,
To which all heavy things direct their race;
If nothing does obſtruct, by certain fate
Things would in order of their different weight
Lie round the earth, and make one mighty heap;
They would their place, as different ſtrata, keep.
Nor would the air, or interceding ſky,
Between the diſtant orbs and worlds divided lie;
Æther and air would claim the higheſt place,
The ſtars and planets would the earth embrace,
As now the ocean floats upon its face.
In vain you labour by mechanic rules,
In vain exhauſt the reaſon of your ſchools,
Theſe queſtions to reſolve, and to explain
How ſeparate worlds were made, and ſeparate ſtill remain.
Since to your uncompounded atoms you
Figures in number infinite allow,
From which, by various combination, ſpring
This unconfin'd diverſity of things;
Are not, in this, deſign and counſel clear?
Does not the wiſe Artificer appear,
Who the corporeal particles endued
With different ſhape, and different magnitude,
That from their mixtures all things might have birth,
In the wide ſea, and air, and heaven, and earth?
To all theſe figures of diſtinguiſh'd kind,
And different ſizes, are not ends aſſign'd?
Then own their cauſe did act with wiſe intent,
Which did thoſe ſizes ſquare, and every ſhape invent.
When atoms firſt the world began to frame,
Is it not ſtrange that every number came
Of ſuch a figure, and of ſuch a ſize,
As ſerv'd to found the earth, and ſpread the ſkies?
Had they not met in ſuch proportion, were
Their form and number not as now they are,
In a rude maſs they had confus'dly join'd,
Not in a finiſh'd world, like this, combin'd.
Did theſe aſſembled ſubſtances reflect,
That here a beauteous frame they muſt erect?
Did they a general council wiſely call,
To lay the platform of each mighty ball;
To ſettle prudent rules, and orders make,
In rearing worlds, what methods they ſhould take?

To every atom was his task enjoin'd?
His post, and fellow-labourers, assign'd?
Did they consent what parts they should compose;
That these should æther make, or water those?
That some should be the moon, and some the earth?
Those give the sun, and these the planet birth?
If all these noble worlds were undesign'd,
And carry'd on without a conscious mind;
Oh, happy accident! auspicious chance!
That in such order made the work advance!
At length to such admir'd perfection brought
The finish'd structure, as it had been wrought
With art transcendent and consummate thought!
Since 'tis an outrage done to common sense
To fix a central point in space immense;
To fix a middle to the earth assign'd,
Why is a middle to the earth assign'd,
To which your ponderous bodies are inclin'd?
Besides, reflect how this terrestrial mass
Does the whole sea a thousand times surpass;
Which in a line, if drawn directly down,
More than a mile in depth is rarely known.
Now if by chance more watery atoms came
Than earthy, to compose this wondrous frame;
Or had they both in equal number met,
Which might as well have been, had chance thought fit;
Or if the watery (we no farther press)
Were but an hundred times in number less;
This globe had lain, if not a general flood,
At least a fen, a mass of ooze and mud,
With no rich fruit, or verdant beauty, blest,
Wild and unpeopled, or by man, or beast.
Who will our orb's unequal face explain,
Which Epicurus made all smooth and plain?
How did thy rocks, O earth! thy hills, arise?
How did thy giant sons invade the skies?
Lucretius, that it happen'd thus, replies.
Now give us leave, great poet, to demand,
How the capacious hollow in the land
Was first produc'd, with ease to entertain
All the assembled waters of the main?
When earth was made, this hollow for the sea
Was form'd; but how it happen'd so to be?
It on a time fell out, that every wave
Forsook the earth, and fill'd the mighty cave,
Which happen'd opportunely to be there,
Where now their heads the rolling billows rear.
It then fell out, that stones did rocks compose,
That vales subsided, and that hills arose.
Thus the formation of the world you know;
So all events fell out, and all things happen'd so.
Can tales more senseless, ludicrous, and vain,
By winter-fires old nurses entertain?
Does this unfold how all things first were made
Without divine and supernatural aid?
His penetration has Lucretius shown,
By saying things proceed from chance alone,
As their efficient cause, that is, from none?
But let your troops, which rang'd the plains of night,
And through the vacant wing'd their careless flight,
The high command of ruling chance obey,
Unguided and unconscious of the way,
Let them advance to one determin'd place,
Prescrib'd by chance, in all th' unmeasur'd space;
Their proper stations undirected find,
To form a world that never was design'd;
Let all the rolling globes, and spacious skies,
From happy hits of heedless atoms rise;
Be thus the earth's unmov'd foundations laid,
Thus the thin regions of the air display'd;
Chance shall the planets in their place suspend,
Between these worlds th' æthereal plains extend;
Direct the sun to that convenient seat,
Whence he displays his lustre and his heat.
This labour, all this progress, is in vain,
Unless the orbs their various motions gain:
For let the sun in buoyant æther float,
Nor nearer to the earth, nor more remote;
Yet did his orb unmov'd its beams diffuse,
He'd sure destruction to the earth produce;
One half for heat, and one for cold, would pray;
This would abhor the night, and that the day:
Did he not yearly through the zodiac pass,
Were he not constant to his daily race,
He would not, by alternate shade and light,
Produce the needful change of day and night:
Nor would the various seasons of the year,
By turns revolving, rise and disappear.
Now can judicious atomists conceive,
Chance to the sun could this just impulse give,
By which the source of day so swiftly flies,
His stages keeps, and traverses the skies! [flow?
We ask you, whence these constant motions
Will learned heads reply, they happen'd so?
You say, the solar orb, first mov'd by chance,
Does north and south, and east and west, advance?
We ask, why first in these determin'd ways
He chose to move? Why thence he never strays?
Why did he ne'er, since time began, decline
His round diurnal, or his annual line?
So steadily does fickle fortune steer
Th' obedient orb, that it should never err;
Should never start aside, and never stray;
Never in pathless æther miss his way?
Why does he ne'er beyond the tropics go?
Why still revolve? why travel to and fro?
Will it a wise philosopher content,
To say these motions came by accident,
That all is undesign'd, fortuitous event?
But if the sluggish sun you'll not disturb,
But motion give to this terrestrirl orb;
Still of the earth we the same question ask,
Which to explain, you have as hard a task.
Can chance this frame, these artful scenes erect,
Which knows not works less artful to effect?
Did it mechanic engines e'er produce,
A globe, or tube of astronomic use?
Why do not vessels, built and rigg'd by chance,
Drawn in long order, on the billows dance?
Might not the Sovereign Cause with greater ease
A navy build, than make the winds and seas?
Let atoms once the form of letters take
By chance, and let those huddled letters make
A finish'd poem by a lucky hit,
Such as the Grecian, or the Mantuan, writ;
Then we'll embrace the doctrines you advance
And yield the world's fair poem made by chance.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

The introduction. A deſcription of the calamitous ſtate of mankind, by reaſon of innumerable woes and ſufferings to which they are obnoxious. Diſeaſes of the body. Trouble and grief of mind. Violence and oppreſſion. The viciſſitude of human affairs, and the certain proſpect of death. Whence it appears that it ſuits the ſtate of mankind, and therefore is deſirable, there ſhould be a God. Arguments againſt the Fataliſts, who aſſert the eternity of the world. There muſt be granted ſome ſelf-exiſtent and independent being. The corporeal world cannot be that being: proved from its mutability, and the variety of forms riſing and diſappearing in the ſeveral parts of nature; from the poſſibility of conceiving, without any conſequent contradiction, leſs or more parts in the world, than are actually exiſtent; from the poſſibility of plants and animals having had different ſhapes, and limbs, from what they now have. The pretended fatal chain of things not ſelf-exiſtent and independent; becauſe all its links or parts are dependent, and obnoxious to corruption. Fate, a word without ſenſe or meaning. Two more arguments againſt the eternity of the world, from the contemplation of the light of the ſun, and of motion. Ariſtotle's ſcheme conſidered and confuted.

Ah, hapleſs mortal man! ah, rigid fate!
What cares attend our ſhort, uncertain ſtate!
How wide a front, how deep and black a rear,
What ſad varieties of grief and fear,
Drawn in array, exert their fatal rage,
And gall obnoxious life through every ſtage,
From infancy to youth, from youth to age!
Who can compile a roll of all our woes?
Our friends are faithleſs, and ſincere our foes;
The poiſon'd arrows of an envious tongue
Improve our errors, and our virtues wrong;
Th' oppreſſor now with arbitrary might
Tramples on law, and robs us of our right;
Dangers unſeen on every ſide invade,
And ſnares o'er all th' unfaithful ground are laid.
Oft wounds from foreign violence we feel,
Now from the ruffian's, now the warrior's, ſteel;
By bruiſes or by labour we are pain'd;
A bone disjointed, or a ſinew ſtrain'd;
Now feſtering ſores afflict our tortur'd limbs;
Now to the yielding heart the gangrene climbs.
Acute diſtempers fierce our veins aſſail,
Ruſh on with fury, and by ſtorm prevail;
Others with thrift diſpenſe their ſtores of grief,
And by the ſap prolong the ſiege of life;
While to the grave we for deliverance cry,
And, promis'd ſtill, are ſtill denied to die.
See colic, gout, and ſtone, a cruel train,
Oppos'd by all the healing race in vain;
Their various racks and lingering plagues employ,
Relieve each other, and by turns annoy,
And, tyrant like, torment, but not deſtroy.
We noxious inſects in our bowels feed,
Engender deaths, and dark deſtruction breed.
The ſpleen with ſullen vapours clouds the brain,
And binds the ſpirits in its heavy chain:
However the cauſe fantaſtic may appear,
Th' effect is real, and the pain ſincere.
Hydropic wretches by degrees decay,
Growing the more, the more they waſte away;
By their own ruins they augmented lie,
With thirſt and heat amidſt a deluge fry:
And while in floods of water theſe expire,
More ſcorching periſh by the fever's fire;
Stretch'd on our downy, yet uneaſy beds,
We change our pillows, and we raiſe our heads;
From ſide to ſide in vain for reſt we turn,
With cold we ſhiver, or with heat we burn;
Of night impatient, we demand the day:
The day arrives, and for the night we pray;
The night and day ſucceſſive come and go,
Our laſting pains no interruption know.
Since man is born to ſo much woe and care,
Muſt ſtill new terrors dread, new ſorrows bear;
Does it not ſuit the ſtate of human kind,
There ſhould preſide a good Almighty Mind;
A Cauſe Supreme, that might all nature ſteer,
Avert our danger, and prevent our fear;
Who, when implor'd, might timely ſuccour give,
Solace our anguiſh, and our wants relieve;
Father of comfort, might our ſouls ſuſtain,
When preſt with grief, and mitigate our pain?
'Tis certain ſomething from all ages paſt
Without beginning was, and ſtill will laſt;
For if of time one period e'er had been
When nothing was, then nothing could begin.
That things ſhould to themſelves a being give,
Reluctant reaſon never can conceive.
If you affirm, effects themſelves produce,
You ſhock the mind, and contradiction chooſe:
For they, 'tis clear, muſt act and move, before
They were in being, or had motive power;

As active cauſes muſt of right at once
Exiſtence claim, and as effects renounce.
Then ſomething is, which no beginning had,
A cauſeleſs cauſe, or nothing could be made,
Which muſt by pure neceſſity exiſt,
And whoſe duration nothing can reſiſt.
  Let us inquire and ſearch by due degrees,
What, who, this ſelf-exiſtent being is.
  Should this material world's capacious frame
Uncaus'd and independent being claim;
It would, thus form'd and faſhion'd as we ſee,
Derive exiſtence from neceſſity,
And then to ages unconfin'd muſt laſt,
Without the leaſt diverſity or waſte.
Neceſſity, view'd with attentive thought,
Does plain impoſſibility denote,
That things ſhould not exiſt, which actual are,
Or in another ſhape or different modes appear.
  But ſee in all corporeal nature's ſcene,
What changes, what diverſities, have been!
Matter not long the ſame appearance makes,
But ſhifts her old, and a new figure takes:
If now ſhe lies in winter's rigid arms,
Diſhonour'd and deſpoil'd of all her charms,
Soft vernal airs will theſe th' unkind embrace,
And genial dews renew her wither'd face;
Like fabled nymphs transform'd, ſhe's now a tree,
Now weeps into a flood, and ſtreaming ſeeks the ſea.
She's now a gaudy fly, before a worm,
Below a vapour, and above a ſtorm;
This ooze was late a mouſter of the main,
That turf a lowing grazer of the plain,
A lion this did o'er the foreſt reign.
Regard that fair, that branching laurel plant,
Behold that lovely bluſhing amarant;
One might have William's broken frame aſſum'd,
And one from bright Maria's duſt have bloom'd.
Theſe ſhifting ſcenes, theſe quick rotations, ſhow
Things from neceſſity could never flow,
But muſt to mind and choice precarious being owe.
  Let us ſuppoſe, that Nature ever was
Without beginning, and without a cauſe;
As her firſt order, diſpoſition, frame,
Muſt then ſubſiſt unchangeably the ſame;
So muſt our mind pronounce, it would not be
Within the reach of poſſibility,
That e'er the world a being could have had
Different from what it is, or could be made
Of more or leſs, or other parts than thoſe
Which the corporeal univerſe compoſe.
Now, Fataliſt, we aſk, if thoſe ſubvert
Reaſon's eſtabliſh'd maxims, who aſſert
That we the world's exiſtence may conceive,
Though we one atom out of Nature leave;
Though ſome one wandering orb, or twinkling ſtar,
Were abſent from the heavens, which now is there;
Though ſome one kind of plant, or fly, or worm,
No being had, or had another's form?
  And might not other animals ariſe,
Of different figure, and of different ſize?
In the wide womb of poſſibility
Lie many things, which ne'er may actual be;
And more productions of a various kind
Will cauſe no contradiction in the mind.

'Tis poſſible the things in Nature found,
Might different forms and different parts have own'd:
The boar might wear a trunk, the wolf a horn,
The peacock's train the bittern might adorn;
Strong tuſks might in the horſe's mouth have grown,
And lions might have ſpots, and leopards none.
  But, if the world knows no ſuperior cauſe,
Obeys no ſovereign's arbitrary laws;
If abſolute neceſſity maintains
Of cauſes and effects the fatal chains;
What could one motion ſtop, change one event?
It would tranſcend the wide, the vaſt extent,
The utmoſt ſtretch of poſſibility,
That things, from what they are, ſhould diſagree.
  If, to elude this reaſoning, you reply,
Things what they are, are by neceſſity;
Which never elſe ſo aptly could conſpire
To ſerve the whole, and Nature's ends acquire;
To form the beauty, order, harmony,
Which we through all the works of Nature ſee:
Ready we this aſſertion will allow,
For what can more exalted wiſdom ſhow?
With zeal we this neceſſity defend,
Of means directed to their uſeful end:
But 'tis not that which fataliſts intend,
Nor that which we oppoſe in this debate,
An uncontrol'd neceſſity of fate,
Which all things blindly does and muſt produce,
Unconſcious of their goodneſs and their uſe,
Which cannot ends deſign, nor means convenient chooſe.
  If you perſiſt, and fondly will maintain
Of cauſes and effects an endleſs train;
That this ſucceſſive ſeries ſtill has been,
Will never ceaſe, and never did begin;
That things did always, as they do, proceed,
And no firſt cauſe, no wiſe director, need:
Say, if no links of all your fatal chain
Free from corruption, and unchang'd remain;
If of the whole each part in time aroſe,
And to a cauſe its borrow'd being owes;
How then the whole can independent be?
How have a being from neceſſity?
Is not the whole, ye learned heads, the ſame
With all the parts, and different but in name?
Could e'er that whole the leaſt perfection ſhow,
Which from the parts, that form it, did not flow?
Then, tell us, can it from its parts derive,
What in themſelves thoſe parts had not to give?
  Farther to clear the ſubject in debate,
Inform us, what you underſtand by fate.
Have you a juſt idea in the mind
Of this great cauſe of things by you aſſign'd?
If you the order and dependence mean,
By which effects upon their cauſes lean,
The long ſucceſſion of th' efficient train,
And firm coherence of th' extended chain;
Then fate is nothing but a mode of things,
Which from continued revolution ſprings;
A pure relation and a mere reſpect
Between the cauſe effective and th' effect.
If cauſes and effects themſelves are that
Which your clear-ſighted ſchools intend by fate;

Then fate by no idea can be known,
'Tis one thing only, as a heap is one:
You no diſtinguiſh'd being by it mean,
But all th' effects and cauſes that have been.
If you aſſert, that each ſufficient cauſe
Muſt act by fix'd inevitable laws;
If you affirm this neceſſary ſtate,
And tell us this neceſſity is fate;
When will you bleſs the world with light to ſee
The ſpring and ſource of this neceſſity?
Say, what did ſo diſpoſe, ſo things ordain,
To form the links of all the caſual chain,
That nature by inevitable force
Should run one ring, and keep one ſteady courſe?
That things muſt needs in one ſet order flow,
And all events muſt happen as they do?
Can you no proof of your aſſertion find?
Produce no reaſon to convince the mind,
That nature this determin'd way muſt go?
Are all things thus, becauſe they muſt be ſo?
We grant with eaſe, there is neceſſity,
The ſource of things ſhould ſelf-exiſtent be.
But then he's not a neceſſary cauſe;
He freely acts by arbitrary laws:
He gave to beings motive energy,
And active things to paſſive did apply;
In ſuch wiſe order all things did diſpoſe,
That of events neceſſity aroſe:
Without his aid, ſay, how will you maintain
Your fatal link of cauſes? Hence 'tis plain,
While the word fate you thus affect to uſe,
You coin a ſenſeleſs term, th' unwary to amuſe.
You, who aſſert the world did ne'er commence;
Prepare againſt this reaſoning your defence.
If ſolar beams, which through th' expanſion dart,
Corporeal are, as learned ſchools aſſert;
Since ſtill they flow, and no ſupply repays
The laviſh ſun his diſſipated rays;
Grant, that his radiant orb did ne'er begin,
And that his motions have eternal been;
Then, by eternal, infinite expence,
By unrecruited waſte, and ſpoils immenſe,
By certain fate to ſlow deſtruction doom'd,
His glorious ſtock long ſince had been conſum'd;
Of light unthrifty, and profuſe of day,
The ruin'd globe had ſpent his lateſt ray,
Diſpers'd in beams eternally diſplay'd,
Had loſt in æther roam'd, and looſe in atoms ſtray'd.
Grant, that a grain of matter would outweigh
The light the ſun diſpenſes in a day
Through all the ſtages of his heavenly way;
That in a year the golden torrents, ſent
From the bright ſource, its loſſes ſcarce augment:
Yet without end if you the waſte repeat,
Th' eternal loſs grows infinitely great.
Then, ſhould the ſun of finite bulk ſuſtain
In every age the loſs but of a grain;
If we ſuppoſe thoſe ages infinite,
Could there remain one particle of light?
Reflect, that motion muſt abate its force,
As more or leſs obſtructed in its courſe;
That all the heavenly orbs, while turning round,
Have ſome reſiſtance from the medium found:
Be that reſiſtance ne'er ſo faint and weak,
If 'tis eternal, 'twill all motion break;
If in each age you grant the leaſt decreaſe,
By infinite ſucceſſion it muſt ceaſe.
Hence, if the orbs have ſtill reſiſted been
By air, or light, or æther, ne'er ſo thin;
Long ſince their motion muſt have been ſuppreſt,
The ſtars had ſtood, the ſun had lain at reſt;
So vain, ſo wild a ſcheme, you fataliſts have dreſs'd.
Let us the wiſe poſitions now ſurvey
Of Ariſtotle's ſchool, who's pleas'd to ſay
Nothing can move itſelf, no inward power
To any being motion can procure.
Whate'er is mov'd, its motion muſt derive
From ſomething elſe, which muſt an impulſe give:
And yet no being motion could begin;
Elſe motion might not have eternal been.
That matter never did begin to move,
But in th' immenſe from endleſs ages ſtrove,
The Stagyrite thus undertakes to prove.
He ſays, of motion time the meaſure is;
Then that's eternal too, as well as this.
Motion through ages without limit flows,
Since time, its meaſure, no beginning knows.
This feeble baſe upholds our author's hopes,
And all his mighty ſuperſtructure props.
On this he all his towering fabric rears,
Sequel on ſequel heaps to reach the ſpheres.
But if this definition you deny
Of time, on which his building does rely,
You bring his lofty Babel from the ſky:
A thouſand fine deductions you confound,
Scatter his waſte philoſophy around,
And level all his ſtructure with the ground.
We then this definition thus defeat:
Time is no meaſure, which can motion meet;
For men of reaſoning faculties will ſee,
That time can nothing but duration be
Of beings; and duration can ſuggeſt
Nothing or of their motion, or their reſt;
Only prolong'd exiſtence it implies,
Whether the thing is mov'd, or quiet lies.
This ſingle blow will all the pile ſubvert,
So proudly rais'd, but with ſo little art.
But, ſince the Author has ſuch fame acquir'd,
And as a God of ſcience been admir'd,
A ſtricter view we'll of his ſyſtem take,
And of the parts a ſhort examen make.
Let us obſerve, what light his ſcheme affords,
His undigeſted heap of doubtful words.
Great Stagyrite, the loſt inquirer ſhow
The ſpring whence motion did for ever flow;
Since nothing of itſelf e'er moves or ſtrives,
Tell what begins, what the firſt impulſe gives.
Hear how the man, who all in fame ſurmounts,
For motion's ſpring and principle accounts.
To his ſupreme, unmov'd, unactive God,
He the firſt ſphere appoints, a bleſt abode;
Who ſits ſupinely on his azure throne,
In contemplation of himſelf alone;
Is wholly mindleſs of the world, and void
Of providential care, and unemploy'd.
To all the ſpheres inferior are aſſign'd
Gods ſubaltern, and of inferior kind:
On theſe he ſelf-exiſtence does confer,
Who, as the God ſupreme, eternal are;

With admiration mov'd, and ardent love,
They all their ſpheres around in order move;
And from theſe heavenly revolutions flow
All motions, which are found in things below.
If you demand by what impulſive force
The under-gods begin their circling courſe:
He ſays, as things deſirable excite
Deſire, and objects move the appetite;
So his firſt God, by kindling ardent love,
Does all the gods in feats inferior move:
Thus mov'd, they move around their mighty ſpheres,
With their refulgent equipage of ſtars;
From ſphere to ſphere communicate the dance,
Whence all in heavenly harmony advance;
And from this motion propagated riſe
All motions in the earth, and air, and ſkies.
And thus by learned Ariſtotle's mind
All things were form'd, yet nothing was deſign'd.
He owns no choice, no arbitrary will,
No artiſt's hand, and no exerted ſkill;
All motion flows from neceſſary fate,
Which nothing does reſiſt, or can abate;
Things ſink and riſe, a being loſe or gain
In a coherent, undiſſolving chain
Of cauſes and effects, which Nature's courſe ſuſtain.
Th' unmoveable Supreme the reſt does move,
As proper objects raiſe deſire and love;
They, mov'd without their choice, without conſent
Move all their ſpheres around without intent;
Whate'er he calls his moving cauſe, to chooſe
He gives that cauſe no power, or to refuſe.
And thus from fate all artful order ſprings,
This rear'd the world, this is the riſe of things.
Now give us leave to aſk, great Stagyrite,
How the firſt God th' inferior does excite?
Of his own ſubſtance does he parts convey,
Whoſe motive force the under-gods obey?
If ſo, he may be chang'd, he may decay.
But if by ſteadfaſt gazing they are mov'd,
And admiration of the object lov'd;
If thoſe below their motive force acquire
From the ſtrong impulſe of divine deſire;
Tell us, what good your God Supreme can grant,
Which theſe beneath, to make them happy, want.
If admiration of the God Supreme,
And heavenly raptures ſhould their breaſts inflame,
Is that of motion a reſiſtleſs cauſe,
Of motion conſtant to eternal laws?
Might not each ſecond god inactive lie,
On his blue ſphere, and fix his raviſh'd eye
On the Supreme Unmoveable, and ne'er
Be forc'd to roll around his ſolid ſphere?
Say, how could wonder drive them from their place?
How in a circle make them run their race?
How keep them ſteady in one certain pace?
He this a fundamental maxim lays,
That Nature wiſely acts in all her ways;
That ſhe purſues the things which moſt conduce
To order, beauty, decency, and uſe.
Who can to reaſon this affront endure?
Should it deriſion cauſe, or anger more,
To hear a deep philoſopher aſſert
That nature, not endu'd with ſkill or art,
Of liberty of choice, of reaſon void,
Still wiſely acts, wherever ſhe's employ'd?
Can actions be denominated wiſe,
Which from a brute neceſſity ariſe,
Which the blind agent never did intend,
The means unchoſen, and unknown the end?
On this be laid the ſtreſs of this debate;
What wiſely acts can never act by fate.
The means and end muſt firſt be underſtood;
The means, as proper; and the end, as good;
The act muſt be exerted with intent
By uſing means to gain the wiſh'd event.
But can a ſenſeleſs and unconſcious cauſe,
By foreign impulſe mov'd, and fatal laws,
This thing as good, and that as fit, reſpect,
Deſign the end; and then the means elect?
Nature, you grant, can no event intend,
Yet that ſhe acts with prudence you pretend:
So nature wiſely acts, yet acts without an end!
Yet while this prince of ſcience does declare
That means or ends were never nature's care;
That things which ſeem with perfect art contriv'd,
By the reſiſtleſs force of fate arriv'd;
This cautious maſter, to ſecure his fame,
And 'ſcape the atheiſt's ignominious name,
Did to his gods of all degrees allow
Counſel, deſign, and power to chooſe and know.
Yet, ſince he's pleas'd ſo plainly to aſſert,
His gods no act of reaſoning power exert,
No mark of choice, or arbitrary will,
Employ'd no prudence, and expreſs'd no ſkill,
In making or directing Nature's frame,
Which from his fate inevitable came;
Theſe gods muſt, as to us, be brute and blind,
And as unuſeful, as if void of mind:
Acting without intent, or care, or aim,
Can they our prayer regard, or praiſes claim?
Of all the irreligious in debate,
This ſhameful error is the common fate;
That though they cannot but diſtinctly ſee
In Nature's works, and whole œconomy,
Deſign and judgment in a high degree;
This judgment, this deſign, they ne'er allow
Do from a cauſe endued with reaſon flow.
The art they grant, th' artificer reject,
The ſtructure own, and not the architect;
That unwiſe nature all things wiſely makes,
And prudent meaſures without prudence takes.
Grant that their admiration and their love
Of the firſt God may all th' inferior move;
Grant, too, though no neceſſity appears, [ſpheres:
That, with their rapture mov'd, they move their
Theſe queſtions let the Stagyrite reſolve,
Why they at all, why in this way revolve?
Declare by what neceſſity control'd,
In one determin'd manner they are roll'd?
Why is their ſwift rotation weſt and eaſt,
Rather than north and ſouth, or eaſt and weſt.
Why do not all th' inferior ſpheres obey
The higheſt ſphere's inevitable ſway?
Tell us, if all celeſtial motions riſe
From revolutions of the ſtarry ſkies,
Whence of the orbs the various motions come?
Why ſome the general road purſue; and ſome
In æther ſtray, and diſobedient roam?

If yours the source of motion is, declare,
Why this is fix'd, and that a wandering star?
Tell by what fate, by what resistless force,
This orb has one, and that another course?
How does the learned Greek the cause unfold
With equal swiftness why the sun is roll'd
Still east and west, to mark the night and day?
To form the year, why through th' ecliptic way?
What magic, what necessity, confines
The solar orb between the tropic lines?
What charms in those enchanted circles dwell,
That with controlling power the sun repel?
The Stagyrite to this no answer makes;
Of the vast globe so little thought he takes,
That he to solve these questions never strives,
No cause or of its place or motion gives.
But farther yet, applauded Greek, suppose
Celestial motions from your spring arose;
That motion down to all the worlds below
From the first sphere may propagated flow:
Since you of things to show th' efficient source
Have always to necessity recourse;
From what necessity do spheres proceed
With such a measur'd, such a certain speed?
We fain would this mysterious cause explore,
Why motion was not either less or more,
But in this just proportion and degree,
As suits with nature's just œconomy.
This is a cause, a right one too, we grant,
But 'tis the final, we th' efficient want;
With greater swiftness if the spheres were whirl'd,
The motion given to this inferior world
Too violent had been for nature's use,
Of too great force mix'd bodies to produce;
The elements, air, water, earth, and fire,
Which now to make compounded things conspire,
By their rude shocks could never have combin'd,
Or had been disengag'd as soon as join'd:
But then had motion in a less degree
Been given, than that which we in nature see;
Of greater vigour we had stood in need,
To mix and blend the elemental seed,
To temper, work, incorporate, and bind
Those principles, that thence of every kind
The various compound beings might arise,
Which fill the earth and sea, and store the skies.
Say, what necessity, what fatal laws,
Did in such due proportion motion cause,
Nor more or less, but just so much as tends
To frame the world, and serve all nature's ends?
Ask why the highest of the rolling spheres,
Deck'd to profusion with refulgent stars,
And all with bright excrescences emboss,
Has the whole beauty of the heavens engross;
When of the others, to dispel the night,
Each owns a single, solitary light;
Only one planet in a sphere is found,
Marching in air his melancholy round:
Nature, he tells us, took this prudent care,
That the sublimest and the noblest sphere
Should be with nobler decoration blest,
And in magnificence outshine the rest;
That so its greater ornament and state
Should bear proportion with its greater height.
It seems then nature does not only find
Means to be good, beneficent, and kind,
But has for beauty and for order car'd,
Does rank, and state, and decency, regard.
Now, should he not considering men forgive,
If, sway'd by this assertion, they believe
That nature, which does decency respect,
Is something which can reason, choose, reflect?
Or that some wise director must preside
O'er nature's works, and all her motions guide?
You here should that necessity declare,
Why all the stars adorn the highest sphere;
Say, how is this th' effect of fatal laws,
Without reflecting on a final cause?
One sphere has all the stars; we ask you, why?
When you to beauty and to order fly,
You plain assert the truth which you deny;
That is, that Nature has wise ends in view,
With foresight works, and does designs pursue.
Thus all the mighty wits that have essay'd
To explicate the means how things are made
By nature's power, without the Hand Divine,
The final causes of effects assign.
They say, that this or that is so or so,
That such events in such succession flow;
Because convenience, decency, and use,
Require that nature things should thus produce.
They in their demonstrations always vaunt
Efficient causes, which they always want.
But thus they yield the question in debate,
And grant the impotence of chance and fate;
For, till they show by what necessity
Things have the disposition which we see,
Whether it be deriv'd from fate or chance,
Not the least step in science they advance.
Grant Nature furnish'd, at her vast expence,
One room of state with such magnificence,
That it might shine above the others bright,
Adorn'd with numerous burnish'd balls of light;
Does she on one by decent rules dispense
Of constellations such a wealth immense,
While the next sphere in amplitude and height
Rolls on with one erratic lonely light?
But be it so, the question's still the same,
Tell us, from what necessity it came?
Let us the great philosopher attend,
While to the worlds below his thoughts descend:
His elements, earth, water, air, and fire,
He says, to make all compound things conspire;
He in the midst leaves the dull earth at rest,
In the soft bosom of the air caress'd;
The red-wing'd fire must to the moon arise,
Hover in air, and lick contiguous skies;
No charms, no force, can make the fire descend,
Nor can the earth to seats superior tend;
Both unmolested peace for ever own,
This in the middle, that beneath the moon:
Water and air not so; for they, by fate
Assign'd to constant duty, always wait;
Ready by turns to rise or to descend,
Nature against a vacant to defend;
For should a void her monarchy invade,
Should in her works the smallest breach be made,
That breach the mighty fabric would dissolve,
And in immediate ruin all involve.

A conſequence ſo diſmal to prevent;
Water and air are ſtill (as ſaid) intent
To mount or fall, this way or that to fly,
Seek ſubterranean vaults, or climb the ſky;
While theſe with ſo much duty are oppreſt,
The earth and fire are privileg'd with reſt.
Theſe elements, 'tis clear, have not diſcern'd
The intereſt of the whole, nor are concern'd
Leſt they, when once an interpoſing void
Has nature's frame o'erturn'd, ſhould be deſtroy'd.
Tell, why theſe ſimple elements are four?
Why juſt ſo many? why not leſs or more?
Does this from pure neceſſity proceed?
Or ſay, does nature juſt that number need?
If this, you mock us, and decline the taſk;
You give the final cauſe, when we th' efficient aſk.
If that, how often ſhall we call in vain,
That you would this neceſſity explain?
But here forgive me, famous Stagyrite,
If I eſteem it idle to recite
The reaſons (ſo you call them) which you give,
To make us this neceſſity believe;
Reaſons ſo trifling, ſo abſurd, and dry,
That thoſe ſhould bluſh, who make a grave reply.
Your elements we grant: but now declare,
How you to form compounded things prepare,
And mix your fire and water, earth and air?
The ſwift rotation of the ſpheres above,
You ſay, muſt all inferior bodies move;
The elements in ſublunary ſpace
Are by this impulſe forc'd to leave their place;
By various agitations they combine
In different forms, by different mixtures join;
Blended and juſtly temper'd, they compound
All things in all th' inferior regions found:
Thus beings from th' incorporated four
Reſult, by undeſigning Nature's power.
Hence metals, plants, and minerals ariſe,
The clouds and all the meteors of the ſkies!
Hence all the clans that haunt the hill or wood,
That beat the air, or cut the limpid flood!
Ev'n man, their lord, hence into being came,
Breath'd the pure air, and felt the vital flame!
Say, is not this a noble ſcheme, a piece
Worthy the Stagyrite, and worthy Greece?
But now, acute philoſopher, declare
How this rotation of the heavenly ſphere
Can mingle fire and water, earth and air?
The fire that dwells beneath the lunar ball,
To meet aſcending earth, muſt downward fall.
Now turn your ſphere contiguous to the fire,
Will from its ſeat that element retire?
The ſphere could never drive its neighbour down,
But give a circling motion, like its own.
So give the air impreſſion from above,
It in a whirl vertiginous would move;
And thus the rolling ſpheres can ne'er diſplace
The fire or air, to make a mingled maſs;
The elements diſtinct might keep their ſeat,
Elude the ruffle, and your ſcheme defeat.
But ſince th' applauded author will demand
For complex bodies no director's hand;
Since art without an artiſt he maintains,
A building rears without a builder's pains;
He comes at length to Epicurus' ſcheme,
Pleas'd by his model compound works to frame.
One all his various atoms does unite
To form mixt things; the famous Stagyrite,
By his invented elements combin'd,
Compoſes beings of each different kind;
But both agree, while both alike deny
The gods did e'er their care or thought apply
To form or rule this univerſal frame,
Which or from fate or caſual concourſe came.
Whether to raiſe the world you are inclin'd
By this man's chance, or that man's fate, as blind;
If ſtill mechanic, neceſſary laws
Of moving matter muſt all beings cauſe;
If artful works from a brute cauſe reſult,
From ſprings unknown, and qualities occult;
With ſchemes alike abſurd our reaſon you inſult.
And now, to finiſh this leſs pleaſant taſk,
Of our renown'd philoſopher we aſk,
How was the earth determin'd to its place?
Why did it firſt the middle point embrace?
What blandiſhments, what ſtrong attractive power,
What happy arts adapted to allure,
Were by that ſingle point of all the void,
To captivate and charm the maſs employ'd?
Or what machines, what grapples did it caſt
On earth, to fix it to the centre faſt?
But if the earth, by ſtrong enchantment caught,
This point of all the vacant fondly ſought,
Since it is unintelligent and blind,
Could it the way, the neareſt could it find?
When at that point arriv'd, how did it know
It was arriv'd, and ſhould no farther go?
When in a globous form collected there,
What wondrous cement made the parts cohere?
Why did the orb ſuſpended there remain
Fix'd and unmov'd? what does its weight ſuſtain?
Tell what its fall prevents; can liquid air
The ponderous pile on its weak columns bear?
The earth muſt, in its gravity's deſpight,
Uphold itſelf; our careleſs Stagyrite
For its ſupport has no proviſion made,
No pillar rear'd, and no foundation laid:
When by occult and unknown gravity
'Tis to its ſtation brought, it there muſt lie
In undiſturb'd repoſe: in vain we aſk him, why?
Say, if the world uncaus'd did ne'er begin,
If nature what it is has always been;
Why do no arms the poet's ſong employ
Before the Theban war, or ſiege of Troy?
And why no elder hiſtories relate
The riſe of empires, and the turns of ſtate?
If generations infinite are gone,
Tell, why ſo late were arts and letters known?
Their riſe and progreſs is of recent date,
And ſtill we mourn their young imperfect ſtate.
If unconfin'd duration we regard,
And time be with eternity compar'd,
But yeſterday the ſages of the caſt
Firſt ſome crude knowledge of the ſtars expreſt,
In ſacred emblems Egypt's ſons conceal'd
Their myſtic learning, rather than reveal'd.
Greece after this, for ſubtle wit renown'd,
The ſciences and arts improv'd or found;

First, cauſes ſearch'd, and Nature's ſecret ways;
First taught the bards to ſing immortal lays;
The charms of muſic and of painting rais'd,
And was for building firſt, and firſt for ſculpture prais'd.
Man in mechanic arts did late excel,
That ſuccour life, and noxious power repel;
Which yield ſupplies for neceſſary uſe,
Or which to pleaſure or to pomp conduce.
How late was found the loadſtone's magic force,
That ſeeks the north, and guides the ſailor's courſe!
How newly did the printer's curious ſkill
Th' enlighten'd world with letter'd volumes fill!
But late the kindled powder did explode
The maſſy ball, and the braſs tube unload;
The tube, to whoſe loud thunder Albion owes
The laurel honours that adorn her brows;
Which awful, during eight renown'd campaigns,
From Belgia's hills, and Gallia's frontier plains,
Did through th' admiring realms around proclaim
Marlborough's ſwift conqueſts, and great Anna's name!
By this the leader of the Britiſh powers
Shook Menin, Lilla, and high Ganda's towers;
Next his wide engines level'd Tournay's pride,
Whoſe lofty walls advancing foes defy'd:
Though nitrous tempeſts, and clandeſtine death,
Fill'd the deep caves and numerous vaults beneath,
Which, form'd with art, and wrought with endleſs toil,
Ran through the faithleſs excavated ſoil.
See, the intrepid Briton delves his way,
And to the caverns lets in war and day;
Quells ſubterranean foes, and riſes crown'd
With ſpoils, from martial labour under ground.
Mons, to reward Blarignia's glorious field,
To Marlborough's terrors did ſubmiſſive yield.
The hero next aſſail'd proud Doway's head;
And, ſpite of confluent inundations ſpread
Around, in ſpite of works for ſure defence
Rais'd with conſummate art, and coſt immenſe,
With unexampled valour did ſucceed:
(Villars, thy hoſt beheld the hardy deed!)
Aria, Venantia, Bethune, and Bouchain,
Of his long triumphs cloſe th' illuſtrious train.
While thus his thunder did his wrath declare,
And artful lightnings flaſh'd along the air,
Somona's caſtles with th' impetuous roar
Aſtoniſh'd tremble, but their warriors more;
Lutetia's lofty towers, with terror ſtruck,
Caught the contagion, and at diſtance ſhook.
Tell, Gallic chiefs, for you have often heard
His dreadful cannon, and his fire rever'd,
Tell, how you rag'd, when your pale cohorts run
From Marlborough's ſword, the battle ſcarce begun.
Tell, Scaldis! Legia, tell! how to their head
Your frighted waves in refluent errors fled.
While Marlborough's cannon thus prevails by land,
Britain's ſea-chiefs, by Anna's high command,
Reſiſtleſs o'er the Tuſcan billows ride,
And ſtrike rebellowing caves on either ſide;
Their ſulphur tempeſts ring from ſhore to ſhore,
Now make the Ligur ſtart, and now the Moor.
Hark how the ſound diſturbs imperious Rome,
Shakes her proud hills, and rolls from dome to dome!
Her mitred princes hear the echoing noiſe,
And, Albion, dread thy wrath, and awful voice.
Aided by thee, the Auſtrian eagles riſe
Sublime, and triumph in Iberian ſkies.
What panic fear, what anguiſh, what diſtreſs,
What conſternation, Gallia's ſons expreſs,
While trembling on the coaſt, they from afar
View the wing'd terrors and the floating war

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

The fabulous account of the firſt riſe of mankind, given by the ancient poets. The opinions of many of the Greek philoſophers concerning that point not leſs ridiculous. The aſſertion of Epicurus and his followers, that our firſt parents were the ſpontaneous production of the earth, moſt abſurd and incredible. The true origin of man inquired into. He is proved to be at firſt created by an intelligent, arbitrary cauſe; from the characters and impreſſions of contrivance, art, and wiſdom, which appear in his formation. The wonderful progreſs of it. The figure, ſituation, and connection of the bones. The ſyſtem of the veins, and that of the arteries. The manner of the circulation of the blood deſcribed. Nutrition, how performed. The ſyſtem of the nerves. Of the animal ſpirits, how made, and how employed in muſcular motion and ſenſation. A wiſe, intelligent cauſe inferred from theſe appearances.

The pagan world, to Canaan's realms unknown,
Where knowledge reign'd, and light celeſtial ſhone,
Loſt by degrees their parent Adam's name,
Forgot their ſtock, and wonder'd whence they came;
Unguided, in the dark they ſtrove to find,
With fruitleſs toil, the ſource of human kind.
The heathen bards, who idle fables dreſt,
Illuſive dreams in myſtic verſe expreſs'd.

And, foes to natural ſcience and divine,
In beauteous phraſe made impious notions ſhine,
In ſtrains ſublime their different fictions ſung,
Whence the firſt parents of our ſpecies ſprung.
Promethens (ſo ſome elder poets ſay)
Temper'd and form'd a paſte of purer clay,
To which, well mingled with the river's ſtream,
His artful hand gave human ſhape and frame;
Then, with warm life his figures to inſpire,
The bold projector ſtole celeſtial fire.
While others tell us how the human brood
Ow'd their production to the fruitful wood;
How from the laurel and the aſh they ſprung,
And infants on the oak, like acorns hung:
The crude conceptions preſt the bending trees,
Till cheriſh'd by the ſun-beams, by degrees,
Ripe children dropp'd on all the ſoil around,
Peopled the woods, and overſpread the ground.
Great Jupiter (ſo ſome were pleas'd to ſing),
Of fabled gods the father and the king,
The moving prayer of Æacus did grant,
And into men and women turn'd the ant.
Some tell, Deucalion and his Pyrrha threw
Obdurate ſtones, which o'er their ſhoulders flew,
Then ſhifting ſhape receiv'd a vital flame,
And men and women (wondrous change!) became.
And thus the hard and ſtubborn race of man
From animated rock and flint began.
Now to the learned ſchools of Greece repair,
Who chance the author of the world declare:
Then judge if wiſe philoſophers excel
Thoſe idle tales, which wanton poets tell.
They ſay, at firſt to living things the earth
At her formation gave ſpontaneous birth;
When youthful heat was through the glebe diffus'd,
Mankind, as well as inſects, ſhe produc'd;
That genial wombs by parent chance were form'd
Adapted to the ſoil, which, after warm'd
And cheriſh'd by the ſun's enlivening beam,
With human offſprings did in embryo teem;
Theſe nouriſh'd there a while impriſon'd lay,
Then broke their yielding bands, and forc'd their way;
The field a crop of reaſoning creatures crown'd,
And crying infants grovel'd on the ground;
A milky ſtore was by the mother earth
Pour'd from her boſom, to ſuſtain the birth;
In ſtrength and bulk increas'd, the earth-born race
Could move, and walk, and ready change their place,
O'er every hill and verdant paſture ſtray,
Skip o'er the lawns, and by the rivers play,
Could eat the tender plant, and by degrees
Browſe on the ſhrubs, and crop the budding trees;
The fragrant fruit from bending branches ſhake,
And with the cryſtal ſtream their thirſt at pleaſure ſlake.
The earth by theſe applauded ſchools, 'tis ſaid,
This ſingle crop of men and women bred;
Who grown adult (ſo chance it ſeems enjoin'd)
Did male and female propagate their kind.
This wiſe account Lucretian ſages give,
Whence our firſt parents their deſcent derive,
Severely on this ſubject to diſpute,
And tales ſo wild, ſo ſenſeleſs, to confute,
Were with inglorious labour to diſgrace,
The ſchools, and reaſon's dignity debaſe.
But ſince, with this of man's original,
The parts remaining of their ſcheme muſt fall
(Yet farther to purſue the preſent theme),
Behold how vain philoſophers may dream.
Grant, Epicurus, that by caſual birth
Men ſprung ſpontaneous from the fruitful earth,
When on the glebe the naked infants lay,
How were the helpleſs creatures fed? You ſay,
The teeming ſoil did from its breaſts exude
A ſoft and milky liquor for their food.
I will not aſk what this apt humour made,
Nor by what wondrous channels 'twas convey'd
For, if we ſuch inquiries make, we know
Your ſhort reply, It happen'd to be ſo;
Without aſſigning once a proper cauſe,
Or ſolving queſtions by mechanic laws,
To every doubt your anſwer is the ſame,
It ſo fell out, and ſo by chance it came.
How ſhall the new-born race their food command,
Who cannot change their place, or move a hand?
Grant that the glebe beneath will never drink,
Nor through its pores let the ſoft humour ſink;
Will not the ſun with his exhaling ray
Defraud the babe, and draw his food away?
Since for ſo long a ſpace the human birth
Muſt lie expos'd and naked on the earth;
Say, could the tender creature, in deſpite
Of heat by day, and chilling dews by night,
In ſpite of thunder, winds, and hail, and rain,
And all inclement air, its life maintain?
In vain, you ſay, in earth's primeval ſtate,
Soft was the air, and mild the cold and heat;
For did not then the night ſucceed the day?
The ſun as now roll through its annual way?
Th' effects then on the air muſt be the ſame,
The froſts of winter, and the ſummer's flame.
In the firſt age, you ſay, the pregnant ground
With human kind in embryo did abound,
And pour'd her offſpring on the ſoil around.
But tell us, Epicurus, why the field
Did never ſince one human harveſt yield?
And why we never ſee one ripening birth
Heave in the glebe, and ſtruggle through the earth?
You ſay, that, when the earth was freſh and young,
While her prolific energy was ſtrong,
A race of men ſhe in her boſom bred,
And all the fields with infant people ſpread;
But that firſt birth her ſtrength did ſo exhauſt,
The genial mother ſo much vigour loſt,
That, waſted now by age, in vain we hope
She ſhould again bring forth a human crop.
Mean time, ſhe's not with labour ſo much worn,
But ſhe can ſtill the hills with woods adorn:
See, from her fertile boſom how ſhe pours
Verdant conceptions, and, refreſh'd with ſhowers,
Covers the field with corn, and paints the mead with flowers.

See, her tall ſons, the cedar, oak, and pine,
The fragrant myrtle, and the juicy vine,
Their parent's undecaying ſtrength declare,
Which with freſh labour, and unwearied care,
Supplies new plants, her loſſes to repair.
Then, ſince the earth retains her fruitful power
To procreate plants, the foreſt to reſtore;
Say, why to nobler animals alone
Should ſhe be feeble, and unfruitful grown?
After one birth ſhe ceas'd not to be young,
The glebe was ſucculent, the mould was ſtrong.
Could ſhe at once fade in her perfect bloom,
Waſte all her ſpirits, and her wealth conſume?
Grant that her vigour might in part decreaſe,
From like productions muſt ſhe ever ceaſe?
To form a race ſhe might have ſtill inclin'd,
Though of a monſtrous, or a dwarfiſh kind.
Why did ſhe never, by one crude eſſay,
Imperfect lines and rudiments diſplay?
In ſome ſucceeding ages had been found
A leg or arm unfiniſh'd in the ground;
And ſometimes in the fields might plowing ſwains
Turn up ſoft bones, and break unfaſhion'd veins.
But grant the earth was laviſh of her power,
And ſpent at once her whole prolific ſtore;
Would not ſo long a reſt new vigour give,
And all her firſt fertility revive?
Learn, Epicurus, of th' experienc'd ſwain;
When frequent wounds have worn th' impoveriſh'd plain:
Let him a while the furrow not moleſt,
But leave the glebe to heavenly dews and reſt;
If then he till and ſow the harrow'd field,
Will not the ſoil a plenteous harveſt yield?
The ſun, by you, Lucretius, is aſſign'd
The other parent of all human kind.
But does he ever languiſh or decay?
Does he not equal influence diſplay,
And pierce the plains with the ſame active ray?
If then the glebe, warm'd with the ſolar flame,
Men once produc'd, it ſtill ſhould be the ſame.
You ſay, the ſun's prolific beams can form
Th' induſtrious ant, the gaudy fly, and worm;
Can make each plant, and tree, the gardener's care,
Beſide their leaves, their proper inſects bear:
Then might the heavens, in ſome peculiar ſtate,
Or lucky aſpect, beaſts and men create.
But late inquirers by their glaſſes find,
That every inſect of each different kind,
In its own egg, cheer'd by the ſolar rays,
Organs involv'd and latent life diſplays:
This truth, diſcover'd by ſagacious art,
Does all Lucretian arrogance ſubvert.
Proud wits, your frenzy own, and, overcome
By reaſon's force, be now for ever dumb.
If, learned Epicurus, we allow
Our race to earth primæval being owe,
How did the male and female ſexes frame?
Say, if from fortune this diſtinction came?
Or did the conſcious parent then foreſee
By one conception ſhe ſhould barren be,
And therefore, wiſely provident, deſign'd
Prolific pairs to propagate the kind;
That, thus preſerv'd, the godlike race of man
Might not expire e'er yet it ſcarce began?

Since, by theſe various arguments, 'tis clear
The teeming mould did not our parents bear;
By more ſevere inquiries let us trace
The origin and ſource of human race.
I think, I move, I therefore know I am;
While I have been, I ſtill have been the ſame,
Since, from an infant, I a man became.
But though I am, few circling years are gone,
Since I in nature's roll was quite unknown.
Then, ſince 'tis plain I have not always been,
I aſk, from whence my being could begin?
I did not to myſelf exiſtence give,
Nor from myſelf the ſecret power receive,
By which I reaſon, and by which I live.
I did not build this frame, nor do I know
The hidden ſprings from whence my motions flow.
If I had form'd myſelf, I had deſign'd
A ſtronger body, and a wiſer mind,
From ſorrow free, nor liable to pain;
My paſſions ſhould obey, and reaſon reign.
Nor could my being from my parents flow,
Who neither did the parts or ſtructure know
Did not my mind or body underſtand,
My ſex determine, nor my ſhape command:
Had they deſign'd and rais'd the curious frame,
Inſpir'd my branching veins with vital flame,
Faſhion'd the heart, and hollow channels made,
Through which the circling ſtreams of life are play'd;
Had they the organs of my ſenſes wrought,
And form'd the wondrous principle of thought;
Their artful work they muſt have better known,
Explain'd its ſprings, and its contrivance ſhown.
If they could make, they might preſerve me too,
Prevent my fears, or diſſipate my wo.
When long in ſickneſs languiſhing I lay,
They with compaſſion touch'd did mourn and pray;
To ſooth my pain, and mitigate my grief,
They ſaid kind things, yet brought me no relief.
But whatſoever cauſe my being gave,
The power that made me can its creature ſave.
If to myſelf I did not being give,
Nor from immediate parents did receive;
It could not from my predeceſſors flow,
They, than my parents, could not more beſtow.
Should we the long depending ſcale aſcend
Of ſons and fathers, will it never end?
If 'twill, then muſt we through the order run
To ſome one man, whoſe being ne'er begun:
If that one man was ſempiternal, why
Did he, ſince independent, ever die?
If from himſelf his own exiſtence came,
The cauſe, that could deſtroy his being, name.
To ſeek my maker, thus in vain I trace
The whole ſucceſſive chain of human race.
Bewilder'd I my Author cannot find,
Till ſome First Cauſe, ſome Self-exiſtent Mind,
Who form'd, and rules all nature, is aſſign'd.
When firſt the womb did the crude embryo hold,
What ſhap'd the parts? what did the limbs unfold?
O'er the whole work in ſecret did preſide,
Give quickening vigour, and each motion guide?

What kindled in the dark the vital flame,
And, ere the heart was form'd, push'd on the reddening stream?
Then for the heart the aptest fibres strung?
And in the breast th' impulsive engine hung?
Say, what the various bones so wisely wrought?
How was their frame to such perfection brought?
What did their figures for their uses fit,
Their number fix, and joints adapted knit;
And made them all in that just order stand,
Which motion, strength, and ornament, demand?
What for the sinews spun so strong a thread,
The curious loom to weave the muscles spread;
Did the nice strings of tended membranes drill,
And perforate the nerve with so much skill,
Then with the active stream the dark recesses fill?
The purple mazes of the veins display'd,
And all th' arterial pipes in order laid,
What gave the bounding current to the blood,
And to and fro convey'd the restless flood?
The living fabric now in pieces take,
Of every part due observation make;
All which such art discover, so conduce
To beauty, vigour, and each destin'd use:
The atheist, if to search for truth inclin'd,
May in himself his full conviction find,
And from his body teach his erring mind.
When the crude embryo careful nature breeds,
See how she works, and how her work proceeds;
While through the mass her energy she darts,
To free and swell the complicated parts,
Which only does unravel and untwist
Th' invelop'd limbs, that previous there exist.
And as each vital speck, in which remains
Th' entire, but rumpled animal, contains
Organs perplex'd, and clues of twining veins;
So every fœtus bears a sacred hoard,
With sleeping, unexpanded issue stor'd;
Which numerous, but unquicken'd progeny,
Clasp'd and inwrapt within each other lie:
Engendering heats these one by one unbind,
Stretch their small tubes, and hamper'd nerves unwind:
And thus, when time shall drain each magazine,
Crowded with men unborn, unripe, unseen,
Nor yet of parts unfolded; no increase
Can follow, all prolific power must cease.
Th' elastic spirits, which remains at rest
In the strait lodgings of the brain compress,
While by the ambient womb's enlivening heat,
Cheer'd and awaken'd, first themselves dilate;
Then quicken'd and expanded every way,
The genial labourers all their force display:
They now begin to work the wondrous frame,
To shape the parts, and raise the vital flame;
For when th' extended fibres of the brain
Their active guests no longer can restrain,
They backward spring, which due effort compels
The labouring spirits to forsake their cells;
The spirits thus exploded from their seat,
Swift from the head to the next parts retreat,
Force their admission, and their passage beat:
Their tours around th' unopen'd mass they take,
And by a thousand ways their inroads make,
Till there resisted they their race inflect,
And backward to their source their way direct.
Thus with a steady and alternate toil
They issue from, and to the head recoil;
By which their plastic function they discharge,
Extend their channels, and their tracts enlarge;
For, by the swift excursions which they make,
Still sallying from the brain, and leaping back,
They pierce the nervous fibre, bore the vein,
And stretch th' arterial channels which contain
The various streams of life, that to and fro
Through dark meanders undirected flow;
Th' inspected egg this gradual change betrays,
To which the brooding hen expanding heat conveys.
The beating heart, demanded first for use,
Is the first muscle nature does produce;
By this impulsive engine's constant aid,
The tepid floods are every way convey'd;
And did not nature's care at first provide
The active heart, to push the circling tide,
All progress to her work would be denied.
The salient point, so first is call'd the heart,
Shap'd and suspended with amazing art,
By turns dilated, and by turns compress'd,
Expels and entertains the purple guest;
It sends from out its left contracted side
Into th' arterial tube its vital pride;
Which tube, prolong'd but little from its source,
Parts its wide trunk, and takes a double course.
One channel to the head its way directs,
One to th' inferior limbs its path inflects:
Both smaller by degrees, and smaller grow,
And on the parts, through which they branching go,
A thousand secret subtle pipes bestow;
From which, by numerous convolutions wound,
Wrapt with th' attending nerve, and twisted round,
The complicated knots and kernels rise,
Of various figures, and of various size.
Th' arterial ducts, when thus involv'd, produce
Unnumber'd glands, and of important use;
But after, as they farther progress make,
The appellation of a vein they take;
For though th' arterial pipes themselves extend
In smallest branches, yet they never end;
The same continued circling channels run
Back to the heart, where first their course begun.
The heart, as said, from its contractive cave
On the left side, ejects the bounding wave;
Exploded thus, as splitting channels lead,
Upward it springs, or downward is convey'd;
The crimson jets with force elastic thrown
Ascend, and climb the mind's imperial throne;
Arterial streams through the soft brain diffuse,
And water all its fields with vital dews:
From this o'erflowing tide the curious brain
Does through its pores the purer spirits strain;
Which to its inmost seats their passage make,
Whence their dark rise th' extended sinews take;
With all their mouths the nerves these spirits drink
Which through the cells of the fine strainer sink;
These all the channel'd fibres every way
For motion and sensation still convey.

The greateſt portion of th' arterial blood,
By the cloſe ſtructure of the parts withſtood,
Whoſe narrow meſhes ſtop the groſſer flood,
By apt canals and furrows in the brain,
Which here diſcharge the office of a vein,
Invert their current, and the heart regain.
The ſhooting ſtreams, which through another road
The beating engine downward did explode,
To all th' inferior parts deſcend, and lave
The members with their circulating wave:
To make th' arterial treaſure move as ſlow,
As nature's ends demand, the channels grow
Still more contracted, as they farther go:
Beſides, the glands, which o'er the body ſpread
Fine complicated clues of nervous thread,
Involv'd and twiſted with th' arterial duct,
The rapid motion of the blood obſtruct:
Theſe labyrinths the circling current ſtay
For noble ends, which after we diſplay.
Soon as the blood has paſs'd the winding ways,
And various turnings of the wondrous maze,
From the entangled knot of veſſels freed,
It runs its vital race with greater ſpeed;
And from the parts and members moſt remote,
By theſe canals the ſtreams are backward brought,
Which are of thinner coats and fewer fibres wrought;
Till all the confluent rills their current join,
And in the ample Porta vein combine.
This larger channel by a thouſand roads
Enters the liver, and its ſtore unloads;
Which from that ſtore by proper inlets ſtrains
The yellow dregs, and ſends them by the veins
To the large ciſtern, which the gall contains;
Then to the vein we Cava name, the blood
Calls in the ſcatter'd ſtreams, and re-collects the flood.
As when the Thames advances through the plain,
With his freſh waters to dilute the main;
He turns and winds amidſt the flowery meads,
And now contracts, and now his water ſpreads;
Here in a courſe direct he forward tends,
There to his head his waves retorted bends:
See, now the ſportive flood in two divides
His ſilver train, now with uniting tides
He wanton claſps the intercepted ſoil,
And forms with erring ſtreams the reedy iſle;
At length collecting all his watery band,
The ocean to augment he leaves the land.
So the red currents in their ſecret maze
In various rounds through dark meanders paſs,
Till all, aſſembled in the Cava vein,
Bring to the heart's right ſide their crimſon train,
Which now compreſt with force elaſtic drives
The flood, that through the ſecret paſſes ſtrives;
The road that to the lungs this ſtore tranſmits
Into unnumber'd narrow channels ſplits;
The venal blood crowds through the winding ways,
And through the tubes the broken tide conveys;
Thoſe numerous ſtreams, their roſy beauty gone,
Poor by expence, and faint with labour grown,
Are in the lungs enrich'd, which reinſpire
The languid liquors, and reſtore their fire.

The large arterial ducts that thither lead,
By which the blood is from the heart convey'd,
Through either lobe ten thouſand branches ſpread.
Here its bright ſtream the bounding current parts,
And through the various paſſes ſwiftly darts,
Each ſubtle pipe, each winding channel, fills
With ſprightly liquors, and with purple rills;
The pipe, diſtinguiſh'd by its griſtly rings,
To cheriſh life aërial paſture brings,
Which the ſoft breathing lungs with gentle force
Conſtant embrace by turns, by turns divorce;
The ſpringy air this nitrous food impels
Through all the ſpungy parts and bladder'd cells,
And with dilating breath the vital billows ſwells;
Th' admitted nitre agitates the flood,
Revives its fire, and re-ferments the blood.
Behold, the ſtreams now change their languid blue,
Regain their glory, and their flame renew;
With ſcarlet honours re-adorn'd, the tide
Leaps on, and bright with more than Tyrian pride,
Advances to the heart, and fills the cave
On the left ſide, which the firſt motion gave;
Now through the ſame involv'd arterial ways,
Again th' exploded jets th' impulſive engine plays.
No ſons of wiſdom could this current trace,
Or of th' Ionic, or Italic race;
From thee, Democritus, it lay conceal'd,
Though yielding nature much to thee reveal'd;
Though with the curious knife thou didſt invade
Her dark receſſes, and haſt oft' diſplay'd
The crimſon mazes, and the hollow road,
Which to the heart conveys the refluent blood.
It was to thee, great Stagyrite, unknown,
And thy preceptor of divine renown.
Learning did ne'er this ſecret truth impart
To the Greek maſters of the healing art.
'Twas by the Coan's piercing eye unview'd,
And did attentive Galen's ſearch elude.
Thou, wondrous Harvey! whoſe immortal fame,
By thee inſtructed, grateful ſchools proclaim;
Thou, Albion's pride, didſt firſt the winding way,
And circling life's dark labyrinth diſplay;
Attentive from the heart thou didſt purſue
The ſtarting flood, and keep it ſtill in view;
Till thou with rapture ſaw'ſt the channels bring
The purple currents back, and form the vital ring.
See, how the human animal is fed,
How nouriſhment is wrought, and how convey'd:
The mouth, with proper faculties endued,
Firſt entertains, and then divides the food;
Two adverſe rows of teeth the meat prepare,
On which the glands fermenting juice confer;
Nature has various tender muſcles plac'd,
By which the artful gullet is embrac'd;
Some the long funnels curious mouth extend,
Through which ingeſted meats with eaſe deſcend;
Other confederate pairs for nature's uſe
Contract the fibres, and the twitch produce,
Which gently puſhes on the grateful food
To the wide ſtomach, by its hollow road:
That this long road may unobſtructed go,
As it deſcends, it bores the midriff through;

The large receiver for concoction made
Behold amidſt the warmeſt bowels laid;
The ſpleen to this, and to the adverſe ſide
The glowing liver's comfort is apply'd;
Beneath, the pancreas has its proper ſeat,
To cheer its neighbour, and augment its heat;
More to aſſiſt it for its deſtin'd uſe,
This ample bag is ſtor'd with active juice,
Which can with eaſe ſubdue, with eaſe unbind,
Admitted meats of every different kind;
This powerful ferment, mingling with the parts,
The leaven'd mats to milky chyle converts;
The ſtomach's fibres this concocted food,
By their contraction's gentle force, exclude,
Which by the mouth on the right ſide deſcends
Through the wide paſs, which from that mouth depends;
In its progreſſion ſoon the labour'd chyle
Receives the confluent rills of bitter bile,
Which by the liver ſever'd from the blood,
And ſtriving through the gall-pipe, here unload
Their yellow ſtreams, more to refine the flood;
The complicated glands, in various ranks
Diſpos'd along the neighbouring channel's banks,
By conſtant weeping mix their watery ſtore
With the chyle's current, and dilute it more;
Th' inteſtine roads, inflected and inclin'd,
In various convolutions turn and wind,
That theſe meanders may the progreſs ſtay,
And the deſcending chyle by this delay
May through the milky veſſels find its way,
Whoſe little mouths in the large channel's ſide
Suck in the flood, and drink the cheering tide:
Theſe numerous veins (ſuch is the curious frame!)
Receive the pure inſinuating ſtream;
But no corrupt or dreggy parts admit,
To form the blood, or feed the limbs unfit;
Th' inteſtine ſpiral fibres theſe protrude,
And from the winding tubes at length exclude.
  Obſerve, theſe ſmall canals conſpire to make
With all their treaſure one capacious lake,
Whoſe common receptacle entertains
Th' united ſtreams of all the lacteal veins.
Hither the rills of water are convey'd
In curious aqueducts by nature laid,
To carry all the limpid humour ſtrain'd,
And from the blood divided by the gland;
Which mingling currents with the milky juice
Makes it more apt to flow, more fit for uſe;
Theſe liquors, which the wide receiver fill,
Prepar'd with labour, and refin'd with ſkill,
Another courſe to diſtant parts begin,
Through roads that ſtretch along the back within;
This uſeful channel, lately known, aſcends,
And in the vein near the left ſhoulder ends,
Which there unloads its wealth, that with the blood
Now flows in one incorporated flood;
Soon by the vein 'tis to the heart convey'd,
And is by that elaſtic engine play'd
Into the lungs, whence, as deſcrib'd before,
It onward ſprings, and makes the wondrous tour.
  Now all the banks the branching river laves
With dancing ſtreams, and animated waves;
New florid honours and gay youth beſtows,
Diffuſing vital vigour, where it flows;
Supplies freſh ſpirits to the living frame,
And kindles in the eyes a brighter flame;
Muſcles impair'd receive new fibrous thread,
And every bone is with rich marrow fed;
Nature revives, cheer'd with the wealthy tide,
And life regal'd diſplays its purple pride.
  But how the wondrous diſtribution's made,
How to each part its proper food convey'd;
How fibrous ſtrings for nouriſhment are wrought,
By what conveyance to the muſcles brought;
How rang'd for motion, how for beauty mix'd;
With vital cement how th' extremes are fix'd;
How they agree in various ways to join
In a tranſverſe, a ſtraight, and crooked line;
Here loſt in wonder we adoring ſtand
With rapture own the wiſe Director's hand,
Who nature made, and does her works command.
  Let us howe'er the theme as far purſue,
As learn'd obſervers know, or think they do.
  Mix'd with the blood in the ſame circling tide,
The rills nutritious through the veſſels glide:
Thoſe pipes, ſtill leſſening as they further paſs,
Retard the progreſs of the flowing maſs.
The glands, that nature o'er the body ſpreads,
All artful knots of various hollow threads,
Which lymphæducts, on artery, nerve, and vein,
Involv'd and cloſe together wound, contain,
Make yet the motion of the ſtreams more ſlow,
Which through thoſe mazes intricate muſt flow:
And hence it comes the interrupted blood
Diſtends its channels with its ſwelling flood;
Thoſe channels, turgid with th' obſtructive tide,
Stretch their ſmall holes, and make their meſhes wide,
By ſkilful nature pierc'd on every ſide.
Mean time, the labour'd chyle pervades the pores
In all th' arterial perforated ſhores;
The liquid food, which through thoſe paſſes ſtrives,
To every part juſt reparation gives;
Through holes of various figures various juice
Inſinuates, to ſerve for nature's uſe.
See ſofter fibres to the fleſh are ſent;
While the thin membrane finer ſtrings augment;
The tough and ſtrong are on the ſinews laid,
And to the bones the harder are convey'd;
But what the maſs nutritious does divide,
To different parts the different portions guide,
What makes them aptly to the limbs adhere,
In youth augment them, and in age repair,
The deepeſt ſearch could never yet declare.
  Nor leſs contrivance, nor leſs curious art,
Surpriſe and pleaſe in every other part.
See, how the nerves, with equal wiſdom made,
Ariſing from the tender brain, pervade,
And ſecret paſs in pairs the channel'd bone,
And thence advance through paths and roads unknown;
Form'd of the fineſt complicated thread,
Theſe numerous cords are through the body ſpread
A thouſand branches from each trunk they ſend,
Some to the limbs, ſome to the bowels tend;

Some in ſtrait lines, ſome in tranſverſe, are found,
One forms a crooked figure, one a round;
The entrails theſe embrace in ſpiral ſtrings,
Thoſe claſp th' arterial tubes in tender rings;
The tendons ſome compacted cloſe produce,
And ſome thin fibres for the ſkin diffuſe.
  Theſe ſubtle channels (ſuch is every nerve!)
For vital functions, ſenſe, and motion ſerve;
Included ſpirits through their ſecret road
Paſs to and fro, as through the veins the blood;
Some to the heart advancing take their way,
Which move and make the beating muſcle play;
Part to the ſpleen, part to the liver, flows,
Theſe to the lungs, and to the ſtomach thoſe;
They help to labour and concoct the food,
Refine the chyle, and animate the blood;
Exalt the ferments, and the ſtrainers aid,
That, by a conſtant ſeparation made,
They may a due œconomy maintain,
Exclude the noxious parts, the good retain.
  Yet we theſe wondrous functions ne'er perceive,
Functions, by which we move, by which we live;
Unconſcious we theſe motions never heed,
Whether they err, or by juſt laws proceed.
  But other ſpirits, govern'd by the will,
Shoot through their tracks, and diſtant muſcles fill:
This Sovereign by his arbitrary nod
Reſtrains, or ſends his miniſters abroad;
Swift and obedient to his high command,
They ſtir a finger, or they lift a hand;
They tune our voices, or they move our eyes;
By theſe we walk, or from the ground ariſe;
By theſe we turn, by theſe the body bend;
Contract a limb at pleaſure, or extend.
And though theſe ſpirits, which obſequious go,
Know not the paths through which they ready flow,
Nor can our mind inſtruct them in their way,
Of all their roads as ignorant as they;
Yet ſeldom erring they attain their end,
And reach that ſingle part, which we intend;
Unguided they a juſt diſtinction make,
This muſcle ſwell, and leave the other ſlack;
And when their force this limb or that inflects,
Our will the meaſure of that force directs;
The ſpirits which diſtend them, as we pleaſe,
Exert their power, or from their duty ceaſe.
  Theſe out-guards of the mind are ſent abroad,
And ſtill patrolling beat the neighbouring road;
Or to the parts remote obedient fly,
Keep poſts advanc'd, and on the frontier lie.
The watchful centinels at every gate,
At every paſſage to the ſenſes wait;
Still travel to and fro the nervous way,
And their impreſſions to the brain convey,
Where their report the vital envoys make,
And with new orders are remanded back;
Quick, as a darted beam of light, they go,
Through different paths to different organs flow,
Whence they reflect as ſwiftly to the brain,
To give it pleaſure, or to give it pain.
  Thus has the muſe a daring wing diſplay'd,
Through trackleſs ſkies ambitious flight eſſay'd,
To ſing the wonders of the human frame;
But, oh! bewails her weak, unequal flame.
Ye ſkilful maſters of Machaon's race,
Who nature's mazy intricacies trace,
And to ſublimer ſpheres of knowledge riſe
By manag'd fire, and late-invented eyes;
Tell, how your ſearch has here eluded been,
How oft amaz'd and raviſh'd you have ſeen
The conduct, prudence, and ſtupendous art,
And maſter-ſtrokes in each mechanic part.
Tell, what delightful myſteries remain
Unſung, which my inferior voice diſdain.
  Who can this field of miracles ſurvey
And not with Galen all in rapture ſay
Behold a God, adore him, and obey!

BOOK VII.

The Argument.

The introduction, in imitation of King Solomon's ironical conceſſions to the libertine. The Creator aſſerted, from the contemplation of animals. Of their ſenſe of hearing, taſting, ſmelling, and eſpecially of ſeeing. Of the nobler operations of animals, commonly called inſtincts. The Creator demonſtrated farther, from the contemplation of human underſtanding, and the perfections of the mind. The vigour and ſwiftneſs of thought. Simple perception. Reflection. Of the mind's power of abſtracting, uniting, and ſeparating ideas. Of the faculty of reaſoning, or deducing one propoſition from two others. The power of human underſtanding, in inventing ſkilful works, and in other inſtances. The mind's ſelf-determining power, or freedom of choice. Her power of electing an end, and chooſing means to attain that end. Of controlling our appetites, rejecting pleaſures, and chooſing pain, want, and death itſelf, in hopes of happineſs in a diſtant unknown ſtate of life. The concluſion, being a ſhort recapitulation of the whole; with a hymn to the Creator of the world.

While roſy youth in perfect bloom maintains,
Thoughtleſs of age, and ignorant of pains;
While from the heart rich ſtreams with vigour ſpring,
Bound through their roads, and dance their vital ring;
And ſpirits, ſwift as ſun-beams through the ſkies,
Dart through thy nerves, and ſparkle in thy eyes;
While nature with full ſtrength thy ſinews arms,
Glows in thy cheeks, and triumphs in her charms;

Indulge thy inſtincts, and intent on eaſe
With raviſhing delight thy ſenſes pleaſe.
  Since no black clouds diſhonour now the ſky,
No winds, but balmy genial zephyrs, ſly,
Eager embark, and to th' inviting gale
Thy pendants looſe, and ſpread thy ſilken ſail;
Sportive advance on pleaſure's wanton tide
Through flowery ſcenes, diffus'd on either ſide.
  See how the hours their painted wings diſplay,
And draw, like harneſs'd doves, the ſmiling day!
Shall this glad ſpring, when active ferments climb,
Theſe months, the faireſt progeny of time,
The brighteſt parts in all duration's train,
Aſk thee to ſeize thy bliſs, and aſk in vain?
To their prevailing ſmiles thy heart reſign,
And wiſely make the proffer'd bleſſings thine.
Near ſome fair river, on reclining land,
'Midſt groves and fountains let thy palace ſtand;
Let Parian walls unrivall'd pomp diſplay,
And gilded towers repel augmented day;
Let porphyry pillars in high rows uphold
The azure roof enrich'd with veins of gold;
And the fair creatures of the ſculptor's art
Part grace thy palace, and thy garden part;
Here let the ſcentful ſpoils of opening flowers
Breathe from thy citron walks, and jaſmine bowers;
Heſperian bloſſoms in thy boſom ſmell;
Let all Arabia in thy garments dwell.
  That coſtly banquets and delicious feaſts
May crown thy table, to regale thy gueſts,
Ranſack the hills, and every park and wood,
The lake unpeople, and deſpoil the flood;
Procure each feather'd luxury, that beats
its native air, or from its clime retreats,
And by alternate tranſmigration flies
O'er interpoſing ſeas, and changes ſkies;
Let artful cooks to raiſe their reliſh ſtrive,
With all the ſpicy taſtes the Indies give.
  While wreaths of roſes round thy temples twine,
Enjoy the ſparkling bleſſings of the vine;
Let the warm nectar all thy veins inſpire,
Solace thy heart, and raiſe the vital fire.
  Next let the charms of heavenly muſic cheer
Thy ſoul with rapture liſtening in thy ear;
Let tuneful chiefs exert their ſkill, to ſhow
What artful joys from manag'd ſound can flow;
Now hear the melting voice and trembling ſtring;
Let Pepuſch touch the lyre, and Margarita ſing.
  While wanton ferments ſwell thy glowing veins,
To the warm paſſion give the ſlacken'd reins;
Thy gazing eyes with blooming beauty feaſt,
Receive its dart, and hug it in thy breaſt;
From fair to fair with gay inconſtance rove,
Taſte every ſweet, and cloy thy ſoul with love.
  But 'midſt thy boundleſs joys, unbridled youth,
Remember ſtill this ſad, but certain truth,
That thou at laſt ſeverely muſt account;
To what will thy congeſted guilt amount!
  Allow a God; he muſt our deeds regard;
A righteous Judge muſt puniſh and reward:
Yet that he rears no high tribunal here,
Impartial juſtice to diſpenſe, is clear.
His ſword unpuniſh'd criminals defy,
Nor by his thunder does the tyrant die;
While Heaven's adorer's preſt with want and pain,
Their unrewarded innocence maintain.
See his right hand he unextended keeps, [ſleeps.
Though long provok'd, th' unactive vengeance
  Hence we a world ſucceeding this infer,
Where he his juſtice will aſſert; prepare
To ſtand arraign'd before his awful bar,
Where wilt thou hide thy ignominous head?
Shuddering with horror, what haſt thou to plead?
Deſpairing wretch! he'll frown thee from his throne,
And by his wrath will make his being known.
  Yet more Religion's empire to ſupport,
To puſh the foe, and make our laſt effort;
Let beings with attention be review'd,
Which, not alone with vital power endued,
Can move themſelves, can organiz'd perceive
The various ſtrokes, which various objects give.
By laws mechanic can Lucretius tell
How living creatures ſee, or hear, or ſmell?
How is the image to the ſenſe convey'd?
On the tun'd organ how the impulſe made?
How, and by which more noble part, the brain
Perceives th' idea, can their ſchools explain?
'Tis clear, in that ſuperior ſeat alone
The judge of objects has her ſecret throne;
Since, a limb ſever'd by the wounding ſteel,
We ſtill may pain, as in that member, feel.
  Mark how the ſpirits watchful in the ear
Seize undulating ſounds, and catch the vocal air.
Obſerve how others, that the tongue poſſeſs,
Which ſalts of various ſhape and ſize impreſs,
From their affected fibres upward dart,
And different taſtes by different ſtrokes impart.
Remark, how thoſe, which in the noſtril dwell,
That artful organ deſtin'd for the ſmell,
By vapours mov'd, their paſſage upward take,
And ſcents unpleaſant or delightful make.
  If in the tongue, the noſtril, and the ear,
No ſkill, no wiſdom, no deſign, appear;
Lucretians, next, regard the curious eye;
Can you no art, no prudence, there deſcry?
By your mechanic principles, in vain
The ſenſe of ſight you labour to explain.
You ſay, from all the objects of the eye
Thin colour'd ſhapes uninterrupted fly.
As wandering ghoſts (ſo ancient poets feign)
Skim through the air, and ſweep th' infernal plain;
So theſe light figures roam by day and night,
But undiſcover'd till betray'd by light.
  But can corporeal forms with ſo much eaſe
Meet in their flight a thouſand images,
And yet no conflict, no colliſive force,
Break their thin texture, and diſturb their courſe?
What fix'd their parts, and made them ſo cohere,
That they the picture of the object wear?
What is the ſhape, that from a body flies?
What moves, what propagates, what multiplies,
And paints one image in a thouſand eyes?
When to the eye the crowding figures paſs,
How in a point can all poſſeſs a place,
And lie diſtinguiſh'd in ſuch narrow ſpace?
Since all perception in the brain is made,
(Though where and how was never yet diſplay'd)

And ſince ſo great a diſtance lies between
The eye-ball, and the ſeat of ſenſe within;
While in the eye th' arreſted object ſtays,
Tell, what th' idea to the brain conveys?
You ſay, the ſpirits in the optic nerve,
Mov'd by the intercepted image, ſerve
To bear th' impreſſion to the brain, and give
The ſtroke, by which the object we perceive.
How does the brain, touch'd with a different ſtroke,
The whale diſtinguiſh from the marble rock?
Pronounce this tree a cedar, that an oak?
Can ſpirits weak or ſtronger blows expreſs,
One body greater, and another leſs?
How do they make us ſpace and diſtance know?
At once diſtinct a thouſand objects ſhow?
Lucretians, now proceed; contemplate all
The nobler actions of the animal,
Which inſtinct ſome, ſome lower reaſon, call,
Say, what contexture did by chance arrive,
Which to brute creatures did that inſtinct give,
Whence they at ſight diſcern and dread their foe,
Their food diſtinguiſh, and their phyſic know?
By which the lion learns to hunt his prey,
And the weak herd to fear and fly away?
The birds contrive inimitable neſts?
And dens are haunted by the foreſt beaſts?
Whence ſome in ſubterranean dwellings hide,
Theſe in the rocks, and thoſe in woods abide?
Whence timorous beaſts, through hills and lawns purſued,
By artful ſhifts the ravening foe elude?
What various wonders may obſervers ſee
In a ſmall inſect, the ſagacious bee!
Mark, how the little untaught builders ſquare
Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear!
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied ſtrive,
And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
See, what bright ſtrokes of architecture ſhine
Through the whole frame, what beauty, what deſign!
Each odoriferous cell, and waxen tower,
The yellow pillage of the rifled flower,
Has twice three ſides, the only figure fit
To which the labourers may their ſtores commit,
Without the loſs of matter, or of room,
In all the wondrous ſtructure of the comb.
Next view, ſpectator, with admiring eyes,
In what juſt order all th' apartments riſe!
So regular their equal ſides cohere,
Th' adapted angles ſo each other bear,
That, by mechanic rules refin'd and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this ſkill ev'n vie with reaſon's reach?
Can Euclid more, can more Palladin, teach?
Each verdant hill th' induſtrious chemiſts climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme,
And, provident of winter long before, [ſtore;
They ſtock their caves, and hoard their flowery
In peace they rule their ſtate with prudent care,
Wiſely defend, or wage offenſive war.
Maro, theſe wonders offer'd to his thought,
Felt his known ardour, and the rapture caught:
Then rais'd his voice, and, in immortal lays,
Did high as heaven the inſect nation raiſe.

If, Epicurus, this whole artful frame
Does not a wiſe Creator's hand proclaim,
To view the intellectual world advance;
Is this the creature too of fate or chance?
Turn on itſelf thy godlike reaſon's ray,
Thy mind contemplate, and its power ſurvey.
What high perfections grace the human mind,
In fleſh impriſon'd, and to earth confin'd!
What vigour has ſhe! what a piercing ſight!
Strong as the winds, and ſprightly as the light!
She moves unweary'd as the active fire,
And, like the flame, her flights to heaven aſpire
By day her thoughts in never-ceaſing ſtreams
Flow clear; by night they ſtrive in trouble dreams.
She draws ten thouſand landſcapes in the brain,
Dreſſes of airy forms an endleſs train,
Which all her intellectual ſcenes prepare,
Enter by turns the ſtage, and diſappear.
To the remoter regions of the ſky
Her ſwift-wing'd thought can in a moment fly;
Climb to the heights of heaven, to be employ'd
In viewing thence th' interminable void;
Can look beyond the ſtream of time, to ſee
The ſtagnant ocean of eternity.
Thoughts in an inſtant through the zodiac run,
A year's long journey for the labouring ſun;
Then down they ſhoot, as ſwift as darting light,
Nor can oppoſing clouds retard their flight;
Through ſubterranean vaults with eaſe they ſweep
And ſearch the hidden wonders of the deep.
When man with reaſon dignify'd is born,
No images his naked mind adorn;
No ſciences or arts enrich his brain,
Nor fancy yet diſplays her pictur'd train:
He no innate ideas can diſcern,
Of knowledge deſtitute, though apt to learn.
Our intellectual, like the body's, eye,
Whilſt in the womb, no object can deſcry;
Yet is diſpos'd to entertain the light,
And judge of things when offer'd to the ſight,
When objects through the ſenſes paſſage gain,
And fill with various imagery the brain,
Th' ideas, which the mind does thence perceive,
To think and know the firſt occaſion give.
Did ſhe not uſe the ſenſes' miniſtry,
Nor ever taſte, or ſmell, or hear, or ſee,
Could ſhe poſſeſt of power perceptive be?
Wretches, who ſightleſs into being came,
Of light or colour no idea frame.
Then grant a man his being did commence,
Deny'd by Nature each external ſenſe,
Theſe ports unopen'd, diffident we gueſs,
Th' unconſcious ſoul no image could poſſeſs;
Though what in ſuch a ſtate the reſtleſs train
Of ſpirits would produce, we aſk in vain.
The mind proceeds, and to reflection goes,
Perceives ſhe does perceive, and knows ſhe knows;
Reviews her acts, and does from thence conclude
She is with reaſon and with choice endued.
From individuals of diſtinguiſh'd kind,
By her abſtracting faculty, the mind
Preciſely general natures can conceive,
And birth to notions univerſal give;

The various modes of things distinctly shows,
A pure respect, a nice relation knows,
And sees whence each respect and each relation flows;
By her abstracting power in pieces takes
The mix'd and compound whole, which Nature makes;
On objects of the senses she refines,
Beings by Nature separated joins,
And severs qualities, which that combines.
The mind, from things repugnant, some respects
In which their natures are alike selects,
And can some difference and unlikeness see
In things which seem entirely to agree:
She does distinguish here, and there unite;
The mark of judgment that, and this of wit.
As she can reckon, separate, and compare,
Conceive what order, rude, proportion, are,
So from one thought she still can more infer;
Maxim from maxim can by force express,
And make discover'd truths associate truths confess:
On plain foundations, which our reason lays,
She can stupendous frames of science raise;
Notion on notion built will towering rise,
Till th' intellectual fabrics reach the skies;
The mathematic axioms, which appear
By scientific demonstration clear,
The master-builders on two pillars rear:
From two plain problems by laborious thought
Is all the wondrous superstructure wrought.
The soul, as mention'd, can herself inspect,
By acts reflex can view her acts direct;
A task too hard for sense; for though the eye
Its own reflected image can descry,
Yet it ne'er saw the sight by which it sees,
Vision can show no colour'd images.
The mind's tribunal can reports reject
Made by the senses, and their faults correct;
The magnitude of distant stars it knows,
Which erring sense, as twinkling tapers, shows:
Crooked the shape our cheated eye believes,
Which through a double medium it receives;
Superior mind does a right judgment make,
Declares its straight, and mends the eye's mistake.
Where dwells this sovereign arbitrary soul,
Which does the human animal control,
Inform each part, and agitate the whole?
O'er ministerial senses does preside,
To all their various provinces divide,
Each member move, and every motion guide?
Which, by her secret uncontested nod,
Her messengers the spirits sends abroad,
Through every nervous pass, and every vital road,
To fetch from every distant part a train
Of outward objects, to enrich the brain?
Where sits this bright intelligence enthron'd,
With numberless ideas pour'd around?
Where sciences and arts in order wait,
And truths divine compose her godlike state?
Can the dissecting steel the brain display,
And the august apartment open lay,
Where this great queen still chooses to reside
In intellectual pomp, and bright ideal pride?
Or can the eye, assisted by the glass,
Discern the strait, but hospitable place,
In which ten thousand images remain,
Without confusion, and their rank maintain?

How does this wondrous principle of thought
Perceive the object by the senses brought?
What philosophic builder will essay
By rules mechanic to unfold the way
How a machine must be dispos'd to think,
Ideas how to frame, and how to link?
Tell us, Lucretius, Epicurus, tell,
And you in wit unrival'd shall excel;
How through the outward sense the object flies,
How in the soul her images arise;
What thinking, what perception is, explain;
What all the airy creatures of the brain;
How to the mind a thought reflected goes,
And how the conscious engine knows it knows.
The mind a thousand skilful works can frame,
Can form deep projects to procure her aim.
Merchants for eastern pearl and golden ore
To cross the main, and reach the Indian shore,
Prepare the floating ship, and spread the sail,
To catch the impulse of the breathing gale.
Warriors in framing schemes their wisdom show,
To disappoint or circumvent the foe.
Th' ambitious statesman labours dark designs,
Now open force employs, now undermines;
By paths direct his end he now pursues,
By side approaches now, and slanting views.
See, how resistless orators persuade,
Draw out their forces, and the heart invade;
Touch every spring and movement of the soul,
This appetite excite, and that controul;
Their powerful voice can flying troops arrest,
Confirm the weak, and melt th' obdurate breast;
Chase from the sad their melancholy air,
Sooth discontent, and solace anxious care.
When threatening tides of rage and anger rise,
Usurp the throne, and reason's sway despise,
When in the seats of life this tempest reigns,
Beats through the heart, and drives along the veins;
See, eloquence with force persuasive binds
The restless waves, and charms the warring winds,
Resistless bids tumultuous uproar cease,
Recalls the calm, and gives the bosom peace.
Did not the mind, on heavenly joy intent,
The various kinds of harmony invent?
She the theorbo, she the viol found,
And all the moving melody of sound;
She gave to breathing tubes a power unknown,
To speak inspir'd with accents not their own;
Taught tuneful sons of music how to sing,
How, by vibrations of th' extended string,
And manag'd impulse on the suffering air,
T' extort the rapture, and delight the ear.
See, how celestial reason does command
The ready pencil in the painter's hand;
Whose strokes affect with Nature's self to vie,
And with false life amuse the doubtful eye:
Behold the strong emotions of the mind
Exerted in the eyes, and in the face design'd.
Such is the artist's wondrous power, that we
Ev'n pictur'd souls and colour'd passions see,
Where without words (peculiar eloquence)
The busy figures speak their various sense.
What living face does more distress or woe,
More finish'd shame, confusion, horror, know,
Than what the masters of the pencil show?

Mean time the chiſel with the pencil vies;
The ſiſter arts diſpute the doubtful prize.
Are human limbs, ev'n in their vital ſtate,
More juſt and ſtrong, more free and delicate,
Than Buonorora's curious tools create?
He to the rock can vital inſtincts give,
Which, thus transform'd, can rage, rejoice, or grieve:
His ſkilful hand does marble veins inſpire
Now with the lover's, now the hero's fire;
So well th' imagin'd actors play their part,
The ſilent hypocrites ſuch power exert,
That paſſions, which they feel not, they beſtow,
Affright us with their fear, and melt us with their woe.
There Niobe leans weeping on her arm:
How her ſad looks and beauteous ſorrow charm!
See, here a Venus ſoft in Parian ſtone;
A Pallas there to ancient fables known;
That from the rock aroſe, not from the main,
This not from Jove's, but from the ſculptor's brain.
Admire the carver's fertile energy,
With raviſh'd eyes his happy offſpring ſee.
What beauteous figures by th' unrival'd art
Of Britiſh Gibbons from the cedar ſtart!
He makes that tree unnative charms aſſume,
Uſurp gay honours, and another's bloom;
The various fruits, which different climates bear,
And all the pride the fields and gardens wear;
While from unjuicy limbs without a root
New buds deviſ'd, and leafy branches, ſhoot.
As human kind can by an act direct,
Perceive and know, then reaſon and reflect:
So the ſelf-moving ſpring has power to chooſe,
Theſe methods to reject, and thoſe to uſe;
She can deſign and proſecute an end,
Exert her vigour, or her act ſuſpend;
Free from the inſults of all foreign power,
She does her godlike liberty ſecure;
Her right and high prerogative maintains,
Impatient of the yoke, and ſcorns coercive chains;
She can her airy train of forms diſband,
And makes new levees at her own command;
O'er her ideas ſovereign ſhe preſides,
At pleaſure theſe unites, and thoſe divides.
The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
And form the buſy intellectual dance;
While her fair ſcenes to vary, or ſupply,
She ſingles out fit images, that lie
In memory's records, which faithful hold
Objects immenſe in ſecret marks inroll'd;
The ſleeping forms at her command awake,
And new return, and now their cells forſake,
On active fancy's crowded theatre,
As ſhe directs, they riſe or diſappear.
Objects, which through the ſenſes make their way,
And juſt impreſſions to the ſoul convey,
Give her occaſion firſt herſelf to move,
And to exert her hatred, or her love;
Ideas, which to ſome impulſive ſeem,
Act not upon the mind, but that on them.
When ſhe to foreign objects audience gives,
Their ſtrokes and motions in the brain perceives;
As theſe perceptions, we ideas name,
From her own power and active nature came,
So when diſcern'd by intellectual light,
Herſelf her various paſſions does excite,
To ill her hate, to good her appetite;
To ſhun the firſt, the latter to procure,
She chooſes means by free elective power;
She can their various habitudes ſurvey,
Debate their fitneſs, and their merit weigh,
And, while the means ſuggeſted ſhe compares,
She to the rivals this or that prefers.
By her ſuperior power the reaſoning ſoul
Can each reluctant appetite controul;
Can every paſſion rule, and every ſenſe,
Change Nature's courſe, and with her laws diſpenſe;
Our breathing to prevent, ſhe can arreſt
Th' extenſion, or contraction, of the breaſt;
When pain'd with hunger, we can food refuſe,
And wholeſome abſtinence, or famine chooſe.
Can the wild beaſt his inſtinct diſobey,
And from his jaws releaſe the captive prey?
Or hungry herds on verdant paſtures lie,
Mindleſs to eat, and reſolute to die?
With heat expiring, can the panting hart
Patient of thirſt from the cool ſtream depart?
Can brutes at will impriſon'd breath detain?
Torment prefer to eaſe, and life diſdain?
From all reſtraint, from all compulſion free,
Unforc'd, and unneceſſitated, we
Ourſelves determine, and our freedom prove,
When this we fly, and to that object move.
Had not the mind a power to will and chooſe,
One object to embrace, and one refuſe;
Could ſhe not act, or not her act ſuſpend,
As it obſtructed, or advanc'd her end;
Virtue and vice were names without a cauſe,
This would not hate deſerve, nor that applauſe;
Juſtice in vain has high tribunals rear'd,
Whom can her ſentence puniſh, whom reward?
If impious children ſhould their father kill,
Can they be wicked, when they cannot will;
When only cauſes foreign and unſeen
Strike with reſiſtleſs force the ſprings within,
Whence in the engine man all motion muſt begin?
Are vapours guilty which the vintage blaſt?
Are ſtorms proſcrib'd, which lay the foreſt waſte
Why lies the wretch then tortur'd on the wheel,
If forc'd to treaſon, or compell'd to ſteal?
Why does the warrior, by auſpicious fate
With laurels crown'd, and clad in robes of ſtate,
In triumph ride amidſt the gazing throng,
Deaf with applauſes, and the poet's ſong;
If the victorious, but the brute machine
Did only wreaths inevitable win,
And no wiſe choice or vigilance has ſhown,
Mov'd by a fatal impulſe, not his own?
Should trains of atoms human ſenſe impel,
Though not ſo fierce, ſo ſtrong, ſo viſible
As ſoldiers arm'd, and do not men arreſt
With clubs upheld, and daggers at their breaſt!
Yet means compulſive are not plainer ſhown,
When ruffians drive, or conquerors drag us on;
As much we're forc'd, when by an atom's ſway
Control'd, as when a tyrant we obey;
And, by whatever cauſe conſtrain'd to act,
We merit no reward, no guilt contract.

Our mind of rulers feels a conſcious awe,
Reveres their juſtice, and regards their law:
She rectitude and deviation knows,
That vice from one, from one that virtue flows;
Of theſe ſhe feels unlike effects within,
From virtue pleaſure, and remorſe from ſin;
Hopes of a juſt reward by that are fed,
By this, of wrath vindictive, ſecret dread.
The mind, which thus can rules of duty learn,
Can right from wrong, and good from ill diſcern;
Which, the ſharp ſtroke of juſtice to prevent,
Can ſhame expreſs, can grieve, reflect, repent;
From fate or chance her riſe can never draw,
Thoſe cauſes know not virtue, vice, or law.
She can a life ſucceeding this conceive,
Of bliſs or woe an endleſs ſtate believe.
Dreading the juſt and univerſal doom,
And aw'd by fears of puniſhment to come,
By hopes excited of a glorious crown,
And certain pleaſures in a world unknown:
She can the fond deſires of ſenſe reſtrain,
Renounce delight, and chooſe diſtreſs and pain;
Can ruſh on danger, can deſtruction face,
Joyful relinquiſh life, and death embrace:
She to afflicted virtue can adhere,
And chains and want to proſperous guilt prefer;
Unmov'd, theſe wild tempeſtuous ſteps ſurvey,
And view ſerene this reſtleſs rolling ſea.
In vain the monſters, which the coaſt infeſt,
Spend all their rage to interrupt her reſt;
Her charming ſong the ſyren ſings in vain,
She can the tuneful hypocrite diſdain;
Fix'd and unchang'd the faithleſs world behold,
Deaf to its threats, and to its favour cold.
Sages, remark, we labour not to ſhow
The will is free, but that the man is ſo;
For what enlighten'd reaſoner can declare
What human will and underſtanding are?
What ſcience from thoſe objects can we frame
Of which we little know, beſides the name?
The learned, who with anatomic art
Diſſect the mind, and thinking ſubſtance part,
And various powers and faculties aſſert,
Perhaps by ſuch abſtraction of the mind,
Divide the things that are in nature join'd.
What maſters of the ſchools can make it clear
Thoſe faculties, which two to them appear,
Are not reſiding in the ſoul the ſame,
And not diſtinct, but by a different name?
Thus has the muſe purſu'd her hardy theme,
And ſung the wonders of this artful frame.
Ere yet one ſubterranean arch was made,
One cavern vaulted, or one girder laid;
Ere the high rocks did o'er the ſhores ariſe,
Or ſnowy mountains tower'd amidſt the ſkies;
Before the wat'ry troops fil'd off from land,
And lay amidſt the rocks entrench'd in ſand;
Before the air its boſom did unfold,
Or burniſh'd orbs in blue expanſion roll'd,
She ſung how Nature then in embryo lay,
And did the ſecrets of her birth diſplay.
When after, at th' Almighty's high command,
Obedient waves divided from the land;
And ſhades and lazy miſts were chas'd away,
While roſy light diffus'd the tender day;
When uproar ceas'd, and wild confuſion fled,
And new-born Nature rais'd her beauteous head;
She ſung the frame of this terreſtrial pile,
The hills, the rocks, the rivers, and the ſoil:
She view'd the ſandy frontiers, which reſtrain
The noiſy inſults of th' impriſon'd main;
Rang'd o'er the wide diffuſion of the waves,
The moiſt cœrulean walks, and ſearch'd the coral caves.
She then ſurvey'd the fluid fields of air,
And the crude ſeeds of meteors faſhion'd there;
Then with continued flight ſhe ſped her way,
Mounted, and bold purſu'd the ſource of day;
With wonder of celeſtial motions ſung,
How the pois'd orbs are in the vacant hung;
How the bright ſluices of æthereal light,
Now ſhut, defend the empire of the night;
And now, drawn up with wiſe alternate care,
Let floods of glory out, and ſpread with day the air.
Then, with a daring wing, ſhe ſoar'd ſublime,
From realm to realm, from orb to orb did climb:
Swift through the ſpacious gulf ſhe urg'd her way,
At length emerg'd in empyrean day;
Where far, oh far, beyond what mortals ſee,
In the void diſtricts of immenſity;
The mind new ſuns, new planets, can explore,
And yet beyond can ſtill imagine more.
Thus in bold numbers did th' adventurous muſe
To ſing the lifeleſs parts of Nature chooſe;
And then advanc'd to wonders yet behind,
Survey'd and ſung the vegetable kind;
Did lofty woods, and humble brakes review,
Along the valley ſwept, and o'er the mountain flew.
Then left the muſe, the field, and waving grove,
And, unfatigu'd with grateful labour, ſtrove
To climb th' amazing heights of ſenſe, and ſing
The power perceptive, and the inward ſpring
Which agitates and guides each living thing.
She next eſſay'd the embryo's riſe to trace
From an unfaſhion'd, rude, unchannel'd maſs;
Sung how the ſpirits waken'd in the brain,
Exert their force, and genial toil maintain;
Erect the beating heart, the channels frame,
Unfold entangled limbs, and kindle vital flame:
How the ſmall pipes are in meanders laid,
And bounding life is to and fro convey'd;
How ſpirits, which for ſenſe and motion ſerve,
Unguided find the perforated nerve,
Through every dark receſs purſue their flight,
Unconſcious of the road, and void of ſight,
Yet certain of the way, ſtill guide their motions right.
From thence a nobler flight ſhe did eſſay,
The mind's extended empire to ſurvey.
She ſung the godlike principle of thought,
And how, from objects by the ſenſes brought,
The intellectual imagery is wrought;
How ſhe the modes of beings can diſcern,
A nice reſpect, a mere relation learn;
Can all the thin abſtracted notions reach,
Which Grecian wits, or, Britain, thine can teach
Thus has the muſe ſtrove to diſplay a part
Of thoſe unnumber'd miracles of art;

Of prudence, conduct, and a wise design,
Which to th' attentive thought conspicuous shine.
Still, vanquish'd atheists! will you keep the field,
And, hard in error, still refuse to yield?
See, all your broken arms lie spread around,
And ignominious rout deforms the ground;
Be wise, and, once admonish'd by a foe,
Where lies your strength, and where your weakness know;
No more at reason's solemn bar appear,
Hardy no more scholastic weapons bear;
Disband your feeble forces, and decline
The war; no more in tinsel armour shine;
Nor shake your bulrush spears, but swift repair
To your strong place of arms, the scoffer's chair;
And thence, supported with a mocking ring,
Sarcastic darts, and keen invectives fling
Against your foes, and scornful at your feasts
Religion vanquish with decisive jests;
Arm'd with resistless laughter, heaven assail,
Relinquish reason, and let mirth prevail.
Good Heav'n! that men, who vaunt discerning sight,
And arrogant from wisdom's distant height
Look down on vulgar mortals, who revere
A Cause Supreme, should their proud building rear
Without one prop the ponderous pile to bear!
How much the Judge, who does in heaven preside,
Re-mocks the scoffer, and contemns his pride!
Behold, the sad, unsufferable hour
Advances near, which will his error cure;
When he compell'd shall drink the wrathful bowl,
And ruin'd feel immortal vengeance roll
Through all his veins, and drench his inmost soul.
O'erwhelm'd with horror, sunk in deep despair,
And lost for ever, will the wretch forbear
To curse his madness, and blaspheme the power
Of his just Sovereign, which he mock'd before?
Hail, King Supreme! of Power immense Abyss!
Father of Light! Exhaustless Source of Bliss!
Thou uncreated, Self-existent Cause,
Control'd by no superior being's laws,
Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
Smil'd heav'nly sweet, and try'd to kindle day:
Ere the wide fields of æther were display'd,
Or silver stars cœrulean spheres inlaid;
Ere yet the eldest child of time was born,
Or verdant pride young nature did adorn;
Thou art; and didst eternity employ
In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.
In its ideal frame the world, design'd
From ages past, lay finish'd in thy mind.
Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,
With perfect art th' amazing work began.
Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns;
Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
Unfruitful, unenclos'd, and wild of face,
Thy compass for the world mark'd out the destin'd place.
Then didst thou through the fields of barren night
Go forth, collected in Creating Might.
Where Thou almighty vigour didst exert,
Which emicant did this and that way dart
Through the black bosom of the empty space:
The gulfs confess th' omnipotent embrace,
And, pregnant grown with elemental seed,
Unfinish'd orbs and worlds in embryo breed.
From the crude mass, Omniscient Architect,
Thou for each part materials did select,
And with a master-hand thy world erect.
Labour'd by Thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
By Thee uplifted, float in liquid skies:
By Thy cementing word their parts cohere,
And roll by Thy impulsive nod in air.
Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,
Advance the mountains, and the vales extend:
People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
And store with scaly colonies the flood.
Next, man arose at Thy Creating Word,
Of Thy terrestrial realms vicegerent lord.
His soul, more artful labour, more refin'd,
And emulous of bright Seraphic Mind,
Ennobled by Thy image, spotless shone,
Prais'd Thee her author, and ador'd Thy throne;
Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
She did her high felicity applaud.
Since Thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
Homage to Thee let all obedient pay.
Let glittering stars, that dance their destin'd ring
Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing [King!
Confederate praise to Thee, O Great Creator
Let the thin districts of the waving air,
Conveyancers of sound, Thy skill declare.
Let winds, the breathing creatures of the skies,
Call in each vigorous gale, that roving flies
By land or sea; then one loud triumph raise,
And all their blasts employ in songs of praise.
While painted herald-birds Thy deeds proclaim,
And on their spreading wings convey Thy fame;
Let eagles, which in heaven's blue concave soar,
Scornful of earth, superior seats explore,
And rise with breasts erect against the sun,
Be ministers to bear Thy bright renown,
And carry ardent praises to Thy throne.
Ye fish, assume a voice; with praises fill
The hollow rock, and loud reactive hill.
Let lions with their roar their thanks express,
With acclamations shake the wilderness.
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to pole,
With salvos loud salute Thee as they roll.
Ye monsters of the sea, ye noisy waves,
Strike with applause the repercussive caves.
Let hail and rain, let meteors form'd of fire,
And lambent flames, in this blest work conspire.
Let the high cedar and the mountain pine
Lowly to thee, Great King, their heads incline.
Let every spicy odoriferous tree
Present its incense and its balm to Thee.
And thou, Heaven's viceroy o'er this world below,
In this blest task superior ardour show:
To view thyself, inflect thy reason's ray,
Nature's replenish'd theatre survey;
Then all on fire the Author's skill adore,
And in loud songs extol Creating Power.
Degenerate minds, in mazy error lost,
May combat Heaven, and impious triumphs boast;
But, while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breast inspires,
Grateful to Heaven, I'll stretch a pious wing,
And sing His praise, who gave me power to sing.

THE SONG OF MOPUS*.

But that which Arthur with moſt pleaſure heard,
Were noble ſtrains, by Mopus ſung, the bard
Who to his harp in lofty verſe began,
And through the ſecret maze of Nature ran.
He the great Spirit ſung, that all things fill'd,
That the tumultuous waves of Chaos ſtill'd;
Whoſe nod diſpos'd the jarring ſeeds to peace,
And made the wars of hoſtile atoms ceaſe.
All beings we in fruitful nature find,
Proceeded from the great Eternal Mind;
Streams of his unexhauſted ſpring of power,
And cheriſh'd with his influence, endure.
He ſpread the pure cœrulean fields on high,
And arch'd the chambers of the vaulted ſky,
Which he, to ſuit their glory with their height,
Adorn'd with globes, that reel, as drunk with light.
His hand directed all the tuneful ſpheres,
He turn'd their orbs, and poliſh'd all the ſtars.
He fill'd the ſun's vaſt lamp with golden light,
And bid the ſilver moon adorn the night.
He ſpread the airy ocean without ſhores,
Where birds are wafted with their feather'd oars.
Then ſung the bard how the light vapours riſe
From the warm earth, and cloud the ſmiling ſkies.
He ſung how ſome, chill'd in their airy flight,
Fall ſcatter'd down in pearly dew by night.
How ſome, rais'd higher, fit in ſecret ſteams
On the reflected points of bounding beams;
Till, chill'd with cold, they ſhade th' ætherial plain,
Then on the thirſty earth deſcend in rain.
How ſome, whoſe parts a ſlight contexture ſhow,
Sink hovering through the air, in fleecy ſnow.
How part is ſpun in ſilken threads, and clings
Entangled in the graſs in glewy ſtrings.
How others ſtamp to ſtones, with ruſhing ſound
Fall from their cryſtal quarries to the ground.
How ſome are laid in trains, that kindled fly
In harmleſs fires by night, about the ſky.
How ſome in winds blow with impetuous force,
And carry ruin where they bend their courſe:
While ſome conſpire to form a gentle breeze,
To fan the air, and play among the trees.
How ſome, enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
Pent in the bowels of a frowning cloud;
That cracks, as if the axis of the world
Was broke, and heaven's bright towers were downwards hurl'd.
He ſung how earth's wide ball, at Jove's command,
Did in the midſt on airy columns ſtand.
And how the ſoul of plants, in priſon held,
And bound with ſluggiſh fetters, lies conceal'd,
Till with the ſpring's warm beams, almoſt at leaſt
From the dull weight, with which it lay oppreſs'd,
Its vigour ſpreads, and makes the teeming earth
Heave up, and labour with the ſprouting birth:
The active ſpirit freedom ſeeks in vain,
It only works and twiſts a ſtronger chain.
Urging its priſon's ſides to break away,
It makes that wider, where 'tis forced to ſtay:
Till, having form'd its living houſe, it rears
Its head, and in a tender plant appears.
Hence ſprings the oak, the beauty of the grove,
Whoſe ſtately trunk fierce ſtorms can ſcarce move.
Hence grows the cedar, hence the ſwelling vine
Does round the elm its purple cluſters twine.
Hence painted flowers the ſmiling gardens bleſs,
Both with their fragrant ſcent and gaudy dreſs.
Hence the white lily in full beauty grows,
Hence the blue violet, and bluſhing roſe.
He ſung how ſun beams brood upon the earth,
And in the glebe hatch ſuch a numerous birth;
Which way the genial warmth in ſummer ſtorms
Turns putrid vapours to a bed of worms;
How rain, transform'd by this prolific power,
Falls from the clouds an animated ſhower.
He ſung the embryo's growth within the womb,
And how the parts their various ſhapes aſſume.
With what rare art the wondrous ſtructure's wrought,
From one crude maſs to ſuch perfection brought;
That no part uſeleſs none miſplac'd we ſee,
None are forgot, and more would monſtrous be.

* As the heroic poems of Blackmore are now little read, it is thought proper to inſert, as a ſpecimen from Prince Arthur, the above ſong, which is mentioned by Molyneux in his letter to Locke. [*Locke's Works, Vol.* iii. *p.* 568, 569, *Edit.* 1714.]

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ELIJAH FENTON.

Containing

ODES,	SONGS
EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES,
ELEGIES,	TRANSLATIONS,
TALES,	IMITATIONS.

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

A poet, bleſt beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heav'n kept ſacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praiſe, and friend to learned eaſe,
Content with ſcience in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON FENTON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF FENTON.

OF ELIJAH FENTON very little is known; and for that little we are chiefly indebted to the narratives of Jacob and Shiels, which have lately received every poſſible illuſtration and embelliſhment from the claſſical pen of Dr. Johnſon.

He was born, according to Jacob, at Shelton, near Newcaſtle-under-Line, in Staffordſhire. The time of his birth is not exactly known.

His father inherited an eſtate of 1000l. *per annum*, and his mother was deſcended from one Mare, an officer in William the Conqueror's army.

He was the youngeſt of twelve children; and being, therefore, neceſſarily deſtined to ſome lucrative profeſſion, he was firſt ſent to ſchool, and afterwards entered of Jeſus College, Cambridge, where he took a Bachelor's degree, in 1704.

Some time afterwards he entertained doubts of the legality of the Government; and refuſing to take the oaths required, he became diſqualified for entering into holy orders, according to the intention of his parents, and left the univerſity.

In embracing the principles oppoſite to the Government, he excluded himſelf from the regular modes of profit and proſperity; but he kept his reputation unſullied, and his name was always mentioned with honour even by thoſe who diſapproved of the enthuſiaſm of his oppoſition.

He was now reduced to pick up a livelihood uncertain and fortuitous; and as the life that paſſes in penury, muſt neceſſarily paſs in obſcurity, it is impoſſible to trace him from year to year, or to diſcover what means he uſed for his ſupport.

After quitting the univerſity, he was for ſome time uſher to Mr. Bonwicke, a celebrated ſchoolmaſter at Headley, in Surry, and afterwards became Secretary to Charles Earl of Orrery, and tutor to his ſon, the celebrated tranſlator of Pliny.

How long he remained in that ſtation, cannot now be aſcertained; but it appears that he kept for ſome time the free ſchool at Sevenoaks in Kent, which he brought into reputation, but was perſuaded to leave it (1710) by Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, with promiſes of a more honourable employment.

Early in life he diſcovered a propenſity to poetry, which he ſeems to have indulged with no very rigid obſervance of his opinions, as a Non-juror; for he praiſed Queen Anne with great zeal and affection, in his *Verſes on the Union*, and very willingly and liberally extolled the Duke of Marlborough (1707) when he was at the height of his glory.

In celebrating the victories of Marlborough, he concurred with Philips, Prior, and other poets of the Tory party, in ſhewing his delight in the increaſing honour of his country; but it is to his honour that he expreſſed ſtill more particular attention to Marlborough and his family, by his *Florelio, an Elegiac Paſtoral on the Death of the Marquis of Blandford*, which could be prompted only by perſonal reſpect and kindneſs.

The elegance of his poetry, and the amiableneſs of his manners, entitled him to the [illegible] and obtained him the love and eſteem of the wits of his time; but with Pope and Southern he lived in habits of the moſt familiar and endearing intimacy.

In 1709, he publiſhed a collection of Poems under the title of "the Oxford and Cambridge Verſes;" printed for Lintott without a date, to which he contributed ſome pieces, and wrote an elegant dedication to Lionel Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex.

In 1701, he addreſſed a *Familiar Epiſtle* to his friend Southern, from Kent, which affords an agreeable ſpecimen of Epiſtolary Poetry.

In the ſpring 1716, he wrote an *Ode to Lord Gower*, which was pronounced by Pope, the next ode in the Engliſh language to Dryden's "Alexander's Feaſt."

In 1717, he publiſhed a volume of *Miſcellaneous Poems* and *Tranſlations*, with a dedication to his patron Charles Earl of Orrery, from which it would ſeem, that he had not been diſmiſſed from his ſervice in 1705. It is probable, that his ſalary might be continued to him after he accepted the free ſchool at Sevenoaks; and it is certain, that he was tutor to Lord Boyle, from 1713 to 1719.

In 1719, by the recommendation of Pope, he obtained the patronage of Mr. Secretary Craggs, the friend of Addiſon, and was received into his family, in a ſtation that might have been of great advantage. "I am now commiſſioned to tell you," ſays Pope in his letter to Fenton, "that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the riſing of the Parliament, which will be as ſoon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leiſure. I dare ſay, your way of life, (which in my taſte will be the beſt in the world, and with one of the beſt men in the world) muſt prove highly to your contentment."

Craggs found in Fenton all that he wanted in a literary companion, and Fenton had now a proſpect of eaſe and plenty, for Craggs had generoſity to reward his merit; but an end was ſoon put to that pleaſing expectation, by the premature death of Craggs, February 16. 1720, in the 35th year of his age:

> Stateſman, yet friend to truth, of ſoul ſincere,
> In action faithful, and in honour clear;
> Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
> Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
> Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
> Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the muſe he lov'd.
>
> POPE.

When Pope undertook the tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*, he engaged Fenton and Broome as auxiliaries. The ſhare which Pope had in that verſion, is not fairly ſtated at the end of the work. He took only twelve books to himſelf, and diſtributed the other twelve between his partners. The 1ſt, 4th, 19th, and 20th books, were tranſlated by Fenton, who did not take the 11th, which he had before tranſlated into blank verſe. The 2d, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23d books were tranſlated by Broome, who alſo wrote all the notes. The price at which Pope purchaſed this aſſiſtance, was 300l. to Fenton, and 500l. to Broome, with as many copies as he wanted for his friends, which amounted to one hundred pounds more. The felicity with which the two aſſociates performed their parts, is well known to the readers of poetry, who have never been able to diſtinguiſh their books from thoſe of Pope. The books which Fenton tranſlated are ſuperior to Broome's.

In 1722, he contributed a *Prologue* to "The Spartan Dame," a tragedy, written by Southern, and acted at the theatre in Drury-lane.

The next year was brought on the ſtage, his *Mariamne*, a tragedy, to which Southern, at whoſe houſe it was written, is ſaid to have contributed ſuch hints as his theatrical experience ſupplied. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, with general applauſe. His profits are ſaid to have amounted to near a thouſand pounds, with which he diſcharged a debt contracted by his attendance at Court.

Mariamne is juſtly eſteemed one of the beſt plays in our language. It is founded on the ſtory of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, related in the "Spectator," No. 171, and taken from Joſephus. The plan is regular, ſimple, and intereſting; the ſentiments are maſterly, and the characters finely diſtinguiſhed. It is, however, in many places expoſed to juſt criticiſm. The action is too figurative and ornamental. It ſuperabounds in the richeſt poetic images; but this may be palliated, by urging, that

it ſuits the character of oriental heroes to talk in ſo high a ſtrain, and to uſe ſuch a luxuriance of metaphor.

" Mariamne" ſays Dr. Johnſon, " is written in lines of ten ſyllables, with few of thoſe redundant terminations which the drama not only admits, but requires, as more nearly approaching to real dialogue. The tenor of his verſe is ſo uniform, that it cannot be thought common, and yet upon what principle he ſo conſtructed it, is difficult to diſcover."

With lines conſiſting of eleven ſyllables, Addiſon abounds more than Fenton, of which the following in " Cato" are examples,

> The wide, the unbounded proſpect lies before me,
> But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.

It was, perhaps, after the exhibition of *Mariamne*, that he publiſhed an edition of *Milton's Poems*, to which he prefixed a ſhort and elegant account of his life, written at once with tenderneſs and integrity.

In 1729, he publiſhed likewiſe a very ſplendid edition of *Waller's Poems*, with notes and illuſtrations, at once uſeful and entertaining, and an elegant poetical *Dedication to Lady Mary Cavendiſh Harley*.

He ſpent the latter part of his life in the family of Lady Trumbull, at Eaſthampſtead, in Berkſhire, who invited him, by the recommendation of Pope, to educate her ſon, whom he firſt inſtructed at home, and then attended to Cambridge. She afterwards detained him with her, as the auditor of her accounts; but he often quitted Eaſthampſtead for London, and amuſed himſelf with the converſation of his friends.

He uſed, alſo, in the latter part of his time, to pay a yearly viſit to his eldeſt brother, who inherited the family eſtate, where he was careſſed by his relations, to whom he endeared himſelf by his tenderneſs and humanity upon every proper occaſion.

A ſtory is told by Shiels of his complaiſance to one of his ſiſters, on a particular occaſion, which ought not to be forgotten.

At an entertainment made for the family by his elder brother, he obſerved, that one of his ſiſters, who had married unfortunately, was abſent, and found, upon inquiry, that diſtreſs, occaſioned by the indiſcretion and extravagance of her huſband, had made her thought unworthy of invitation. As ſhe was at no great diſtance, and had as good a right to an invitation as any of the reſt who dined there in compliment to him, he refuſed to ſit at the table till ſhe was ſent for; and in conſequence of the ſlight ſhewn her by the reſt of the family, when ſhe had taken her place, he treated her with particular tenderneſs and attention.

He died at the ſeat of Lady Trumbull, in 1730, as appears from a letter of Pope to Broome, dated Auguſt 29th, 1730, in which he relates the circumſtances of his death.

" All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, though ſo early in life, and was declining for five or ſix months. It was not, as I apprehended, a gout in his ſtomach, but I believe rather a complication, firſt of groſs humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not diſcharging themſelves, as he uſed no ſort of exerciſe. No man better bore the approaches of his diſſolution (as I am told,) or with leſs oſtentation yielded up his being. The great modeſty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt for all ſorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his laſt moments. He had a conſcious ſatisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himſelf honeſt, true, and unpretending to more than was his own. So, he died as he lived, with that ſecret, yet ſufficient contentment. As to any papers left behind him, I dare ſay they can be but few, for this reaſon; he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the applauſe of men. I knew an inſtance where he did his utmoſt to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of eaſe, I fancy we muſt expect little of this ſort; at leaſt I hear of none, except ſome few further *Remarks on Waller*, (which his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonſon), and perhaps, though it is many years ſince I ſaw it, a *tranſlation of the firſt book* of *Oppian*. He had begun a *tragedy of Dion*, but made ſmall progreſs in it.

" As to his other affairs, he died poor, but honeſt, leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbull and my Lady, in token of reſpect, gratefulneſs, and mutual eſteem. I ſhall with pleaſure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deſerving, unpretending Chriſtian, and philoſophical character, in his epitaph.

" I condole with you from my heart, on the loſs of ſo valuable a man, and a friend to us both. Now that he is gone, I muſt tell you he has done you many a good office, and ſet your character in the faireſt light to ſome who either miſtook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has done the ſame for me. Let us love his memory, and profit by his example." Such is the teſtimony of Pope, who had been always his friend, and who honoured him with an epitaph, of which he borrowed the two firſt lines from Craſhaw.

" Fenton," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " was tall and bulky, inclined to corpulence, which he did not leſſen by much exerciſe; for he was very ſluggiſh and ſedentary, roſe late, and when he had riſen, ſat down to his book or papers. A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as ſhe ſaid, that he would " lie a-bed and be fed with a ſpoon."

Of his morals and converſation, the account is uniform: he was never named but with praiſe and fondneſs, as a man in the higheſt degree amiable and excellent. Such was the character given him by the Earl of Orrery (Cork 1753) his pupil, and ſuch were the ſuffrages of all who could boaſt of his acquaintance.

" Mr. Fenton," ſays the elegant tranſlator and rival of Pliny, in a letter to a friend, 1756, " was my tutor; he taught me to read Engliſh, and attended me through the Latin tongue from the age of ſeven to thirteen. When I became a man, a conſtant and free friendſhip ſubſiſted between us. He tranſlated double the number of books in the *Odyſſey* that Pope has owned. His reward was a trifle, an errant trifle. He has even told me that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him; he had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him in the words of Biſhop Atterbury; " mens curva in corpore curvo." Poor Fenton died of a great chair and two bottles of port a day. He was one of the worthieſt and modeſteſt men that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears ariſe when I think of him, though he has been dead above twenty years."

His *Poems and Tranſlations* have been frequently printed. They are characteriſed by elegance of diction, elevation of ſentiment, opulence of imagery, and harmony of numbers. To examine his performances one by one would be tedious. His *Ode to Lord Gower* is written in the true ſpirit of lyric poetry. It has been praiſed by Pope, at leaſt as much as it deſerves. It has more of the eaſe and elegance of Horace, than the fire and enthuſiaſm of Dryden. The *Ode to the Sun* is very little inferior to it. His *Epiſtles to Southern* and *Lambard* are entitled to great praiſe. Engliſh poetry has perhaps never exceeded the ſmoothneſs and delicacy of his *Kiſſes*, tranſlated from *Secundus*. The lines flow with an irreſiſtible inchantment. In his *Tale, deviſed in the manner of Chaucer*, the humour and obſolete language of the father of Engliſh poetry, is happily imitated. The *Fair Nun* imitated from Fontaine, and *Olivia* a character, are particularly worthy of notice. His tranſlations and imitations from *Propertius*, *Ovid*, and *Marullus*, are commonly ſpirited and elegant. The *Epiſtle to Phaon*, is inferior to Pope's in elegance and faithfulneſs. He has added another of his own invention of *Phaon to Sappho*, in which the ſtory of the transformation of the former from an old mariner to a beautiful youth, is well told.

" Of his petty poems," ſays Dr. Johnſon, with unreaſonable faſtidiouſneſs, " ſome are very trifling, without any thing to be praiſed either in the thought or expreſſion. He is unlucky in his competition; he tells the ſame tale with Congreve, and does not tell it ſo well. He tranſlates from Ovid the ſame epiſtle as Pope, but I am afraid not with equal happineſs. The *Ode to the Sun* is written upon a common plan, without uncommon ſentiments; but its greateſt fault is its length. Of *Florelio*, it is ſufficient to ſay, that it is an occaſional paſtoral, which implies ſomething neither natural nor artificial, neither comic nor ſerious. Of the *Paraphraſe of Iſaiah*, nothing very favourable can be ſaid: ſublime and ſolemn proſe gain little by a change to blank verſe. His tranſlation from *Homer* into blank verſe will find few readers, while another can be had in rhyme. Fenton may be juſtly ſtyled an excellent verſifier and a good poet."

POEMS.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY,

These Poems are most humbly Dedicated,
by his Lordship's most obliged,
and most obedient servant,

E. FENTON.

A WISH TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
While time's new offspring hasten to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friendly powers.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie,
For me, in time's mysterious womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear
A thousand accidents severe;
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight, [fate.
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must with a less propitious look
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

AN ODE TO THE SUN,

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1707.

"Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
"Phœbus acceptusque novem Camœnis,
"Qui salutari levat arte fessos
"Corporis artus;———.
"Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
"Proroget ævum." HOR.

I.

BEGIN, celestial source of light,
To gild the new-revolving sphere;
And from the pregnant womb of night,
Urge on to birth the infant year.
Rich with auspicious lustre rise,
Thou fairest regent of the skies,

Conſpicuous with thy ſilver bow!
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
To rule the radiant orbs above,
To Gloriana this below.

II.

With joy renew thy deſtin'd race,
And let the mighty months begin:
Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
Through all thy circle ſmile ſerene.
While the ſtern miniſters of fate
Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head;
The hours, thy offspring heavenly fair,
Their whiteſt wings ſhould ever wear,
And gentle joys on Albion ſhed.

III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from thy ſtores in happy order ran.
Heroes elected to the liſt of fame
Fix'd the ſure columns of her riſing ſtate;
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
Render'd the glories of her reign complete,
Each year advanc'd a rival to the reſt,
In comely ſpoils of war, and great atchievements dreſt.

I.

Say, Phœbus, for thy ſearching eye
Saw Rome the darling child of fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In ſtrength with her imperious ſtate;
Say, if high virtues there did reign
Exalted in a nobler ſtrain,
Than in fair Albion thou haſt ſeen;
Or can her demi-gods compare
Their trophies for ſucceſsful war,
To thoſe that riſe for Albion's queen!

II.

When Albion firſt majeſtic ſhow'd
High o'er the circling ſeas her head,
Her the great Father ſmiling view'd,
And thus to bright Victoria ſaid:
Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
This iſle to you ſhall ſacred be;
Her hand ſhall hold the rightful ſcale,
And crowns be vanquiſh'd, or prevail,
As Gloriana ſhall decree.

III.

Victoria, triumph in thy great increaſe!
With joy the Julian ſtem the Tyber claims;
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confeſs:
The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames.
Roll, ſovereign of the ſtreams, thy rapid tide,
And bid thy brother floods revere the queen,
Whoſe voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
To ſave the Danube, and ſubdue the Seine;
And, boldly juſt to Gloriana's fame,
Exalt thy ſilver urn, and duteous homage claim.

I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
On earth, great God of day, look down:
Let Windſor entertain thy ſight,
Glad in fair emblems of renown;
And whilſt in radiant pomp appear
The names to bright Victoria dear,
Intent the long proceſſion view:
Confeſs none worthier ever wore
Her favours, or was deck'd with more,
Than ſhe confers on Churchill's brow.

II.

But oh! withdraw thy piercing rays,
The nymph anew begins to moan,
Viewing the much-lamented ſpace,
Where late her warlike William ſhone:
There fix'd by her officious hand,
His ſword and ſceptre of command,
To deathleſs fame, adopted reſt;
Nor wants there to complete her wo,
Plac'd with reſpectful love below,
The ſtar that beam'd on Glouceſter's breaſt.

III.

O Phœbus! all thy ſaving power employ,
Long let our vows avert the diſtant woe,
Ere Gloriana re-aſcends the ſky,
And leaves a land of orphans here below!
But when (ſo Heaven ordains!) her ſmiling ray
Diſtinguiſh'd o'er the balance ſhall preſide,
Whilſt future kings her ancient ſceptre ſway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide:
To Albion ever conſtant in her love,
Of ſovereigns here the beſt, the brighteſt ſtar above.

I.

For lawleſs power, reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
Let Albion be thy fair delight,
And ſhield her ſafe from threaten'd harms:
With flowers and fruit her boſom fill,
Let laurel riſe on every hill,
Freſh as the firſt on Daphne's brow:
Inſtruct her tuneful ſons to ſing,
And make each vale with Pæans ring,
To Blenheim and Ramillia due.

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
With happy wing the Theban ſwan
Towering from Piſa's ſacred ſtream,
Inſpir'd by thee, the ſong began:
Through deſarts of unclouded night,
When he harmonious took his flight,
The gods conſtrain'd the ſounding ſpheres:
Still envy darts her rage in vain,
The luſtre of his worth to ſtain,
He growing whiter with his years.

III.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raiſe
The honours of thy art, and heavenly lyre,
What muſe is deſtin'd to our ſovereign's praiſe,
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?
To him for whom this ſpringing laurel grows,
Eternal on the topmoſt heights of fame,
Be kind, and all thy Helicon diſcloſe;
And all intent on Gloriana's name,
Let ſilence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
As when to victor Jove thou ſung'ſt the giant's war;

I.

In ſure records each ſhining deed,
When faithful Clio ſets to view,

Poſterity will doubting read,
And ſcarce believe her annals true:
The muſes toil with art to raiſe
Fictitious monuments of praiſe,
When other actions they rehearſe:
But half of Gloriana's reign,
That ſo the reſt may credit gain,
Should paſs unregiſter'd in verſe.

II.

High on its own eſtabliſh'd baſe
Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to riſe;
Divinely deck'd with native grace,
Rich in itſelf with ſolid joys
Ere Gloriana on the throne,
Quitting for Albion's reſt her own,
In types of regal power was ſeen:
With fair pre-eminence confeſt,
It triumph'd in a private breaſt,
And made the princeſs more than queen.

III.

O Phœbus would thy godhead not refuſe
This humble incenſe, on thy altar laid;
Would thy propitious ear attend the muſe,
That ſuppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
With Mantuan force I'd mount a ſtronger gale,
And ſing the parent of her land, who ſtrove
T' exceed the tranſports of her people's zeal,
With acts of mercy, and majeſtic love,
By fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given
The guardian power of earth, and public care of heaven.

I.

Then, Churchill, ſhould the muſe record
The conqueſts by thy ſword atchiev'd;
Quiet to Belgian ſtates reſtor'd,
And Auſtrian crowns by thee retriev'd.
Imperious Leopold confeſs'd
His hoary majeſty diſtreſs'd;
To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
Nor with leſs terror ſhook his throne,
Than when the riſing creſcent ſhone
Malignant o'er his ſhatter'd walls.

II

The warrior led the Britons forth
On foreign fields to dare their fate,
Diſtinguiſh'd ſouls of ſhining worth,
In war unknowing to retreat:
Thou, Phœbus, ſaw'ſt the hero's face,
When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,
And mighty fury fill'd his breaſt:
How like thyſelf, when to deſtroy
The Greeks thou didſt thy darts employ,
Fierce with thy golden quiver dreſt!

III.

Sudden, whilſt baniſh'd from his native land,
Red with diſhoneſt wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,
The chief, at Gloriana's high command,
Like a rous'd lion to the Maes return'd;
With vengeful ſpeed the Britiſh ſword he drew,
Unus'd to grieve his hoſt with long delay;
Whilſt wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew;
As when the morning ſtar reſtores the day,
The wandering ghoſts of twenty thouſand ſlain
Fleet ſullen to the ſhades from Blenheim's mournful plain.

I.

Britannia, wipe thy duſty brow,
And put the Bourbon laurels on;
To thee deliver'd nations bow,
And bleſs the ſpoils thy wars have won.
For thee Bellona points her ſpear,
And whilſt lamenting mothers fear,
On high her ſignal torch diſplays;
But when thy ſword is ſheath'd, again
Obſequious ſhe receives thy chain,
And ſmooths her violence of face.

II.

Parent of arms! for ever ſtand
With large increaſe of fame rever'd,
Whilſt arches to thy ſaving hand
On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
Eugene, inſpir'd to war by thee,
Auſonia's weeping ſtates to free,
Swift on th' imperial eagle flies;
Whilſt, bleeding, from his azure bed
Th' aſſerted Iber lifts his head,
And ſafe his Auſtrian lord enjoys.

III

Io Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
Guiltleſs of civil rage extend thy name:
The waves of utmoſt ocean, and the ſtars,
Are bounds but equal to thy ſovereign's fame.
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,
Wide o'er the ſubject world diffuſing fear,
Whilſt Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores;
So earth, tranſfix'd by fierce Minerva's ſpear,
A gentler birth obedient did diſcloſe,
And ſudden from the wound eternal olives roſe.

I.

When with eſtabliſh'd freedom bleſs'd,
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
Whoſe happy power reliev'd th' oppreſs'd
From lawleſs chains, and check'd the proud;
Mature in fame, the grateful gods
Receiv'd him to their bright abodes:
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
Garlands the willing muſes wove,
And each with emulation ſtrove
T' adorn the Churchill of the ſkies.

II.

For Albion's chief, ye ſacred nine!
Your harps with generous ardour ſtring,
With fame's immortal trumpet join,
And ſafe beneath his laurel ſing:
When clad in vines the Seine ſhall glide,
And duteous in a ſmoother tide,
To Britiſh ſeas her tribute yield;
Wakeful at honour's ſhrine attend,
And long with living beams defend
From night, the warrior's votive ſhield.

III.

And, Woodſtock, let his dome exalt thy fame,
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be reſtor'd;
Thou that with pride doſt * Edward's cradle claim,
Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
Whilſt every column to record their toils
Eternal monuments of conqueſt wears,

* The Black Prince.

And all thy walls are dreſs'd with mingled ſpoils,
Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poictiers,
High on thy tower the grateful flag diſplay,
Due to thy queen's reward, and Blenheim's glorious day.

FLORELIO; A PASTORAL,

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF

THE LATE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Ask not the cauſe why all the tuneful ſwains,
Who us'd to fill the vales with tender ſtrains,
In deep deſpair neglect the warbling reed,
And all their bleating flocks refuſe to feed.
Aſk not why greens and flowers ſo late appear
To clothe the glebe, and deck the ſpringing year;
Why ſounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,
And ſwoln with tears to floods the rivulets riſe:
The fair Florelio now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

For thee, lov'd youth! on every vale and lawn,
The nymphs and all thy fellow-ſhepherds moan.
The little birds now ceaſe to ſing and love,
Silent they ſit, and droop in every grove:
No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,
Nor linnets chirp to cheer the ſullen ſpring:
Only the melancholy turtles coo,
And Philomel by night repeats her woe.
O, charmer of the ſhades! the tale prolong,
Nor let the morning interrupt thy ſong:
Or ſoftly tune thy tender notes to mine,
Forgetting Tereus, make my ſorrows thine.
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

Say, all ye ſhades, where late he us'd to reſt,
If e'er your beds with lovelier ſwain were preſt;
Say, all ye ſilver ſtreams, if e'er ye bore
The image of ſo fair a face before.
But now, ye ſtreams, aſſiſt me whilſt I mourn,
For never muſt the lovely ſwain return;
And, as theſe flowing tears increaſe your tide,
O, murmur for the ſhepherd as ye glide:
Be ſure, ye rocks, while I my grief diſcloſe,
Let your ſad echoes lengthen out my woes:
Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,
And, whiſpering, tell the floods Florelio's gone;
For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

Ripe ſtrawberries for thee, and peaches grew,
Sweet to the taſte, and temping red to view.
For thee the roſe put ſweeter purple on,
Preventing, by her haſte, the ſummer-ſun.
But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,
And in cold ſweats of ſickly mildew die.
Nor can the bees ſuck from the ſhrivel'd blooms
Æthereal ſweets, to ſtore their golden combs.
Oft' on thy lips they would their labour leave,
And ſweeter odours from thy mouth receive:
Sweet as the breath of Flora, when ſhe lies
In jaſmine ſhades, and for young Zephyr ſighs.
But now thoſe lips are cold; relentleſs death
Hath chill'd their charms, and ſtopt thy balmy breath.
Thoſe eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
And kindled in the coldeſt nymphs deſire,
Robb'd of their beams, in everlaſting night
Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight:
And thou, dear youth, haſt left the lonely plain,
And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

As in his bower the dying ſhepherd lay,
The ſhepherd yet ſo young, and once ſo gay!
The nymphs that ſwim the ſtream, and range the wood,
And haunt the flowery meads, around him ſtood.
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
And, as he gaſp'd, they gave a ſad farewell.
Softly, they cry'd, as ſleeping flowers are clos'd
By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd:
A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,
And golden ſlumbers wait thee in the grave:
Yearly thy herſe with garlands we'll adorn,
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn;
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
Nor leſs wert thou belov'd by every ſwain.
Come, ſhepherds, come, perform the funeral due,
For he was ever good and kind to you:
On every ſmootheſt beech, in every grove,
In weeping characters record your love.
And as in memory of Adonis ſlain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain
His river, to record the guilty day,
With freſhly bleeding purple ſtains the ſea:
So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,
And bid thy ſtream in plaintive murmurs flow:
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears ſupply the frugal urn.
The ſwains their ſheep, the nymphs ſhall leave the lawn,
And yearly on their banks renew their moan:
His mother, while they there lament, ſhall be
The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he:
On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
And he too like Adonis in his fate!
For freſh in fragrant youth he left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preſide,
Dreſs their gay beauties by the cryſtal tide,
Nor fly the wintry winds, nor ſcorching ſun,
Now he, for whom they ſtrove to charm, is gone.
Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts ſigh'd,
And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelio dy'd.
Of him they ſang, and with ſoft ditties ſtrove
To ſooth the pleaſing agonies of love.
But now they roam, diſtracted with deſpair,
And cypreſs, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.
Thus, hand-in-hand, around his grave they go,
And ſaffron-buds and fading lilies ſtrow,
With ſprigs of myrtle mix'd, and ſcattering cry,
So ſweet and ſoft the ſhepherd was! ſo ſoon decreed to die!

There, freſh in dear remembrance of their woes,
His name the young anemonies diſcloſe;

Nor ſtrange they ſhould a double grief avow,
Then Venus wept, and Paſtorella now.
Breathe ſoft, ye winds! long let them paint the plain,
Unhurt, untouch'd by every paſſing ſwain.
And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay
With which ye crown the miſtreſs of the May,
Ye ſhall theſe flowers to bind her temples take,
O pluck them gently for Florelio's ſake! [ſtray
And when through Woodſtock's green retreats ye
Or Althrop's flowery vales invite to play;
O'er which young Paſtorella's beauties bring
Elyſium early, and improve the ſpring:
When evening gales attentive ſilence keep,
And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,
By the ſoft fall of every warbling ſtream,
Sigh your ſad airs, and bleſs the ſhepherd's name:
There to the tender lute attune your woe,
While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow.
So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bowers,
And Zephyr bruſh the mildew from the flowers!
Bid all the ſwans from Cam and Iſis haſte,
In the melodious choir to breathe their laſt.
O Colin, Colin, could I there complain
Like thee, when young Philiſides was ſlain!
Thou ſweet frequenter of the Muſes' ſtream!
Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme?
Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,
They ſhall be ſacred to the ſhepherd's praiſe:
To him my voice, to him my lays belong,
And bright Myrtilla now muſt live unſung:
Even ſhe, whoſe artleſs beauty bleſs'd me more
Than ever ſwain was bleſs'd by nymph before;
While every tender ſigh to ſeal our bliſs
Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kiſs:
Fair, chaſte, and kind, yet now no more can move,
So much my grief is ſtronger than my love:
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.
As when ſome cruel hind has borne away
The turtle's neſt, and made the young his prey,
Sad in her native grove ſhe ſits alone,
There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan;
So the bright ſhepherdeſs, who bore the boy,
Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie;
Nor can the fair the weighty woe ſuſtain,
But bends, like roſes cruſh'd with falling rain;
Nor from the ſilent earth her eyes removes,
That, weeping, languiſh like a dying dove's.
Not ſuch her look (ſevere reverſe of fate!)
When little Love's in every dimple ſate;
And all the ſmiles delighted to reſort
On the calm heaven of her ſoft cheeks to ſport:
Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,
Which drop freſh flowrets on the youthful year.
The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repoſe:
Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,
O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, ſhe roves.
And when ſhe ſpies, beneath ſome ſilent ſhade,
The daiſies preſs'd, where late his limbs were laid,
To the cold print there cloſe ſhe joins her face,
And all with guſhing tears bedews the graſs.
There with loud plaints ſhe wounds the pitying ſkies,
And, oh! return, my lovely youth, ſhe cries;
Return, Florelio, with thy wonted charms
Fill the ſoft circle of my longing arms.——
Ceaſe, fair affliction, ceaſe! the lovely boy
In death's cold arms muſt pale and breathleſs lie.
The Fates can never change their firſt decree,
Or ſure they would have chang'd this one for thee.
Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,
Ceres her daughter loſt, and thou thy ſon.
Thy ſon for ever now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every Britiſh ſwain.
Adieu, ye moſſy caves, and ſhady groves,
Once happy ſcenes of our ſucceſsful loves:
Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu!
Flints be your beds, and browze the bitter yew.
Two lambs alone ſhall be my charge to feed,
For yearly on his grave two lambs ſhall bleed.
This pledge of laſting love, dear ſhade, receive;
'Tis all, alas, a ſhepherd's love can give!
But grief from its own power will ſet me free,
Will ſend me ſoon a willing ghoſt to thee:
Cropt in the flowery ſpring of youth, I'll go
With haſty joy to wait thy ſhade below:
In ever-fragrant meads, and jaſmine-bowers,
We'll dwell, and all Elyſium ſhall be ours.
Where citron groves æthereal odours breathe,
And ſtreams of flowing cryſtal purl beneath;
Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,
As here above thy ſiſter graces are.

AN ODE.

I.

WHAT art thou, Life, whoſe ſtay we court?
What is thy rival Death we fear?
Since we're but fickle Fortune's ſport,
Why ſhould we wiſh t' inhabit here,
And think the race we find ſo rough too ſhort?

II.

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life diſplays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
New iſſuing from non-entity;
The ſhell of fleſh pollutes with ſin
Its gem, the ſoul, juſt enter'd in;
And, by tranſmitted vice defil'd,
The fiend commences with the child.

III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of ſecret ruin laid:
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And laſh on lingering deſtiny:
Whene'er exceſs has fir'd our riper age,
Here brood in infancy the gout and ſtone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.
Ev'n with our nouriſhment we death receive,
For here our guiltleſs mothers give
Poiſon for food when firſt we live.

Hence noiſome humours * ſweet through every pore,
And blot us with an undiſtinguiſh'd ſore:
Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire diſeaſe
Forbear on faultleſs forms to ſeize;
But vindicates the good, the gay,
The wiſe, the young, its common prey.
Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to ſave,
The muſes had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

IV.

The ſpark of pure æthereal light
That actuates this fleeting frame,
Darts through the cloud of fleſh a ſickly flame,
And ſeems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
But man would yet look wondrous wiſe,
And equal chains of thought deviſe;
Intends his mind on mighty ſchemes,
Refutes, defines, confutes, declaims;
And diagrams he draws, t' explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
And, with imaginary wiſdom proud,
Thinks on the goddeſs while he clips the cloud.

V.

Through error's mazy grove, with fruitleſs toil,
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam;
Falſe images our ſight beguile,
But ſtill we ſtumble through the gloom,
And ſcience ſeek, which ſtill deludes the mind.
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With diſproportion'd ſpeed we urge the chaſe:
In vain! the various prey no bounds reſtrain;
Fleeting it only leaves, t' increaſe our pain,
A cold unſatisfying ſcent behind.

VI.

Yet, gracious God! preſumptuous man
With random gueſſes makes pretence
To ſound thy ſearchleſs providence
From which he firſt began:
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumſcribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
The moon, preſiding o'er the ſea,
Governs the waves with equal ſway:
But man perverſe, and lawleſs ſtill,
Boldly runs counter to thy will;
Thy patient thunder he defies;
Lays down falſe principles, and moves
By what his vicious choice approves;
And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wiſe.

VII.

Return, return, too long miſled!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vaſt deep of heaven was ſpread,
Or body firſt in ſpace abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
Unnumber'd ſeraphs round the burning throne,
Sung to th' incomprehenſible Three-One:
Yet then his clemency did pleaſe
With lower forms t' augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, man,
Probationer of happineſs.

VIII.

On the vaſt ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, cruſh'd by the tempeſtuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood we diſappear:
We, who ſo gaudy on the waters ſhone,
Proud, like the ſhowery bow, with beauties not our own.

IX.

But, at the ſignal given, this earth and ſea
Shall ſet their ſleeping vaſſals free;
And the belov'd of God,
The faithful, and the juſt,
Like Aaron's choſen rod,
Though dry, ſhall bloſſom in the duſt:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark reſtraints,
The ſkeletons ſhall brighten into ſaints,
And, from mortality refin'd, ſhall riſe
To meet their Saviour coming in the ſkies:
Inſtructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wiſdom ſee;
Shall then impartially confeſs
Our demonſtration was but gueſs;
That knowledge, which from human reaſon flows,
Unleſs religion guide its courſe,
And faith her ſteady mounds oppoſe,
Is ignorance at beſt, and often worſe.

PART OF THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH PARAPHRASED.

Now has th' Almighty Father, ſeated high
In ambient glories from th' eternal throne
Vouchſaf'd compaſſion: and th' afflictive power
Has broke, whoſe iron ſceptre long had bruis'd
The groaning nations. Now returning peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the bliſsful land
Deigns to re-viſit, whilſt beneath her ſteps
The ſoil, with civil ſlaughter oft' manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,
Whoſe ſteel from the tall monarch of the grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The ſcions blooming in the parent ſhade.
When vehicled in flame, thou flow didſt paſs
Prone through the gates of night, the dreary realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood beſmear'd)
Roſe from their thrones; for thrones they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their penance and their guilt: Art thou, they cry,
O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign
Aſſociate of our woe? Nor com'ſt thou girt
With livery'd ſlaves, or bands of warrior-knights,
Which erſt before thee ſtood, a flattering crowd,
Obſervant of thy brow; nor hireling quires
Attempering to the harp their warbled airs,
Thy panegyric chaunt; but, huſh'd in death,
Like us thou ly'ſt unwept; a corſe obſcene
With duſt, and preying worms, bare and deſpoil'd
Of ill got pomp. We hail thee our compeer!
How art thou with diminiſh'd glory fall'n
From thy proud zenith, ſwift as meteors glide
Aſlope a ſummer-eve! Of all the ſtars
Titled the firſt and faireſt, thou didſt hope
To ſhare divinity, or haply more,
Elated as ſupreme when o'er the north
Thy bloody banners ſtream'd, to rightful kings

* The ſmall-pox.

Portending ruinous downfall; wond'rous low,
Opprobrious and deteſted art thou thrown,
Diſrob'd of all thy ſplendors: round thee ſtand
The ſwarming populace, and with fix'd regard
Eyeing thee pale and breathleſs, ſpend their rage
In taunting ſpeech, and jovial aſk their friends,
Is this The Mighty, whoſe imperious yoke
We bore reluctant, who to defert wilds
And haunts of ſavages transform'd the marts,
And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
Or exile on the peerage? How becalm'd
The tyrant lies, whoſe noſtrils us'd to breathe
Tempeſts of wrath, and ſhook eſtabliſh'd thrones!
In ſolemn ſtate the bones of pious kings.
Gather'd to their great fires, are ſafe repos'd
Beneath the weeping vault: but thou, a branch
Blaſted and cure'd by Heaven, to dogs and fowls
Art doom'd a banquet; mingling ſome remains
With criminals unabſolv'd; on all thy race
Tranſmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes
Thy children ſkulk erroneous and forlorn,
Fearing perdition, and for mercy ſue
With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy ſeed
The ſceptre Heaven reſumes, by thee uſurp'd
By guile and force, and ſway'd with lawleſs rage,

VERSES ON THE UNION.

The Gaul, intent on univerſal ſway,
Sees his own ſubjects with conſtraint obey;
And they who moſt his riſing beams ador'd,
Weep in their chains, and wiſh another lord.
But, if the muſe not uninſpir'd preſage,
Juſtice ſhall triumph o'er oppreſſive rage:
His power ſhall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
And all, like Savoy, ſhall deſert his cauſe.
So when to diſtant vales an eagle flees,
His fierceneſs not diſarm'd by length of years;
From his ſtretch'd wing he ſees the feathers fly,
Which bore him to his empire of the ſky.
Unlike, great queen, thy ſteps to deathleſs fame;
O beſt, O greateſt, of thy royal name!
Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave,
Have nothing now to cenſure, or to crave;
Ev'n vice and factious zeal are held in awe,
Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.
When edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand
The ſword is drawn to gore a guilty land;
Thy mercy cures the wound thy juſtice gave,
For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to ſave:
And victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.
But as mild heaven on Eden's op'ning gems
Beſtow'd the balmieſt dews, and brighteſt beams:
So, whilſt remoteſt climes thy influence ſhare,
Britain's the darling object of thy care:
By thy wiſe councils, and reſiſtleſs might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Before thou bid'ſt the diſtant battles ceaſe,
Thy piety cements domeſtic peace;
Impatient of delay to fix the ſtate,
Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.

Hail, happy ſiſter-lands! for ever prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
Kindled from heaven, be your auſpicious flame,
As laſting, and as bright, as Anna's fame!
And thou, fair northern nymphs, partake our toil,
With us divide the danger, and the ſpoil;
When thy brave ſons, the friends of Mars avow'd,
In ſteel around our Albion ſtandards crowd;
What wonders in the war ſhall now be ſhown
By her, who ſingle ſhook the Gallic throne!
The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-queen
Shall wave her union-croſſes o'er the Seine:
Rous'd with heroic warmth unfelt before,
Her lions with redoubled fury roar;
And urging on to fame, with joy behold
The woody walks in which they rang'd of old.
O Louis, long the terror of thy arms
Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms;
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to ſee
Empires and ſtates derive their power from thee;
From Britain's equal hand the ſcale to wreſt,
And reign without a rival o'er the weſt:
But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn
From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne;
Wither'd and leafleſs in thy winter ſtand,
Expos'd a prey to every hoſtile hand:
By ſtrange extremes of deſtiny decreed
To flouriſh, and to fall with equal ſpeed.
So the young gourd, around the prophet's head
With ſwift increaſe her fragrant honours ſpread;
Beneath the growing ſhade ſecure he ſate,
To ſee the towers of Ninus bow to fate;
But, curs'd by Heaven, the greens began to fade,
And, ſickening, ſudden as they roſe, decay'd.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

Cupid reſign'd to Sylvia's care
His bow and quiver ſtor'd with darts;
Commiſſioning the matchleſs fair
To fill his ſhrine with bleeding hearts.

His empire thus ſecur'd, he flies
To ſport amid th' Idalian grove;
Whoſe feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,
And bleſs'd the pleaſing power of love.

The god their grateful ſongs engage,
To ſpread his nets which Venus wrought;
Whilſt Hymen held the golden cage,
To keep ſecure the game they caught.

The warblers, briſk with genial flame,
Swift from the myrtle ſhades repair;
A willing captive each became,
And ſweetlier carol'd in the ſnare.

When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
To Cytherea's fane they flew;
Regardleſs, while they wing'd their way,
How ſullen all the ſongſters grew.

Alas! no ſprightly note is heard,
But each with ſilent grief conſumes;

Though to celeſtial food preferr'd,
They pining drop their painted plumes.

Cupid, afflicted at the change,
To beg her aid to Venus run;
She heard the tale, nor thought it ſtrange,
But, ſmiling, thus advis'd her ſon:

Pleaſure grows languid with reſtraint,
'Tis Nature's privilege to roam:
If you'd not have your linnets faint,
Leave Hymen with his cage at home.

OLIVIA.

I.

Olivia's lewd, but looks devout,
And ſcripture-proofs ſhe throws about,
When firſt you try to win her:
Pull your fob of guineas out;
Fee Jenny firſt, and never doubt
To find the ſaint a ſinner.

II.

Baxter by day is her delight:
No chocolate muſt come in ſight
Before two morning chapters:
But, leſt the ſpleen ſhould ſpoil her quite,
She takes a civil friend at night
To raiſe her holy raptures.

III.

Thus oft' we ſee a glow-worm gay,
At large her fiery tale diſplay,
Encourag'd by the dark:
And yet the ſullen thing all day
Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
And hid the native ſpark.

TO A LADY,

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

I.

So ſmooth and clear the fountain was,
In which his face Narciſſus ſpy'd,
When, gazing in that liquid glaſs,
He for himſelf deſpair'd and dy'd:
Nor, Chloris, can you ſafer ſee
Your own perfections here than he.

II.

The lark before the mirror plays,
Which ſome deceitful ſwain has ſet,
Pleas'd with herſelf ſhe fondly ſtays
To die deluded in the net.
Love may ſuch frauds for you prepare,
Yourſelf the captive, and the ſnare.

III.

But, Chloris, whilſt you there review
Thoſe graces opening in their bloom,
Think how diſeaſe and age purſue,
Your riper glories to conſume.
Then ſighing you would wiſh your glaſs
Could ſhow to Chloris what ſhe was.

IV.

Let pride no more give nature law,
But free the youth your power enſlaves:
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia ſaw,
Reflected on the cryſtal waves;
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleaſure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glaſs ſupply
Too juſt an emblem of your breaſt;
Where oft' to my deluded eye
Love's image has appear'd impreſt;
But play'd ſo lightly on your mind,
It left no laſting print behind.

TO THE SAME,

READING THE ART OF LOVE.

Whilst Ovid here reveals the various arts,
Both how to poliſh and direct their darts,
Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,
And read theſe lines to gain ſucceſs in love:
But heaven alone, that multiplies our race,
Has power t' increaſe the conqueſts of your face.
The ſpring, before he paints the riſing flowers,
Receives mild beams, and ſoft deſcending ſhowers;
But love blooms ever freſh beneath your charms,
Though neither pity weeps, nor kindneſs warms.
The chiefs who doubt ſucceſs, aſſert their claim
By ſtratagems, and poorly ſteal a name:
The generous * ſon of Jove, in open fight,
Made bleeding victory proclaim his might:
Like him reſiſtleſs, when you take the field,
Love ſounds the ſignal, and the world muſt yield.

THE FAIR NUN; A TALE.

" ——Ire per ignes, [ullis,
" Et gladios auſim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus
" Aut gladiis opus eſt; opus eſt mihi crine.—"
Ovid. Met. Lib. viii.

We ſage Carteſians, who profeſs
Ourſelves ſworn foes to emptineſs,
Aſſert that ſouls a tip-toe ſtand
On what we call the pineal gland;
As weather-cocks on ſpires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each blaſt.
This granted, can you think it ſtrange,
We all ſhould be ſo prone to change;
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear
A ſattin cap i' the elbow chair?
The follies that the child began,
Cuſtom makes current in the man;
And firm by livery and ſeiſin
Holds the fee-ſimple of his reaſon.
But ſtill the guſts of love we find
Blow ſtrongeſt on a woman's mind;
Nor need I learnedly purſue
The latent cauſe, th' effect is true:

† Alexander.

For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.
  Upon a time (for ſo my nurſe,
Heaven reſt her bones! began diſcourſe)
A lovely nymph, and juſt nineteen,
Began to languiſh with the ſpleen:
She who had ſhone at balls and play
In gold brocade extremely gay,
All on a ſudden grew preciſe,
Declaim'd againſt the growth of vice,
A very prude in half a year,
And moſt believ'd ſhe was ſincere:
Necklace of pearl no more ſhe wears,
That's ſanctify'd to count her prayers;
Venus, and all her naked loves,
The reformado nymph removes;
And Magdalen, with ſaints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their reſpective quarters.
Nor yet content, ſhe could not bear
The rankneſs of the public air,
'Twas ſo infected with the vice
Of luſcious ſongs, and lovers' ſighs:
So moſt devoutly would be gone,
And ſtraight profeſs herſelf a Nun.
  A youth of breeding and addreſs,
And call him Thyrſis if you pleaſe,
Who had ſome wealth to recompenſe
His ſlender dividend of ſenſe;
Yet could with little thought and care
Write tender things to pleaſe the fair;
And then ſucceſſively did grow
From a half wit, a finiſh'd beau!
(For ſops thus naturally riſe,
As maggots turn to butterflies.)
This ſpark, as ſtory tells, before
Had held with madam an amour,
Which he reſolving to purſue,
Exactly took the proper cue,
And on the wings of love he flies
To Lady Abbeſs, in diſguiſe,
And tells her he had brought th' advowſon
Of ſoul and body to diſpoſe on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In petticoats, without a beard,
Fond of a proſelyte, and fees,
Admits the fox among the geeſe,
  Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
Though three to one, too weak for love;
And to deſcribe the war throughout,
Would make a glorious piece no doubt,
Where moral virtues might be ſlain,
And riſe, and fight and fall again:
Love ſhould a bloody myrtle wear,
And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
The Nun ſhould charge.—But I forbear.
  All human joys, though ſweet in taſting,
Are ſeldom (more's the pity) laſting:
The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' effects of zeal:
But ſhe, poor ſhe, began to doubt,
(Beſt knowing what ſhe'd been about)
The marriage earneſt-penny lay,
And burnt her pocket, as we ſay.
She now invokes, to eaſe her ſoul,
The dagger and the poiſon'd bowl;
And, ſelf-condemn'd for breach of vow,
To loſe her life and honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a ſtrain, as
Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.
  But as ſhe in her cell lay ſighing,
Diſtracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
The fiend (who never wants addreſs
To ſuccour damſels in diſtreſs)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal cauſe for which ſhe griev'd;
But promis'd her *en cavalier*,
She ſhould be freed from all her fear,
And with her Thyrſis lead a life
Devoid of all domeſtic ſtrife,
If ſhe would ſign a certain ſcrawl—
Aye, that ſhe would, if that was all.
She ſign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er ſhe pleas'd to ſet him to,
  The critics muſt excuſe me now,
They both were freed, no matter how:
For when we epic writers uſe
Machines to diſengage the muſe,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands;
And if they cannot looſe the knot,
Should we be cenſur'd? I think not.
  The ſcene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleaſures who but they,
Who might do every thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
And Pug brought every thing ſhe wanted;
A ſlave devoted to her will:
But women will be wavering ſtill.
Ev'n vice without variety
Their ſqueamiſh appetites will cloy:
And having ſtolen from Lady Abbeſs
One of our merry modern rabbies,
She found a trick ſhe thought would paſs,
And prove the devil but an aſs.
  His next attendance happen'd right
Amidſt a moonleſs ſtormy night,
When madam and her ſpouſe together
Gueſs'd at his coming by the weather.
He came: To-night, ſays he, I drudge
To fetch a heriot for a judge,
A gouty nine-i'th' hundred knave;
But, madam, do you want your ſlave?
I need not preſently be gone,
Becauſe the doctors have not done.
A roſy vicar and a quack
Repuls'd me in my laſt attack:
But all in vain, for mine he is;
A fig for both the faculties.
  The dame produc'd a ſingle hair,
But whence it came I cannot ſwear;
Yet this I will affirm is true;
It curl'd like any bottle ſcrew.
Sir Nic, quoth ſhe, you know us all,
We ladies are fantaſtical:
You ſee this hair—Yes, madam—Pray
In preſence of my huſband ſtay,
And make it ſtraight; or elſe you grant
Our ſolemn league and covenant
Is void in law.—It is, I own it:
And ſo he ſets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
If wetting would not do the feat:
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion,
But ſtill it kept th' elaſtic motion.
Well! more ways may be found than one
To kill a witch that will not drown.
If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
This hair has flouriſh'd nigh the water:
'Tis criſp'd with cold, perhaps, and then
The fire will make it ſtraight again.
In haſte he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worſe than 'twas before!
The more it warms, it twirls the more.
He ſtamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;
The huſband and the lady laugh'd.
Howe'er he fancy'd ſure enough
He ſhould not find it hammer-proof.
No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
Than Satan was; but all in vain:
Again he beats.—It curls again!
At length he bellow'd in a rage,
This hair will take me up an age.
This take an age! the huſband ſwore,
Z——ds! Betty has five hundred more.
More! take your bond, quoth Pug; adieu,
'Tis loſs of time to ply for you.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

Bold is the muſe to leave her humble cell,
And ſing to thee, who know'ſt to ſing ſo well:
Thee! who to Britain ſtill preſerv'ſt the crown,
And mak'ſt her rival Athens in renown.
Could Sophocles behold in mournful ſtate
The weeping graces on Imoinda wait;
Or hear thy Iſabella's moving moan,
Diſtreſs'd and loſt for vices not her own;
If envy could permit, he'd ſure agree,
To write by nature were to copy thee:
So full, ſo fair, thy images are ſhown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.
There was an age (its memory will laſt!)
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taſte,
In which the fable muſe with hopes and fears
Fill'd every breaſt, and every eye with tears.
But where's that art which all our paſſions rais'd,
And mov'd the ſprings of nature as it pleas'd?
Our poets only practiſe on the pit
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the preſent times can boaſt
The race of Charles's reign not wholly loſt
Thy ſcenes, immortal in their worth, ſhall ſtand
Among the choſen claſſics of our land.
And whilſt our ſons are by tradition taught
How Barry ſpoke what thou and Otway wrote,
They'll think it pride to reliſh and repeat,
And own thy works inimitably great.
Shakſpeare, the genius of our iſle, whoſe mind
(The univerſal mirror of mankind)
Expreſs'd all images, enrich'd the ſtage,
But ſometimes ſtoop'd to pleaſe a barbarous age:
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low:
He, like the God of day, was always bright,
But rolling in its courſe, his orb of light
Was ſully'd, and obſcur'd, though ſoaring high,
With ſpots contracted from the nether ſky.
But whither is th' adventurous muſe betray'd?
Forgive her raſhneſs, venerable ſhade!
May ſpring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.
Some ſcions ſhot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and leſs fair the fruit:
Jonſon the tribute of my verſe might claim,
Had he not ſtrove to blemiſh Shakſpeare's name.
But, like the radiant twins that gild the ſphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
The firſt a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
Had been by ſuperfluity deſtroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciouſly ſevere,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
On various ſounding harps the muſes play'd,
And ſung, and quaff'd their nectar in the ſhade.
Few moderns in the liſts with theſe may ſtand.
For in thoſe days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakſpeare's fame;
The ſecond honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
To wear his armour, and to wield his ſword.
An age moſt odious and accurs'd enſu'd,
Diſcolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;
Whoſe fall when firſt the tragic virgin ſaw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry ſiſter ſtill purſu'd the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the ſame.
She firſt reform'd the muſcles of her face,
And learn'd the ſolemn ſcrew for ſigns of grace;
Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes ſhe diſciplin'd preciſely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white:
Thus baniſh'd from the ſtage, ſhe gravely next
Aſſum'd a cloke, and quibbled o'er a text.
But when, by miracles of mercy ſhown,
Much-ſuffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She ſtrait pull'd off her ſatin cap and hand;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of ſenſe:
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cauſe,
And all deſerv'd, and all receiv'd, applauſe.
Reſtor'd with leſs ſucceſs, the tragic muſe
Had long forgot her ſtyle by long diſuſe;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Miſtaking rattling nonſenſe for ſublime;
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taſte,
And ſneering ſham'd her into ſenſe at laſt.
But now relaps'd, ſhe dwindles to a ſong,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minſtrelſy may ſtill remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.

Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with ſuperior majeſty avow'd,
Shine like a goddeſs breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinſtate her on the ſtage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.
Arts have their empires, and, like other ſtates,
Their riſe and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's meaſur'd out by time,
Tranſplant their laurels to another clime.
The Grecian muſe once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms;
The trumpet ſilent, humbly ſhe eſſay'd
The Doric reed, and ſung beneath the ſhade;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the ſwains
T' obſerve the ſeaſons, and manure the plains;
Sometimes in warbled hymns ſhe paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
Sometimes on flowery beds ſhe lay ſupine,
And gave her thoughts a looſe to love and wine;
Or in her ſable ſtole and buſkins dreſs'd,
Show'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppreſs'd.
The nymph ſtill fair, however paſt her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:
Whilſt wars abroad, and civil diſcord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To ſtudy, and refine the language there.
She views with anguiſh on the Roman ſtage
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage:
But moſt thoſe ſcenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which Scipio had revis'd, and Roſcius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown ſhe goes
(For Themis then could ſpeak in poliſh'd proſe):
Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng,
She bleſs'd the Syren-power of Tully's tongue.
But when, Octavius, thy ſucceſsful ſword
Was ſheath'd, and univerſal peace reſtor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court ſhe came,
And choſe a numerous choir to chant his fame.
Firſt from the green retreats and lowly plains,
Her Virgil ſoar'd ſublime in epic ſtrains;
His theme ſo glorious, and his flight ſo true,
She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
Taught Horace then to touch the Leſbian lyre,
And Sappho's ſweetneſs join'd with Pindar's fire,
By Cæſar's bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and ſung of Saturn's golden reign;
No genius then was left to live on praiſe,
Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
On all her ſons he caſt a kind regard,
Nor could they write ſo faſt as he reward.
The muſe, induſtrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal fame,
Profuſe of favours, laviſh'd all her ſtore,
And for one reign made many ages poor.
Now from the rugged North unnumber'd ſwarms
Invade the Latian coaſts with barbarous arms;
A race unpoliſh'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their heaven, and barren as their ſoil.
Theſe locusts every ſpringing art deſtroy'd,
And ſoft humanity before them dy'd.
And loſt humanity before them dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful ſtrife
With nature's ſcenes, nor gave the canvas life;
Nor ſculpture exercis'd her ſkill, beneath
Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:
Struck with deſpair, they ſtood devoid of thought,
Leſs lively than the works themſelves had wrought.
On thoſe twin ſiſters ſuch diſaſters came,
Though colours and proportions are the ſame
In every age and clime; their beauties known
To every language, and confin'd by none.
But fate leſs freedom to the muſe affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts, the diction muſt be found
Of eaſy grandeur, and harmonious ſound.
Thus when ſhe rais'd her voice divinely great
To ſing the founder of the Roman ſtate;
The language was adapted to the ſong,
Sweet and ſublime, with native beauty ſtrong.
But when the Goths inſulting troops appear'd,
Such diſſonance the trembling virgin heard!
Chang'd to a ſwan, from Tyber's troubled ſtreams
She wing'd her flight, and ſought the ſilver Thames.
Long in the melancholy grove ſhe ſtaid,
And taught the penſive Druids in the ſhade;
In ſolemn and inſtructive notes they ſung
From whence the beauteous frame of nature ſprung;
Who poliſh'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the ſky;
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the ſtreams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and ſpread the lawns below;
Whence the gay ſpring exults in flowery pride,
And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
Whence ſummer ſuns imbrown the labouring ſwains,
And ſhivering winter pines in icy chains;
And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd advance
So vain a theory as that of chance.
But in this iſle ſhe found the nymphs ſo fair,
She chang'd her hand, and choſe a ſofter air,
And love and beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
A Venus and a Helen to record;
A thouſand radiant nymphs ſhe here beheld,
Who match'd the goddeſs, and the queen excell'd.
T' immortalize their loves ſhe long eſſay'd,
But ſtill the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
Chaucer had all that beauty could inſpire,
And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm deſire:
Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to moſt,
Becauſe the thoughts are in the language loſt.
Even Spenſer's pearls in muddy waters lie,
Yet ſoon their beams attract the diver's eye:
Rich was their imagery, till time defac'd
The curious works; but Waller came at laſt.
Waller, the muſe with heavenly verſe ſupplies,
Smooth as the fair, and ſparkling as their eyes;
"All but the nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
"Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong."
But when this Orpheus ſunk, and hoary age
Suppreſs'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
To Granville his melodious lute ſhe gave,
Granville, whoſe faithful verſe is beauty's ſlave;

Accept this gift, my favourite youth! ſhe cry'd,
To found a brighter theme, and ſing of Hyde,
Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praiſe proclaim;
And match Carliſle's and Sachariſſa's fame.
O! would he now forſake the myrtle grove,
And ſing of arms, as late he ſung of love!
His colours and his hand alone ſhould paint
In Britain's queen the warrior and the ſaint;
In whom conſpire, to form her truly great,
Wiſdom with power, and piety with ſtate.
Whilſt from her throne the ſtreams of juſtice flow,
Strong and ſerene, to bleſs the land below;
O'er diſtant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny control.
Her power to quell, and pity to redreſs,
The Maeſe, the Danube, and the Rhine confeſs;
Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
To ſee freſh olive ſpring, and plenty ſpread:
And whilſt they found their great deliverer's fame,
The Seine retires, and ſickens at her name.
O Granville! all theſe glorious ſcenes diſplay,
Inſtruct ſucceeding monarchs how to ſway;
And make her memory rever'd by all,
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.
Pardon me, friend! I own my muſe too free,
To write ſo long on ſuch a theme to thee:
To play the critic here—with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach Argyll to fight;
Inſtruct th' unerring ſun to guide the year,
And Harley by what ſchemes he ought to ſteer;
Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the ſeal,
Maxims of ſtate to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
Try to correct what Orrery ſhall write,
And make harmonious St. John more polite;
Teach law to Iſla for the crown's ſupport,
And Jerſey how to ſerve and grace a court;
Dictate ſoft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
When Venus and her loves around him ſtand;
In ſage debates to Rocheſter impart
A ſearching head, and ever faithful heart;
Make Talbot's finiſh'd virtue more complete,
High without pride, and amiably great,
Where nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
At once to pleaſe and benefit mankind.
When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
I lov'd along the laureat grove to ſtray,
The paths were pleaſant, and the proſpect gay:
But now my genius ſinks, and hardly knows
To make a couplet tinkle in the cloſe.
Yet when you next to Medway ſhall repair,
And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
Retiring from the crowd to ſteal the ſweets
Of eaſy life in Twyſden's calm retreats
(As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
And in Campania ſcorn'd the pomp of Rome);
Where Lambard, form'd for buſineſs, and to pleaſe,
By ſharing, will improve your happineſs;
In both their ſouls imperial reaſon ſways,
In both the patriot and the friend diſplays;
Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praiſe.

With bright ideas there inſpir'd anew,
By them excited, and inform'd by you,
I may with happier ſkill eſſay to ſing
Sublimer notes, and ſtrike a bolder ſtring.
Languid and dull, when abſent from her cave,
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;
But when beneath her ſacred ſhrine ſhe ſtood,
Her fury ſoon confeſs'd the coming god;
Her breaſt began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous viſions fill'd her labouring ſoul.

A LETTER

TO THE KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

"——Habet Bibliopola Tryphon."
MART. Lib. iv.

Sir Knight, who know with equal ſkill
To make a poem and a pill,
'Twas my misfortune t'other night,
To be tormented with a ſpright.
On either ſide his head the hair
Seem'd buſhing out, the top was bare;
His garb antique, but on his face
There reign'd a ſweet majeſtic grace;
Of comely port, and in his hand
He decent wav'd a laurel-wand.
On the left foot (by which I found
His name was on the ſtage renown'd
A ſock of curious ſhape he wore,
With myrtle foliage flouriſh'd o'er;
A purple buſkin grac'd the right,
And ſtrong he ſtep'd, yet lovely light.
Thy friendly care, he cry'd, I crave
To give me quiet in my grave;
Tryphon conſtrains me from the dead,
A wizard whom I hate and dread;
By him to dangle on a poſt,
I'm conjur'd up—"Alas, poor Ghoſt!"
A pendulum I there am made,
To move the leaden wheels of trade.
And while each little author ſtruts
In calves-ſkin gilt, adorn'd with cuts;
I, vouching, paſs 'em off as dear
As any ſtaple-claſſic ware.
Peers, parſons, cits, a motley tribe,
Flock there to purchaſe, and ſubſcribe;
While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,
Chuckles to ſee them grow polite.
For ends thus infamouſly low,
It ſure wou'd ſeem as a-propos,
For Dennis at his door to ſtand,
With a good broomſtick in his hand.
Then, ſhould the chaps find ought amiſs,
Or blame the price, the tragic Swiſs
Might have his better parts employ'd,
To criticiſe them back and ſide.
Or is there none of all his race,
Whoſe features would a ſign-board grace?
Oft' in the wizard's cell I've ſeen
A ſorrel man, of awkward mien,
Prying with buſy leer about,
As if he were the devil's ſcout.

I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice,
But sure those whoreson gloating eyes
Have travell'd much on love affairs,
Between the key-hole and the stairs.
O cheat the gibbet of a sign,
And with his head commute for mine.
When first I heard his damn'd intent,
To Tryphon's bed by night I went;
Where he lay blest with dreams of gain,
Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain.
I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said,
O! take my wit, and spare my head,
Urge not the wags to sneer, and jape us,
Just as of old they us'd Priapus.
But as a whelp starts up with fear
When a bee's humming at his ear:
With upper lip elate, he grins,
Whilst round the little teazer spins;
But when aloof in air it soars,
He strait forgets th' alarm, and snores:
So did his fellow-creature flight
The fleeting vision of the night.
My prayers were lost, though while I stay'd
I smelt they strong impressions made.
There is a knight, who takes the field
With Saxon pen, and sable shield;
Who doubtless can relieve my ghost,
And disenchant me from the post.
Then I could rest as still as those
Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose;
As if he traded in the whole,
And with the body kill'd the soul.
To him for aid with speed repair—
"But soft! I scent the morning air:"
Be mindful of my piteous plight,
And to my cause engage the knight.
Now, gentle Sir, give ear to me,
For I prescribe without a fee;
From Curll's remove the seat of war,
Encamp on t'other side the bar:
Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,
Another epic at him pop;
What though without report it move,
Like the sure darts of death or love?
I know your powder is so strong,
No mortal sign can stand you long.
But if by magic this oppose
The volley of your verse and prose;
I'll be your 'squire, and firm ally,
Write, crimp, and cox him up to buy;
Not all the necromancer's art
Will save it then, beshrew his heart!
What can support a shop, or sign,
When two such perilous wits combine?

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER's ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

In Milton's Style.

"——To th' Orphean lyre
"He sung of Chaos and eternal night;
"Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
"The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
"Though hard, and rare."

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

When speeding sea-ward, to the fleet we came
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our ship
Into the sacred deep: the mast up-rear'd
Bore every sail expanded; whilst aboard
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend
The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent showers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the fair, of human race divine,
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar
Small need remain'd, the freshening gale suffic'd
Each bellying canvas. On with speed we fare
Prosperous; and when the sun careering prone
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade
Sabled the pole, we tilting o'er the waves
On ocean's utmost bound, approach the realms
Unbless'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell;
(A lamentable race!) of heavenly light
Unvisited, and the sun's gladsome ray.
Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach
We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn
Along the marish, till the fated place
We found, which Circe will'd we should explore
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard
The holy offerings; I mean time unsheath
My falchion, and prepare t' intrench the ground
A cubit square, and there oblations pour
To reconcile the shades; infusing milk
With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must
Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store
Of water; and with flower of wheat bestrow
The mix'd ingredients: to the feeble ghosts
Then vow'd, if Heaven to my dear native land
Should favour my return, a barren cow
Of statelicst growth; and to th' oraculous† seer
A ram of sable fleece, the leading pride
Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd
And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew:
Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharg'd
The hollow'd trench; when lo! from the dun verge
Of Erebus, the ghosts promiscuous troop
Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature
Crop'd in their spring, who wandering pensive wail'd
The shortness of their date: trembling, and hoar
With age, some slowly pace; others more fierce,
Array'd in arms, ensanguin'd o'er with wounds
Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale
I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch
Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam
To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides
The regency of night: sudden I wav'd
My glittering falchion, from the sanguine pool
Driving th' unbody'd host that round me swarm'd;
Nor deign'd to let them sip, before I saw
Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd
Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse
We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,
Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue
Our voyage: Strait to tender pity mov'd,

† Tiresias.

With words diſſolv'd in tears I cry'd, relate,
Elpenor, how theſe rueful ſhades you reach'd
Sooner than I full-ſail'd. He thus reply'd
In accents of much dolour: Me, O King!
The miniſter of adverſe fate malign'd,
Unweeting of miſhap; and wrought my doom,
Drench'd with exceſs of wine: prone from the top
Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones
Disjointing dy'd. But to your pious care
Suppliant, I beg by thoſe endearing names
Of parent, wife, and ſon (though diſtant, dear
To your remembrance), when you re-aſcend
To Circe's bliſsful iſle, to my remains
Diſcharge funereal rites; nor let me lie
Unwept, unbury'd there, leſt Heaven avenge
The dire neglect. While the devouring flames
Conſume my earthy, on the flagrant pile
My armour caſt complete; then raiſe a tomb
For my memorial on the foamy ſtrand;
And on it place that oar which erſt I ply'd
With my aſſociates. Penſive I rejoin,
Poor ſhade! I'll pay the decent rites you crave.
While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
Such melancholy parley, with brandiſh'd ſteel
Guarding the goary pool, I through-th' obſcure
My * mother view'd: her lineage ſhe deriv'd
From Maia's wingy ſon, and ceas'd to breathe
This vital air, ſince I my legion led
To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
Abundant ſorrow ſtream'd; but though regret
Wither'd my reſolution, from the pool
I made the dear maternal form recede,
Till I ſhould learn from the grave Theban ſeer
The ſum of fate. The ſage at length advanc'd
Bearing a golden ſceptre, and began:
Son of Laertes, what miſfortunes dire
Compel your progreſs from th' all-cheering ſun,
And heavenly azure, in this ſeat of woe
To roam among the dead? But from the pool
Withdraw, and ſheath your faulchion, while I taſte
That bloody beverage, then the fates decree
Inſtant I'll utter. Sudden I withdrew,
Sheathing my faulchion whilſt he drank the gore;
Then thus the ſeer pronounc'd the fates decree.
What means may beſt befit your wiſh'd return,
Illuſtrious Greek! you'd know. The ſovereign power
Whoſe ſtrong earth-ſhaking mace the floods revere,
Inſidious waits a time to wreak revenge
For Polypheme, his ſon; whoſe viſual orb
You late eclips'd with ever-during ſhade.
Howe'er you ſafe may voyage, and avoid
Diſaſters various, if your mates refrain
From ſacrilegious ſpoil, when ſafe they tread
Trinacria's herby ſoil: for there the flocks
And herds of Phœbus o'er the verdurous lawn
Browze fattening paſture (he the world's great eye
Views all below his orient beam, nor aught
Can ſhun his wakeful ear); with evil hand
If them they ſeize, unerring I foretell
An hideous wreck. Unequal to the ſtorm
Your ſhip, deep in the nether waves ingulfr,
Shall periſh with her crew: you ſhall regain
The dry, without ſurviving friend to cheer
Your pilgrim-ſteps: however late and hard,
You ſhall reviſit your lov'd natal ſhore,
Tranſported in a veſſel not your own.
Much of domeſtic damage, and miſrule,
Will ſadden your return; for in your court
Suitors voluptuous ſwarm; with amorous wiles
Studious to win your conſort, and ſeduce
Her from chaſte fealty to joys impure,
In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they ſoon
By ſtratagem, or our puiſſant arm,
To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
Remote from ocean, who with ſavoury ſalt
Ne'er ſeaſon their repaſt, nor veſſel view'd
Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
And all her tackle trim, with ſpeed repair
Carrying a taper oar; way-faring thus;
One journeying obvious will miſname that oar
A corn van; fix it there, and victims ſlay
To Neptune reverent; from the fleecy fold
A ram ſelect, and from the beeves and ſwine,
The choiceſt male entire, of either herd.
Thence homeward haſte, and hecatombs prepare
For the bright order of the gods, who reign
Spher'd in empyreal ſplendors. White with years,
The balm of life evaporating flow,
At length, when Neptune points the dart of death†,
Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land
With fair abundance bleſt. In theſe fix'd laws
Of fate repoſe affiance and beware.
I thus reply'd: In this authentic will
Of fate, O Seer! I acquieſce; but lo!
Penſive and ſilent, by the goary pool,
Abides my mother's ſhade; nor me vouchſafes
Language or look benign: Oh! tell me how
She here may recogniſe me. He rejoin'd;
Whatever ghoſt by your permiſſion ſips
That ſacred purple, will to all your queſt
Without deceit reply; the reſt withdraw
At your ſtern interdict. This ſaid, the ſeer
To the high capital of Dis retir'd.
Mean time I firm abode, till the dear ſhade
had ſip'd the ſacred purple; then her ſon
Inſtant ſhe knew, and wailing thus began:
My ſon! how reach'd you theſe Tartarean bounds,
Corporeal? Many a river interfus'd,
And gulfs unvoyageable, from acceſs
Debar each living wight; beſides th' expanſe
Of ocean wide to ſail. Are you from Troy
With your aſſociate peers but now return'd,
Erroneous from your wife and kingdom ſtill?
I thus: By ſtrong neceſſity conſtrain'd,
Down to theſe nether realms I have preſum'd
An earthly gueſt, to hear my doom diſclos'd
By ſage Tireſias; for ſince I led
Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
To war on Ilium, traverſing the main
Through various perils, I have voyag'd far
Eſtrang'd from Greece. But ſay by what diſeaſe,
By ſlow conſumption through the gates of death
Prone did you paſs; or by Diana's dart
Tranſfix'd, a ſudden fate? My hoary ſire!
Survives he? Is my bloomy ſon poſſeſs'd
Of my domain, or groans it now beneath

* Anticlea.

† He was killed with the bone of a ſea-turtle.

Uſurping powers, who lord it uncontroll'd,
Thoughtleſs of my return? My conſort dear!
Abides ſhe with my ſon, of all his rights
A guardian regent; or, no longer mine,
Hath ſhe been won to plight connubial vows?
The venerable ſhade thus anſwer'd mild:
Still in your regal dome your ſpouſe abides
Diſconſolate, with ever-flowing eyes
Wailing your abſence; and your ſon poſſeſs'd
Of principality, with his compeers,
Bounteous of ſoul, free intercourſe maintains
Of ſocial love. Beneath a Sylvan lodge,
Far from the cheerful ſteps of men, your ſire
Lives inconſolable; on gorgeous beds,
With rich embroidery ſpread, and purple palls,
No more indulging ſweet repoſe; but clad
In coarſe attire, couch'd with his village hinds
On the warm hearth he ſleeps, when winter reigns
Inclement, till the circling months return
New-rob'd in flowering verdure: then, the vines
High interwove a green pavilion form,
Where pillow'd on the leaves he mourns for you
Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age
Adding corroſive anguiſh and deſpair.
So periſh'd I with ſlow-conſuming pile!
Me nor the ſilver-ſhafted goddeſs ſlew,
Nor racking malady; but anxious love
Of my Ulyſſes on my vitals prey'd,
And ſunk my age with ſorrow to the grave.
She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondneſs ſtrove
T' embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,
Deluſive as a dream. Anew with grief
Heart-chill'd, I ſpake; Why, mother, will you fly
Your ſon's incircling arms? O here permit
My duteous love, and let our ſorrows flow
Mingling in one full ſtream! Or has the queen
Whoſe frown the ſhades revere, to work me woe,
A guileful image form'd? She thus replies:
Of all mankind, O moſt to grief inur'd!
Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain
Is here intended, but the eſſence pure
Of ſeparate ſouls is of all living touch
Impaſſive: here no groſs material frame
We wear, with fleſh incumber'd, nerves, and bone;
They're calcin'd on the pile: but when we ceaſe
To draw the breath of life, the ſoul on wing
Fleets like a dream, from elemental droſs
Diſparted and refin'd. Now to the realms
Illumin'd with the ſun's enlivening beam,
Hence journeying upward, to your conſort dear
Diſcloſe the ſecrets of our ſtate below.
Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train
Of nobleſs near advance their ſteps, enlarg'd
By radiant Proſerpine, daughters and wives
To kings and heroes old: the goary pool
The fair aſſembly thick ſurround, to ſip
The tarteful liquid: I the fates of each
Deſirous to hear ſtoried, wave my ſword
In airy circles, while they ſingly ſate
Their appetites; then curious aſk of each
Her anceſtry, which all in order told.
Tyro firſt audience claim'd, the daughter fair
Of great Salmoneus; ſhe with Cretheus ſhar'd
Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom
Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd:
Enipeus, ſwift from whoſe reclining urn
Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form
Neptune aſſum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd
Wandering love-penſive near his amber ſtream:
Them plunging in the ſlopy flood receiv'd
Redounding; and to ſkreen his amorous theft,
On either ſide the parted waxes up-rear'd
A cryſtal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,
And fated, thus he ſpake: Hail, royal fair!
Thy womb ſhall teem with twins (a god's embrace
Is ever fruitful), and thoſe pledges dear
Of our ſweet caſual bliſs nurture and tend
With a fond mother's care: hence homeward ſpeed
And from all human ken our amorous act
Conceal: ſo Neptune bids thee now farewell.
He ceas'd, and diving ſudden was ingulf'd
Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair ſons
Th' appointed months diſcharg'd, by ſupreme Jove
Both ſcepter'd. Pelias firſt; his empire wide
Strech'd o'er Iölcos, whoſe irriguous vales
His grazing folds o'erfleec'd: her younger birth,
Neleus, was honour'd through the ſandy realm
Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then eſpous'd,
A fair increaſe, Æſon and Pheres, bore;
And great Amythaon, who with fiery ſteeds
Oft' diſarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.
The daughter of Aſopus next I view'd,
Antiope, boaſtful that ſhe, by Jove
Impregnate, had the fam'd Amphion borne,
And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes,
Stately with ſeven large gates, and bulwark'd ſtrong
Againſt invading powers. Alcmena fair,
Amphitryon's conſort, then advanc'd to view;
To heaven's ſupreme who bore Alcides, bold
And lion-hearted. Next that lovely ſhade
Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,
By great Alcides ſpous'd. To her ſucceeds
The ſheeny form of Epicaſte, woo'd
By Oedipus her ſon, to whom ſhe deign'd
Spouſal embraces, thoughtleſs of miſdeed,
He having too (ill-ſtar'd!) deſtroy'd his ſire,
His lineage with inceſtuous mixture ſoil'd,
Blinded by deſtiny; but the juſt gods
Diſclos'd th' unnatural ſcene. In Thebes he ſway'd,
With various ills by Heaven's afflictive rod
Diſcomfited; but ſhe through fell deſpair,
Self-ſtrangled, from the ſtings of mortal life
Fled to the ſhades, and her ſurviving ſon
With delegated furies fierce purſued.
An amiable image next appear'd;
Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty ſtem
The youngeſt bud: in ſweet attractive pomp,
On her the Graces ever waiting ſmit
The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love
Sprung Neſtor, Chromius, and the boaſtful power
Of Periclymenus; beſides a nymph,
Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows
By many a prince was ſought, but Neleus deign'd
To none her bed, but him whoſe proweſs'd arm
Should force from Phylace a furious herd
Of wild Theſſalian beeves, t' avenge the dower
Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold emprife
A ſeer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,

In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,
Deep in a dungeon cloſe immur'd, till found
Divine of fate, by ſolving problems quaint
Which Iphiclus propos'd, who ſtrait diſmiſs'd
The captive; ſo was Jove's high will complete.
  Then Leda, ſpous'd by Tyndarus, I ſaw,
Mother of the fam'd twins, Caſtor export
To tame the ſteed, and Pollux far renown'd
On liſted fields for conflict; who from Jove
Receiv'd a greateful boon like gods to live,
Mounting alternate to this upper orb.
  Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
Of great Aloeus, who, in love compreſs'd
By Neptune, bore (ſo ſhe the fact avow'd)
Otus and Ephialtus, whom the fates
Cut ſhort in early prime: their infant years
Nurtur'd by Earth, enormous both attain'd
Gigantic ſtature, and for manly grace
Were next Orion rank'd; for in the courſe
Of nine ſwift circling years, nine cubits broad
Their ſhoulders meaſur'd, and nine ells their height.
Improvident of ſoul, they vainly dar'd
The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar
Rear'd Oſſa, and Oſſa Pelion pil'd,
Torn from the baſe with all its woods; by ſcale
T' aſſault heaven's battlements; and had their date
To manhood been prolong'd, had ſure atchiev'd
Their ruinous aim: but by the ſilver dart
Of Phœbus ſheer transfix'd, ere ſpringing down
Shaded their roſy youth, they both expir'd.
  Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,
And Ariadne, who them both ſurpaſs'd
In goddeſs-like demeanour; from her ſire
Minos, the riged arbiter of right,
Theſeus of old convey'd her, with intent
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign:
But ſtern Diana, by the guileful plea
Of Bacchus won, diſſever'd ſoon their joys,
And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn
In Dia, with circumfluous ſeas in-girt,
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance
Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;
And Eriphyle, whoſe once radiant charms
A cloud of ſorrow dimm'd; for ſhe, devoid
Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.—
  Here let me ceaſe narration, nor relate
What other objects fair, daughters and wives
Of heroes old, I ſaw; for now the night
In clouded majeſty has journey'd far,
Admoniſhing to reſt, which with my mates,
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves;
Mean time affianc'd in the gods and you,
To ſpeed my voyage to my native realm.
  He ceas'd: a while th' attentive audience ſate
In ſilent rapture; his perſuaſive tongue,
Melliſluous, ſo with eloquence had charm'd
Their ſtill inſatiate ears; at length thus ſpake
The queen Arete, graceful and humane.
  Think ye, Phæacians, that the godlike form,
The port, the wiſdom of this wanderer claim
Aught of regard? Peculiar him my gueſt
I ſtyle; but ſince the honour he vouchſafe's,
Delighted ye partake, give not too ſoon
Him ſignal of departure, but prepare
With no penurious hand proportion'd gifts,
Vieing in bounteous deeds, ſince Heaven hath ſhower'd
Your peerage with abundant favours boon.
  Up roſe Echeneus then, whoſe wavy locks
Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,
Fraught with matureſt counſel, and began
Addreſſing his compeers: Rightful and wiſe
The queen's propoſal is, let none demur
Obedience to her will; Alcinous beſt
By fair enſample may preſcribe the rule.
  Alcinous from his bed of ſtate reply'd,
With aſpect bland: While here I live enthron'd,
Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand
Sways the Phæacian ſceptre, will I cheer
Th' erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts
Of regal bounty; but, our princely gueſt
Muſt, though impatient, for a time defer
His voyage, that with due munificence
Our gifts may be prepar'd: let all accord
Benevolent, and free to furniſh ſtores
Worthy acceptance; me you ſhall confeſs
The firſt in bounty, as the firſt in power.
  He ended, and Ulyſſes anſwer'd blythe:
O thou, by kingly virtues juſtly rais'd
To this imperial eminence! By thee
Were I detain'd, till the revolving ſun
Completes his annual circle, in thy will
I acquieſce obedient, till meet ſtores
For my return be rais'd: then at my realm,
With royal largeſſes arriving grac'd,
And gay retinue, ſtrait the wondering Greeks
Will dear reſpect and prompter homage yield.
  To whom Alcinous: Your diſtinguiſh'd worth
Too plain is character'd in all your port,
To doubt you of thoſe vagrant clans, who roam
Fallacious, and with copious legend take
The credulous ear; you, with ſevereſt truth,
Rob'd in rich eloquence, inſtruct and pleaſe,
When (like ſome bard, vers'd in heroic theme
Attemper'd to the lyre) you ſweetly tell
Whate'er in Grecian ſtory was of old
Recorded eminent, or when you ſpeak
Your own diſaſtrous fate. But now proceed,
Say, affable, if while you low ſojourn'd
In groſs Tartarean gloom, the mighty ſhades
Of thoſe brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell
By doom of battle; for the lingering night
Hath yet much ſpace to meaſure, and the hour
Of ſleep is far to come: I can attend
With raviſhment, to hear the pleaſing tale
Fruitful of wonders, till the roſeate morn
Purples the eaſt. Ulyſſes thus reply'd:
  Due time, O king, for converſe and repoſe
Is ſtill remaining; nor will I refuſe
With coy denial, what the ſacred ear
Of majeſty with audience deigns to grace.
Hear next how my aſſociate warriors fell,
O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions and oppreſs'd
In their own realms by feminine deceit,
To them more fatal than the proweſs'd foe.
  When, by imperious Proſerpine recall'd,
The lady-train diſpers'd, the penſive form
Of Agamemnon came, with thoſe begirt,
Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
Ægyſthus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,

He recogniz'd me inſtant, and outſtretch'd
His unſubſtantial arms, exhauſted now
Of all their vital vigour; with ſhrill plaints,
Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,
Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,
Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I ſpake:
O king of hoſts! O ever-honour'd ſon
Of Atreus! ſay to what ſevere decree
Of deſtiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath
Tempeſting th' ocean, did you there expire
Whelm'd in the watery abyſs? Or fell you arm'd,
Making fierce inroad on ſome hoſtile coaſt,
To ravage herds and flocks; or in aſſault
Of ſome imperial fortreſs, thence to win
Rich ſpoils and beauteous captives, were you ſlain
Defeated of your ſeizure? He replied:
I periſh'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath,
Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms
Heroic deeds attempting: but receiv'd
From baſe Ægyſthus, and my baſer queen,
Irreparable doom, whilſt I partook
Refreſhment, and at ſupper jovial fate,
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,
A death moſt lamentable! Round me lay
An hideous carnage of my breathleſs friends,
Like beaſts new ſlaughter'd for the bridal board
Of ſome luxurious noble, or devote
To ſolemn feſtival. On well-fought fields
You various ſcenes of ſlaughter have ſurvey'd,
And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd
Your beſt of man to view us on the floor
Rolling in death, with viands round us ſpread,
And ponderous vaſes bruis'd, while human gore
Flooded the pavement wide. With ſhrilling cries
Caſſandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my ſide
Falſe Clytemneſtra ſlew: t' avenge her wrong,
I with a dying graſp my ſabre ſeiz'd,
But the curs'd aſſaſſin withdrew, nor clos'd
My lips and eyes. O woman! woman! none
Of nature's ſavage train have leſs remorſe
In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate,
What beaſt was e'er a complice? I return'd
Hopeful in affluence of domeſtic joy
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,
And court-retinue; but my traitreſs wife
On female honour hath diffus'd a ſtain
Indelible; and her pernicious arts,
Recorded for reproach on all the ſex,
Shall wound ſoft innocence with touch of blame.
I anſwer'd, O ye powers! by women's wiles
Jove works ſure bane to all th' imperial race
Of Atreus ſtill: for Helen's vagrant luſt
Greece mourns her ſtates diſpeopled; and you fell
By your adultreſs! Plaintive he reply'd:
By my diſaſters warn'd, to woman's faith
Unboſom nought momentous; though ſhe peal
Your ear (by nature importune to know),
Unlock not all your ſecrets. But your wife,
Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills
Will meditate for you by force or guile:
Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
We left in blooming beauty freſh; your ſon
Then hanging on her breaſt; who now to man
Full grown, with men aſſociates; your approach
With rapture he will meet, and glad his ſire
With filial duty dear; a bliſs to me
Not deign'd! my ſon I ſaw not ere I fell
A victim to my wife: then, timely warn'd,
Truſt not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
For your return to Greece. But ſay ſincere,
Aught have you heard where my Oreſtes bides,
In rich Orchomenus, or ſandy Pyle;
Or with my brother lives he more ſecure
In ſpacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
He's not inhabitant. I thus rejoin'd:
Vain is your queſt, Atrides; whether fate
Permits your ſon to draw the breath of heaven,
Friendly to life; or whether in theſe ſhades
He roams a ghoſt, I know not; nor with ſpeech
Falſe or ambiguous will beguile your ear.
While mournful thus we talk'd, ſuffus'd with tears
Of tender ſympathy, young Peleus came,
With his aſſociates moſt in life belov'd,
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious * ſon
Of Neſtor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd
In amicable converſe, e'en by death
Uncancel'd) walk'd the tall illuſtrious ſhade
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd,
And proweſs; paragon'd for both to none
But great Achilles: me the goddeſs born
Ey'd curious, and at length thus ſad began:
What cauſe, Ulyſſes, moves thy mind, expert
Of warlike machinations; what empriſe
Hath aught of ſuch importance, as to tempt
This dire deſcent, where we in dolorous night
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode?
O peerleſs chief, I cried, of all the Greeks
The foremoſt name! I hither am conſtrain'd,
From the wiſe Theban oracle to hear
Beſt means reveal'd how to reviſit ſafe
My native realm; by rigid fate repell'd,
I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills
Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief
With choicer bleſſings than the eye of time
Yet ſaw conferr'd, or future ſhall behold:
On earth you equal honours with the gods
From us receiv'd; nor by the ſtroke of fate
Sink with diminiſh'd luſtre, but ſupreme
Reign o'er the ſhades. He ſolemn ſad replied:
Reign here ſupreme! deem not thy eloquence
Can aught conſole my doom: rather on earth
A village ſlave I'd be, than titled here
Imperial and auguſt. But ſay me true,
Or did my ſon illuſtrate his deſcent
Firſt in the files of war; or fled he pale
A recreant from the fight? do all our tribes
In Phthia ſtill revere my father's throne;
Or lives he now of regal power deſpoil'd,
A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm
To hold his ſceptre firm? that arm! which erſt
Warring for Greece beſtrew'd the Phrygian plains
With many a proweſs'd knight! Would Heaven reſtore
The ſame puiſſant form, I'd ſoon avenge
His injur'd age, and re-aſſert his claim.
He ceaſing, I reply'd: Of Peleus' ſtate
Fame hath to me been ſilent; but attend

* Antilochus,

While I th' atchievements of thy glorious ſon
Blazon, as truth ſhall dictate. Him to Troy
From Scyros o'er th' Ægean ſafe I bore,
To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we ſate
In council, to mature ſome high deſign,
Firſt of the peerage with perſuaſive ſpeech
His ſentence he diſclos'd, by all confeſs'd
The third from Neſtor. But whene'er we mov'd
In battailous array, and the ſtrill clang
Of onſet ſounded, he, with haughty ſtrides
Advancing in the van, the foremoſt chief,
Pierc'd through the adverſe legions, nor was deem'd
Not equal to the beſt. Each hardy deed,
Which in his country's cauſe the youth atchiev'd,
Were long to tell; but by his javelin dy'd
Eurypylus, of all th' auxiliary bands
Fam'd after Memnon firſt; with many a peer
Of Pergamenian race, around him ſtrown.
When in the wooden horſe, by Epeus form'd,
Selected heroes lay, aghaſt and pale
The reſt, ſhuddering with fear, let round big drops
Roll from their drooping eyes, he ſole abode
Undaunted, undiſmay'd; no chilling doubt
Froſted his damaſk cheek, nor ſilent tear
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From Grecian valour, with barbaric ſpoil,
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Unmark'd with hoſtile wound, though round him Mars
With tenfold rage oft made the battle burn.
I ended: joy ineffable poſſeſs'd
The great paternal ſhade; his ſteps he rais'd
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By Thetis was propos'd, and every judge
Inſtinct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
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And proweſs; paragon'd for both, to none
But the great ſon of Peleus! Him with ſpeech
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Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface
The memory of thoſe arms, which Heaven decreed
Pernicious to the Greeks, who loſt in thee
Their power of ſtrong defence: to mourn thy fall
The voice of grief along the tented ſhore
Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,
Divine Achilles, dy'd: nor deem that aught
Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom,
But ireful Jove, to puniſh all our hoſt,
Cut off its darling hope. O royal ſhade!
Approach, and affable to me vouchſafe
Mild audience, calming thy tempeſtuous rage.
Vain was my ſuit! for with th' unbody'd troo
Of ſpectres, fleeting to th' interior ſhade
Of Erebus, he to my friendly ſpeech
Diſdain'd reply; yet to that dark receſs
Had I purſu'd his flight, he muſt have borne
Unwilling correſpondence, forc'd by fate,
Impaſſion'd as he was; but I refrain'd,
For other viſions drew my curious eye.
Intent I ſaw with golden ſceptre grave
Minos, the ſon of Jove, to the pale ghoſts
Diſpenſing equity; with faded looks
They through the wide Plutonian hall appear'd
Frequent and full, and argued each his cauſe
At that tribunal, trembling whilſt he weigh'd
Their pleaded reaſon. Of protentous ſize
Orion next I view'd; a brazen mace
Invincible he bore, in fierce purſuit
Of thoſe huge mountain ſavages he ſlew,
While habitant of earth, whoſe griſly forms
He urg'd in chaſe the flowery mead along.
Nor unobſerv'd lay ſtretch'd upon the marl
Tityus, earth-born, whoſe body long and large
Cover'd nine acres: there two vultures ſat,
Of appetite inſatiate, and with beaks
For ravine bent, unintermitting goar'd
His liver, powerleſs he to put to flight
The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd
For rape intended on Latona fair,
The paramour of Jove, as ſhe ſojourn'd
To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns;
Delicious landſcape!—In a limpid lake
Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides:
Chin-deep he ſtands, yet with afflictive drought
Inceſſant pines, while ever as he bows
To ſip refreſhment, from his parching thirſt
The guileful water glides. Around the pool
Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous ſpread
Their pamper'd boughs: the racy olive green,
The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,
The luſcious fig ſky-dy'd, the taſteful pear
Vermilion'd half, and apples mellowing ſweet
In burniſh'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
Of food ambroſial:—when he tries to ſeize
The copious fruitage fair, a ſudden guſt
Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.
Then Siſyphus, the neareſt mate in woe,
Drew my regard; he, with diſtended nerves,
A ponderous ſtone rolls up a rugged rock;
Urg'd up the ſteep cliff ſlow with hand and foot
It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,
Precipitous adown the ſlopy ſide
The rapid orb devolving back renews
Eternal toil, which he, with duſt beſmear'd,
And dew'd with ſmoking ſweat, inceſſant plies.
I laſt the viſionary ſemblance view'd
Of Hercules, a ſhadowy form; for he,
The real ſon of Jove, in heaven's high court
Abides, aſſociate with the gods, and ſhares
Celeſtial banquets; where, with ſoft diſport
Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome
Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
Surrounding ghoſts, like fowl, the region wing
Vexatious, while the threatening image ſtands,
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While I th' atchievements of thy glorious ſon
Blazon, as truth ſhall dictate. Him to Troy
From Scyros o'er th' Ægean ſafe I bore,
To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we ſate
In council, to mature ſome high deſign,
Firſt of the peerage with perſuaſive ſpeech
His ſentence he diſclos'd, by all confeſs'd
The third from Neſtor. But whene'er we mov'd
In battailous array, and the ſhrill clang
Of onſet ſounded, he, with haughty ſtrides
Advancing in the van, the foremoſt chief,
Pierc'd through the adverſe legions, nor was deem'd
Not equal to the beſt. Each hardy deed,
Which in his country's cauſe the youth atchiev'd,
Were long to tell; but by his javelin dy'd
Eurypylus, of all th' auxiliary bands
Fam'd after Memnon firſt; with many a peer
Of Pergamenian race, around him ſtrown.
When in the wooden horſe, by Epeus form'd,
Selected heroes lay, aghaſt and pale
The reſt, ſhuddering with fear, let round big drops
Roll from their drooping eyes, he ſole abode
Undaunted, undiſmay'd; no chilling doubt
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To act to let th' aerial arrow fly.
Athwart his breaſt a military zone
Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
Grim woodland ſavages, with various ſcenes
Of war, fierce-jouſting knights, and havoc dire,
With matchleſs art pourtray'd: me ſtrait he knew,
And, piteous of my ſtate, addreſs'd me thus:
O exercis'd in grief, illuſtrious ſon
Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles!
Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils
To groan oppreſs'd: ev'n I, the ſeed of Jove,
Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
By an inferior wretch (what could he more?)
To drag to light the triple-creſted dog
That guards hell's maſſy portal: I atchiev'd
The taſk injoin'd, through the propitious aid
Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchſaf'd
Their friendly guidance: then without reply,
To Pluto's court majeſtic he retir'd.
Mean time for others of heroic note
I waited, in the liſts of ancient fame
Inroll'd illuſtrious; and had haply ſeen
Great Theſeus, and Pirithous his compeer,
The race of gods; but at the hideous ſcream
Of ſpectres iſſuing from the dark profound
I wax'd infirm of purpoſe, ſore diſmay'd
Leſt Proſerpine ſhould ſend Meduſa, curl'd
With ſnaky locks, to fix me in her realm
Stiff with Gorgonian horror: to the ſhip
Retreating ſpeedy thence, I bade my mates
To ſhove from ſhore: joyous they ſtrait began
To ſtem the tide, and bruſh'd the whitening ſeas,
Till the freſh gales reliev'd the labouring oar.

THE WIDOW'S WILE,

A TALE.

Have you not ſeen (to ſtate the caſe)
Two waſps lie ſtruggling in a glaſs?
With the rich flavour of Tokay
Allur'd, about the brim they play;
They light, they murmur, then begin
To lick, and ſo at length ſlip in;
Embracing cloſe the couple lies,
Together dip, together riſe;
You'd ſwear they love, and yet they ſtrive
Which ſhall be ſunk, and which ſurvive.
Such feign'd amours, and real hate,
Attend the matrimonial ſtate;
When ſacred vows are bought and ſold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.
A nymph there was, who ('tis aver'd
By fame) was born without a beard:
A certain ſign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable to boys or men.
But from that æra we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed;
Which, all love's chronicles agree,
She wore juſt turn'd of twenty-three;
For an old ſot ſhe call'd her mate,
For jewels, pin-money, and plate,
The dame, poſſeſs'd of wealth and eaſe,
Had no more appetites to pleaſe;
That which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie!—It ne'er enter'd in her head.
Yet ſome prolific planet ſmil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child;
Intitled by the law to claim
Her huſband's chattels, and his name:
But was ſo like his mother! She
The queen of love, her Cupid he.
This matron fair for ſpouſe deceas'd
Had ſorrow'd ſore, a week at leaſt;
And ſeem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls ſhe now refrain'd,
To a dark room by cuſtom chain'd;
And not a male for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.
The maids, ſo long in priſon pent,
Aſk leave to air; ſhe gives conſent
(For health is riches to the poor):
But Tom muſt ſtay to guard the door.
In reading Sherlock ſhe'd employ
Her ſolitude, and tend the boy.
When madam ſees the coaſt is clear,
Her ſpirits mantle and career,
Diffuſing ardour through her mien;
Pity they ſhould condenſe to ſpleen!
But now by honour ſhe's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind:
And on a maſquerading morn
By ſix ſecurely could return;
Having, to ſeal him ſafe till nine,
With opium drug'd her ſpouſe's wine.
This the gay world no worſe would hold,
Than had ſhe only chang'd his gold:
The ſpecies anſwer'd all demands,
And only paſs'd through other hands.
But honour now preſcribes the law,
The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
For charity forbid to roam,
And not a chitterling at home.
What! a large ſtomach, and no meat!
In pity, love, provide a treat;
Can widows feed on dreams and wiſhes,
Like hags on viſionary diſhes?
Impoſſible! Through walls of ſtone
Hunger will break, to ſuck a bone.
Want, oft in times of old, we read,
Made mothers on their infants feed;
And now conſtrain'd this matron mild
To grow hard-hearted to her child.
Her darling child ſhe pinch'd, he ſquall'd;
In haſte the favourite footman's call'd.
To pacify the peeviſh chit;
For who but he could do the feat?
He ſmarting ſore, refus'd to play;
But bade man Thomas beat mamma.
She, laughing, ſoon avow'd her flame
By various ſigns that want a name.
The lacquey ſaw, with trembling joy,
Gay humour dancing in her eye;
And ſtrait with equal fury fir'd
Began th' attack; the dame retir'd;
And haply falling as ſhe fled,

He beat her till ſhe lay for dead;
But (with new vigour for the ſtrife)
Soon with a ſigh return'd to life.
  Think ye ſhe'd e'er forgive her ſon,
For what the naughty man had done?
She did; yet, ſpited with his pain,
He ſounds th' alarm to charge again.
But, 'ſquire, conſult your potent ally,
Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally—
Yes; blood is hot on either ſide;
Another combat muſt be try'd.
She knew the foe could do no more,
Then at the firſt attack ſhe bore;
So at his little malice ſmil'd,
And cry'd, Come on!—To pleaſe the child.

A-LA-MODE.

My better ſelf, my heaven, my joy!
While thus imparadis'd I lie,
Tranſported in thy circling arms
With freſh variety of charms;
From fate I ſcarce can think to crave
A bleſs, but what in thee I have.
Twelve months, my dear, have paſt, ſince thou
Didſt plight to me thy virgin vow;
Twelve months in rapture ſpent! for they
Seem ſhorter than St. Lucy's day:
A bright example we ſhall prove
Of laſting matrimonial love.
  Mean while, I beg the gods to grant
(The only favour that I want)
That I may not ſurvive, to ſee
My happineſs expire with thee.
O! ſhould I loſe my deareſt dear,
By thee, and all that's good, I ſwear,
I'd give myſelf the fatal blow,
And wait thee to the world below.
  When Wheedle thus to ſpouſe in bed
Spoke the beſt things he e'er had read;
Madam ſurpris'd (you muſt ſuppoſe it)
Had lock'd a Templar in the cloſet;
A youth of pregnant parts, and worth,
To play at picquet, and ſo forth—
This wag, when he had heard the whole,
Demurely to the curtain ſtole,
And peeping in, with ſolemn tone
Cry'd out, O man! thy days are done:
The gods are fearful of the worſt,
And ſend me, death, to fetch thee firſt;
To ſave their favourite from ſelf-murder,
Lo! thus I execute their order.
Hold, Sir! for ſecond thoughts are beſt,
The huſband cry'd; 'tis my requeſt
With pleaſure to prolong my life.—
Your meaning?—Pray, Sir, take my wife.

SAPPHO TO PHAON; A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,
Before the whole is read, the writer's hand?
And could you gueſs from whom this letter came
Before you ſaw it ſign'd with Sappho's name?
Don't wonder, ſince I'm form'd for lyrics, why
The ſtrain is turn'd to plaintive elegy;
I mourn my ſlighted love; alas! my lute,
And ſprightly odes, would ill with ſorrow ſuit.
I'm ſcorch'd, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,
When winds to fan the furious blaze conſpire.
To flaming Ætna Phaon's pleas'd to roam,
But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.
  No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,
Verſe beſt befits a mind devoid of woe.
No more I court the nymphs I once careſt,
But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breaſt.
Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;
A fatal face to me, too cruel boy!
Enſlav'd to thoſe enchanting looks, that wear
The bluſh of Bacchus and Apollo's air;
Aſſume the garb of either god, in thee
We every grace of either god may ſee;
Yet they confeſs'd the power of female charms,
In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms;
Though neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move
With melting airs the rigid ſoul to love.
To me the muſe vouchſafes celeſtial fire,
And my ſoft numbers glow with warm deſire;
Alcæus and myſelf alike ſhe crown'd,
For ſoftneſs I, and he for ſtrength renown'd.
Beauty, 'tis true, penurious fate denies,
But wit my want of beauty well ſupplies:
My ſhape, I own, is ſhort, but yet my name
Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of fame.
If I'm not fair, young Perſeus did adore
The ſwarthy graces of the royal ‖ moor:
The milk-white doves with mottled mates are join'd,
And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind:
But if you'll fly from love's connubial rites
Till one as charming as yourſelf invites,
None of our ſex can ever bleſs your bed;
Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.
  Yet, when you read my verſe, you lik'd each line,
And ſwore no numbers were ſo ſweet as mine;
I ſang (that pleaſing image ſtill is plain,
Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,
You with fierce kiſſes ſtifled what you prais'd.
Some winning grace in every act you found,
But in full tides of ecſtaſy were drown'd;
When murmuring in the melting joys of love,
Round yours my curling limbs began to move:
But now the bright Sicilian maids adore
The youth, who ſeem'd ſo fond of me before:
Send back, ſend back my fugitive! for he
Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
That ſmooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
The coyeſt ear, the rougheſt pride diſarm.
  O, aid thy poeteſs, great queen of love,
Auſpicious to my growing paſſion prove!
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,
And ſtill purſues with unrelenting rage.
Of parents, whilſt a child, I was bereft,
To the wide world an helpleſs orphan left:

‖ Andromeda,

My brother in a ſtrumpet's vile embrace
Laviſh'd a large eſtate to buy diſgrace,
And doom'd to traffic on the main is toſt,
Winning with danger what with ſhame he loſt;
And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
His conduct, and was careful of his fame:
And then (as if the woes I bore beſide
Were yet too light) my little daughter dy'd.
But after all theſe pangs of ſorrow paſt,
A worſe came on, for Phaon came at laſt!
No gems, nor rich embroider'd ſilks, I wear;
No more in artful curls I comb my hair;
No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,
Nor Syrian oils diffuſive odours breathe:
Why ſhould I put ſuch gay allurements on,
Now he, the darling of my ſoul, is gone?
Soft is my breaſt, and keen the killing dart,
And he who gave the wound deſerves my heart:
My fate is fix'd, for ſure the fates decreed
That he ſhould wound, and Sappho's boſom bleed.
By the ſmooth blandiſhments of verſe betray'd,
In vain I call my reaſon to my aid;
The muſe is faithleſs to the fair at beſt,
But fatal in a love-ſick lady's breaſt.
  Yet is it ſtrange ſo ſweet a youth ſhould dart
Flames ſo reſiſtleſs to a woman's heart?
Him had Aurora ſeen, he ſoon had ſeiz'd
Her ſoul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd:
Chaſte Cynthia, did ſhe once behold his charms,
For Phaon's would forſake Endymion's arms;
Venus would bear him to her bower above,
But there ſhe dreads a rival in his love.
O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor boy,
Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy!
Come, on my panting breaſt thy head recline,
Thy love I aſk not, only ſuffer mine:
While this I aſk (but aſk I fear in vain)
See how my falling tears the letter ſtain.
  At leaſt, why would you not vouchſafe to ſhow
A kind regret, and ſay, "My dear, adieu!"
Nor parting kiſs I gave, nor tender tear,
My ruin flew on ſwifter wings than fear:
My wrongs, too ſafely treaſur'd in my mind,
Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;
Nor could I make my laſt deſire to thee,
Sometimes to caſt a pitying thought on me.
But, gods! when firſt the killing news I heard,
What pale amazement in my looks appear'd!
Awhile o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
My tongue forbore to ſpeak, my eyes to flow.
But when my ſenſe was weaken'd to deſpair,
I beat my tender breaſt, and tore my hair:
As a diſtracted mother weeps forlorn,
When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.
Mean while my cruel brother, for relief,
With ſcorn inſults me, and derides my grief:
Poor ſoul! he cries, I doubt ſhe grows ſincere;
Her daughter is return'd to life I fear.
Mindleſs of fame, I to the world reveal
The love ſo long I labour'd to conceal.
Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me;
All day I dote, and dream all night of thee:
Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,
By ſleep his image to my bed is brought:
Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
Anon I think my arms incircle thine:
Then the warm wiſhes of my ſoul I ſpeak,
Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break:
Heavens! with thy balmy lips my lips are preſt:
And then! ah then!—I bluſh to write the reſt.
Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play,
And gild the glowing ſcenes of fancy gay:
With life alone my lingering love muſt end,
On thee my love, my life, my all depend.
  But at the dawning day my pleaſures fleet,
And I (too ſoon!) perceive the dear deceit:
In caves and groves I ſeek to calm my grief;
The caves and groves afford me no relief.
Frantic I rove, diſorder'd with deſpair,
And to the winds unbind my ſcatter'd hair.
I find the ſhades, which to our joys were kind,
But my falſe Phaon there no more I find:
With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,
But now his abſence withers all the ſcene:
There weeping, I the graſſy couch ſurvey,
Where ſide by ſide we once together lay:
I kiſs where thy forſaken print appears,
And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.
The birds and trees to grief aſſiſtance bring,
Theſe drop their leaves, and they forbear to ſing:
Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone
For mangled Itys warbles out her moan;
Her moan for him trills ſweetly through the grove
While Sappho ſings of ill-requited love.
  To this dear ſolitude the Naiads bring
Their fruitful urns, to form a ſilver ſpring:
The trees that on the ſhady margin grow
Are green above, the banks are green below:
Here while by ſorrow lull'd aſleep I lay,
Thus ſaid the guardian nymph, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Fly, Sappho, fly; to cure this deep deſpair,
To the Leucadian rock in haſte repair;
High on whoſe hoary top an awful fane,
To Phœbus rear'd, ſurveys the ſubject main.
This deſperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,
For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride;
Into the waves, as holy rites require,
Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeleſs fire;
Her frozen breaſt a ſudden flame ſubdued,
And ſhe who fled the youth, the youth purſued.
Like him, to give thy raging paſſion eaſe,
Precipitate thyſelf into the ſeas.
  This ſaid, ſhe diſappear'd. I deadly wan
Roſe up, and guſhing tears unbounded ran:
I fly, ye nymphs, I fly; though fear aſſail
The woman, yet the lover muſt prevail.
In death what terrors can deſerve my care?
The pangs of death are gentler than deſpair.
Ye winds, and Cupid thou, to meet my fall,
Your downy pinions ſpread! my weight is ſmall.
Thus reſcued, to the god of verſe I'll bow,
Hang up my lute, and thus inſcribe my vow:
To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute;
The gift did both the god and giver ſuit.
  But, Phaon, why ſhould I this toil endure,
When thy return would ſoon complete the cure?
Thy beauty, and his balmy power, would be
A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.

O harder than the rock to which I go,
And deafer than the waves that war below!
Think yet, oh think! ſhall future ages tell
That I to Phaon's ſcorn a victim fell?
Or hadſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Bruis'd on the cliſt, than cloſe to Phaon's preſt?
This breaſt, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
You made me once believe you did admire?
O could it now ſupply me with addreſs
To plead my cauſe, and court thee with ſucceſs!
But mighty woes my genius quite control,
And damp the riſing vigour of my ſoul:
No more, ye Leſbian nymphs, deſire a ſong,
Mute is my voice, my lute is all unſtrung.
My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy ſhine,
(Ah! yet I ſcarce forbear to call him—mine.)
Phaon is fled! but bring the youth again,
Inſpiring ardors will revive my vein.
But why, alas! this unavailing prayer?
Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air:
My yows the winds diſperſe, and make their ſport,
But ne'er will waft him to the Leſbian port.
Yet if you purpoſe to return, 'tis wrong
To let your miſtreſs languiſh here ſo long:
Venus for your fair voyage will compoſe
The ſea, for from the ſea the goddeſs roſe:
Cupid, aſſiſted with propitious gales,
Will hand the rudder, and direct the ſails.
But, if relentleſs to my prayer you prove,
If ſtill, unkind without a cauſe, you'll rove,
And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes reſtore
That object, which her hourly vows implore;
'Twill be compaſſion now t' avow your hate;
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate!
Then, ſteel'd with reſolution by deſpair,
For cure I'll to the kinder ſeas repair:
That laſt relief for love-ſick minds I'll try;
Phœbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and ſeveral other Leſbian ladies fell paſſionately in love with; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumſtances of his ſtory, and to add what I thought proper in the following epiſtle.

PHAON TO SAPPHO.

I SOON perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
Before I ſaw it ſign'd with Sappho's name:
Such tender thoughts in ſuch a flowing verſe,
Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearſe;
Yet fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,
And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms!
With ſuch concern your paſſion I ſurvey,
As when I view a veſſel toſs'd at ſea;
I beg each friendly power the ſtorm may ceaſe,
And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.
What can I more than wiſh? for who can free
The wretched from the woe the gods decree?
With generous pity I'll repay your flame;
Pity! 'tis what deſerves a ſofter name:
Which yet, I fear, of equal uſe would prove
To ſooth a tempeſt, as abate your love.
How can my art your fierce diſeaſe ſubdue?
I want, alas! a greater cure than you:
Benumb'd in death the cold phyſician lies,
While for his help the feveriſh patient cries:
Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,
And, liſtening while my woes I here relate,
Let your ſoft boſom heave with tender ſighs,
Let melting ſorrow languiſh in your eyes;
Piteous deplore a wretch conſtrain'd to rove,
Whoſe crime and puniſhment is ſlighted love;
Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,
A monument of Cytherea's rage.
At Melea born, my race unknown to fame,
With oars I ply'd; Colymbus was my name;
A name that from the diving birds I bore,
Which ſeek their fiſhy food along the ſhore.
One ſummer-eve in port I left my ſail,
And with my partners ſought a neighbouring vale;
What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay
Their floral honours to the queen of May.
At firſt their various charms my choice confuſe,
For what is choice where each is fit to chooſe?
But love or fate at length my boſom fir'd
With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd;
A ſhepherdeſs ſhe was, and on the lawn
Sate to the ſetting-ſun from dewy dawn;
Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the ſtreams
In pearly caves, and ſhun the burning beams.
I whiſper love; ſhe flies; I ſtill purſue,
To preſs her to the joy ſhe never knew:
And while I ſpeak the virgin bluſhes ſpread
Her damaſk beauty with a warmer red.
I vow'd unſhaken faith, invoking loud
Venus, t' atteſt the ſolemn faith I vow'd;
Invoking all the radiant lights above,
(But moſt the lamp that lights the realm of love)
No more to guide me with their friendly rays,
But leave my ſhip to periſh on the ſeas,
If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find
My heart diſloyal, or my look unkind.
A maid will liſten when her lover ſwears,
And think his faith more real than her fears.
The careful ſhepherdeſs ſecur'd her flocks
From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,
Yet fell herſelf an undefended prey
To one more cruel and more falſe than they.
The nuptial joys we there conſummate ſoon,
Safe in the friendly ſilence of the moon;
And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day,
Beneath a ſhade of flowers in tranſport lay:
I roſe, and ſoftly ſighing, view'd her o'er;
How chang'd, I thought, from what ſhe was before!
Yet ſtill repeated (eager to be gone)
My former pledges, with a fainter tone,
And promis'd quick return: the penſive fair
Went with reluctance to her fleecy care;
While I reſolv'd to quit my native ſhore,
Never to ſee the late-lov'd Malea more.
Freſh on the waves the morning breezes play,
To bear my veſſel and my vows away;

With proſperous ſpeed I fly before the wind,
And leave the length of Leſbos all behind:
Far diſtant from my Malean love at laſt,
(Secure with twenty leagues between us caſt)
I furl my ſails, and on the Sigrian ſhore,
Adopting that my ſeat, the veſſel moor.
Sigrium, from whoſe aerial height I ſpy
The diſtant fields that bore imperial Troy:
Which, ſtill accurs'd for Helen's broken vow,
Procure thin crops, ungrateful to the plough.
I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind,
What future vengeance will my falſehood find,
When kings, and empires, no forgiveneſs gain'd
For violated rites, and faith profan'd!
Sea-faring on that coaſt I led my life,
A commoner of love, without a wife,
Content with caſual joys; and vainly thought
Venus forgave the perjur'd, or forgot.
And now my ſixtieth year began to ſhed
An undiſtinguiſh'd winter o'er my head;
When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame
(I thought her ſuch) for ſpeedy paſſage came.
A palſy ſhook her limbs; a ſhrivel'd ſkin
But ill conceal'd the ſkeleton within;
A monument of time: with equal grace
Her garb had poverty to ſuit her face.
Extorting firſt my price, I ſpread my ſail,
And ſteer my courſe before a merry gale:
Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aſide,
When in her lap a golden vaſe I ſpy'd;
Around ſo rich with orient gems enchas'd,
A flamy luſtre o'er the gold they caſt.
With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,
And ſailing now ſecure amid the main,
With felon force I ſeiz'd the ſeeming crone,
To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.
To Venus ſtrait ſhe chang'd divine to view!
The laughing loves around their mother flew:
Who, circled with a pomp of graces, ſtood,
Such as ſhe firſt aſcended from the flood.
I bow'd, ador'd.—With terror in her voice,
Thy violence (ſhe cry'd) ſhall win the prize:
Renew thy wrinkled form, be young and fair;
But ſoon thy heart ſhall own the purchaſe dear.
Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,
For vows atteſted in the Malean ſhade.—
Wrapt in a purple cloud, ſhe cut the ſkies,
And looking down, ſtill threaten'd with her eyes.
My fear at length diſpell'd (the ſight of gold
Can make an avaricious coward bold),
I ſeiz'd the glittering ſpoil, in hope to find
A caſe ſo rich with richer treaſures lin'd.
The lid remov'd, the vacant ſpace incloſ'd
An eſſence, with celeſtial art compos'd;
Which cures old age, and makes the ſhrivel'd cheek
Bluſhy as Bacchus, and as Hebe ſleek:
Strength to the nerves the nectar'd ſweets ſupply,
And eagle-radiance to the faded eye.
Nor ſharp diſeaſe, nor want, nor age, have power
T' invade that vigour, and that bloom deflower.
Th' effect I found, for, when return'd to land,
Some drops I ſprinkled on my ſun-burnt hand;
Where'er they fell, ſurpriſing to the ſight,
The freckled brown imbib'd a milky white:
So look the panther's varied ſides; and ſo
The pheaſant's wing, bedropt with flakes of ſnow.
I wet the whole, the ſame celeſtial hue
Tinctur'd the whole, meander'd o'er with blue.
Struck with amazement here, I pauſe a ſpace;
Next with the liquid ſweets anoint my face:
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,
And in the waves my changing viſage view.
Strait with my charms the watery mirror glows,
Thoſe fatal charms that ruin'd your repoſe!
Still doubting, up I ſtart, and fear to find
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.
My waiſt, and all my limbs, I laſt beſmear'd,
And ſoon a gloſſy youth all o'er appear'd.
Long wrapt in ſilent wonder, on the ſtrand,
I like a ſtatue of Apollo ſtand:
Like his, with oval grace my front is ſpread;
Like his, my lips and cheeks are roſy red;
Like his, my limbs are ſhap'd; in every part
So juſt, they mock the ſculptor's mimic art:
And golden curls adown my ſhoulders flow;
Nor wants there aught, except the lyre and bow!
Reſtor'd to youth, triumphant I repair
To court; to captivate th' admiring fair:
My faultleſs form the Leſbian nymphs adore,
Avow their flames, weep, ſigh, proteſt, implore.
There feel I firſt the penance of my ſin;
All ſpring without, and winter all within!
From me the ſenſe of gay deſire is fled,
And all their charms are cordial to the dead.
Or, if within my breaſt there chance to riſe
The ſweet remembrance of the genial joys;
Sudden it leaves me, like a tranſient gleam,
That gilds the ſurface of a freezing ſtream.
Mean time with various pangs my heart is torn,
Hate ſtrives with pity, ſhame contends with ſcorn;
Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range
In ſavage wilds; and curſe my penal change.
The phœnix ſo, reſtor'd with rich perfumes,
Diſplays the florid pride of all his plumes;
Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,
In barren ſolitude, a foe to love.
But in the calm receſs of woods and plains,
The viper envy revel'd in my veins;
And ever when the male careſs'd his bride,
Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aſide.
In river, mead, and grove, ſuch objects roſe,
T' avenge the goddeſs, and awake my woes:
Fiſh, beaſt, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,
Bleſs'd and rever'd the bliſsful powers of love.
What can I do for eaſe? O, whither fly?
Reſume my fatal form, ye gods, I cry:
Wither this beauteous bloom, ſo tempting gay;
And let me live transform'd to weak, and gray:
By change of clime, my ſorrows to beguile,
I leave, for Sicily, my native iſle:
Vain hope! for who can leave himſelf behind,
And live a thoughtleſs exile from the mind?
Arriving there, amidſt a flowery plain
That join'd the ſhore, I view'd a virgin-train,
Who in ſoft ditties ſung of Acis' flame,
And ſtrew'd with annual wreaths his amber ſtream.
Me ſoon they ſaw, and, fir'd with pious joy,
He comes, the godlike Acis comes, they cry:
Fair pride of Neptune's court! indulge our prayers;
Approach, you've now no Polypheme to fear.
Accept our rites: to bind thy brow, we bring
Theſe earlieſt honours of the roſy ſpring;

So may thy Galatea ſtill be kind,
As we thy ſmiling power propitious find!
But if—(they read their error in my bluſh:
For ſhame, and rage, and ſcorn, alternate fluſh.)
But if of earthy race, yet kinder prove;
Refuſe all other rites but thoſe of love.
That hated word new-ſtabs my rankling wound;
Like a ſtuck deer I ſtartle at the ſound:
Thence to the woods with furious ſpeed repair,
And leave them all abandon'd to deſpair.
So frighted by the ſwains, to reach the brake
Glides from a ſunny bank the glittering ſnake;
And whilſt, reviv'd in youth, his wavy train
Floats in large ſpires, and burns along the plain;
He darts malignance from his ſcorpful eye,
And the young flowers with livid hiſſes die.
Let my ſad fate your ſoft compaſſion move,
Convinc'd that Phaon would, but cannot love:
To torture and diſtract my ſoul, are join'd
Unfading youth, and impotence of mind.
The white and red that flatter on my ſkin,
Hide hell; the grinning furies howl within;
Pride, envy, rage, and hate, inhabit there,
And the black child of guilt, extreme deſpair:
Nor of leſs terror to the perjur'd prove
The frowns of Venus, than the bolts of Jove.
When Orpheus in the woods began to play,
Sooth'd with his airs, the leopards round him lay:
Their glaring eyes with leſſen'd fury burn'd;
But when the lyre was mute, their rage return'd:
So would thy muſe and lute a while controul
My woes, and tune the diſcord of my ſoul:
In ſweet ſuſpenſe each ſavage thought reſtrain'd;
And then, the love I never felt I feign'd.
O Sappho, now that muſe and lute employ;
Invoke the golden goddeſs from the ſky:
From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redreſs,
In love, Apollo boaſts no ſure ſucceſs:
Let him preſide o'er oracles and arts;
Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.
O, let the warbled hymn† delight her ear;
Can ſhe when Sappho ſings refuſe to hear?
Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,
While flowers and burning gums perfume her fane.
And when, deſcending to the plaintive ſound,
She comes confeſs'd with all her graces round,
O, plead my cauſe! in that auſpicious hour,
Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful power.
Nor ceaſe thy ſuit, till with a ſmiling air
She cries, I give my Phaon to thy prayer:
And, from his crime abſolv'd, with all his charms
He long ſhall live, and die in Sappho's arms.—
Then ſwift, and gentle as her gentleſt dove,
I'll ſeek thy breaſt, and equal all thy love:
Hymen ſhall clap his purple wings, and ſpread
Inceſſant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.
And while in pomp at Cytherea's ſhrine,
With choral ſong and dance, our vows we join;
Her flaming altar with religious fear
I'll touch, and, proſtrate on the marble, ſwear
That zeal and love for ever ſhall divide
My heart, between the goddeſs and the bride

† Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

A TALE,

DEVISED IN THE PLESAUNT MANERE OF GENTIL MAISTER JEUFFREY CHAUCER.

WHYLOM in Kent there dwelt a clerke,
With grete cheer, and litil werke,
Upwaxen was with venere:
For meagre lent ne recked he,
Ne faſtes daies had in remembraunce,
Mo will had he to dalliaunce.
To ſerchen out a bellamie,
He had a ſharp and licorous eie;
But it wold bett abide a leke,
Or onion, than the ſight of Greke;
Wherefore God yeve him ſhame, Boccace
Serv'd him for Baſil and Ignace,
His vermeil cheke that ſhon wyth mirth,
Spake him the blitheſt prieſt on yearth;
At chyrch, to ſhew his lillied hond,
Full fetouſly he prank'd his bond;
Slyke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And Iſaac Wever was he nempt.
Thilke clerke, echauſed in the groyne,
For a young damoſell did pyne,
Born in Eaſt-Cheap; who, by my fay,
Ypert was as a popinjay:
Ne wit ne wordes did ſhe waunt,
Wele cond ſhe many a romaunt;
Ore muſcadine, or ſpiced ale,
She carrold ſoote as nightingale:
And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,
Withouten ſpeche; a ſpeciall ſigne
She lack'd ſomedele of what ech dame
Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name:
So was eftſoons by Iſaac won,
To bliſful conſummation
Here nought I now tellen the feſtes,
Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the gheſtes;
But withouten ſuch gawdes, I trow
Myne legend is prolix ynow.
Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's ſong,
A tale ſhold never be too long;
And ſikerly in fayre Englond
None bett doth taling underſtond.
She now, algates full ſad to chaunge
The citee for her huſbond's graunge,
To Kent mote; for ſhe wele did knowe
'Twas vaine ayenſt the ſtreme to rowe.
Sa wend they on one ſteed yfere,
Ech cleping toder life and dere;
Heaven ſhilde him fro myne Bromley hoſt,
Or many a groat theyr meel woll coſt.
Deem next ye maiſtreſs Wever ſene
Yclad in ſable bombaſine;
The frankeleins wyves acc ſt her blythe,
Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;
And yeve honour parochiall
In pe , and ake at feſtivall.
Worſchip and wealth her huſbond hath;
Ne poor in aught, ſave werks and faith:
Kepes bull, bore, ſtallion, to diſpence
Large pennorths of benevolence.
His berne yrammed was, and ſtore
Of poultrie cackled at the dore;

His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
And was aſtonied at the cocke;
That, in his portaunce debonair,
On everich henn beſtow'd a ſhare
Of pleſaunce, yet no genitours
She ſaw, to thrill his paramours:
Oftſithes ſhe mokel mus'd theron,
Yet eiſt ſhe howgates it was don.
One night, ere they to ſleepen went,
Her Iſaac in her arms ſhe hent,
As was her uſage; and did ſaie,
Of charite I mote thee praie,
To techen myne uncohnyng wit
One thing it comprehendeth niet:
And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
If in myne queſt thou falſen me.
Our Chaunticlere loves everich hen,
Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten;
Yet romps he ore beth grete and ſmall,
Ne ken I what he ſwinks wythall.
But on ech leg a wepon is,
Yperſent, and full ſtarke I wys;
Doth he with hem at Pertelote play?
In ſooth theres werk inough for tway.
Qd. Iſaac, certes by Sainct Poule,
Myne lief thou art a ſimple foule;
Foules fro the egle to the wren,
Bin harnefs'd othergiſe than men:
For the males engins of delite
Ferre in theyr entrails are empight;
Els, par miſchaunce, theyr merriment
Emong the breers mought fore be ſhent.
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
Love of venereal jouiſaunce:
And in one month, the trouth to fayne,
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twaine.
O Benedicite! qd. ſhe,
If kepyng hote ſo kindlych be,
Hie in thyne boweles truſs thyne gere,
And eke the ſkrippe that daungleth here.
Ne dame, he anſwer'd, mote that bene;
For as I hope to be a dene,
Thilke Falſtaffe-bellie rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale and pig:
Ne in it is a chink for theſe,
Ne for a wheat-ſtraw, and tway peaſe.
Pardie, qd. ſhe, ſyth theres nat room,
Swete Nykin! chafe hem in myne woom.

TO MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER.

In which a Poet ſuppoſeth Apollo to have given this anſwer to one who inquired who was the author of the Iliad.

Ἠιδον μὲν Ἐγὼν, ἐχέφατσι δὲ θεῖος Ὁμηρος.

Hæc modulabar ego, ſcripſit divinus Homerus.

When Phœbus, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old aſſembled in the Theſpian ſhades,
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befits theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the god, Your loftieſt notes employ
To ſing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.
The wondrous ſong with rapture they rehearſe,
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe.
He anſwer'd with a frown; I now reveal
A truth that envy bids me not conceal.
Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,
I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,
Which, unobſerv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
And, fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
From me the god of wit uſurp'd the bays.
But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
Yet when my arts ſhall triumph in the weſt,
And the White Iſle with female power is bleſt,
Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
And the tranſlator's palm to me transfer;
With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think this Engliſh Iliad mine.

THE PLATONIC SPELL. ‖

Whene'er I wed, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the nooſe preſide,
Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,
Or let me ſtill a rover live:
But if all theſe no nymph can ſhare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.
Thus pray'd the ſwain in heat of blood,
Whilſt nigh celeſtial Cupid ſtood;
And, tapping him, ſaid, Youth be wiſe,
And let a child for once adviſe.
A faultleſs make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and riches, rarely meet:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court ſome bright Phillis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliſs, and ne'er will cloy.
But truſt me, youth, for I'm ſincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er ſmall poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, in ſong, and ſonnet,
Their beauty's but a ſpell, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring.
Ere the ſack-poſſet is digeſted,
Or half of Hymen's taper waſted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kiſſes ſtole,
And ſeem'd to ſuck her ſpringing ſoul;
Theſe, and the reſt you doated on,
Are nauſeous, or inſipid grown;
The ſpell diſſolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sachariſſa turns to Joan.

MARULLUS TO NEÆRA,

IMITATED.

Rob'd like Diana, ready for the chaſe,
Her mind as ſpotleſs, and as fair her face,

‖ This poem, with ſome variations, may be found in Stepney, under the title of "The Spell."

Young Sylvia ſtray'd beneath the dewy dawn
To courſe th' imperial ſtag o'er Windſor lawn.
There Cupid view'd her ſpreading o'er the plain,
The firſt and faireſt of the rural train;
And, by a ſmall miſtake, the power of love,
Thought her the virgin-goddeſs of the grove:
Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her ſight
He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight:
Though pleas'd, ſhe bluſh'd; and, with a glowing ſmile,
Purſu'd the god, and ſeiz'd the golden ſpoil.
The nymph, reſiſtleſs in her native charms,
Now reigns poſſeſs'd of Cupid's dreaded arms;
And, wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes,
Unerring in its ſpeed each arrow flies.
No more his deity is held divine,
No more we kneel at Cytherea's ſhrine;
Their various powers' complete in Sylvia, prove
Her title to command the realms of love.

KISSES.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

BASIUM I.

When Venus, in the ſweet Idalian ſhade,
A violet couch for young Aſcanius made,
Their opening gems th' obedient roſes bow'd,
And veil'd his beauties with a damaſk cloud:
While the bright goddeſs, with a gentle ſhower
Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the bliſsful bower.
Of ſight inſatiate, ſhe devours his charms,
Till her ſoft breaſt relindling ardour warms;
New joys tumultuous in her boſom roll,
And all Adonis ruſheth on her ſoul:
Tranſported with each dear reſembling grace,
She cries, Adonis!—ſure I ſee thy face!
Then ſtoops to claſp the beauteous form, but fears
He'd wake too ſoon, and with a ſigh forbears;
Yet, fix'd in ſilent rapture, ſtands to gaze,
Kiſſing each flowering bud that round her plays:
Swell'd with her touch, each animated roſe
Expands, and ſtrait with warmer purple glows;
Where infant kiſſes bloom, a balmy ſtore!
Redoubling all the bliſs ſhe felt before.
Sudden her ſwans career along the ſkies,
And o'er the globe the fair celeſtial flies;
Then, as where Ceres paſt, the teeming plain
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
So fruitful kiſſes fell where Venus flew,
And by the power of genial magic grew;
A plenteous harveſt! which ſhe deign'd t' impart,
To ſooth an agonizing love-ſick heart.
All hail, ye roſeate kiſſes! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays,
Bleſs your kind power, enamour'd of your praiſe;
Lays! form'd to laſt, till barbarous time invades
The muſes' hill, and withers all their ſhades.
Sprung from the † guardian of the Roman name,
In Roman numbers live, ſecure of fame.

† Venus.

BASIUM II.

As the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the claſping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs,
So cloſe, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Cloſer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms incircle thee.
The jovial friend ſhall tempt in vain
With humour, wit, and briſk champaigne,
In vain ſhall nature call for ſleep,
We'll love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
Diſſolving in exceſs of joy,
Till fate ſhall with a ſingle dart
Transfix the pair it cannot part.
Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And ſeek the bleſt Elyſian groves;
Where ſpring in roſy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There, lovers of heroic name
Revive their long-extinguiſh'd flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In ſhining pomp to form the dance,
Or ſing of love and gay deſire,
Reſponſive to the warbling lyre;
Reclining ſoft in bliſsful bowers,
Purpled ſweet with ſpringing flowers;
And cover'd with a ſilken ſhade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:
Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
The muſk-roſe ſcents the verdant gloom:
Through which the whiſpering zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's ſigh.
When we approach thoſe bleſt retreats,
Th' aſſembly ſtrait will leave their ſeats,
Admiring much the matchleſs pair,
So fond the youth, the nymph ſo fair!
Daughters and miſtreſſes to Jove,
By Homer fam'd of old for love,
In homage to the Britiſh grace,
Will give pre-eminence of place.
Helen herſelf will ſoon agree
To riſe, and yield her rank to thee.

AN EPISTLE
TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

"Omnia me tua delectant; ſed maximè, maxima
"cùm fides in amicitiâ, conſilium, gravitas, con-
"ſtantia; tum lepos, humanitas, literæ."
CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

Slow though I am to wake the ſleeping lyre,
Yet ſhould the muſe ſome happy ſong inſpire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verſe to Lambard I decree:
Such may the muſe inſpire, and make it prove
A pledge and monument of laſting love!
Mean time intent the faireſt plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;

Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens pleaſe,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in eaſe;
Whom all the rival muſes ſtrive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now truth's bright charms employ my ſerious thought,
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:
Then from the ſhades of Tuſculum I rove,
And ſtudious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the ſoul engage
To ſound the depths of Plato's ſacred page;
Where ſcience in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Tranſported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whoſe wings the muſe in better ages prun'd,
And their ſweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithleſs maid;
As weary'd hinds accuſe the lingering ſun,
And heirs impatient wiſh for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace § did the moments glide,
Till his free muſe her ſprightly force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expoſe,
In eaſy numbers near ally'd to proſe: [ſing.
Guilt bluſh'd and trembled when ſhe heard him
He ſmil'd reproof, and tickled with his ſting.
With ſuch a graceful negligence expreſt,
Wit, thus apply'd, will ever ſtand the teſt:
But he, who blindly led by whimſy ſtrays,
And from groſs images would merit praiſe,
When nature ſets the nobleſt ſtores in view,
Affects to poliſh copper in Peru:
So while the ſeas on barren ſands are caſt,
The ſaltneſs of their waves offend the taſte;
But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the ſwain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and ſwell the meager grain.
Be this their care, who, ſtudious of renown,
Toil up th' Aonian ſteep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having ſpent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To ſteadier rule my thoughts I now compoſe,
And prize ideas clad in honeſt proſe.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæſar's praiſe,
Cover'd his baldneſs with immortal bays;
And death perhaps, to ſpoil poetic ſport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine ſhort:
His ear had a more laſting itch than mine,
For the ſmooth cadence of a golden line:
Should luſt of verſe prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with ſixty winters, you might ſee
My circle end in ſecond infancy.
I might ere long an aukward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a courſe,
Now mount my hobby, then the muſes' horſe:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With ſage decorum in my eaſy chair;
Grave as Libanius, ſlumbering o'er the laws,
Whilſt gold and party zeal decide the cauſe,

§ Epiſt. 1. Lib. 1.

A nobler taſk our riper age affords
Than ſcanning ſyllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even meaſures flow,
Nor think ſome fleet too faſt, and ſome too ſlow;
Still equal in himſelf, and free to taſte
The now, without repining at the paſt;
Nor the vain preſcience of the ſpleen t' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate ſerene;
With virtue ſteel'd, and ſteady to ſurvey
Age, death, diſeaſe, or want, without diſmay:
Theſe arts, my Lambard! uſeful in their end,
Make man to others and himſelf a friend.
Happieſt of mortals he, who, timely wiſe,
In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys;
With books and patrimonial plenty bleſt,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breaſt!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay ſervitude of courts enthrals,
Unknowing how to maſk concerted guile
With a falſe cringe, or undermining ſmile!
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence ſhines through clear ſimplicity.
Though no rich labours of the Perſian loom,
Nor the nice ſculptor's art adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will ſoftly ſeal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down ſupplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himſelf unſeen he ſees the labouring crowd,
Where all induſtrious to their ruin run,
Swift to purſue what moſt they ought to ſhun
Some, by the ſordid thirſt of gain controll'd,
Starve in their ſtores, and cheat themſelves for gold,
Preſerve the precious bane with anxious care
In vagrant luſts to feed a laviſh heir:
Others devour ambition's glittering bait,
To ſweat in purple, and repine in ſtate;
Devote their powers to every wild extreme
For the ſhort pageant of a pompous dream:
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the ſpring,
But in a public ſphere thoſe virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flouriſh'd in the ſhade:
So while the night her ebon ſceptre ſways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant § diſplays;
But the full day the ſhort-liv'd beauties ſhun,
Elude our hopes, and ſicken at the ſun.
Fantaſtic joys in diſtant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the raſh career.
Fame, power, and wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fire his eager ſoul;
For theſe are eaſe and innocence reſign'd,
For theſe he ſtrips; farewell the tranquil mind!
Headſtrong he urges on till vigour fails,
And gray experience (but too late!) prevails:
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
When the nerves ſlacken, and the ſpirits cool;
When joy and bluſhy youth forſake his face,
Sicklied with age, and ſour with ſelf-diſgrace;

§ The nurſe-tree.

No flavour then the ſparkling cups retain,
Muſic is harſh, the Syren ſings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diſeas'd with liſe, and dreads to die?
In that laſt ſcene, by fate in fables dreſt,
Thy power, triumphant virtue! is confeſt;
Thy veſtal flames diffuſe celeſtial light
Through death's dark vale, and vanquiſh total night;
Lenient of anguiſh, o'er the breaſt prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering fortune fail.
Such, happy Twiſden! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the muſe, and fair in deathleſs fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory ſhone,
Were thy laſt hours, and ſuch I wiſh my own:
So caſſia bruis'd exhales her rich perfumes,
And incenſe in a fragrant cloud conſumes.
Moſt ſpoil the boon that nature's pleas'd t' impart,
By too much varniſh, or by want of art;
By ſolid ſcience all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new poliſh'd, and with gold encha's'd.
Votes to th' unletter'd 'ſquire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
But arts, addreſs, and force of genius, join
To make a hammer in the ſenate ſhine.
Yet one preſiding power in every breaſt
Receives a ſtronger ſanction than the reſt:
And they who ſtudy and diſcern it well,
Act unreſtrain'd, without deſign excel,
But court contempt, and err without redreſs,
Miſſing the maſter-talent they poſſeſs.
Whiſton perhaps in Euclid may ſucceed,
But ſhall I truſt him to reform my creed?
In ſweet aſſemblage every blooming grace
Fix love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
With which her faultleſs ſhape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, ſhe ſtrives to repartee;
And, ever prone her matchleſs form to wrong,
Leſt envy ſhould be dumb, ſhe lends her tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Enſnare a gudgeon, or ſometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial ſpite!)
He fiſh'd—Becauſe the man attempts to write.
Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
But thoſe the muſes bathe in Helicon:
In what far diſtant age would Belgia raiſe
One happy wit to net the Britiſh ſeas!
Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor ſmiles alike on all:
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flowers ſpontaneous crown the ſmiling year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raiſe the jaſmine, or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the ſavage ſloes,
Or in bleak Scythia ſeeks the bluſhing roſe?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the Britiſh oak aſcends,
Proud to ſurvey the ſeas her power defends;
Her ſovereign title to the flag ſhe proves,
Scornful of ſofter India's ſpicy groves.
These inſtances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This ſoil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The ſeeds of gentle ſcience beſt will bear;
That with more particles of flame inſpir'd,
With glittering arms and thirſt of fame is fir'd;
Nothing of greatneſs in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If theſe from nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the ſage dreſs, and flutter in the Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
Should the rough homicide unſheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the ſoft fop forſake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffenſive arms;
Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for ſome new Cervantes to record.
Whither, you cry, tends all this dry diſcourſe?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horſe.
I look'd for ſparkling lines, and ſomething gay
To friſk my fancy with; but ſooth to ſay!
From her Apollo now the muſe elopes,
And trades in ſyllogiſms more than tropes.
Faith, Sir, I ſee you nod, but can't forbear;
When a friend reads, in honour you muſt hear;
For all enthuſiaſts, when the fit is ſtrong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burgeſs on his tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the ſaints began to ſnore.
To lead us ſafe through error's thorny maze,
Reaſon exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious ſway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain inveſt,
And opiate all her active powers to reſt;
Though on that magazine no fevers ſeize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet baniſh'd from the realms by right her own,
Paſſion, a blind uſurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to known good preferring ſpecious ill,
Reaſon becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man, perverſely fond to roam aſtray,
Hoodwinks the guide aſſign'd to ſhow the way;
And in life's voyage like the pilot fares
Who breaks the compaſs, and contemns the ſtars,
To ſteer by meteors, which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempeſt in the ſky.
Vain of his ſkill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path purſues;
And ſeldom is one wretch ſo humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own:
The boldeſt they, who leaſt partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor ſhame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
Villain, ſaid Zeno to his pilfering ſlave,
What frugal nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treaſure I depos'd in truſt,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjuſt?
Sir, blame the ſtars, felonious culprit cry'd:
We'll by the ſtatute of the ſtars be try'd.
If their ſtrong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to ſteal—and ſome to ſcourge;

The beadle muſt obey the fates' decree,
As powerful deſtiny prevail'd with thee.
This heathen logic ſeems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmleſs modern bard:
The critics hence may think themſelves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkies draw their pedigree from man;
To which (though by the breed our kind's diſgrac'd)
We grant ſuperior elegance of taſte:
But in their own defence the wits obſerve
That, by impulſe from heaven, they write and ſtarve;
Their patron-planet, with reſiſtleſs power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a ſolar heat,
For which the college has no ſure receipt,
Elſe from their garrets would they ſoon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the ſtraw.
Nothing ſo much intoxicates the brain
As flattery's ſmooth inſinuating bane:
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain ſelf-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And reaſon oft ſubmits when both invade,
Without aſſaulted, and within betray'd.
When flattery's magic miſts ſuffuſe the ſight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror ſhows perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confuſion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wiſe:
Nor fail her fulſome arts to ſooth our pride,
Though praiſe to venom turns if wrong apply'd.
Me thus ſhe whiſpers while I write to you:
"Draw forth a banner'd hoſt in fair review!
"Then every muſe invoke thy voice to raiſe,
"Arms and the man to ſing in lofty lays:
"Whoſe active bloom heroic deeds employ,
"Such as the ſon of Thetis § ſung at Troy;
"When his high-ſounding lyre his valour rais'd,
"To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
"Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
"At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
"By France the genius of the fight confeſt,
"For which our patron ſaint adorns his breaſt."—
Is this my friend, who ſits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any ſcene of ſlaughter ſaw,
But thoſe who fell by phyſic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a ſtar, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O often prov'd, and ever found ſincere!
Too honeſt is thy heart, thy ſenſe too clear,
On theſe encomiums to vouchſafe a ſmile,
Which only can belong to great Argyll.
But moſt among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantreſs all her charms diſplays,
In the ſly commerce of alternate praiſe.
If, for his father's ſins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchſtone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode
Though every ſtanza glitters thick with ſtars,
And goddeſſes deſcend in ivory cars:
Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but aukward, yet his fate
May raiſe him to be premier bard of ſtate;
I therefore bribe his ſuffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in ſeeming tranſport, while I ſpeak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!
He, conſcious of deſert, accepts the praiſe,
And courteous, with increaſe the debt repays:
Boileau's a muſhroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I diſpute the palm with thee;
Both raviſh'd, ſing Te Phœbum for ſucceſs;
Riſe ſwift, ye laurels! boy! beſpeak the preſs—
Thus on imaginary praiſe we feed;
Each writes till all refuſe to print or read:
From the records of fame condemn'd to paſs
To || Briſquet's calendar, a rubrick aſs.
Few, wondrous few are eagle-ey'd to find
A plain diſeaſe, or blemiſh in the mind:
Few can, though wiſdom ſhould their health enſure,
Diſpaſſionate and cool attend a cure,
In youth diſus'd t' obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a ſavage liberty to gain,
We fate the kind deſire of every ſenſe,
And lull our age in thoughtleſs indolence:
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Though, to ſupply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and pride, impatient of control,
The ſiſter-twins of ſloth, poſſeſs the ſoul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
I ſcarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the tower;
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But yet, without experience, ſenſe, or arts,
Pumilio boaſts ſufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the ſtate, or give the ſtamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.
When Philomel of old eſſay'd to ſing,
And in his roſy progreſs hail'd the ſpring,
Th' aerial ſongſters liſtening to the lays,
By ſilent ecſtaſy confeſt her praiſe.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock ſtrains the diſcord of his throat,
In hope his hideous ſhrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conſcious of wanted worth, and juſt diſdain,
Lowering his creſt, he creeps to Juno's fane:
To his proteſtreſs there reveals the caſe;
And for a ſweeter voice devoutly prays.
Then thus reply'd the radiant goddeſs, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:
My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each ſpecies had peculiar gifts aſſign'd:
The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their ſtrong pounces claim a regal right;

§ Iliad ix.

|| Briſquet, Jeſter to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

The ſwan, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the ſiſhy river rows in ſtate:
Gay ſtarry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
Theſe various bounties were diſpos'd above,
And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove:
Diſcern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert deſign'd, nor aim at more.

TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

From this auſpicious day three kingdoms date
The faireſt favours of indulgent fate:
From this the months in radiant circles run,
As ſtars receive their luſtre from the ſun.
To you the ſceptres of all Europe bend,
The victor thoſe revere, and theſe the friend;
Your ſilken reins the willing nations crave,
For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to ſave.
Mild amidſt triumphs, victory beſtows
On you renown, and freedom on your foes;
Obſervant of your will, the goddeſs brings
Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.
But, as the brighteſt beams and gentleſt ſhowers
Were once reſerv'd for Eden's opening flowers;
So, though remoter realms your influence ſhare,
Britannia boaſts to be your darling care.
By your great wiſdom and reſiſtleſs might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Nature had join'd the lands; but you alone
Make their affections and their councils one;
You ſpeak—the jarring principles remove,
And, cloſe combin'd, the ſiſter-nations prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love.
What power would now forbid the warrior-queen
To wave the red-croſs banners o'er the Seine?
Others for titles urge the ſoldier's toil,
Or meanly ſeek the foe, to ſeize the ſpoil:
But you for right your pious arms employ,
And conquer to reſtore, and not deſtroy;
Vouchſafing audience to your ſuppliant foes,
You long to give the labouring world repoſe;
Concurring juſtice waits from you the word,
Pleas'd, when you fix the ſcales, to ſheath the ſword.
From this propitious omen we preſage
Unnumber'd bleſſings to the coming age;
Eſtabliſh'd faith, the daughter of the ſkies,
Shall ſee new temples by your bounty riſe;
Commerce beneath the ſouthern ſtars ſhall thrive,
Inteſtine feuds expire, and arts revive;
Safe in their ſhades the muſes ſhall remain,
And ſing the milder glories of your reign.
So, whilſt offended heaven exerts its power,
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
But, when our incenſe reconciles the ſkies,
Again the radiant beams begin to riſe;
Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
And fragrant bowers perfume the dawning day;
The groves around rejoice with echoing ſtrains,
And golden plenty covers all the plains.

AN ODE

To the Right Honourable
JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

I.

O'ER winter's long inclement ſway,
At length the luſty ſpring prevails;
And, ſwift to meet the ſmiling May,
Is wafted by the weſtern gales.
Around him dance the roſy hours,
And damaſking the ground with flowers,
With ambient ſweets perfume the morn;
With ſhadowy verdure flouriſh'd high,
A ſudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to reſume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye muſes! deign,
For me, the meaneſt of your train,
Unblam'd t' approach your bleſt retreat;
Where Horace wantons at your ſpring,
And Pindar ſweeps a bolder ſtring,
Whoſe notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

III.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides
Slow through the vale in ſilver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month preſides,
Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymph repair,
To ſwell the notes I feebly raiſe:
So with inſpiring ardors warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To liſten to my lays.

I.

Beneath the pole on hills of ſnow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of ſword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, the imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the ſofter ſouthern ſky:
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coaſt;
But ſoon the miſcreant moony hoſt
Before the victor-croſs ſhall fly.

II.

But here no clarion's ſhrilling note
The muſe's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noiſy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verſe:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the ſoft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay deſires:
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the ſoul,
With ſparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and ſocial mirth inſpires.

III.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celeſtial fair,
The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Laſh'd his ſwift tigers to the Celtic plain:
There ſecret in her ſapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feaſts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

I.

Shall man from nature's ſanction ſtray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful ſway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! time no change of motion knows;
With equal ſpeed the torrent flows,
To ſweep fame, power, and wealth away:
The paſt is all by death poſſeſs'd;
And frugal fate that guards the reſt,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

II.

O Gower! through all that deſtin'd ſpace
What breath the powers allot to me
Shall ſing the virtues of thy race
United, and complete in thee.
O flower of ancient Engliſh faith,
Purſue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father ſhone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A luſtre equal to its own.

III.

Honour's bright dome, on laſting columns rear'd,
Nor envy ruſts, nor rolling years conſume;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incenſe all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland ſeated near his ſide,
Fix'd by the muſe the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter ſpace.

THE DREAM.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III. ELEGY III.

To green retreats, that ſhade the muſes' ſtream,
My fancy lately bore me in a dream;
Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp! ſtrung,
And Blenheim's field, and fam'd Ramillia ſung:
Faſt by that ſpring, where Spenſer ſat of old,
And great exploits in lofty numbers told.
Phœbus in his Caſtalian grotto laid,
O'er which a laurel caſt her ſilken ſhade,
Spy'd me, and haſtily when firſt he ſpy'd,
Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd:
What ſtrange ambition has miſplac'd thee there:
Forbear to ſing of arms, alas forbear!
Form'd in a gentle mould, henceforth employ
Thy pen to paint the ſofter ſcenes of joy.
Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,
Prefer'd to grace the toilets of the fair:
When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,
In reading thee they'll paſs the hours away:
And, when they'd make their melting wiſhes known,
Repeat thy paſſion to reveal their own.
Then haſte, the ſafer ſhallows to regain,
Nor dare the ſtormy dangers of the main.
Ceaſing with this reproof, the friendly god
A moſſy path, but lightly beaten, ſhow'd:
A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone
Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown;
With timbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,
And earthen gods on either ſide were plac'd.
Silenus, and the muſes' virgin-train,
Stood here, with Pan the poet of the plain:
Elſewhere the doves of Cytherea's team
Were ſeen to ſip the ſweet Caſtalian ſtream.
Nine lovely nymphs a ſeveral taſk purſu'd,
For ivy one was ſent to ſearch the wood;
This to ſoft numbers join'd harmonious airs,
And fragrant roſy wreaths a third prepares.
Me thus the bright Calliope addreſs'd
(Her name the brightneſs of her form confeſs'd):
The ſilver ſwans of Venus wait to bear
Thee ſafe in pomp along the liquid air.
Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, ſtrait recal
Thy raſh deſign to ſing the wounded Gaul.
Harſh ſounds the trumpet in the muſes' grove,
But ſweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.
No more rehearſe the Danube's purple ſtream,
Let love for ever be the tender theme.
And in thy verſe reveal the moving art,
To melt an haughty nymph's relentleſs heart.
The goddeſs ceaſing, to confirm me more,
My face with hallow'd drops ſhe ſprinkled o'er,
Fetch'd from the fountain, by whoſe flowery ſide
Soft Waller ſung of Sachariſſa's pride.

To the Right Honourable The Lady MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

Let others boaſt the nine Aonian maids,
Inſpiring ſtreams, and ſweet reſounding ſhades;
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearſe,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verſe.
In vain! Nor Phœbus, nor the boaſted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd ſoul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuſe the ſacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.
When Waller, kindling with cœleſtial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth poſſeſt,
The praiſe of ſcience faintly warm'd his breaſt:
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's roſy ſmile,
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.
His muſe, by Nature form'd to pleaſe the fair,
Or ſing of heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender powers of love;

More ſweetly ſoft her awful beauty ſhone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.
As angels love, congenial ſouls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:
The florid and ſublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious ſenſe, and harmonize the ſound;
With varied notes the curious ear to pleaſe,
And turn a nervous thought with artful eaſe.
Maker, and model, of melodious verſe!
Accept theſe votive honours at thy herſe.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praiſe,
Infuſe thy genius, and my fancy raiſe!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the ſong his ſhade inſpires.
In Waller's fame, O faireſt Harley! view
What verdant palms ſhall owe their birth to you.
To you what deathleſs charms are thence decreed,
In Sachariſſa's fate vouchſafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of withering time,
Her beauties flouriſh in ambroſial prime;
Still kindling rapture, ſee! ſhe moves in ſtate;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praiſe of love's delight
In pureſt minds may ſtain the virgin-white;
How bright, and chaſte, the poet and his theme;
So Cynthia ſhines on Arethuſa's ſtream.
A ſainted virtue to the ſpheres may ſing
Thoſe ſtrains, that raviſh'd here the martyr king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd eaſe
Politely form'd, to profit and to pleaſe,
To fame whate'er was due he gave to fame;
And, what he could not praiſe, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's roſe without a thorn diſplay'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant bluſh decay'd.
Such ſoul-attracting airs were ſung of old,
When bliſsful years in golden circles roll'd;
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and ſtrife,
While love was all the pen ſive care of life,
The ſwains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their paſſion to reſound:
Fancy purſu'd the paths where beauty led,
To pleaſe the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the zephyrs ſigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verſe, the vaniſh'd fair
Breath'd in a flower, or ſparkled in a ſtar
Bright as the ſtars, and fragrant as the flowers
Where ſpring reſides in ſoft Elyſian bowers;
While theſe the bowers adorn, and they the ſphere,
Will Sachariſſa's charms in ſong appear.
Yet, in the preſent age, her radiant name
Muſt take a dimmer interval of fame;
When you to full meridian luſtre riſe,
With Morton's ſhape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carliſle's wit, her geſture, and her mien;
And, like ſeraphic Rich, with zeal ſerene:
In ſweet aſſemblage all their graces join'd,
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd!
That angel-frame, with chaſte attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May,
Of nobleſt youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wiſh, their wonder, and deſpair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The ſiſter-arts with ſudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the painter-nymph reſumes;
The canvas warms with roſeate beauty blooms;
Inſpir'd with life by ſculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and ſoftens with your ſmile;
Proud to receive the form, by fate deſign'd
The faireſt model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the muſe's heavenly voice!
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice;
Attend, ye gales! to Margaretta's praiſe,
And all ye liſtening loves record the lays!
So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The firſt, the brighteſt of the ſtarry train,
What favourite youth aſſign the fates to riſe,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd ſhield ſuſtains
Trophies, atchiev'd on Gallia's viny plains;
Or ſmiling peace a mingled wreath diſplays,
The patriot's olive, and the poet's bays:
Adorn, ye fates! the favourite youth aſſign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good;
His breaſt the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
To ſtrike a faithleſs age with conſcious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reaſon ſway'd;
Nor fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wiſe, brave, and ſtudious to ſupport the ſtate.
With candour firm; without ambition bold;
No deed diſcolour'd with the guilt of gold.
That Heaven may judge the choiceſt bleſſings due
And give the various good compris'd in you.

PROLOGUE

TO

SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.

When realms are ravag'd with invaſive foes,
Each boſom with heroic ardour glows;
Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
Diſdain to ruſt with batter'd invalids;
But active in the foremoſt ranks appear, [rear.
And leave young ſmock-fac'd beaux to guard the
So, to repel the Vandals of the ſtage,
Our veteran bard reſumes his tragic rage:
He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Engliſhmen to judge the field:
Thus arm'd, to reſcue nature from diſgrace,
Meſſieurs! lay down your minſtrels and grimace:
The brawnieſt youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
When old Etellus in the liſts appear'd.
Yet what avails the champion's giant ſize,
When pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
Your fathers (men of ſenſe, and honeſt bowlers)
Diſdain'd the mummery of foreign ſtrollers:
By their examples would you form your taſte,
The preſent age might emulate the paſt.
We hop'd that art and genius had ſecur'd you;
But ſoon facetious Harlequin allur'd you;

The muſes bluſh'd, to ſee their friends exalting
Thoſe elegant delights of jig and vaulting:
So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to dote
On nonſenſe, gargled in an eunuch's throat:
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monſters ſpeak,
As old wives wonder at the parſon's Greek.
Such light ragoûts and muſhrooms may be good,
To whet your appetites for wholeſome food:
But the bold Briton ne'er in earneſt dines
Without ſubſtantial haunches and ſurloins.
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour;
Creſſy was loſt by kickſhaws and ſoup-meagre.
Inſtead of light deſerts and luſcious froth,
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth;
To which, as well as all his former feaſts,
The ladies are the chief-invited gueſts.
Crown'd with a kind of Glaſtonbury bays,
That bloom amid the winter of his days,
He comes, ambitious in his green decline
To conſecrate his wreath at beauty's ſhrine.
His Oroonoko never fail'd t'engage
The radiant circles of the former age:
Each boſom heav'd, all eyes were ſeen to flow,
And ſympathize with Iſabella's woe:
But fate reſerv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brighteſt audience for the Spartan Dame.

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

Welcome, thou friendly carneſt of fourſcore,
Promiſe of wealth, that haſt alone the power
T'attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou that doſt Æſculapius deride,
And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;
Thou that art us'd t'attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
Thou that doſt oft in privy council wait,
And guard from drowſy ſleep the eyes of ſtate;
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'ſt the judges how they tread awry;
Thou that doſt oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below;
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'ſt to ſolemn noddles ſolemn pace;
Thou that art us'd to ſit on ladies knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
Thou that art ne'er from velvet ſlipper free;
Whence comes this unſought honour unto me?
Whence does this mighty condeſcenſion flow?
To viſit my poor tabernacle, O—!
As Jove vouchſaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis ſaid,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
Pleas'd with the poor but hoſpitable feaſt,
Jove bid him aſk, and granted his requeſt;
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the god of wine)
My humble ſuit!—And either give me ſtore
To entertain thee, or ne'er ſee me more.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX. IMITATED.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES *.

Since the hills all around us do penance in ſnow,
And winter's cold blaſts have benumb'd us below;
Since the rivers chain'd up flow with the ſame ſpeed [read;
As criminals move tow'rds the pſalm they can't
Throw whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves on the fire,
To keep out the cold, and new vigour inſpire;
Ne'er waſte the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge and purſue the grand buſineſs of drinking.
Come, pierce your old hogſheads, ne'er ſtint us in ſherry,
For this is the ſeaſon to drink and be merry;
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
We may brave the loud ſtorms, and defy the cold weather. [you love us,
We'll have no more of buſineſs; but, friend, as
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Whilſt your appetite's ſtrong, and good humour remains,
And active briſk blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the ſweet minutes in ſcenes of delight,
Let your friend have the day, and your miſtreſs the night:
In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
The night for intriguing was ever deſign'd;
Though ſhe runs from your arms, and retires to a ſhade,
Some friendly kind ſign will betray the coy maid:
All trembling you'll find then the poor baſhful ſinner,
Such a treſpaſs is venial in any beginner;
But remember this counſel, when once you have met her, [better:
Get a ring from the fair-one, or ſomething that's

CATULLUS, EPIG. V. TRANSLATED.

Let's live, my dear, like lovers too,
Nor heed what old men ſay or do.
The falling ſun will ſurely riſe,
And dart new glories through the ſkies.
But when we fall, alas! our light
Will ſet in everlaſting night.
Come then, let mirth and amorous play
Be all the buſineſs of the day.
Give me this kiſs—and this—and this!
A hundred thouſand more.—Let's kiſs
Till we ourſelves cannot expreſs,
Nor any lurking ſpy confeſs,
The boundleſs meaſure of our happineſs.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Happy the man who all his days does paſs
In the paternal cottage of his race;
Where firſt his trembling infant ſteps he try'd,
Which now ſupports his age, and once his youth employ'd.
This was the cottage his foreſathers knew,
It ſaw his birth, ſhall ſee his burial too;
Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
Are things experience never taught him yet.
Him to ſtrange lands no rambling humour bore,
Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native ſhore.

* Dedicated by Fenton, to Lionel Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex.

Free from all anxious intereſts of trade,
No ſtorms at ſea have e'er diſtur'd his head:
He never battle's wild confuſions ſaw,
Nor heard the worſe confuſions of the law.
A ſtranger to the town and town-employs,
Their dark and crowded ſtreets, their ſtink and noiſe;
He a more calm and brighter ſky enjoys.
Nor does the year by change of conſuls know,
The year his fruit's returning ſeaſons ſhow;
Quarters and months in nature's face he ſees,
In flowers the ſpring, and autumn on his trees.
The whole day's ſhadows, in his homeſtead drawn,
Point out the hourly courſes of the ſun.
Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
Whoſe tender ſetts his infancy beheld.
Of diſtant India, Erythræan ſhores,
Banacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,
(Alike unſeen) from common fame has heard,
Alike believes them, and with like regard.
Yet, firm and ſtrong, his grandchildren admire
The health and vigour of their brawny ſire.
The ſpacious globe let thoſe that will ſurvey,
This good old man, content at home to ſtay,
More happy years ſhall know, more leagues and countries they.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

Would you, my friend, in little room expreſs
The juſt deſcription of true happineſs;
Firſt ſet me down a competent eſtate,
But rais'd and left me by a parent's ſweat;
('Tis pleaſure to improve, but toil to get:)
Not large, but always large enough to yield
A cheerful fire, and no ungrateful field.
Averſe to law-ſuits, let me peace enjoy,
And rarely peſter'd with a town employ.
Smooth be my thoughts, my mind ſerene and clear,
A healthful body with ſuch limbs I'd bear
As ſhould be graceful, well-proportion'd, juſt,
And neither weak nor booriſhly robuſt.
Nor fool, nor knave, but innocently wiſe;
Some friends indulge me, let a few ſuffice:
But ſuited to my humour and degree,
Not nice, but eaſily pleas'd, and fit for me;
So let my board and entertainments be.
With wholeſome homely food, not ſerv'd in ſtate,
What taſtes as well in pewter as in plate.
Mirth and a glaſs my cheerful evenings ſhare,
At equal diſtance from debauch and care.
To bed retiring, let me find it bleſt
With a kind modeſt ſpouſe and downy reſt:
Pleas'd always with the lot my fates aſſign,
Let me no change deſire, no change decline;
With every turn of Providence comply,
Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

An honeſt mind, to virtue's precepts true,
Contemns the fury of a lawleſs crew:
Firm as a rock he to his purpoſe ſtands,
And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his commands.
Him loudeſt ſtorms can't from his centre move,
He braves th' almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.
If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
Should daſh in pieces, and ſhould cruſh the world;
Undaunted he the mighty craſh would hear,
Nor in his breaſt admit a thought of fear.
Pollux and wandering Hercules of old
Were by ſuch acts among the gods enroll'd.
Auguſtus thus the ſhining powers poſſeſs'd,
By all th' immortal deities careſs'd;
He ſhares with them in their ethereal feaſts,
And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly gueſts.
This was the path the friſking tigers trod,
Dragging the car that bore the jolly god,
Who fix'd in heaven his crown and his abode.
Romulus by Mars through this bleſt path was ſhown,
And 'ſcap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron.
In virtue's rugged round he took his way,
And gain'd the manſions of eternal day;
For him ev'n Juno's ſelf pronounc'd a word,
Grateful to all th' ethereal council-board.
O Ilion! Ilion! I with tranſport view
The fall of all thy wicked perjur'd crew;
Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
To that curſt ſhepherd, that inceſtuous judge;
Nay, ev'n Laomedon his gods betray'd,
And baſely broke the ſolemn oath he made.
But now the painted ſtrumpet and her gueſt
No more are in their pomp and jewels dreſt;
No more is Hector licens'd to deſtroy,
To ſlay the Grecks, and ſave his perjur'd Troy.
Priam is now become an empty ghoſt,
Doom'd with his houſe to tread the burning coaſt
The god of battle now has ceas'd to roar,
And I, the queen of heaven, purſue my hate no more.
I now the Trojan prieſtleſs' ſon will give
Back to his warlike ſire, and let him live
In lucid bowers, and give him leave to uſe
Ambroſia and the nectar's heavenly juice;
To be enroll'd in theſe ſerene abodes,
And wear the eaſy order of the gods.
In this bleſt ſtate I grant him to remain,
While Troy from Rome's divided by the main;
While ſavage beaſts inſult the Trojan tombs,
And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.
Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land,
And let the capitol triumphant ſtand,
And all the tributary world command.
Let awful Rome, with ſeven refulgent heads,
Still keep her conqueſt o'er the vanquiſh'd Medes.
With conquering terror let her arms extend
Her mighty name to ſhores without an end;
Where mid-land ſeas divide the fruitful ſoil
From Europe to the ſwelling waves of Nile.
Let them be greater by deſpiſing gold,
Than digging it from forth its native mould.
To be the wicked inſtrument of ill,
Let ſword and ruin every country fill
That ſtrives to ſtop the progreſs of her arms;
Not only thoſe that ſultry Sirius warms;

But where the fields in endleſs winter lie,
Whoſe froſts and ſnows the ſun's bright rays defy.
But yet on this condition I decree
The warlike Romans happy deſtiny;
That, when they univerſal rule enjoy,
They not preſume to raiſe their ancient Troy:
For then all ugly omens ſhall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn;
Ev'n I myſelf a ſecond war will move,
Ev'n I the ſiſter and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp ſhould thrice erect a wall,
And all of braſs, yet thrice the work ſhould fall,
Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan wives ſhould drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their huſbands ſlain.

But whither would'ſt thou, ſoaring muſe, aſpire!
To tell the counſels of the heavenly choir?
Alas! thou canſt not ſtrain thy weakly ſtrings,
To ſing in humble notes ſuch mighty things:
No more the ſecrets of the gods relate,
Thy tongue's too feeble for a taſk ſo great.

THE ROSE.

See, Sylvia, ſee, this new-blown roſe,
The image of thy bluſh,
Mark how it ſmiles upon the buſh,
And triumphs as it grows.
"Oh, pluck it not! we'll come anon,"
Thou ſay'ſt. Alas! 'twill then be gone.
Now its purple beauty's ſpread,
Soon it will droop and fall,
And ſoon it will not be at all;
No ſuch things draw a length of thread.
Then tell me, ſeems it not to ſay,
Come on, and crop me whilſt you may?

EPIGRAM, OUT OF MARTIAL.

Milo's from home; and, Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a ſon:
Why ſhe ſo fruitful, and ſo bare the field?
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH FENTON'S MISCELLANIES.

By Walter Harte, M. A.

These various ſtrains, where every talent charms,
Where humour pleaſes, or where paſſion warms;
(Strains, where the tender and ſublime conſpire,
A Sappho's ſweetneſs, and a Homer's fire)
Attend their doom, and wait, with glad ſurpriſe,
Th' impartial juſtice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to ſay, what myſteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.
The party ſlave will wound them as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bleſs'd in each ſtrain, in every art renown'd;
Miſled by pride, and taught to ſin by power,
Still ſearch around for thoſe they may devour;
Like ſavage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who cruſh all might that can invade their own.
Others who hate, yet want the ſoul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear their ſoft deceits employ,
Smiling they wound and praiſe but to deſtroy.
Theſe are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the beſt of poets hope for praiſe?

How ſmall a part of human bleſſings ſhare
The wiſe, the good, the noble, and the fair!
Short is the date unhappy wit can boaſt,
A blaze of glory in a moment loſt.
Fortune, ſtill envious of the great man's praiſe,
Curſes the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the ſilver lyre.

Attend, ye Britons, in ſo juſt a cauſe.
'Tis ſure a ſcandal to withhold applauſe;
Nor let poſterity reviling ſay,
Thus unregarded Fenton paſs'd away!
Yet if the muſe may faith and merit claim
(A muſe too juſt to bribe with venal fame),
Soon ſhalt thou ſhine "in majeſty avow'd,
"As thy own goddeſs breaking through a cloud".*
Fame, like a nation debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty intereſt muſt at laſt be paid.

Like Vinci's ſtrokes, the verſes we behold,
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender ſigh,
And the ſoft ſorrow ſteals from every eye.
Here Spenſer's thoughts in ſolemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton ſeems to lift the ſoul.
There ſprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With ſtories quaint, and gentle roundelay.

Muſe! at that name each thought of pride recal,
Ah, think how ſoon the wiſe and glorious fall.
What though the ſiſters every grace impart,
To ſmooth thy verſe, and captivate the heart:
What though your charms, my fair Cleora, ſhine
Bright as your eyes, and as your ſex divine:
Yet ſhall the verſes and the charms decay,
The boaſt of youth, the bleſſing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could ſurvive the rage
Of waſting envy, and devouring age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we ſee;
Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus ſhall be!

* Fenton's epiſtle to Southerne.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

LORD LANSDOWNE.

Containing

THE BRITISH INCHANTERS,
PELEUS AND THETIS,
ESSAY ON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY,
PROGRESS OF BEAUTY,

EPISTLES,
SONGS,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here his firſt lays majeſtic Denham ſung:
There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
Since fate relentleſs ſtopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice.
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades where Cowley ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty Denham ſung?
But hark! the groves, the foreſt rings,
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE ſings?

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF GRANVILLE

GEORGE GRANVILLE, afterwards Lord Lanſdowne of Biddiford, in the county of Devon, was born in 1667. He was deſcended from the illuſtrious family of that name, ſeated for many ages in Devonſhire and Cornwall, the founder of which was Richard de Granville, ſecond ſon of Rollo, firſt Duke of Normandy, who accompanied William the Conqueror, in his expedition to England, and was rewarded for his ſervices with the caſtle and lordſhip of Biddiford. Sir Richard Granville, his anceſtor, ſerved the Emperor Ferdinand againſt the Turks in 1566, and was preſent with Don John of Auſtria, at the famous battle of Lepanto, and on his return was made Vice-Admiral of England. He was ſlain near the Azores Iſlands; having in one ſhip alone ſuſtained a fight for fifteen hours, againſt the whole naval power of Spain. Sir Bevil Granville, grandſon to Sir Richard, raiſed conſiderable forces at his own expence for Charles I., and died in the King's cauſe, at the battle of Lanſdowne in 1643. John Granville, the eldeſt ſon of Sir Bevil, was intruſted by Monk with the moſt private tranſactions of the Reſtoration; and created Earl of Bath and Viſcount Lanſdowne, in 1661. His father, the honourable Bernard Granville, the ſecond ſon of Sir Bevil, had, by a ſpecial warrant from Charles II. the rank of an Earl's younger ſon, was one of the repreſentatives for the borough of Liſkeard in Cornwall, in the Parliament which met in 1661, and one of the Grooms of his Majeſty's Bed-chamber.

He received his early education under the tuition of Sir William Ellis, a man of letters, whoſe abilities afterwards recommended him to ſeveral public employments.

In 1667, the tenth year of his age, he was entered a nobleman in Trinity College, Cambridge, as appears from a copy of Latin verſes *on the Marriage of the Prince of Orange and the Lady Mary*, in the "Cambridge Congratulations" of that year, ſigned *Georgius Granville, Nobilis e Coll. Trin.*

In 1679, before he was twelve years old, he pronounced a copy of his own verſes to the Princeſs Mary d'Eſte of Modena, then Ducheſs of York, when ſhe viſited the Univerſity. He was admitted to the degree of Maſter of Arts, at thirteen, and left the Univerſity ſoon after.

It was probably about this time that he wrote the *verſes to the Earl of Peterborough, upon his accompliſhment of the Duke of York's marriage with the Princeſs of Modena*, whoſe charms appear to have gained a ſtrong prevalence over his imagination.

At the acceſſion of King James, he again exerted his poetical powers, and addreſſed the new monarch in three ſhort panegyrical pieces, which were commended by Waller, whoſe praiſe excited in the young poet a rapture of acknowledgement,

In numbers ſuch as Waller's ſelf might uſe.

However miſtaken he might be in his zeal for that miſguided Prince, or however enamoured of the Queen, he has left no reaſon for ſuppoſing that he approved either the imprudent piety of the Queen, or the violence with which the King's religion was obtruded on the nation.

He had early imbibed principles of loyalty; and when the tyranny of James called the Prince of Orange to vindicate the liberties of Britain he thought it his duty to ſacrifice his life for the intereſt of his Sovereign.

Without conſidering, or being then incapable of diſcovering the dangers to which the conſtitution was expoſed by the violence of his proceedings, he wrote a letter to his father from Yorkſhire, about

a month before the Prince of Orange landed, expreſſing the moſt ardent deſire to ſerve the King in perſon.

" I cannot bear" ſays he, " living under the reſtraint of lying obſcure and idle in a country retirement, when every man who has the leaſt ſenſe of honour ſhould be preparing for the field.

" You may remember, with what reluctance I ſubmitted to your commands upon Monmouth's rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy: I was too young to be hazarded; but give me leave to ſay, it is glorious at any age to die for one's country, and the ſooner the nobler the ſacrifice.

" I am now older by three years. My uncle Bath was not ſo old, when he was left among the ſlain at the battle of Newbury, nor you yourſelf, when you made your eſcape from your tutors to join your brother at the defence of Scilly.

" You are pleaſed to ſay, it is yet doubtful if the Hollanders are raſh enough to make ſuch an attempt; but be that as it will, I beg leave to inſiſt upon it, that I may be preſented to his Majeſty, as one whoſe utmoſt ambition it is to devote his life to his ſervice, and my country's, after the example of all my anceſtors.

" The gentry aſſembled at York, to agree upon the choice of repreſentatives for the county, have prepared an addreſs, to aſſure his Majeſty they are ready to ſacrifice their lives and fortunes for him, upon this and all other occaſions; but, at the ſame time, they humbly beſeech him to give them ſuch magiſtrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the land; for at preſent there is no authority to which they can legally ſubmit.

" They have been beating up for volunteers at York and the towns adjacent, to ſupply the regiments at Hull; but no body will liſt. By what I can hear, every body wiſhes well to the King, but they would be glad his miniſters were hanged.

" The winds continue ſo contrary, that no landing can be ſo ſoon as was apprehended; therefore I may hope, with your leave and aſſiſtance, to be in readineſs before any action can begin."

His biographers have not told us whether his father yielded to his importunities, or whether he was preſented to the King; but if he really joined the army, it was without any danger to his perſon, for the Revolution was effected in England, without ſhedding one drop of blood.

Having no public employment, and poſſeſſed of but a contracted fortune, he lived in retirement, during the reign of King William, and devoted his attention to literary purſuits and amuſements; the fruits of which appeared in his plays and poems, chiefly written within that period.

He is ſaid, however, to have preſerved himſelf, at this time, from diſgrace and difficulties by œconomy, which he forgot or neglected in life more advanced, and in better fortune.

About this time he became enamoured of the Counteſs of Newburgh, whom he has celebrated with ſo much ardour by the name of *Myra*; though it is probable that moſt of the verſes addreſſed to *Myra*, however diſguiſed and ſeemingly applied, were originally deſigned for Mary d'Eſte of Modena, Queen-Conſort of James; and it appears that he continued conſtant to his theme; for in his *Progreſs of Beauty*, written many years after, when ſhe was no longer a Queen, he could not forbear placing her at the head of his celebrated beauties.

In 1690, he addreſſed a copy of *verſes to Mrs. Elizabeth Higgons*, in anſwer to a very elegant poetical addreſs ſent him by that lady in his retirement.

In 1696, he brought on the ſtage at Lincoln's-inn Fields, *The She-Gallants*, a comedy, which was acted with conſiderable applauſe. Though it is ſaid, in the preface, to be " but the child of a child," yet it contains an infinite deal of wit, fine ſatire, and great knowledge of mankind. He reviſed and improved this play at a maturer time of life, and printed it with the title of *Once a Lover and always a Lover*; but it is not free from groſſneſs and indecency.

In 1698, his *Heroic Love, or the Cruel Separation*, a tragedy, was acted at Lincoln's-inn Fields, with great applauſe. It is a mythological ſtory upon the love of Agamemnon and Briſeis. The prologue was written by Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, and the epilogue by his relation Mr. Bevil Higgons. It was praiſed in proſe by the critics, and in verſe by Dryden.

Auſpicious poet, wert thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend:

But ſince 'tis Nature's law, in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and with'ring age ſubmit;
With leſs regret, thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which, dying on my brow, revive on thine.

In 1701, *The Jew of Venice*, a comedy, altered from Shakſpeare's "Merchant of Venice," was acted at Lincoln's-inn Fields with applauſe. The alterations are in ſome reſpects judicious; but, on the whole, rather leſſen than improve the beauty and effect of the original. The character of Shylock, as Rowe remarks, is made comic, and we are prompted to laughter inſtead of deteſtation. In the ſecond act is introduced a muſical maſque, called *Peleus and Thetis*. The profits were deſigned for Dryden, but upon that great poet's death were given to his ſon.

At the acceſſion of Queen Anne, having received a conſiderable addition to his fortune by the death of his father, and his uncle the Earl of Bath, he was choſen into Parliament, for Fowey in Cornwall.

In 1702, he engaged in a joint tranſlation of the Orations of Demoſthenes againſt Philip, and contributed a verſion of the *Second Olynthian*, to inflame the adherents of liberty againſt the French Monarch, which is ſtill very much eſteemed.

In 1706, he had his eſtate again augmented by an inheritance from his elder brother, Sir Bevil Granville, who, as he returned from his government of Barbadoes, died at ſea.

The ſame year, his *Britiſh Enchanters*, or *No Magic like Love*, a dramatic poem, or as it was firſt called, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in the Hay-market. It was written ſometime before, and is juſtly eſteemed the beſt of his dramatic performances. Its ſucceſs was great; but was put a ſtop to by the diviſion of the theatre and a prohibition of muſical pieces. Addiſon wrote the epilogue.

He continued to ſerve in Parliament, and was ſucceſſively choſen for Leſtwithiel and Helſton; and in 1710 was choſen knight of the ſhire for Cornwall; and, at the memorable change of the miniſtry that year, he was made Secretary at War in the place of Walpole.

In 1711, when the new miniſtry, apprehenſive of the Peace of Utrecht being rejected in the Houſe of Lords, adviſed the Queen to make twelve peers in a day, he was created *Baron Lanſdowne* of Biddiford, in the county of Devon.

Though the proſtitution of the royal prerogative to the violence of party, was regarded as an unprecedented and dangerous expedient, yet the promotion of Granville was juſtly remarked to be not invidious; becauſe his perſonal merit was very conſpicuous, and he was the heir of a family in which two peerages, that of the Earl of Bath, and Lord Granville of Potheridge, had lately become extinct. To this honour was added, ſoon after, the dedication of Pope's "Windſor Foreſt."

Being now high in the favour of the Queen, and in the confidence of the Tories, he was appointed Comptroller of the Houſehold, and made a Privy Counſellor in 1712; and the next year he was advanced to be Treaſurer of the Houſehold.

At the acceſſion of King George, he was removed from his employment, which was given to the Earl of Cholmendeley, and his connection with the Tories prevented his being employed in that and the ſucceeding reign.

Having proteſted againſt the bill for attainting Ormond and Bolingbroke, he fell under the ſuſpicion of plotting againſt the government, and was, after the inſurrection in Scotland, ſeized, September 26. 1715, as a ſuſpected man, and confined in the Tower, till February 8. 1717, when he was releaſed, and reſtored to his ſeat in Parliament.

Being confined in the Tower, in the ſame room in which Walpole had been priſoner, and had left his name on the window, he wrote theſe lies under it:

Good unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune ſhifts the ſcene,
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.

In 1719, he made a very ardent and animated ſpeech againſt the repeal of the bill to prevent occaſional conformity, which, though it was then printed, he has not inſerted into his works.

In 1722, being embarraſſed, as has been ſuppoſed, by his profuſion, he went abroad, with the pretence of recovering his health, and reſided ſeveral years on the continent, in a ſtate of leiſure and retirement.

During his reſidence abroad, he wrote *A Vindication of General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, from ſome calumnies of Dr. Burnet, and ſome miſtakes of Mr. Archdeacon Echard, in relation to the ſale of Dunkirk and the Portugal Match*, and *A Vindication of Sir Richard Granville, General in the Weſt, for King Charles I., from the miſrepreſentations of the Earl of Clarendon and Mr. Archdeacon Echard*, which were publiſhed at his return to England in 1732.

The defence of General Monk, and his relation, Sir Richard Granville, was anſwered civilly by Oldmixon in his "Reflexions, Hiſtorical and Political, &c.;" to which his Lordſhip replied in *A Letter to the Author of Reflexions, Hiſtorical and Political*, dated, Old Windſor, Aug. 22. 1732, which was followed by "Remarks, &c." on that letter, by Thomas Burnet, Eſq., the biſhop's ſon, written with equal candour and civility.

In 1733, he found a more formidable opponent in Dr. Colbatch of Trinity College, Cambridge, who undertook the vindication of Mr. Echard, which he executed with great vigour and judgment, but with too much aſperity. He was more ſucceſsful than either of his predeceſſors, and his Lordſhip very prudently declined an anſwer.

In 1732, he publiſhed a very beautiful and ſplendid edition of his works in 4to, in which he omitted what he diſapproved, and enlarged what ſeemed deficient.

He now appeared at Court, and was kindly received by Queen Caroline, to whom, and to the Princeſs Anne, he preſented his works, with *Verſes on the blank leaves*, with which he concluded his poetical labours.

He died at his houſe in Hanover Square, Jan. 30, 1735, in the 68th year of his age; having a few days before buried his wife, the Lady Anne Villiers, widow of Thomas Thynne, Eſq. (father of Thomas, Lord Viſcount Weymouth), and daughter of Edward Villiers, Earl of Jerſey, by whom he had four daughters, Anne, Mary, Grace, and Elizabeth, but no ſon. His title of nobility is now enjoyed by that diſtinguiſhed ſtateſman, and illuſtrious ornament and patron of ſcience and literature, the Marquis of Lanſdowne, who married Sophia, daughter of the late Earl of Granville, the repreſentative of the family of Bath and Lanſdowne.

Granville's works have been often printed both in 4to, and in 12mo; beſides which, there is in "Somers's Tracts," vol. iv. a *Letter from a Nobleman abroad, to his Friend in England*, 1722.

The character of Granville ſeems to have been amiable and reſpectable. His good-nature and politeneſs have been celebrated by Pope, and many other poets of the firſt eminence. The luſtre of his rank, no doubt, procured him more incenſe than the force of his genius would otherwiſe have attracted; but he appears not to have been deſtitute of fine parts, which were, however, rather elegantly poliſhed, than great in themſelves.

There is perhaps nothing more intereſting in his character, than the veneration he had for ſome, and the tenderneſs he had for all his family. Of the former, his hiſtorical performances afford ſome pleaſing proofs; of the latter, there are extant two letters, one to his couſin the laſt Earl of Bath, and the other to his couſin Mr. Bevil Granville, on his entering into holy orders, written with a tenderneſs, a freedom, and an honeſty, which render them invaluable.

The general character of his poetry, is elegance, ſprightlineſs and dignity. He is ſeldom tender, and very rarely ſublime. In his ſmaller pieces he endeavours to be gay; in the larger to be great. Of his airy and light productions the chief ſource is gallantry, and the chief defect a ſuperabundance of ſentiments and illuſtrations from mythology. He ſeldom fetches an amorous ſentiment from the depth of ſcience. His thoughts are ſuch as a liberal converſation and large acquaintance with life would eaſily ſupply. His diction is chaſte and elegant; and his verſification, which he borrowed from Waller, is rather ſmooth than ſtrong.

"Mr. Granville," ſays Dr. Felton "is the poetical ſon of Waller. We obſerved with pleaſure, ſimilitude of wit in the difference of years, and with Granville do meet at once the fire of his father's youth, and the judgment of his age. He hath rivalled him in his fineſt addreſs, and is as

happy as ever he was in raiſing modern compliments upon ancient ſtory, and ſetting off the Britiſh valour and the Engliſh beauty with the old gods and goddeſſes!"

"Granville," ſays Lord Orford, "imitated Waller; but as that poet has been much excelled ſince, a faint copy of a faint maſter muſt ſtrike ſtill leſs. It was fortunate for his Lordſhip, that in an age when perſecution raged ſo fiercely againſt luke-warm authors, he had an intimacy with the inquiſitor-general; how elſe could ſuch lines as this have eſcaped the Bathos!"

——————When thy gods
Enlighten thee to ſpeak their *dark* decrees.

HEROIC LOVE, SCENE I.

The eſtimate of his poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, is, in ſome reſpects, leſs favourable than the opinion of the general readers of poetry.

"Granville was a man illuſtrious by his birth, and therefore attracted notice; ſince he is by Pope ſtyled "the polite" he muſt be ſuppoſed elegant in his manner, and generally loved; he was in times of conteſt and turbulence ſteady to his party, and obtained that eſteem which is always conferred upon firmneſs and conſiſtency. With theſe advantages, having learned the act of verſifying, he declared himſelf a poet, and his claim to the laurel was allowed.

"But by a critic of a later generation, who takes up his book without any favourable prejudices, the praiſe already received will be thought ſufficient; for his works do not ſhow him to have had much comprehenſion from nature, or illumination from learning. He ſeems to have had no ambition above the imitation of Waller, of whom he has copied the faults, and very little more. He is for ever amuſing himſelf with the puerilities of mythology; his King is Jupiter, who, if the Queen brings no children, has a barren Juno. The Queen is compounded of Juno, Venus, and Minerva. His *Poem on the Dutcheſs of Grafton's law-ſuit*, after having rattled a while with Juno and Pallas, Mars and Alcides, Caſſiope, Niobe, and the Propétides, Hercules, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, at laſt concludes its folly with profaneneſs.

"His verſes to *Myra*, which are moſt frequently mentioned, have little in them of either art or nature, of the ſentiments of a lover, or the language of a poet; there may be found here and there a happier effort, but they are commonly feeble and unaffecting, or forced and extravagant.

"His little pieces are ſeldom either ſprightly or elegant, either keen or weighty. They are trifles written by idleneſs, and publiſhed by vanity. But his prologues and epilogues have a juſt claim to praiſe.

"The *Progreſs of Beauty* ſeems one of his moſt elaborate pieces, and is not deficient in ſplendour and gaiety; but the merit of original thought is wanting. Its higheſt praiſe is the ſpirit with which he celebrates King James's conſort, when ſhe was a queen no longer.

"The *Eſſay on Unnatural Flights in Poetry* is not inelegant nor injudicious, and has ſomething of vigour beyond moſt of his other performances; his precepts are juſt, and his cautions proper; they are indeed not new, but in a didactic poem novelty is to be expected only in the ornaments and illuſtrations. His poetical precepts are accompanied with agreeable and inſtructive notes.

"The maſque of *Peleus and Thetis* has here and there a pretty line, but it is not always melodious, and the concluſion is wretched.

"In his *Britiſh Enchanters* he has bidden defiance to all chronology, by confounding the inconſiſtent manners of different ages; but the dialogue has often the air of Dryden's rhyming tragedies; and the ſongs are lively, though not very correct. This is, I think, far the beſt of his works; for if it has many faults, it has likewiſe paſſages which are at leaſt pretty, though they do not riſe to any high degree of excellence."

POEMS.

PREFACE.

At my return, after near ten years abſence, I found ſeveral editions had been publiſhed of Verſes and Poems, &c. under my name, but ſo maimed and imperfect as would have put me out of countenance, had not the public received them with ſuch diſtinguiſhing candour, even under all thoſe diſadvantages.

As it is plain, from their ſeveral ſubjects, that they were compoſed for the moſt part in the earlieſt time of my appearance in the world, I can attribute that indulgence to no other conſideration but a generous connivance at youthful follies.

So favourable a reception, however, led me, in this time of leiſure and retirement, to examine upon what foundation I had been ſo much obliged to the public; and in that examination I have diſcovered ſuch ſtrange variations from the original writing, as can no way be accounted for but from the negligence, ignorance, or conceitedneſs of different tranſcribers from ſurreptitious copies: many things attributed to myſelf, of which, by not belonging to me, it would be unjuſt to aſſume the merit; and as many attributed to others, which, by belonging to me, would be as much unjuſt to leave them to the cenſure.

To rectify therefore all paſt miſtakes, and to prevent all future impoſitions, I have been prevailed upon to give way to this preſent publication; diſowning whatever has been, or may hereafter be publiſhed in my name, but what has the ſanction of being printed by Mr. Jacob Tonſon and Mr. Lawton Gilliver; excepting two comedies, intituled, *Once a Lover, and always a Lover*; and, *The Jew of Venice*, altered from Shakſpeare.

As theſe poems ſeem to begin where Mr. Waller left off, though far unequal and ſhort of ſo inimitable an original; they may, however, be permitted to remain to poſterity as a faithful regiſter of the reigning beauties in the ſucceeding age.

Upon that merit alone the Author preſumes to recommend them to the patronage of the fair ſex.

LANSDOWNE.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

On his happy Accompliſhment of the Marriage between his Royal Highneſs and the Princeſs Mary D'Eſte, of Modena. Written ſeveral Years after, in Imitation of the Style of Mr. Waller.

His Juno barren in unfruitful joys,
Our Britiſh Jove his nuptial hours employs:
So fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our proſpect, gallant York, in thee.
By the ſame wiſh aſpiring queens are led,
Each languiſhing to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wiſdom, and his early fame
Create in every breaſt a rival flame:
Remoteſt kings ſit trembling on their thrones,
As if no diſtance could ſecure their crowns;
Fearing his valour, wiſely they contend
To bribe with beauty ſo renown'd a friend.
Beauty the price, there need no other arts,
Love is the ſureſt bait for heroes hearts:
Nor can the fair conceal as high concern,
To ſee the prince, for whom, unſeen, they burn.
Brave York, attending to the general voice,
At length reſolves to make the wiſh'd-for choice.
To noble Mordaunt, generous and juſt,
Of his great heart, he gives the ſacred truſt:
"Thy choice, ſaid he, ſhall well direct that heart
"Where thou, my beſt belov'd, haſt ſuch a part.
"In counſel oft, and oft in battle try'd,
"Betwixt thy maſter, and the world decide."
The choſen Mercury prepares t' obey
This high command. Gently ye winds convey

And with auſpicious gales his ſafety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jaſon with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Cholcos ſail'd, to ſeek the Golden Fleece.
As when the goddeſſes came down of old
On Ida's hill, ſo many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian Judge they try'd,
And each bade high to win him to her ſide;
So tempt they him, and emulouſly vie
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy;
With balls and banquets, his pleas'd ſenſe they bait,
And queens and kings upon his pleaſures wait.
Th' impartial judge ſurveys with vaſt delight
All that the ſun ſurrounds of fair and bright,
Then, ſtrictly juſt, lie with adoring eyes,
To radiant Elle gives the royal prize.
Of antique ſtock her high deſcent ſhe brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's kings;
Who could deſerve, like her, in whom we ſee
United, all that Paris found in three.
O equal pair! when both were ſet above
All other merit, but each other's love.
Welcome, bright princeſs, to Great Britain's ſhore,
As Berecynthia to high heaven, who bore
That ſhining race of goddeſſes and gods
That fill'd the ſkies, and rul'd the bleſt abodes:
From thee, my muſe expects as noble themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James;
Our future hopes, all from thy womb ariſe;
Our preſent joy and ſafety, from your eyes,
Thoſe charming eyes, which ſhine to reconcile
To harmony and peace, our ſtubborn iſle.
On brazen Memnon, Phœbus caſts a ray,
And the tough metal, ſo ſalutes the day.
The Britiſh dame, fam'd for reſiſtleſs grace,
Contends not now, but for the ſecond place,
Our love ſuſpended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here.
So ſang the fyrens with enchanting ſound,
Enticing all to liſten and be drown'd;
Till Orpheus raviſh'd in a nobler ſtrain,
They ceas'd to ſing, or, ſinging, charm'd in vain.
This bleſt alliance, Peterborow, may
Th' indebted nation bounteouſly repay;
Thy ſtatues, for the genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on every threſhold ſtand.

——— *Utinam modò dicere poſſem*
Carmina digna Deâ: Certè eſt Dea carmina digna.

Spoken by the Author, being then not Twelve Years of Age, to Her Royal Highneſs the Dutcheſs of York, at Trinity College in Cambridge.

When join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Deſcend to view the muſes humble ſeat;
Though in mean lines, they their vaſt joys declare,
Yet for ſincerity and truth, they dare
With your own Taſſo's mighty ſelf compare.
Then, bright and merciful as heav'n, receive
From them ſuch praiſes, as to heav'n they give,
Their praiſes for that gentle influence,
Which thoſe auſpicious lights, your eyes, diſpenſe;
Thoſe radiant eyes, whoſe irreſiſtleſs flame
Strikes envy dumb, and keeps ſedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe;
They conquer for the Duke, where'er you tread,
Millions of proſelytes, behind are led;
Through crowds of new-made converts ſtill you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious ſhow.
Happy that prince who has in you obtain'd
A greater conqueſt than his arms e'er gain'd.
With all war's rage, he may abroad o'ercome,
But love's a gentler victory at home;
Securely here, he on that face relies,
Lays by his arms, and conquers with your eyes.
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, bleſt with ſuch a wife.

TO THE KING.

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

May all thy years, like this, auſpicious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadſt thou time t' unſheath thy conqu'ring blade,
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled.
Thy ſword, the ſafeguard of thy brother's throne,
Is now as much the bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations ſend
Throughout the world, to court ſo firm a friend.
The guilty ſenates, that refus'd thy ſway,
Repent their crime, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and vows and off'rings bring,
Confeſs their phrenzy, and confirm their king.
Who with their venom overſpread thy ſoil,
Thoſe ſcorpions of the ſtate, preſent their oil.
So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dreſt,
Although by daily miracles confeſt,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
The giddy crowd their rightful prince refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch terror in the ſkies,
The temple rent, their King in glory riſe;
Seiz'd with amaze, they own'd their lawful Lord,
And ſtruck with guilt, bow'd, trembl'd, and ador'd.

TO THE KING.

Though train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts;
Thou chooſeſt, not to conquer men, but hearts;
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'ſt the name of Juſt to Great.
So Jove ſuſpends his ſubject world to doom,
Which, would he pleaſe to thunder, he'd conſume.
O! could the ghoſts of mighty heroes dead,
Return on earth, and quit th' Elyſian ſhade!
Brutus to James would truſt the people's cauſe;
Thy juſtice is a ſtronger guard than laws.

Marius and Sylla would reſign to thee,
Nor Cæſar and great Pompey rivals be;
Or rivals only, who ſhould beſt obey,
And Cato give his voice for regal ſway.

TO THE KING.

Heroes of old, by rapine, and by ſpoil,
In ſearch of fame, did all the world embroil;
Thus to their gods each then ally'd his name,
This ſprang from Jove, and that from Titan came:
With equal valour, and the ſame ſucceſs,
Dread king, might'ſt thou the univerſe oppreſs;
But Chriſtian laws conſtrain thy martial pride,
Peace is thy choice, and piety thy guide;
By thy example kings are taught to ſway,
Heroes to fight, and ſaints may learn to pray.
From gods deſcended, and of race divine,
Neſtor in counſel, and Ulyſſes ſhine;
But in a day of battle, all would yield
To the fierce maſter of the ſeven-fold ſhield:
Their very deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore,
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's king is all the gods in one.

TO MR. EDMUND WALLER.

ON HIS VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

When into Libya the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and conſult for fame;
When from the ſacred tripod where he ſtood,
The prieſt inſpir'd, ſaluted him a God;
Scarce ſuch a joy that haughty victor knew,
Thus own'd by heaven, as I, thus prais'd by you.
Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers ſhow,
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the pow'rs of old,
When in thy verſe, of greater gods they're told;
Our beauteous queen, and royal James's name,
For Jove and Juno ſhall be plac'd by fame;
Thy Charles for Neptune ſhall the ſeas command,
And Sacariſſa ſhall for Venus ſtand:
Greece ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the gods did come.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF
MR. EDMUND WALLER,
UPON HIS DEATH.

Alike partaking of celeſtial fire,
Poets and heroes to renown aſpire,
'Till crown'd with honour, and immortal name,
By wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
They mingle with the gods who breath'd the noble flame.
To high exploits, the praiſes that belong,
Live, but as nouriſh'd by the poet's ſong.
A tree of life is ſacred poetry,
Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye;
Many there are, who nibble without leave,
But none who are not born to taſte, ſurvive.
Waller ſhall never die, of life ſecure,
As long as fame, or aged time endure,
Waller, the muſe's darling, free to taſte
Of all their ſtores, the maſter of the feaſt;
Not like old Adam, ſtinted in his choice,
But lord of all the ſpacious paradiſe.
Thoſe foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
Fav'ring his fame, once, to do juſtice join'd;
No carping critic interrupts his praiſe;
No rival ſtrives, but for a ſecond place;
No want conſtrain'd; (the writer's uſual fate)
A poet with a plentiful eſtate;
The firſt of mortals who before the tomb,
Struck that pernicious monſter, envy, dumb;
Malice and pride, thoſe ſavages, diſarm'd;
Not Orpheus with ſuch powerful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more,
Than living we agreed to give before.
His noble muſe employ'd her generous rage
In crowning virtue, ſcorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age.
No ſatyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods abound;
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the ſound.
His Eden with no ſerpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.
Miſtaken men, his muſe of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name,
We raiſe our own, by giving fame to foes;
The valour that he prais'd, he did oppoſe.
Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The ſtate, and buſineſs ſhar'd his ample mind;
As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So ſenates to his wiſdom would ſubmit;
His voice ſo ſoft, his eloquence ſo ſtrong,
Like Cato's was his ſpeech, like Ovid's was his ſong.
Our Britiſh kings are rais'd above the herſe,
Immortal made, in his immortal verſe;
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celeſtial Charles's, and juſt James:
Juno and Pallas, all the ſhining race
Of heavenly beauties, to the queen give place;
Clear, like her brow, and graceful was his ſong,
Great, like her mind, and like her virtue ſtrong.
Parent of gods, who doſt to gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd? and which thy ſeat above?
Waller, the god of verſe, we will proclaim,
Not Phœbus now, but Waller be his name;
Of joyful bards, the ſweet ſeraphic choir
Acknowledge thee their oracle and ſire;
The ſpheres do homage, and the muſes ſing
Waller, the god of verſe, who was the king.

TO MYRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

No warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly, like ſudden death, it came;
Like travellers, by light'ning kill'd,
I burn'd the moment I beheld.

In whom ſo many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The caſe ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt gems, and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thouſand graces more;
And fancy blows into a flame,
The ſpark that from her beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught;
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

TO MYRA.

Warn'd, and made wiſe by others flame,
I fled from whence ſuch miſchiefs came,
Shunning the ſex, that kills at ſight,
I fought my ſafety in my flight.

But, ah! in vain from fate I fly,
For firſt, or laſt, as all muſt die;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That firſt, or laſt, we all muſt love.

My heart which ſtood ſo long the ſhock
Of winds and waves, like ſome firm rock,
By one bright ſpark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

SONG TO MYRA.

Foolish love, begone, ſaid I,
Vain are thy attempts on me;
Thy ſoft allurements I defy,
Women, thoſe fair diſſemblers, fly,
My heart was never made for thee.

Love heard; and ſtraight prepar'd a dart;
Myra, revenge my cauſe, ſaid he:
Too ſure 'twas ſhot, I feel the ſmart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart;
O Love! my conqu'ror, pity me.

AN IMITATION OF THE SECOND CHORUS IN THE *SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S THYESTES*

When will the gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compoſe our factions, and conclude our wars?
Ye ſons of Inachus, repent the guilt
Of crowns uſurp'd, and blood of parents ſpilt;
For impious greatneſs, vengeance is in ſtore;
Short is the date of all ill-gotten power.
Give ear, ambitious princes, and be wiſe;
Liſten, and learn wherein true greatneſs lies:
Place not your pride in roofs that ſhine with gems,
In purple robes, nor ſparkling diadems;
Nor in dominion, nor extent of land:
He's only great, who can himſelf command,
Whoſe guard is peaceful innocence, whoſe guide
Is faithful reaſon; who is void of pride,
Checking ambition; nor is idly vain
Of the falſe incenſe of a popular train;
Who without ſtrife, or envy, can behold
His neighbour's plenty, and his heaps of gold;
Nor covets other wealth, but what we find
In the poſſeſſions of a virtuous mind.
Fearleſs he ſees, who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound
Ever the ſame, let fortune ſmile or frown,
On the red ſcaffold, or the blazing throne;
Serenely, as he liv'd, reſigns his breath,
Meets deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death.
Ye ſovereign lords, who ſit like gods in ſtate,
Awing the world, and buſtling to be great;
Lords but in title, vaſſals in effect,
Whom luſt controuls, and wild deſires direct:
The reins of empire but ſuch hands diſgrace,
Where paſſion, a blind driver, guides the race.
What is this fame, thus crowded round with
ſlaves?
The breath of fools, the bait of flattering knaves
An honeſt heart, a conſcience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name:
In vain we plant, we build, our ſtores increaſe,
If conſcience roots up all our inward peace.
What need of arms, or inſtruments of war,
Or battering engines that deſtroy from far?
The greateſt king, and conqueror is he,
Who lord of his own appetites can be;
Bleſt with a pow'r that nothing can deſtroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly luxury, and pomps allure,
They tread on ice, and find no footing ſure;
Place me, ye powers! in ſome obſcure retreat,
O! keep me innocent, make others great:
In quiet ſhades, content with rural ſports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where free from hopes or fears, in humble eaſe,
Unheard of, I may live and die in peace.
Happy the man who thus retir'd from ſight,
Studies himſelf, and ſeeks no other light:
But moſt unhappy he, who ſits on high,
Expos'd to every tongue and every eye;
Whoſe follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
But are a ſecret to himſelf alone:
Worſe is an evil fame, much worſe than none.

A LOYAL EXHORTATION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1688.

Of kings dethron'd, and blood of brethren ſpilt,
In vain, O Britain! you'd avert the guilt;
If crimes which your forefathers bluſh'd to own,
Repeated, call for heavier vengeance down.
Tremble, ye people who your kings diſtreſs,
Tremble, ye kings, for people you oppreſs;
Th' Eternal ſees, arm'd with his forky rods,
The riſe and fall of empire's from the gods.

VERSES

SENT TO THE AUTHOR IN HIS RETIREMENT.

Written by Mrs. Elizabeth Higgons.

I.

Why, Granville, is thy life to ſhades confin'd,
Thou whom the gods deſign'd
In public to do credit to mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy anceſtors, ſo many ages paſt,
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt
In thee, when thy victorious lance [France?
Bore the diſputed prize from all the youth of

II.

In the firſt trials which are made for fame,
Thoſe to whom fate ſucceſs denies,
If taking counſel from their ſhame,
They modeſtly retreat, are wiſe.
But why ſhould you who ſtill ſucceed,
Whether with graceful art you lead
The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread,
In ſhining balls, where all agree
To give the higheſt praiſe to thee.
Such harmony in every motion's found,
As art could ne'er expreſs by any ſound.

III.

So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from courts and camps retire?
If Myra is unkind, if it can be,
That any nymph can be unkind to thee;
If penſive made by love, you thus retire,
Awake your muſe, and ſtring your lyre;
Your tender ſong, and your melodious ſtrain,
Can never be addreſt in vain; [again.
She needs muſt love, and we ſhall have you back

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1690.

Cease, tempting Siren, ceaſe thy flattering ſtrain,
Sweet is thy charming ſong, but ſung in vain:
When the winds blow, and loud the tempeſts roar,
What fool would truſt the waves, and quit the ſhore?
Early, and vain, into the world I came,
Big with falſe hopes, and eager after fame;
Till looking round me, ere the race began,
Madmen, and giddy fools, were all that ran;
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the liſts retire,
And thank the gods, who my retreat inſpire.
In happier times our anceſtors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread:
Give me, ye gods! but the ſame road to fame.
Whate'er my fathers dar'd, I dare the ſame.
Chang'd is the ſcene, ſome baneful planet rules
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.
Look now around, and with impartial eyes
Conſider, and examine all who riſe;
Weigh well their actions, and their treacherous ends,
How greatneſs grows, and by what ſteps aſcends;
What murders, treaſons, perjuries, deceit;
How many cruſh'd, to make one monſter great.
Would you command? Have fortune in your power?
Hug when you ſtab, and ſmile when you devour?
Be bloody, falſe, flatter, forſwear, and lie,
Turn pander, pathic, paraſite, or ſpy;
Such thriving arts may your wiſh'd purpoſe bring,
A miniſter at leaſt, perhaps a king.
Fortune, we moſt unjuſtly partial call,
A miſtreſs free, who bids alike to all;
But on ſuch terms as only ſuit the baſe,
Honour denies and ſhuns the foul embrace.
The honeſt man, who ſtarves and is undone,
Not fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cauſe,
He might have liv'd to give new ſenates laws;
But on vile terms diſdaining to be great,
He periſh'd by his choice, and not his fate.
Honours and life, th' uſurper bids, and all
That vain miſtaken men good-fortune call,
Virtue forbids, and ſets before his eyes
An honeſt death, which he accepts, and dies:
O glorious reſolution! Noble pride!
More honour'd, than the tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his doom,
Than Cæſar trampling on the rights of Rome.
The virtuous nothing fear, but life with ſhame,
And death's a pleaſant road that leads to fame.
On bones, and ſcraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed.
This, and all other martyrdom for thee,
Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous honeſty!
Judge me, ye powers! let fortune tempt or frown
I ſtand prepar'd, my honour is my own.
Ye great diſturbers, who in endleſs noiſe,
In blood and rapine ſeek unnatural joys;
For what is all this buſtle but to ſhun
Thoſe thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As men in miſery, oppreſt with care,
Seek in the rage of wine to drown deſpair.
Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
Regardleſs if the cauſe be bad or good;
Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of ſtrutting pigmies who would paſs for gods.
For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers ſchool,
Who loathe a knave, and tremble at a fool;
Who honour generous Wycherley oppreſt,
Poſſeſt of little, worthy of the beſt,
Rich in himſelf, in virtue that outſhines
All but the fame of his immortal lines,
More than the wealthieſt lord, who helps to drain
The famiſh'd land, and rolls in impious gain:
What can I hope in courts? Or how ſucceed?
Tygers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead;
And every element exchange its kind,
Ere thriving honeſty in courts we find.
Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind from vain deſires is free;

Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himſelf content,
In thought, or act, accountable to none,
But to himſelf, and to the gods alone:
O ſweetneſs of content! ſeraphic joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.
Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind!
Where, but in ſhades remote from human kind;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace gate.
Farewell then cities, courts, and camps, farewell,
Welcome, ye groves, here let me ever dwell,
From cares, from buſineſs, and mankind remove,'
All but the muſes, and inſpiring love:
How ſweet the morn! How gentle is the night!
How calm the evening! And the day how bright!
From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in ſhow,
Where ſeveral wanderers travel day and night,
By different paths, and none are in the right.

SONG.

Love is by fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature;
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's bleſt, or dies:
Viſions of mighty pain, or pleaſure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treaſure,
All in powerful fancy lies.

BEAUTY AND LAW.

A POETICAL PLEADING.

King Charles II. having made a grant of the reverſion of an office in the court of King's-Bench, to his ſon the Duke of Grafton; the Lord Chief Juſtice laying claim to it, as a perquiſite legally belonging to his office, the cauſe came to be heard before the Houſe of Lords, between the Ducheſs, relic of the ſaid Duke, and the Chief Juſtice.

The princes ſat; beauty and law contend;
The queen of love will her own cauſe defend:
Secure ſhe looks, as certain none can ſee
Such beauty plead, and not her captive be.
What need of words with ſuch commanding eyes?
Muſt I then ſpeak? O heav'ns! the charmer cries;
O barbarous clime! where beauty borrows aid
From eloquence, to charm, or to perſuade!
Will diſcord never leave with envious care
To raiſe debate? But diſcord governs here
To Juno, Pallas, wiſdom, fame, and power,
Long ſince preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
Confeſs'd to ſight, three goddeſſes deſcend
On Ida's hill, and for a prize contend;
Nobly they bid, and laviſhly purſue
A gift, that only could be beauty's due:
Honours and wealth the generous judge denies,
And gives the triumph to the brighteſt eyes.
Such precedents are numberleſs, we draw
Our right from cuſtom; cuſtom is a law
As high as heaven, as wide as ſeas or land;
As ancient as the world is our command.
Mars an Alcides would this plea allow:
Beauty was ever abſolute till now.
It is enough that I pronounce it mine,
And, right or wrong, he ſhould his claim reſign;
Nor bears nor tygers ſure ſo ſavage are,
As theſe ill-manner'd monſters of the bar.
Loud ‖ rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine
Whoſe matchleſs form, to counterbalance mine
By dint of beauty ſhall exort your grace:
Let her appear, this rival, face to face;
Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this ſtrife decide;
Now, when I lighten, let her beams be try'd.
Was't a vain promiſe, and a gownman's lie?
Or ſtands ſhe here, unmark'd, when I am by?
So heav'n was mock'd, and once all Elys round,
Another Jupiter was ſaid to ſound;
On brazen floors the royal actor tries
To ape the thunder rattling in the ſkies;
A brandiſh'd torch, with emulating blaze,
Affects the forky lightning's pointed rays:
Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
Through crowds of worſhippers, and acts the god;
The fire omnipotent prepares the braud,
By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand;
Then flaming hurls it hiſſing from above,
And in the vaſt abyſs confounds the mimic Jove.
Preſumptuous wretch! with mortal art to dare
Immortal power, and brave the thunderer!
Caſſiope, preferring with diſdain,
Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain;
The daughter, for the mother's guilty ſcorn,
Is doom'd to be devour'd; the mother's borne
Above the clouds, where, by immortal light,
Revers'd ſhe ſhines, expos'd to human ſight,
And to a ſhameful poſture is confin'd,
As an eternal terror to mankind.
Did thus the gods ſuch private nymphs reſpect?
What vengeance might the queen of love expect
But grant ſuch arbitrary pleas are vain,
Wav'd let them be: mere juſtice ſhall obtain.
Who to a huſband juſtlier can ſucceed,
Than the ſoft partner of his nuptial bed;
Or to a father's right lay ſtronger claim,
Than the dear youth in whom ſurvives his name?
Behold that youth, conſider whence he ſprings,
And in his royal veins reſpect your kings:
Immortal Jove, upon a mortal ſhe,
Begat his ſire: Second from Jove is he.
Well did the father blindly fight your cauſe,
Following the cry—of liberty and laws,

‖ A report ſpread of a beautiful young lady, niece to the Lord Chief Juſtice, who would appear at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, and eclipſe the charms of the Ducheſs of Grafton: No ſuch lady was ſeen there, nor perhaps ever in any part of the world.

If by thoſe laws, for which he loſt his life *,
You ſpoil, ungratefully, the ſon and wife.
What need I more? 'Tis reaſon to diſpute:
The grant was royal; that decides the ſuit.
" Shall vulgar laws imperial power conſtrain?
" Kings, and the gods, can never act in vain."
She finiſh'd here, the queen of every grace,
Diſdain vermilioning her heavenly face:
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult riſe,
And one wiſh ſparkles in a thouſand eyes.
O! might ſome champion finiſh theſe debates!
My ſword ſhall end, what now my pen relates.
Up roſe the Judge, on each ſide bending low,
A crafty ſmile accompanies his bow;
Ulyſſes like, a gentle pauſe he makes,
Then, raiſing by degrees his voice, he ſpeaks.
In you, my lords, who judge; and all who hear,
Methinks I read your wiſhes for the fair;
Nor can I wonder, even I contend
With inward pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy! thus oblig'd to a defence,
That may diſpleaſe ſuch heavenly excellence.
Might we the laws on any terms abuſe,
So bright an influence were the beſt excuſe;
Let † Niobe's juſt fate, the vile diſgrace
Of the ‖ Propœtides' polluted race;
Let death, or ſhame, or lunacy ſurpriſe,
Who dare to match the luſtre of thoſe eyes!
Aloud the faireſt of the ſex complain
Of captives loſt, and loves invok'd in vain;
At her appearance all their glory ends,
And not a ſtar, but ſets, when ſhe aſcends.
Where love preſides, ſtill may ſhe bear the prize;
But rigid law has neither ears nor eyes:
Charms, to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
Minos and § Rhadamanthus diſavow.
Juſtice, by nothing bias'd, or inclin'd,
Deaf to perſuaſion, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cauſe.
What then avails it, that a beardleſs boy
Took a raſh fancy for a female toy?
Th' inſulted Argives, with a numerous hoſt,
Purſue revenge, and ſeek the Dardan coaſt;
Though the gods built, and though the gods defend
Thoſe lofty towers, the hoſtile Greeks aſcend;
Nor leave they, till the town in aſhes lies,
And all the race of royal Priam dies:
The queen of ¶ Paphos, mixing in the fray,
Rallies the troops, and urges on the day:
In perſon, in the foremoſt ranks ſhe ſtands,
Provokes the charge, directs, aſſiſts, commands;
Stern Diomed, advancing high in air,
His lofty javelin ſtrikes the heavenly fair;
The vaulted ſkies with her loud ſhrieks reſound,
And high Olympus trembles at the wound.

In cauſes juſt, would all the gods oppoſe,
'Twere honeſt to diſpute; ſo Cato choſe.
Diſmiſs that plea, and what ſhall blood avail?
If beauty is deny'd, ſhall birth prevail?
Blood, and high deeds, in diſtant ages done,
Are our forefathers merit, not our own.
Might none a juſt poſſeſſion be allow'd,
But who could bring deſert, or boaſt of blood?
What numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd, and deſpoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd?
Take a juſt view, how many may remark,
Who now's a peer, his grandſire was a clerk:
Some few remain, ennobled by the ſword
In Gothic times: But now to be my lord,
Study the law; nor do theſe robes deſpiſe;
Honour the gown, from whence your honours riſe.
Thoſe fam'd dictators, who ſubdu'd the globe,
Gave the precedence to the peaceful robe;
The mighty Julius, pleading at the bar,
Was greater, than when thundering in the war
He conquer'd nations: 'Tis of more renown
To ſave a client, than to ſtorm a town.
How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
What blood has ſhe not laviſh'd in their cauſe!
Kings are like common ſlaves to ſlaughter led,
Or wander through the world to beg their bread.
" When regal power aſpires above the laws,
" A private wrong becomes a public cauſe."
He ſpoke. The nobles differ, and divide;
Some join with law, and ſome with beauty ſide.
Mordaunt, though once her ſlave, inſults the fair,
Whoſe fetters 'twas his pride, in youth, to wear:
So Lucifer revolting, brav'd the power
Whom he was wont to worſhip and implore.
Like impious is their rage, who have in chaſe
A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.
But Rocheſter, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe,
Aſſerts the goddeſs with the charming eyes;
And O! may beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and law ſubmitting lies,
The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries;
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

* The Duke of Grafton, ſlain at the ſiege of Cork in Ireland, about the beginning of the Revolution.

† Niobe turned into a ſtone for preſuming to compare herſelf with Diana.

‖ Propoetides, certain virgins, who, for affronting Venus, were condemned to open proſtitution, and afterwards turned into ſtone.

§ Minos and Rhadamanthus, famous legiſlators, who for their ſtrict adminiſtration of juſtice, were, after their deaths, made chief judges in the infernal regions.

¶ Venus.

LADY HYDE *.

When fam'd Apelles ſought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furniſh graces for the piece,
He ſummon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To ſhow how one immortal ſhin'd.
Had Hyde thus ſat by proxy too,
As Venus then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all the train
Of goddeſſes had ſummon'd been;
The painter muſt have ſearch'd the ſkies,
To match the luſtre of her eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new;
In her we many mortals ſee,
As many goddeſſes in thee.

† Afterwards Counteſs of Clarendon and Rocheſter.

LADY HYDE HAVING THE SMALL POX,

SOON AFTER THE RECOVERY OF MRS. MOHUN.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts ſhow other dangers near;
Beauty's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her loves and graces kept their court;
In her chief reſidence, beſieg'd at laſt,
Laments to ſee her faireſt fields laid waſte.
On things immortal, all attempts are vain;
Tyrant diſeaſe, 'tis loſs of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips, and eyes:
Let her but live; as much vermilion take,
As might an Helen, or a Venus make;
Like Thetis, ſhe ſhall fruſtrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms eſcape.
The twinkling ſtars drop numberleſs each night,
Yet ſhines the radiant firmament as bright;
So from the ocean ſhould we rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain.

THE DUCHESS OF ——,

UNSEASONABLY SURPRISED IN THE EMBRACES OF HER LORD.

FAIREST Zelinda, ceaſe to chide, or grieve;
Nor bluſh at joys that only you can give;
Who with bold eyes ſurvey'd thoſe matchleſs charms,
Is puniſh'd, ſeeing in another's arms:
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his eyes, but envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars, and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief, that he was not the god;
So to be caught, was every god's deſire:
Nor leſs than Venus, can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heavenly fair,
Forgive his raſhneſs, puniſh'd by deſpair;
All that we know, which wretched mortals feel
In thoſe ſad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is, that they ſee the raptures of the bleſs'd,
And view the joys which they muſt never taſte.

TO FLAVIA.

WRITTEN ON HER GARDEN IN THE NORTH.

WHAT charm is this, that in the midſt of ſnow,
Of ſtorms, and blaſts, the choiceſt fruits do grow?
Melons, on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And ſtrangers to the ſun, yet ripen here;
On frozen ground the ſweeteſt flowers ariſe,
Unſeen by any light, but Flavia's eyes;
Where'er ſhe treads, beneath the charmer's feet
The roſe, the jeſſamine, and the lilies meet;
Where'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth;
In midſt of mountains, and unfruitful ground,
As rich an Eden as the firſt is found.
In this new paradiſe the goddeſs reigns,
In ſovereign ſtate, and mocks the lover's pains;
Beneath thoſe beams that ſcorch us from her eyes
Her ſnowy boſom ſtill unmelted lies;
Love from her lips ſpreads all his odours round,
But bears on ice, and ſprings from frozen ground.
So cold the clime that can ſuch wonders bear,
The garden ſeems an emblem of the fair.

TO THE SAME.

Her Gardens having eſcaped a Flood that had laid all the Country round under Water.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect,
The torrent ſpares, and deluges reſpect;
So when the waters o'er the world were ſpread,
Covering each oak, and every mountain's head,
The choſen patriarch ſail'd within his ark,
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the ſacred bark.
The charming Flavia is no leſs, we find,
The favourite of Heaven, than of mankind;
The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the fair;
Theſe favours thus beſtow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage which they ſend her down.
O Flavia! may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with bleſſings, endleſs as my love.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON ſick, in every face we find,
His danger is the danger of mankind;
Whoſe art protecting, nature could expire
But by a deluge, or the general fire.
More lives he ſaves, than periſh in our wars,
And faſter than a plague deſtroys, repairs.
The bold carouſer, and advent'rous dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuſe the flame;
Safe in his ſkill, from all reſtraints ſet free,
But conſcious ſhame, remorſe, or piety.
Sire † of all arts, defend thy darling ſon;
O! ſave the man whoſe life's ſo much our own!
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And by reſtoring Garth, preſerve mankind.

To my dear Kinſman,

CHARLES LORD LANSDOWNE,

Upon the Bombardment of the Town of Granville in Normandy, by the Engliſh Fleet.

THOUGH built by gods, conſum'd by hoſtile flame,
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And ſo ſhall thine, though with theſe walls were loſt
All the records our anceſtors could boaſt.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus ſlain,
Æneas lives, though not one ſtone remain
Where he aroſe: Nor art thou leſs renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.

† Apollo, god of poetry and phyſic.

Thoſe † arms which for nine centuries had
brav'd
The wrath of time, on antique ſtone engrav'd,
Now torn by mortars, ſtand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies, by thy valour rais'd:
Safe on thy || eagle's wings they ſoar above
The rage of war, or thunder to remove,
Borne by the bird of Cæſar, and of Jove.

LADY HYDE,

SITTING AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S FOR HER PICTURE.

WHILE Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whoſe print's on every heart,
The poet, with a pencil leſs confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and deſcribe her mind,
Unlock the ſhrine, and to the ſight unfold
The ſecret gems, and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the muſes name,
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame;
A Venus and an Helen have been ſeen,
Both perjur'd wives, the goddeſs and the queen:
In this the third, are reconcil'd at laſt
Thoſe jarring attributes of fair and chaſte,
With graces that attract, but not enſnare,
Divinely good, as ſhe's divinely fair;
With beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud;
With greatneſs, eaſy, affable, and good:
Others by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindneſs, practiſe on our hearts,
With expectation blow the paſſion up;
She fans the fire, without one gale of hope,
Like the chaſte moon, ſhe ſhines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thouſands are undone.

TO MRS. GRANVILLE,

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE;

AFTERWARDS

LADY CONWAY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws conſtrain,
Now for ſome ages kept the world in pain;
Beauty, by vaſt deſtructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known:
But Granville, more auſpicious to mankind,
Conqu'ring the heart, as much inſtructs the mind;
Bleſt in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love; and hearing, we grow wiſe:
So Rome for wiſdom, as for conqueſt fam'd,
Improv'd with arts, whom ſhe by arms had tam'd.
Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her inquiring ſight;
Athens and Rome for arts reſtor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new muſic from her voice;
Learning and love, in the ſame ſeat we find,
So bright her eyes, and ſo adorn'd her mind.
Long had Minerva govern'd in the ſkies,
But now deſcends, confeſt to human eyes;
Behold in Granville, that inſpiring queen,
Whom learned Athens ſo ador'd unſeen.

† The Granville arms ſtill remaining at that time on one of the gates of the town.

|| He was created a Count of the Empire, the family arms to be borne for ever upon the breaſt of the imperial ſpread eagle.

TO MRS. AFRA BEHN.

Two warrior || chiefs the voice of fame divide,
Who beſt deſerv'd, not Plutarch could decide:
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes declare;
Debates ariſe, which captivates us moſt,
And none can tell the charm by which he's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear;
Venus the dove; Pallas the ſhield and ſpear:
Poets ſuch emblems to their gods aſſign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart, and pen be thine.

THE DESERTION.

Now fly, diſcretion, to my aid,
See haughty Myra, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of love array'd;
Ah! how I tremble at the ſight!
She comes, ſhe comes—before her all
Mankind does proſtrate fall.

Love, a deſtroyer, fierce and young,
Advent'rous, terrible, and ſtrong.
Cruel and raſh, delighting ſtill to vex,
Sparing nor age nor ſex,
Commands in chief; well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks and eyes,
All oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.

A wiſe commander he, for council fit;
But nice and coy, nor has been ſeen to ſit
In modern ſynod, nor appear'd of late
In courts, nor camps, nor in affairs of ſtate;
Reaſon proclaims them all his foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs charms oppoſe.

My very boſom friends make war
Within my breaſt, and in her intereſts are;
Eſteem and judgment with ſtrong fancy join
To court, and call the fair invader in;
My darling favourite inclination too,
All, all conſpiring with the foe.

Ah! whither ſhall I fly to hide
My weakneſs from the conqu'ror's pride?
Now, now, diſcretion be my guide.
But ſee, this mighty Archimedes too,
Surrenders now.

|| Alexander and Caeſar.

Preſuming longer to reſiſt
His very name,
Diſcretion muſt diſclaim;
Folly and madneſs only would perſiſt.

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, ſaid I,
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thouſand thouſand fears
Still overawe when ſhe appears! in tears.
My breath is ſpent in ſighs, my eyes are drown'd

IN PRAISE OF MYRA.

TUNE, tune thy lyre, begin my muſe,
What nymph, what queen, what goddeſs wilt thou chooſe?
What praiſes ſing? What charmer's name
Tranſmit immortal down to fame?
Strike, ſtrike thy ſtring, let echo take the ſound,
And bear it far, to all the mountains round;
Pindus again ſhall hear, again rejoice,
And Hemus too, as when th' enchanting voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

Nor Venus, nor Diana will we name;
Myra is Venus and Diana too,
All that was feign'd of them, apply to her, is true;
Then ſing, my muſe, let Myra be our theme.

As when the ſhepherds would a garland make,
They ſearch with care the fragrant meadows round;
Plucking but here and there and only take
The choiceſt flow'rs with which ſome nymph is crown'd.

In framing Myra ſo divinely fair,
Nature has taken the ſame care;
All that is lovely, noble, good, we ſee,
All, beauteous Myra, all bound up in thee.
Where Myra is, there is the queen of love,
Th' Arcadian paſtures, and th' Idalian grove.
Let Myra dance, ſo charming is her mien,
In every movement every grace is ſeen;
Let Myra ſing, the notes ſo ſweetly wound,
The ſyrens would be ſilent at the ſound.
Place me on mountains of eternal ſnow,
Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow;
Or caſt me underneath the burning line,
Where everlaſting ſun does ſhine;
Where all is ſcorch'd—whatever you decree.
Ye gods! wherever I ſhall be,
Myra ſhall ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill ador'd by me.

SONG TO MYRA.

I.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

II.

Let glittering fools in courts be great;
For pay, let armies move;
Beauty ſhould have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

III.

If on thoſe endleſs charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand worlds too few.

IV.

But if a paſſion without vice,
Without diſguiſe or art,
Ah Myra! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

MYRA SINGING.

THE ſyrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Ty'd to the maſt, Ulyſſes ſail'd unharm'd;
Had Myra's voice entic'd his liſtening ear,
The Greek had ſtopt, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Myra ſings, we ſeek th' enchanting ſound,
And bleſs the notes that do ſo ſweetly wound.
What muſic needs muſt dwell upon that tongue,
Whoſe ſpeech is tuneful as another's ſong!
Such harmony! ſuch wit! a face ſo fair!
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
Who from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice ſhe overtakes him, dies.
Like ſoldiers ſo in battle we ſucceed,
One peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed;
In vain the dart, or glittering ſword we ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaughtering gun.

MYRA.

AT A REVIEW OF THE GUARDS IN HYDE-PARK.

LET meaner beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty Myra will by thouſands kill;
Through armed ranks triumphantly ſhe drives,
And with one glance commands a thouſand lives:
The trembling heroes, nor reſiſt, nor fly,
But at the head of all their ſquadrons die.

TO MYRA.

NATURE indulgent, provident and kind,
In all things that excel, ſome uſe deſign'd;
The radiant ſun, of every heavenly light
The firſt (did Myra not diſpute that right)
Sends from above ten thouſand bleſſings down;
Nor is he ſet ſo high for ſhow alone,
His beams reviving with auſpicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire:
The moon and ſtars, thoſe faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain the ſight:
Plants, fruits, and flowers the fertile fields produce
Not for vain ornament, but wholeſome uſe;

Health they reſtore, and nouriſhment they give,
We ſee with pleaſure, but we taſte to live.
Then think not, Myra, that thy form was meant
More to create deſire, than to content;
Would the juſt gods ſo many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have form'd thee ſo above thy ſex,
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious pleaſure to delight in harm,
And beauty ſhould be kind, as well as charm.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

The God of day deſcending from above,
Mixt with the ſea, and got the queen of love.
Beauty, that fires the world, 'twas fit ſhould riſe
From him alone who lights the ſtars and ſkies.
In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd,
The lover's toil ſhe gratefully repaid,
Promiſcuous bleſſings to her ſlaves aſſign'd,
And taught the world that beauty ſhould be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair, to charm,
Bright be your beams, but without ſcorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expence of blood and empire fought:
Beauty and love the nobleſt cauſe afford,
That can try valour, or employ the ſword.
Not men alone incited by her charms,
But heaven's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
The happy Trojan glorioufly poſſeſt,
Enjoys the dame, and leaves to fate the reſt.
Your cold reflections, moraliſts, forbear,
His title's beſt who beſt can pleaſe the fair.
And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce deſires, diſtractions, and deſpairs
Of tortur'd men, while beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
And ſaw a thouſand rivals to the ſun.
Hence follow'd arts, while each employ'd his care
In new productions to delight the fair:
To bright Aſpaſia Socrates retir'd,
His wiſdom grew but as his love inſpir'd;
Thoſe rocks and oaks which ſuch emotions felt,
Were cruel maids whom Orpheus taught to melt;
Muſic, and ſongs, and every way to move
The raviſh'd heart, were ſeeds and plants of love.
The gods, entic'd by ſo divine a birth,
Deſcend from heaven to this new heaven on earth;
Thy wit, O Mercury's no defence from love;
Nor Mars, thy target: nor thy thunder, Jove.
The mad immortals in a thouſand ſhapes,
Range the wide globe; ſome yield, ſome ſuffer rapes,
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one eſcapes.
The wife, though a bright goddeſs, thus gives place
To mortal concubines of freſh embrace;
By ſuch examples were we taught to ſee
The life and ſoul of love, is ſweet variety.
In thoſe firſt times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleaſures, poliſhing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obſcene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the luſt of boys;

Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
And Juno jealous, ſtorms at Ganymed.
Return, my muſe, and cloſe that odious ſcene,
Nor ſtain thy verſe with images unclean;
Of beauty ſing, her ſhining progreſs view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light purſue,
Tell how the goddeſs ſpread, and how in empire grew.
Let others govern, or defend the ſtate,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate,
In lofty arts and ſciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their boaſted ſkill,
To marble, and to braſs ſuch features give,
The metal and the ſtone may ſeem to live;
Deſcribe the ſtars, and planetary way,
And trace the footſteps of eternal day:
Be this, my muſe, thy pleaſure and thy care,
A ſlave to beauty, to record the fair.
Still wand'ring in love's ſweet delicious maze,
To ſing the triumphs of ſome heavenly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a ſmile or frown
Subdue the proud, the ſuppliant lover crown.
From Venus down to Myra bring thy ſong,
To thee alone ſuch tender taſks belong.
From Greece to Afric beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light:
Frown not, ye fair, to hear of ſwarthy dames,
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty to no complexion is confin'd,
Is of all colours, and by none defin'd;
Jewels that ſhine, in gold or ſilver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in jet.
Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art,
The firſt who gave recruited ſlaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more uſe than ſhow,
Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept love for ever flowing, and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, thoſe lords of all,
Each in his turn preſent the conquer'd ball;
Thoſe dreadful eagles that had ſac'd the light
From pole to pole, fall dazzled at her ſight:
Nor was her death leſs glorious than her life,
A conſtant miſtreſs, and a faithful wife;
Her dying truth ſome generous tears would coſt,
Had not her fate ‖ inſpir'd the world well loſt;
With ſecret pride the raviſh'd muſes view
The image of that death which Dryden drew.
Pleas'd in ſuch happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for ſome ages revel'd with delight;
The martial moors in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind;
See in the liſts, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the the trumpet's ſound;
Some love-device is wrought on every ſword,
And every ribbon bears ſome myſtic word.
As when we ſee the winged winds engage,
Mounted on courſers, foaming flame and rage,
Ruſtling from every quarter of the ſky,
North, eaſt, and weſt, in airy ſwiftneſs vie;
One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thundering war:

‖ All for Love; or, The World well Loſt: written by Dryden.

So when the trumpet ſounding, gives the ſign,
The juſtling chiefs in rude rencounter join,
So meet, and ſo renew the dextrous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight;
Still as one falls, another ruſhes in,
And all muſt be o'ercome, or none can win.
The victor, from the ſhining dame, whoſe eyes
Aided his conqu'ring arm, receives a precious prize.
  Thus flouriſh'd love, and beauty reign'd in ſtate,
Till the proud Spaniard gave theſe glories date:
Paſt is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Tranſmitted ſafe in Dryden's lofty ſcenes;
Granada* loſt, beheld her pomps reſtor'd,
And Almahide†, once more by kings ador'd.
  Love driven thence, to colder Britain flies,
And with bright nymphs the diſtant ſun ſupplies;
Romances which relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and proweſs of advent'rous knights;
To animate their rage, a kiſs record
From Britain's faireſt nymph was the reward;
Thus ancient to love's empire was the claim
Of Britiſh beauty, and ſo wide the fame,
Which, like our flag upon the ſeas, gives law
By night avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.
  Our gallant kings, of whom large annals prove
The mighty deeds, ſtand as renown'd for love:
A monarch's right o'er beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence beauty came.
Thy Roſamond, great Henry, on the ſtage,
By a late muſe preſented in our age,
With aking hearts, and flowing eyes we view,
While that diſſembled death preſents the true.
In Bracegirdle§ the perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the ſpectators ſee.
  Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings,
Thy captives, Edward, fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high deeds, thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to love the nobleſt trophy rais'd:
Thy ſtatues, Venus, though by Phidias's hand,
Deſign'd immortal, yet no longer ſtand;
The magic of thy ſhining zone is paſt,
But Saliſbury's garter ſhall for ever laſt,
Which through the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to ſceptres, and does crowns adorn.
  If ſuch their fame who gave theſe rights divine
To ſacred love, O! what diſhonour's thine,
Forgetful Queen, who ſever'd that bright‖ head
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed?
Hadſt thou been born a man, thou hadſt not err'd,
Thy fame had liv'd, and beauty been preferr'd;
But O! what mighty magic can aſſuage
A woman's envy, and a bigot's rage?
  Love tir'd at length, love, that delights to ſmile,
Flying from ſcenes of horror¶, quits our iſle,
With Charles, the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for love and Charles were one;
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns,
But O! how fierce the joy when Charles returns!

As eager flames with oppoſition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a vent;
As a fierce torrent bounded on his race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace:
From the loud palace to the ſilent grove,
All, by the King's example, live and love;
The muſes with diviner voices ſing;
And all rejoice to pleaſe the godlike King.
  Then Waller in immortal verſe proclaims
The ſhining court, and all the glittering dames;
Thy beauty, Sidney*, like Achilles' ſword,
Reſiſtleſs, ſtands upon as ſure record;
The fierceſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
Both ſung alike, ſhall have their fate the ſame.
  And now, my muſe, a nobler flight prepare,
And ſing ſo loud that heaven and earth may hear.
Behold from Italy an awful ray
Of heavenly light illuminates the day,
Northward ſhe bends, majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my muſe, nor fear to raiſe
Thy voice to her who was thy earlieſt praiſe;
What though the ſullen fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious line,
Keep thy bright theme within thy ſteady ſight,
The clouds ſhall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlaſting day direct thy lofty flight.
Thou who has never yet put on diſguiſe
To flatter faction, or deſcend to vice;
Let no vain fear thy generous ardor tame,
But ſtand erect, and ſound as loud as fame.
  As when our eyes ſome proſpect would purſue,
Deſcending from a hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o'er lawns and meadows till it gains
Some favourite ſpot, and fixing there, remains:
With equal rapture my tranſported muſe
Flies other objects, this bright theme to chooſe.
  Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our ſight,
A monarch's pride, his glory and delight,
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd! If verſe can give
A deathleſs name, thine ſhall for ever live;
Invok'd where e'er the Britiſh lion roars,
Extended as the ſeas that gird the Britiſh ſhores.
The wiſe immortals in their ſeats above,
To crown their labours, ſtill appointed love;
Phœbus enjoy'd the goddeſs of the ſea,
Alcides had Omphale, James has Thee.
O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for ſtill thy Queen is kind,
To lie but at whoſe feet more glory brings
Than 'tis to tread on ſceptres, and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Who would not give their crowns to be ſo bleſt?
Was Helen half ſo fair, ſo form'd for joy,
Well choſe the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But ah! what ſtrange viciſſitudes of fate,
What chance attends on every worldly ſtate?
As when the ſkies were ſack'd, the conquer'd gods
Compell'd from heaven, forſook their bleſt abodes;
Wandering in woods, they hid from den to den,
And fought their ſafety in the ſhapes of men.
As when the winds with kindling flames conſpire,
The blaze increaſes, as they fan the fire;

* The Conqueſt of Granada; written by Dryden.
† The part of Almahide, performed by Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, Miſtreſs to King Charles II.
§ A famous actreſs.
‖ Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth.
¶ The Rebellion; and death of King Charles I.

* The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated by Waller under the name of Sacharissa.

From roof to roof the burning torrent pours,
Nor ſpares the palace, nor the loftieſt towers:
Or, as the ſtately pine, erecting high
Her lofty branches, ſhooting to the ſky,
If riven by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
Level with loweſt ſhrubs lies the tall head
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was ſpread.
So * * * * * * *
But ceaſe, my muſe, thy colours are too faint,
Hide with a veil thoſe griefs which none can paint;
This ſun is ſet.—But ſee in bright array
What hoſts of heavenly light recruit the day.
Love, in a ſhining galaxy, appears
Triumphant ſtill, and Grafton leads the ſtars.
Ten thouſand loves, ten thouſand ſeveral ways
Invade adoring crowds, who die to gaze;
Her eyes reſiſtleſs as the ſyrens voice,
So ſweet's the charm, we make our fate our choice.
Who moſt reſembles her let next be nam'd,
Villiers † for wiſdom and deep judgment fam'd,
Of a high race, victorious beauty brings
To grace our courts, and captivate our kings.
With what delight my muſe to Sandwich flies!
Whoſe wit is piercing as her ſparkling eyes:
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her airy wings,
And tunes her voice, when ſhe of Ormond ſings!
Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
The ſucceſſor of beauteous Offory.
Richmond's a title, that but nam'd, implies
Majeſtic graces, and victorious eyes:
Fair Villiers firſt, then haughty Stuart came,
And Brudenel now no leſs adorns the name.
Dorſet already is immortal made
In Prior's verſe, nor needs a ſecond aid.
By Bentinck and fair Rutenberg we find,
That beauty to no climate is confin'd.
Rupert of royal blood, with modeſt grace,
Bluſhes to hear the triumphs of her face.
Not Helen with St. Alban's might compare:
Nor let the muſe omit Scroop, Holms, and Hare:
Hyde, Venus is; the graces are Kildare.
Soft and delicious as a ſouthern ſky,
Are Daſhwood's ſmiles; when Darnley † frowns we die.
Careleſs §, but yet ſecure of conqueſt ſtill,
Lu'ſon unaiming, never fails to kill;
Guiltleſs of pride to captivate, or ſhine,
Bright without art, ſhe wounds without deſign:
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleaſure in the ſmart,
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing ſake;
Aſſerting the dominion of her eyes,
As heroes fight for glory, not for prize.
The ſkilful muſe's earlieſt care has been
The praiſe of never-fading Mazarine;
The poet ‖ and his theme, in ſpite of time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs prime.

With charms ſo numerous Myra does ſurpriſe,
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.
Yet * dawning in her infancy of light,
O ſee! another Brudenel heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
And fix love's empire in that race divine.
Fain would my muſe to Cecil † bend her ſight,
But turns aſtoniſh'd from the dazzling light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy flight.
O Kneller! like thy pictures were my ſong,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil ſtrong;
Theſe matchleſs beauties ſhould recorded be.
Immortal in my verſe, as in thy gallery §.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF NEWBURGH,
Inſiſting earneſtly to be told who I meant by Myra.

WITH Myra's charms, and my extreme deſpair,
Long had my muſe amaz'd the reader's ear.
My friends, with pity, heard the mournful ſound,
And all inquir'd from whence the fatal wound;
Th' aſtoniſh'd world beheld an endleſs flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came:
So ſcatter'd fire from ſcorch'd Veſuvius flies,
Unknown the ſource from whence thoſe flames ariſe:
Ægyptian Nile ſo ſpreads its waters round,
O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound.
Myra herſelf, touch'd with the moving ſong,
Would needs be told to whom thoſe plaints belong;
My timorous tongue not daring to confeſs,
Trembling to name, would fain have had her gueſs;
Impatient of excuſe, ſhe urges ſtill,
Perſiſts in her demand, ſhe muſt, ſhe will;
If ſilent, I am threaten'd with her hate;
If I obey—Ah! what may be my fate?
Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold,
She ſmiles—the goddeſs ſmiles—and I grow bold.
My vows to Myra, all were meant to thee,
The praiſe, the love, the matchleſs conſtancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets, each with ſeveral names;
For Venus, Cytherea was invok'd;
Altars for Pallas, to Tritonia ſmok'd.
Such names were theirs; and thou the moſt divine,
Moſt lov'd of heav'nly beauties—Myra's thine.

TO MYRA.

So calm, and ſo ſerene, but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow?
Her anguiſh love now glows and burns
Then chills and ſhakes, and the cold fit returns.
Mock'd with deluding looks and ſmiles,
When on her pity I depend,

* Countеſs of Orkney.
† Lady Catharine Darnley, Ducheſs of Buckingham.
‡ Lady Gower.
‖ Monſieur St. Evremont.

* Lady Molyneux.
† Lady Ranelagh.
§ The Gallery of Beauties in Hampton-Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

My airy hope ſhe ſoon beguiles,
And laughs to ſee my torments never end.

So up the ſteepy hill, with pain,
The weighty ſtone is roll'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer to renew his toils.

TO MYRA.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her ſmiles reviv'd, her ſcorn deſtroys:
She will, and ſhe will not, ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving, and rejecting in a breath,
Now proff'ring mercy, now preſenting death.
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure,
How various are the torments I endure!
Cruel eſtate of doubt! Ah, Myra, try
Once to reſolve—or let me live, or die.

TO MYRA.

Thoughtful nights, and reſtleſs waking,
Oh, the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forſaking,
Ever doubting, never ſure.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to run!
Falſe proteſting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way undone.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, paſſion rending,
Oh! the pangs of jealouſy!

From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah! how ſweet could love be free!
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce, immortal ecſtaſy.

SONG TO MYRA.

Why ſhould a heart ſo tender, break?
O Myra! give its anguiſh eaſe;
The uſe of beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe.

Thoſe lips for ſmiling were deſign'd;
That boſom to be preſt;
Your eyes to languiſh, and look kind;
For amorous arms, your waiſt.

Each thing has its appointed right,
Eſtabliſh'd by the pow'rs above,
The ſun to give us warmth, and light,
Myra to kindle love.

TO MYRA.

Since truth and conſtancy are vain,
Since neither love nor ſenſe o ſpain,
Nor force of reaſon can perſuade,
Then let example be obey'd.

In courts and cities, could you ſee
How well the wanton fools agree;
Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.
Minerva, naked from above,
With Venus and the wife of Jove,
Expoſing ev'ry beauty bare,
Deſcending to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was ſhe whom poets name
Goddeſs of chaſtity and fame.
Penelope, her lord away,
Gave am'rous audiences all day;
Now round the bowl the ſuitors ſit,
With wine, provoking mirth and wit,
Then down they take the ſtubborn bow,
Their ſtrength, it ſeems, ſhe needs muſt know.
Thus twenty cheerful winters paſt,
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaſte.
Smile Myra, then, reward my flame,
And be as much ſecure of fame;
By all thoſe matchleſs beauties fir'd,
By my own matchleſs love inſpir'd;
So will I ſing, ſuch wonders write,
That when th' aſtoniſh'd world ſhall cite
A nymph of ſpotleſs worth and fame,
Myra ſhall be th' immortal name.

SONG TO MYRA.

Forsaken of my kindly ſtars,
Within this melancholy grove
I waſte my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ingrateful love.

The happy ſtill untimely end,
Death flies from grief, or why ſhould I
So many hours in ſorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?

Ye powers, take pity of my pain,
This, only this is my deſire;
Ah! take from Myra her diſdain,
Or let me with this ſigh expire.

TO MYRA.

When wilt thou break, my ſtubborn heart?
O death! how ſlow to take my part!
Whatever I purſue, denies,
Death, death itſelf, like Myra, flies.

Love and deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal birth my breaſt;
No hope could be, her ſcorn was all
That to my deſtin'd lot could fall.

I thought, alas! that love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no ſnow fell;
Like plants, that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant fire

That without hope, 'twould die as ſoon,
A little hope—but I have none:
On air the poor camelions thrive,
Deny'd e'en that, my love can live.

As toughest trees in storms are bred,
And grow in spite of winds, and spread
The more the tempest tears and shakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

Despair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death to others love;
That poison, never yet withstood,
Does nourish mine, and turns to food.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to suffer deathless smart?
Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endless pain, and never die.

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

While Phillis is drinking, love and wine in alliance,
With forces united, bid resistless defiance;
By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
And her eyes, by her drinking, redouble their fire.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour;
Each dart dip'd in wine, gives a wound beyond curing,
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more enduring.

Then Phyllis, begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiss, and a glass, be still going round,
Relieving each other, our pleasures are lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a-tasting.

TO MYRA.

Prepar'd to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach'd the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

With the least glance, a little kind,
Such wond'rous pow'r have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

IN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

Mix, mix the philters, quick—she flies, she flies,
Deaf to my call, regardless of my cries.
Are vows so vain? could oaths so feeble prove?
Ah! with what ease she breaks those chains of love!
Whom love with all his force had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Queen of the night, bright empress of the stars,
The friend of love, assist a lover's cares;
And thou, infernal Hecate, be nigh
At whose approach fierce wolves affrighted fly:
Dark tombs disclose their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground—Arise, arise.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So, struggling in love's flame, her lover dies;
It bursts, and in a blaze of light expires,
So may she burn, but with more lasting fires.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As the wax melts, which to the flame I hold,
So may she melt, and never more grow cold.
Tough iron will yield, and stubborn marble run,
And hardest hearts by love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the mstyic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As with impetuous motion whirling round,
This magic wheel still moves, yet keeps its ground,
Ever returning, so may she come back,
And never more the appointed round forsake.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Diana, hail! all hail! most welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow;
O thou, whose art the power of hell disarms,
Upon a faithless woman try thy charms.
Hark! the dogs howl, she comes, the goddess comes,
Sound the loud trump, and beat our brazen drums.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
How calm's the sky! how undisturb'd the deep!
Nature is hush'd, the very tempests sleep;
The drowsy winds breathe gently through the trees,
And silent on the beach, repose the seas:
Love only wakes; the storm that tears my breast
For ever rages, and distracts my rest:
O love! relentless love! tyrant accurs'd,
In deserts bred, by cruel tygers nurs'd!
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
This ribbon, that once bound her lovely waist,
O that my arms might gird her there as fast!
Smiling she gave it, and I priz'd it more
Than the rich zone the Idalian goddess wore:
This ribbon, this lov'd relick of the fair,
So kiss'd, and so preserv'd—thus—thus I tear.
O love why dost thou thus delight to rend
My soul with pain? ah! why torment thy friend?
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thrice have I sacrific'd, and prostrate thrice
Ador'd: assist, ye powers, the sacrifice.
Whoe'er he is whom now the fair beguiles
With guilty glances, and with perjur'd smiles,
Malignant vapours blast his impious head,
Ye lightnings scorch him, thunder strike him dead;
Horror of conscience all his slumbers break,
Distract his rest, as love keeps me awake;

If married, may his wife an Helen be,
And, curs'd, and scorn'd, like Menelaus, he.
Begin, begin, the mystic spells prepare,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
These powerful drops, thrice on the threshold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted juice, her door,
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my soul is ever hovering round.
Haste, and obey; and binding be the spell:
Here ends my charm; O love! succeed it well:
By force of magic, stop the flying fair,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thou'rt now alone, and painful is restraint,
Ease thy prest heart, and give thy sorrows vent;
Whence sprang, and how began these griefs declare;
How much thy love, how cruel thy despair.
Ye moon and stars, by whose auspicious light
I haunt these groves, and waste the tedious night!
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Too late for hope, for my repose too soon
I saw, and lov'd; her heart engag'd, was gone;
A happier man possess'd whom I adore:
O! I should ne'er have seen, or seen before.
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
What shall I do? shall I in silence bear,
Destroy myself, or kill the ravisher?
Die, wretched lover, die! but O! beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her;
Wait for a better hour, and trust thy fate,
Thou seek'st her love, beget not then her hate.
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
My life consuming with eternal grief,
From herbs, and spells, I seek a vain relief;
To every wise magician I repair
In vain, for still I love, and I despair.
Circe, Medea, and the Cybil's books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
As melted gold preserves its weight the same,
So burn'd my love, nor wasted in the flame.
And now, unable to support the strife,
A glimmering hope recalls departing life:
My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may ask, and she with honour give.
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Witness, ye hours, with what unwearied care,
From place to place I still pursu'd the fair;
Nor was occasion to reveal my flame,
Slow to my succour, for it kindly came;
It came, it came, that moment of delight,
O gods! and how I trembled at the sight!
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Dismay'd, and motionless, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I stood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My faultering tongue in vain for utterance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak sounds, and broken accents came,
Imperfect, as discourses in a dream.
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Soon she divin'd what this confusion meant,
And guess'd with ease the cause of my complaint.
My tongue emboldening as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs—and still she smil'd.
O syren! syren! fair deluder, say,
Why would you tempt to trust, and then betray?
So faithless now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you should have been less kind, or more.
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Secure of innocence, I seek to know
From whence this change, and my misfortunes grow,
Rumour is loud, and every voice proclaims
Her violated faith, and conscious flames:
Can this be true? ah! flattering mischief speak;
Could you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the space so very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath, and perjury?
O jealousy! all other ills at first
My love essay'd, but thou art sure the worst.
Tell, for you know the burden of my heart,
Its killing anguish, and its secret smart.
Ungrateful Myra! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once so long I bore;
If passion, dire revenge, or black despair,
Should once prevail beyond what man can bear,
Who knows what I? ah! feeble rage, and vain!
With how secure a brow she mocks my pain:
Thy heart, fond lover, does thy threats belie,
Canst thou hurt her, for whom thou yet wouldst die?
Nor durst she thus thy just resentment brave,
But that she knows how much thy soul's her slave.
But see! Aurora rising with the sun,
Dissolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon;
My spells no longer bind at sight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away:
Love's the reward of all, on earth, in heaven,
And for a plague to me alone was given:
But ills not to be shunn'd, we must endure,
Death, and a broken heart's a ready cure.
Cynthia, farewell, go rest thy wearied light,
I must for ever wake—We'll meet again at night.

THE VISION.

In lonely walks, distracted by despair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, swelling with sighs the wind;
Through paths untrodden, day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my successless love.
Who most desire to live, untimely fall,
But when we beg to die, death flies our call;
Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breast
In midst of joy, where Venus wont to rest;
That fate, which cruel seem'd to him, would be
Pity, relief, and happiness to me.
When will my sorrows end? in vain, in vain—
I call to heaven, and tell the gods my pain;

The gods averſe, like Myra, to my prayer,
Conſent to doom, whom ſhe denies to ſpare.
Why do I ſeek for foreign aids, when I
Bear ready by my ſide the power to die?
Be keen, my ſword, and ſerve thy maſter well,
Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.
Straight up I roſe, and to my aking breaſt,
My boſom bare, the ready point I preſt;
When lo! aſtoniſh'd, an unuſual light
Pierc'd the thick ſhade, and all around grew bright;
My dazzled eyes a radiant form behold,
Splendid with light, like beams of burning gold;
Eternal rays his ſhining temples grace;
Eternal youth ſat blooming on his face.
Trembling I liſten, proſtrate on the ground,
His breath perfumes the grove, and muſic's in the ſound *.
Ceaſe, lover, ceaſe, thy tender heart to vex,
[illegible]itleſs plaints of an ungrateful ſex.
In fate's eternal volumes it is writ,
That women ever ſhall be foes to wit.
With proper arts their ſickly minds command,
And pleaſe 'em with the things they underſtand;
With noiſy fopperies their hearts aſſail,
Renounce all ſenſe; how ſhould thy ſongs prevail?
When I, the God of wit, ſo oft could fail?
Remember me, and in my ſtory find
How vainly merit pleads to womankind:
I, by whom all things ſhine, who tune the ſpheres,
Create the day, and gild the night with ſtars;
Whoſe youth and beauty, from all ages paſt, [laſt.
Sprang with the world, and with the world ſhall
How oft with fruitleſs tears have I implor'd
Ungrateful nymphs, and though a god, ador'd?
When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
Move a hard heart? or, mov'd, ſecure its truth?
Here a proud nymph, with painful ſteps I chaſe,
The winds out-flying in our nimble race;
Stay, Daphne, ſtay—In vain, in vain I try
To ſtop her ſpeed, redoubling at my cry,
O'er craggy rocks, and rugged hills ſhe climbs,
And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs:
'Till caught at length, juſt as my arms I fold,
Turn'd to a tree ſhe yet eſcapes my hold.
In my next love, a diff'rent fate I find,
Ah! which is worſe, the falſe, or the unkind?
Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis † choſe,
A kinder nymph—too kind for my repoſe;
The joys I give, but more provoke her breaſt,
She keeps a private drudge to quench the reſt;
How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim
Her black pollution, and reveal my ſhame.
Hard lot of beauty! fatally beſtow'd,
Or given to the falſe, or to the proud;
By different ways they bring us equal pain,
The falſe betray us, and the proud diſdain.
Scorn'd and abus'd, from mortal loves I fly,
To ſeek more truth in my own native ſky.

* Apollo.
† A nymph beloved by Apollo, but at the ſame time had a private intrigue with one Iſchis, which was diſcovered by a crow.

Venus, the faireſt of immortal loves,
Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
With glowing eyes, confeſſing warm deſires,
She ſummons heaven and earth to quench her fires,
Me ſhe excludes; and I in vain adore,
Who neither god nor man refus'd before;
Vulcan, the very monſter of the ſkies,
Vulcan ſhe takes, the god of wit denies.
Then ceaſe to murmur at thy Myra's pride,
Whimſy, not reaſon, is the female guide:
The fate, of which their maſter does complain,
Is of bad omen to th' inſpired train.
What vows have fail'd? Hark how Catullus mourns,
How Ovid weeps, and ſlighted Gallus burns;
In melting ſtrains ſee gentle Waller bleed,
Unmov'd ſhe heard, what none unmov'd can read.
And thou, who oft with ſuch ambitious choice,
Haſt rais'd to Myra thy aſpiring voice,
What profit thy neglected zeal repays?
Ah what return? Ungrateful to thy praiſe?
Change, change thy ſtyle, with mortal rage return
Unjuſt diſdain, and pride oppoſe to ſcorn;
Search all the ſecrets of the fair and young,
And then proclaim, ſoon ſhall they bribe thy tongue;
The ſharp detractor with ſucceſs aſſails,
Sure to be gentle to the man that rails;
Women, like cowards, tame to the ſevere,
Are only fierce when they diſcover fear.
Thus ſpake the god; and upward mounts in air,
In juſt reſentment of his paſt deſpair.
Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
The furies round, and dip my pen in gall:
Not one ſhall 'ſcape of all the cozening ſex,
Vex'd ſhall they be, who ſo delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
My gentle muſe, ſo us'd to tender love;
Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write
Turns all to ſoft complaint, and amorous flight.
Begone, fond thoughts, begone, be bold, ſaid I,
Satire's thy theme—In vain again I try,
So charming Myra to each ſenſe appears,
My ſoul adores, my rage diſſolves in tears.
So the gall'd lion, ſmarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the foreſt ſound,
With his ſtrong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his ſide with more provoking ſmart,
Till having ſpent his voice in fruitleſs cries, [dies.
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thraldom ceaſe,
If not in joy, I'll live at leaſt in peace;
Since for the pleaſures of an hour,
We muſt endure an age of pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my heart again.

Deſpair tormented firſt my breaſt,
Now falſehood, a more cruel gueſt;

O! for the peace of humankind,
Make women longer true, or ſooner kind:
With juſtice, or with mercy reign,
O love! or give me back my heart again.

LOVE.

To love, is to be doom'd on earth to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in hell:
The vulture dipping in Prometheus' ſide
His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Is love: The ſtone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the labourer's toil, returning ſtill,
Is love. Thoſe ſtreams where Tantalus is curſt
To ſit, and never drink, with endleſs thirſt:
Thoſe loaden boughs that with their burden bend
To court his taſte, and yet eſcape his hand,
All this is love, that to aſſembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief deſtroys.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

Enough, enough, my ſoul, of worldly noiſe,
Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys;
What does this buſy world provide at beſt,
But brittle goods that break like glaſs,
But poiſon'd ſweets, a troubled feaſt, [paſs?
And pleaſures like the winds, that in a moment
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And ſtudy how to die, not how to live.

How frail is beauty? Ah! how vain,
And how ſhort-liv'd theſe glories are,
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In duſt we no diſtinction ſee,
Such Helen is, ſuch, Myra, thou muſt be.

How ſhort is life? why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch, for a ſmile?
What is that monarch, but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a ſpan?
With all his guards and his dominions, he
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as we.

Thoſe boaſted names of conquerors and kings
Are ſwallow'd, and become forgotten things:
One undiſtinguiſh'd period men in common have,
The great, the baſe, the coward, and the brave.
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave
The prince and paraſite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when ſome image of a charming face
In living paint an artiſt tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous line,
Adjuſting to his object, his deſign,
We praiſe the piece, and give the painter fame;
But as the juſt reſemblance ſpeaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind; [ſhown,
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
And nature fits, the object to be drawn;
The written picture we applaud, or blame,
But as the due proportions are the ſame.
Who driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of art, beyond theſe bounds aſpire,
Gigantic forms, and monſtrous births alone
Produce, which nature ſhock'd, diſdains to own.
By true reflexion I would ſee my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glaſs?
(1) "But poetry in fiction takes delight,
"And mounting in bold figures out of ſight,
"Leaves truth behind, in her audacious
"flight:
"Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
"And raſh hyperboles that ſoar ſo high,
"And every ornament of verſe muſt die."
Miſtake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care ſome happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very ſame;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in nature's ſcorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate, and adorn.
Important truths ſtill let your fables hold,
And moral myſteries with art unfold.
Ladies and beaux to pleaſe, is all the taſk,
But the ſharp critic will inſtruction aſk.
(2) As veils tranſparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear when right apply'd;
When thro' the phraſe we plainly ſee the ſenſe,
Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will diſpenſe;
The reader what in reaſon's due, believes,
Nor can we call that falſe, which not deceives.
(3) Hyperboles, ſo daring and ſo bold,
Diſdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd;
Above the clouds, but ſtill within our ſight,
They mount with truth, and make a tow'ring
flight,
Preſenting things impoſſible to view,
They wander through incredible to true:
Falſehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
And truth, like ſilver, leaves the droſs behind.
Thus poetry has ample ſpace to ſoar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore:
Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
Who thus deſcribes his hero ſlain and dead:
(4) "Kill'd as ‖ he was, inſenſible of death,
"He ſtill fights on, and ſcorns to yield his
"breath."
The noiſy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And burſt unaiming in the rended ſky:
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And nature ſuffers in the wild extreme.
The captive Canibal weigh'd down with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, diſdains,
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,
And ſpent at laſt, and ſpeechleſs as he lies, [dies,
With looks ſtill threatning, mocks their rage, and

‖ Ariſto.

This is the utmoſt ſtretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulſome, falſe, and vain.
Beauty's the theme; ſome nymph divinely fair
Excites the muſe: let truth be even there:
As painters flatter, ſo may poets too,
But to reſemblance muſt be ever true. [queen
(5) " The * day that ſhe was born, the Cyprian
" Had like t' have dy'd through envy and
" through ſpleen;
" The graces in a hurry left the ſkies
" To have the honour to attend her eyes;
" And love, deſpairing in her heart a place,
" Would needs take up his lodging in her face."
Though wrote by great Corneille, ſuch lines as theſe,
Such civil nonſenſe ſure could never pleaſe.
Waller, the beſt of all th' inſpired train,
To melt the fair, inſtructs the dying ſwain.
(6) The † Roman wit, who impiouſly divides
His hero, and his gods to diff'rent ſides,
I would condemn, but that, in ſpight of ſenſe
The admiring world ſtill ſtands in his defence.
How oft, Alas! the beſt of men in vain
Contend for bleſſings which the worſt obtain!
The gods, permitting traitors to ſucceed,
Become not parties in an impious deed:
And by the tyrant's murder, we may find
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.
Thus forcing truth with ſuch prepoſt'rous praiſe,
Our characters we leſſen, when we'd raiſe:
Like caſtles built by magic art in air,
That vaniſh at approach, ſuch thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth, by ſome judicious hand,
As on a rock they ſhall for ages ſtand. [ſtor'd,
(7) Our king ‖ return'd, and baniſh'd peace re-
The muſe ran mad to ſee her exil'd lord;
On the crack'd ſtage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
And ſcarce could ſpeak one reaſonable word;
Dryden himſelf, to pleaſe a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment ſtoop to rage,
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to cuſtom, but not err'd by choice:
Deem then the people's, not the writer's ſin,
Almanſor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury ſpent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
First ¶ Mulgrave roſe, Roſcommon next, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight;
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds;
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide.
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide:
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May in their leſſons learn the road to fame;
But let the bold adventurer be ſure
That every line the teſt of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric riſe,
Firm and unſhaken, till it touch the ſkies.
From pulpits baniſh'd, from the court, from love,
Forſaken truth ſeeks ſhelter in the grove;
Cheriſh, ye muſes! the neglected fair,
And take into your train th' abandon'd wanderer.

* Corneille. † Lucan. ‖ King Charles II.
¶ Earl of Mulgrave's Eſſay upon Poetry; and Lord Roſcommon's upon Tranſlated Verſe.

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS
ON THE
FOREGOING POEM.

(1) The poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnaſſus, Pegaſus, and the Muſes, pure imagination and chimæra; but being however a ſyſtem univerſally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation, according to nature, ſhall be reputed as truth; but whatſoever ſhall diminiſh from, or exceed the juſt proportions of nature, ſhall be rejected as falſe, and paſs for extravagance; as dwarfs and giants, for monſters.

(2) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a lion, this is a metaphor; and the meaning is obvious and true, though the literal ſenſe be falſe, the poet intending thereby to give his reader ſome idea of the ſtrength and fortitude of his hero. Had he ſaid, that wolf, or that bear, this had been falſe, by pretending an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles are of diverſe ſorts, and the manner of introducing them is different: ſome are as it were naturalized and eſtabliſhed by a cuſtomary way of expreſſion; as when we ſay, ſuch a one is as ſwift as the wind, whiter than ſnow, or the like. Homer ſpeaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itſelf. Martial of Zoilus, lewdneſs itſelf. Such hyperboles lie indeed, but deceive us not; and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible ſignification, though the expreſſion be ſtrained beyond credibility. Cuſtom has likewiſe familiarized another way for hyperboles, for example, by irony; as when we ſay of ſome infamous woman, ſhe's a civil perſon, where the meaning is to be taken quite oppoſite to the latter. Theſe few figures are mentioned only for example ſake; it will be underſtood that all others are to be uſed with the like care and diſcretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled ſo far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of Britiſh growth of the like nature:

See thoſe dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
Life may perhaps return—with change of air.

But I chooſe rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that ſuch as are conſcious of the like exceſſes will take the hint, and ſecretly reprove themſelves. It may be poſſible for ſome tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the laſt gaſp; but the ſoul and body once parted, there muſt neceſſarily be a determination of action.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this occaſion, as an example for the preſent purpoſe, two noble lines of Jaſper Main's, in the collection of the Oxford verſes printed in the year 1643, upon the death of my grandfather, Sir Bevil Granville, ſlain in the

heat of action at the battle of Landſdowne. The poet, after having deſcribed the fight, the ſoldiers animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes:

Thus he being ſlain, his *action* fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd, whilſt the living ſlew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compaſs of nature: it is thus only that the dead can act.

(5) *Le jour qu'elle nâquit, Venus bien qu'immortelle,*
Penſa mourir de honte, en la voyant ſi belle,
Les graces a l' envi deſcendirent des cieux
Pour avoir l' honeur d'accompagner ſes yeux,
Et l' amour, qui ne pût entrer dans ſon courage,
Voulut obſtinément loger ſur ſon viſage.

This is a lover's deſcription of his miſtreſs, by the great Corneille; civil, to be ſure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over Waller, and he will ſee how much more naturally and delicately the Engliſh author treats the article of love, than this celebrated Frenchman. I would not, however, be thought by any derogatory quotation to take from the merit of a writer whoſe reputation is ſo univerſally and ſo juſtly eſtabliſhed in all nations; but as I ſaid before, I rather chooſe, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by inſtances drawn from their own writings. *Humanum eſt errare.* I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. king of France, by way of queſtion and anſwer, which in Engliſh is verbatim thus:

Under this marble, who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has ſo great a king ſo ſmall a ſtone?
Of that great king here's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
No—here he lies *all*—for he was all *heart*.

The author was a Gaſcon, to whom I can properly oppoſe nobody ſo well as a Welchman, for which purpoſe I am farther furniſhed from the forementioned collection of Oxford verſes, with an epigram by Martin Lluellin upon the ſame ſubject, which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Beſides, from whence can we draw better examples than from the very ſeat and nurſery of the muſes?

'Thus ſlain, thy valiant † anceſtor did lie,
When his one bark a navy did defy;
When now encompaſs'd round, he victor ſtood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
'Till all the purple current dry'd and ſpent,
He fell, and made the waves his monument.
Where ſhall the next fam'd Granville's aſhes ſtand?
'Thy grandſire's fills the ſea, and thine the land.

I cannot ſay the two laſt lines, in which conſiſts the ſting or point of the epigram, are ſtrictly conformable to the rule herein ſet down: the word *aſhes*, metaphorically, can ſignify nothing but *fame* which is mere ſound, and can fill no ſpace either of land or ſea: The Welchman, however, muſt be allowed to have out-done the Gaſcon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at firſt ſight; but the Engliſh ſtrikes the fancy, ſuſpends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allowed to paſs under the ſhelter of thoſe daring hyperboles, which, by preſenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

(6) *Victrix cauſa Deis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.*

The conſent of ſo many ages having eſtabliſhed the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be preſumption to attack it; but it is not to be ſuppoſed that Cato, who is deſcribed to have been a man of rigid morals and ſtrict devotion, more reſembling the gods than men, would have choſen any party in oppoſition to thoſe gods, whom he profeſs'd adore. The poet would give us to underſtand, that this hero was too righteous a perſon to accompany the divinities themſelves in an unjuſt cauſe; but to repreſent a mortal man to be either wiſer or juſter than the Deity, may ſhow the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reaſon nor religion will allow it, and it is impoſſible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine: Succeſs implies permiſſion, and not approbation; to place the gods always on the thriving ſide, is to make them partakers of all ſucceſsful wickedneſs: To judge right, we muſt wait for the concluſion of the action; the cataſtrophe will beſt decide on which ſide is Providence, and the violent death of Cæſar acquits the gods from being companions of his uſurpation.

Lucan was a determined republican; no wonder he was a free-thinker.

(7) Mr. Dryden, in one of his prologues, has theſe two lines:

He's bound to pleaſe, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays, as well as clothes.

From whence it is plain where he has expoſed himſelf to the critics; he was forced to follow the faſhion to humour an audience, and not to pleaſe himſelf. A hard ſacrifice to make for preſent ſubſiſtence, eſpecially for ſuch as would have their writings live as well as themſelves. Nor can the poet whoſe labours are his daily bread, be delivered from this cruel neceſſity, unleſs ſome more certain encouragement can be provided than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under ſome more impartial management than the juriſdiction of players. Who write to live, muſt unavoidably comply with their taſte by whoſe approbation they ſubſiſt; ſome generous prince, or prime miniſter like Richlieu, can only find a remedy. In his epiſtle dedicatory to the Spaniſh Friar, this incomparable poet thus cenſures himſelf:

" I remember ſome verſes of my own, Maximin
" and Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me

† Sir Richard Granville, vice admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his ſingle ſhip againſt the whole Armada of Spain, conſiſting of fifty-three of their beſt men of war.

" for their extravagance, &c. All I can ſay for " thoſe paſſages, which are, I hope, not many, is, " that I knew they were bad enough to pleaſe, " even when I wrote them; but I repent of them " among my ſins: And if any of their fellows in- " trude by chance into my preſent writings, I " draw a ſtroke over thoſe Dalilahs of the theatre, " and am reſolved I will ſettle myſelf no reputa- " tion by the applauſe of fools: 'Tis not that I " am mortified to all ambition, but I ſcorn as " much to take it from half-witted judges, as I " ſhould to raiſe an eſtate by cheating of bubbles: " Neither do I diſcommend the lofty ſtyle in tra- " gedy, which is pompous and magnificent; but " nothing is truly ſublime, that is not juſt and " proper."

This may ſtand as an unanſwerable apology for Mr. Dryden, againſt his critics; and likewiſe for an unqueſtionable authority to confirm thoſe principles which the foregoing poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be juſt and proper but what is built upon truth.

EPIGRAMS AND CHARACTERS, &c.

Inſcription for a Figure repreſenting the God of Love.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and maſter ſee,
Thou waſt my ſlave, thou art, or thou ſhalt be.

Definition of Love.

Love is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed,
Deſtroy'd by knowledge, and at beſt,
Loſt in the moment 'tis poſſeſs'd.

Women.

Women to cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two, when us'd we throw away,
Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving.
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving.

The Relief.

Of two reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick mind,
Flavia preſcribes deſpair; I urge, be kind:
Flavia, be kind, the remedy's as ſure,
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt cure.

Sent to Clarinda with a Novel, intituled, Les Malheurs de L'Amour.

Haſte to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her:
Who'd truly know love's pow'r or ſmart,
Muſt view her eyes, and read my heart.

Written in her Prayer-Book.

In vain, Clarinda, night and day
For pity to the gods you pray;
What arrogance on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

Song. To the ſame.

In vain a thouſand ſlaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:
Pity pleading,
Love perſuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and ſtraight ſhe's aw'd;
Fooliſh creature,
Follow nature,
Waſte not thus your prime;
Youth's a treaſure,
Love's a pleaſure,
Both deſtroy'd by time.

On the ſame.

Clarinda, with a haughty grace,
In ſcornful poſtures ſets her face,
And looks as ſhe were born alone
To give us love, and take from none.
Though I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you're too proud to eaſe my pain,
I am too proud for your diſdain.

Her Name.

Gueſs, and I'll frankly own her name
Whoſe eyes have kindled ſuch a flame;
The Spartan or the Cyprian queen
Had ne'er been ſung had ſhe been ſeen,
Who ſet the very gods at war,
Were but faint images of her.
Believe me, for by Heav'ns 'tis true!
The ſun in all his ample view
Sees nothing half ſo fair or bright,
Not even his own reflected light.
So ſweet a face! ſuch graceful mien!
Who can this be?—'Tis *Howard*—or *Ballenden*.

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her wiſh, ſhe weds a peer,
Her weighty train two pages ſcarce can bear;
Perſia, and both the Indies muſt provide,
To grace her pomp, and gratify her pride;
Of rich brocade a ſhining robe ſhe wears,
And gems ſurround her lovely neck, like ſtars;
Drawn by ſix grays, of the proud Belgian kind,
With a long train of livery beaux behind,
She charms the park, and ſets all hearts on fire,
The lady's envy, and the mens deſire.
Beholding thus, O happy as a queen!
We cry; but ſhift the gaudy flattering ſcene;
View her at home, in her domeſtic light;
For thither ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at night;
What has ſhe there? A ſurly ill-bred lord,
Who chides, and ſnaps her up at every word;
A brutal ſot, who while ſhe holds his head,
With drunken filth bedawbs the nuptial bed;
Sick to the heart, ſhe breathes the nauſeous fume
Of odious ſteams, that poiſon all the room;
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
And counts the tedious hours when ſhe may riſe:
But moſt ſhe fears, leſt waking ſhe ſhould find,
To make amends, the monſter would be kind;
Thoſe matchleſs beauties, worthy of a god,
Muſt bear, though much averſe, the loathſome load:
What then may be the chance that next enſues?
Some vile diſeaſe, freſh reeking from the ſtews;

The ſecret venom circling in her veins, [ſtains;
Works through her ſkin, and burſts in blotting
Her cheeks their freſhneſs loſe, and wonted grace,
And an unuſual paleneſs ſpreads her face;
Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath
Tainting her gums, infects her ivory teeth!
Of ſharp nocturnal anguiſh ſhe complains,
And, guiltleſs of the cauſe, relates her pains.
The conſcious huſband, whom like ſymptoms ſeize,
Charges on her the guilt of their diſeaſe;
Affecting fury acts a madman's part,
He'll rip the fatal ſecret from her heart;
Bids her confeſs, calls her ten thouſand names;
In vain ſhe kneels, ſhe weeps, proteſts, exclaims;
Scarce with her life ſhe 'ſcapes, expos'd to ſhame,
In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame,
Rots with a vile adulteress's name
Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
And happy only in her innocence.
Such is the vengeance the juſt gods provide
For thoſe who barter liberty for pride,
Who impiouſly invoke the powers above
To witneſs to falſe vows of mutual love.
Thouſands of poor Cleora's may be found,
Such huſbands and ſuch wretched wives abound.
Ye guardian powers! the arbiters of bliſs,
Preſerve Clarinda from a fate like this;
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a ſpark too much of pride.
Reform that failing, and protect her ſtill;
O ſave her from the curſe of chooſing ill!
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves theſe wiſhes, or provokes this prayer;
Though worſe than death I dread to ſee thoſe
Allotted to ſome happier mortal's arms, [charms
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wiſh, but for her ſake alone;
Whome'er the gods have deſtin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, bleſſing her.

CLOE.

Impatient with deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay forms aſide;
'Twas I was modeſt, not ſhe chaſte,
Cloe, ſo gently preſs'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an amorous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Say, love, how came your ſlave ſo dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to ourſelves the greateſt foes,
Although the nymph be well inclin'd;
For want of courage to propoſe,
By our own folly ſhe's unkind.

MRS. CLAVERING *, SINGING.

When we behold her angel face;
Or when ſhe ſings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear, or what we ſee,
So raviſhing's the harmony,
The melting ſoul in rapture loſt,
Knows not which charm enchants it moſt.

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the ſyren's voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true,
At once find credit, and renew;
No charms like Clavering's voice ſurpriſe,
Except the magic of her eyes.

SONG.

The happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.
But ſince cruel fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me,
Of all pains, the greateſt pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

THE WILD BOAR'S DEFENCE.

A boar who had enjoy'd a happy reign
For many a year, and fed on many a man,
Call'd to account, ſcreening his ſavage eyes,
Thus ſuppliant, pleads his cauſe before he dies.
For what am I condemn'd? My crimes no more
To eat a man, than yours to eat a boar:
We ſeek not you, but take what chance provides,
Nature, and mere neceſſity our guides.
You murder us in ſport, then diſh us up
For drunken feaſts, a reliſh for the cup:
We lengthen not our meals; but you muſt feaſt,
Gorge till your bellies burſt—pray who's the beaſt?
With your humanity you keep a fuſs,
But are in truth worſe brutes than all of us:
We prey not on our kind, but you, dear brother,
Moſt beaſtly of all beaſts, devour each other:
Kings worry kings, neighbour with neighbour ſtrives,
Fathers and ſons, friends, brothers, huſbands, wives,
By fraud or force, by poiſon, ſword, or gun,
Deſtroy each other, every mother's ſon.

FOR LIBERALITY.

Though ſafe thou think'ſt thy treaſure lies,
Hidden in cheſts from human eyes,
A fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
Thy veſſel that yon ocean ſtems,
Loaded with golden duſt, and gems,
Purchas'd with ſo much pains and coſt,
Yet in a tempeſt may be loſt.

* Afterwards Lady Cowper.

Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankleſs crew,
Prieſts, pick pockets, and lawyers too,
All help by ſeveral ways to drain,
Thanking themſelves for what they gain:
The liberal are ſecure alone,
For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

CORINNA.

CORINNA, in the bloom of youth
Was coy to every lover,
Regardleſs of the tendereſt truth,
No ſoft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers, all at her feet
Lay proſtrate and adoring;
The witty, handſome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, ſhe would repair
Her loſs of time, and pleaſure;
With willing eyes, and wanton air,
Inviting every gazer.

But love's a ſummer flower, that dies
With the firſt weather's changing,
The lover, like the ſwallow, flies
From ſun to ſun ſtill ranging.

Myra, let this example move
Your fooliſh heart to reaſon;
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is virtue's ſeaſon.

CLOE.

BRIGHT as the day, and like the morning, fair,
Such Cloe is—and common as the air.

A RECEIPT FOR VAPOURS.

WHY pines my dear? to Fulvia his young bride,
Who weeping ſat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
Alas! ſaid ſhe, ſuch viſions break my reſt,
The ſtrangeſt thoughts! I think I am poſſeſt:
My ſmptoms I have told to men of ſkill,
And if I would—they ſay—I might be well.
Take their advice, ſaid he, my poor dear wife,
I'll buy at any rate thy precious life.
Bluſhing, ſhe would excuſe, but all in vain,
A doctor muſt be fetch'd to eaſe her pain.
Hard preſs'd, ſhe yields: from White's, or Will's, or Tom's,
No matter which, he's ſummon'd, and he comes.
The careful huſband, with a kind embrace
Entreats his care: then bows, and quits the place:
For little ailments oft attend the fair,
Not decent for a huſband's eye, or ear.
Something the dame would ſay the ready knight
Prevents her ſpeech—Here's that ſhall ſet you right,
Madam, ſaid he—with that the door's made cloſe,
He gives deliciouſly the healing doſe.
Alas! ſhe cries: ah me! O cruel cure!
Did ever woman yet like me endure?
The work perform'd, up riſing gay and light,
Old Cornus is call'd in to ſee the fight;
A ſprightly red vermilion's all her face,
And her eyes languiſh with unuſual grace:
With tears of joy freſh guſhing from his eyes,
O wond'rous power of art! old Cornus cries;
Amazing change! aſtoniſhing ſucceſs!
Thrice happy I! what a brave doctor's this!
Maids, wives, and widows, with ſuch whims oppreſt,
May thus find certain eaſe—*Probatum eſt.*

ON AN ILL-FAVOURED LORD.

THAT Macro's looks are good, let no man doubt,
Which I, his friend and ſervant—thus make out.
In every line of his perfidious face,
The ſecret malice of his heart we trace;
So fair the warning, and ſo plainly writ,
Let none condemn the light that ſhows a pit.
Cocles, whoſe face finds credit for his heart,
Who can eſcape ſo ſmooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with every grace that can perſuade,
Seeing we truſt, though ſure to be betray'd;
His looks are ſnares: but Macro's, cry beware,
Believe not, though ten thouſand oaths he ſwear;
If thou'rt deceiv'd, obſerving well this rule,
Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
In this one point, he and his looks agree;
As they betray their maſter—ſo did he.

CLOE.

CLOE's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender,
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her?

But nature graciouſly inclin'd
With liberal hand to pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd
A boundleſs bent to eaſe us.

ON THE SAME.

OF injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
Cloe complains and wondrouſly's aggriev'd:
That free and laviſh of a beauteous face,
The faireſt and fouleſt of her race;
She's mine, or thine, and ſtrolling up and down,
Sucks in more filth than any ſink in town,
I not deny this I have ſaid, 'tis true;
What wrong! to give ſo bright a nymph her due,

CORINNA.

So well Corinna likes the joy,
She vows she'll never more be coy,
She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure;
Eternal draughts do not suffice,
O! give me, give me more, she cries,
'Tis all too little, little measure.

Thus wisely she makes up for time
Mispent, while youth was in its prime:
So travellers who waste the day,
Careful and cautious of their way,
Noting at length the setting sun,
They mend their pace as night comes on,
Double their speed to reach their inn,
And whip and spur through thick and thin.

CLOE PERFUMING HERSELF.

Believe me, Cloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be,
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee

BELINDA.

Belinda's pride 's an arrant cheat
A foolish artifice to blind;
Some honest glance that scorns deceit
Does still reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd disdain,
She idly acts the saint;
We see through this disguise as plain
As we distinguish paint.

So have I seen grave fools design,
With formal looks to pass for wise;
But nature is a light will shine,
And break through all disguise.

IMPROMPTU.

Written under a Picture of the Countess of Sandwich, Drawn in Man's Habit.

When Sandwich in her sex's garb we see,
The queen of beauty then she seems to be:
Now fair Adonis in this male disguise,
Or little Cupid with his mother's eyes.
No style of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who seem'd the goddess, seems the god of love.

TO MY FRIEND MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE ANCIENT POETS.

As flowers transplanted from a southern sky,
But hardly bear, or in the raising die,
Missing their native sun, at best retain
But a faint odour, and survive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a senseless draught.
While we transfuse the nimble spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit desire,
Must imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of style, and phrase the same,
And in the sparkling genius, and the flame;
Whence we conclude from thy translated song,
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong;
Celestial poet! soul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight;
Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine
All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich soil, abounding wide,
Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
Yet spreads her wanton sails on every shore
For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;
To her own wool the silks of Asia joins;
And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines:
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote, sends forth his learned muse,
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose;
Feasting our sense so many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?
That by comparing others, all might see,
Who most excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

A MORNING HYMN,

TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Awake, bright Hamilton, arise,
Goddess of love, and of the day;
Awake, disclose thy radiant eyes,
And show the sun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the blushing morn,
He but creates the day which you adorn.
The lark, that wont with warbling throat
Early to salute the skies,
Or sleeps, or else suspends his note,
Disclaiming day till you arise.

Goddess awake, thy beams display,
Restore the universe to light,
When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day;
And when she disappears, begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
(For lovers never, never sleep)
Wait for the rising of the fair,
To offer songs and hymns of prayer;
Like Persians to the sun,
Even life, and death, and fate are there:

For in the rolls of ancient destiny,
Th' inevitable book, 'twas noted down,

The dying ſhould revive, the living die,
As Hamilton ſhall ſmile, as Hamilton ſhall frown!

CHORUS

Awake bright Hamilton, ariſe,
Goddeſs of love, and of the day,
Awake, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes,
And ſhow the ſun a brighter ray.
Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing morn,
He but creates the day, which you adorn.

DRINKING SONG TO SLEEP.

GREAT god of ſleep, ſince it muſt be,
That we muſt give ſome hours to thee,
Invade me not while the free bowl
Glows in my cheeks, and warms my ſoul;
That be my only time to ſnore,
When I can laugh, and drink no more;
Short, very ſhort be then thy reign,
For I'm in haſte to laugh and drink again.
But O! if melting in my arms,
In ſome ſoft dream, with all her charms,
The nymph belov'd ſhould then ſurpriſe,
And grant what waking ſhe denies;
Then, gentle ſlumber, pr'ythee ſtay,
Slowly, ah! ſlowly bring the day,
Let no rude noiſe my bliſs deſtroy,
Such ſweet deluſion 's real joy.

Written under Mrs. Hare's Name, upon a Drinking-Glaſs.

THE gods of wine, and wit, and love prepare,
With cheerful bowls to celebrate the fair:
Love is enjoin'd to name his favourite toaſt,
And Hare's the goddeſs that delights him moſt;
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpet ſound,
And Bacchus in a bumper ſends it round.

Under the Ducheſs of Bolton's.

LOVE's keeneſt darts are radiant Bolton's care,
Which the bright goddeſs poiſons with deſpair:
The god of wine the ſure effect foreſees,
And ſends the juice that gives the lover eaſe.

Under the Lady Harper's Name.

To Harper ſprightly, young, and gay,
Sweet as the roſy morn in May,
Fill to the brim, I'll drink it up
To the laſt drop, were poiſon in the cup.

Under the Lady Mary Villiers' Name.

IF I not love you, Villiers, more
Than ever mortal lov'd before,
With ſuch a paſſion fix'd and ſure,
As even poſſeſſion could not cure,
Never to ceaſe but with my breath;
May then this bumper be my death.

CUPID DISARMED.

TO THE PRINCESS D'AUVERGNE.

CUPID, delighting to be near her,
Charm'd to behold her, charm'd to hear her,
As he ſtood gazing on her face,
Enchanted with each matchleſs grace,
Loſt in the trance, he drops the dart,
Which never fails to reach the heart:
She ſeizes it, and arms her hand,
"'Tis thus I love himſelf command;
"Now tremble, cruel boy, ſhe ſaid,
"For all the miſchief you have made."

The God, recovering his ſurpriſe,
Truſts to his wings, away he flies.
Swift as an arrow cuts the wind,
And leaves his whole artillery behind.

Princeſs, reſtore the boy his uſeleſs darts,
With ſurer charms you captivate our hearts;
Love's captives oft their liberty regain,
Death only can releaſe us from your chain.

EXPLICATION IN FRENCH.

CUPIDON DESARME.

Fable pour Madame la Princeſſe D'Auvergne.

CUPIDON prenant plaſir de ſe trouver toûjours aupres d'elle; charmé de la voir, charmé de l'entendre: Comme il admiroit un jour ſes graces inimitables, dans cette diſtraction de ſon ame et de ſes ſens, il laiſſa tomber ce dard fatal qui ne manque jamis de percer les cœurs. Elle le ramaſſe ſoudain, et s'armant la belle main.

"C'eſt ainſi, dit elle, que je me rend maitreſſe
"de l'amour, tremblez, enfant malin, je veux
"vanger tous les maux que tu as fait."

Le Dieu etonné, revenant de ſa ſurprize, ſe fiant a ſes ailes, s'echappe, et s'envole vite comme une fleche qui fend l'air, et lui laiſſe la poſſeſſion de toute ſon artillerie.

Princeſſe rendez lui ſes armes qui vous ſont inutiles:
La nature vous a donnee des charmes plus puiſſants:
Les captives de l'amour ſouvent recouvrent la liberté;
Il n'y a que la mort ſeule qui puiſſe affranchir les votres.

BACCHUS DISARMED.

TO MRS. LAURA DILLON, NOW LADY FALKLAND.

BACCHUS to arms, the enemy 's at hand,
Laura appears; ſtand to your glaſſes, ſtand;

The god of love, the god of wine defies,
Behold him in full march, in Laura's eyes:
Bacchus to arms, and to reſiſt the dart,
Each with a faithful brimmer guard his heart.
Fly, Bacchus, fly, there's treaſon in the cup,
For love comes pouring in with every drop;
I feel him in my heart, my blood, my brain,
Fly, Bacchus, fly, reſiſtance is in vain,
Or craving quarter, crown a friendly bowl
To Laura's health, and give up all thy ſoul.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

SONG IN DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

DELIA, how long muſt I deſpair,
And tax you with diſdain;
Still to my tender love ſevere,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardor ſue,
Thyrſis, you know but one muſt move us,
Can I be your's and Strephon's too?

My eyes view both with mighty pleaſure,
Impartial to your high deſert,
To both alike, eſteem I meaſure,
To one alone can give my heart.

THYRSIS.

Myſterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, tyrant, why am I
With equal merit, equal paſſion,
Thus the victim choſen to die?
Why am I
The victim choſen to die?

DELIA.

On fate alone depends ſucceſs,
And fancy, reaſon over-rules,
Or why ſhould virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often given to fools?

'Tis not the valiant, nor the witty,
But who alone is born to pleaſe;
Love does predeſtinate our pity,
We chooſe but whom he firſt decrees.

A LATIN INSCRIPTION

ON A MEDAL FOR LEWIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

PROXIMUS et ſimilis regnas, Ludovice, tonanti,
Vim ſummam, ſumma cum pietate, geris,
Magnus es expanſis alis, ſed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin cöeant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa acquilam tantùm, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED,

AND APPLIED TO QUEEN ANNE.

NEXT to the thunderer let Anna ſtand
In piety ſupreme, as in command:
Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Auſtria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread.
Titanian leagues in vain ſhall brave the Rhine,
When to the eagle, you the thunder join.

URGANDA'S PROPHECY.

Spoken by way of Epilogue at the firſt repreſentation of the Britiſh Enchanters.

PROPHETIC fury rolls within my breaſt,
And as at Delphos, when the foaming prieſt
Full of his God, proclaims the diſtant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;
My labouring mind ſo ſtruggles to unfold
On Britiſh ground a future age of gold;
But leſt incredulous you hear—behold:

Here a Scene repreſenting the QUEEN, *and the ſeveral Triumphs of Her Majeſty's Reign.*

High on a throne appears the martial queen,
With grace ſublime, and with imperial mien;
Surveying round her, with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom ſhe ſhall chaſtiſe.
Next to her ſide, victorious Marlbro' ſtands,
Waiting, obſervant of her dread commands;
The queen ordains, and like Alcides, he
Obeys, and executes her high decree.
In every line of her auſpicious face
Soft mercy ſmiles, adorn'd with every grace;
So angels look, and ſo when heaven decrees,
They ſcourge the world to piety and peace.
Empreſs and conqu'ror, hail! the fates ordain
O'er all the willing world ſole arbitreſs to reign;
To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
Great Britain's queen, but guardian of mankind;
Sure hope of all who dire oppreſſion bear,
For all th' oppreſs'd become thy inſtant care.
Nations of conqueſt proud, thou tam'ſt to free,
Denouncing war, preſenting liberty;
The victor to the vanquiſh'd yields a prize,
For in thy triumph their redemption lies;
Freedom and peace, for raviſh'd fame you give,
Invade to bleſs, and conquer to relieve.
So the ſun ſcorches, and revives by turns,
Requiring with rich metals where he burns.
Taught by this great example to be juſt,
Succeeding kings ſhall well fulfil their truſt;
Diſcord, and war, and tyranny ſhall ceaſe,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and ſtates, like ſubjects ſhall agree
To truſt her power, ſafe in her piety.

PROLOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by obſervation find it true,
'Tis harder much to pleaſe themſelves than you;
To weave a plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd ſcene; to poliſh every line

Judgment muſt ſweat, and feel a mother's pains:
Vain fools! thus to diſturb and rack their brains,
When more indulgent to the writer's eaſe,
You are too good to be ſo hard to pleaſe;
No ſuch convulſive pangs it will require
To write the pretty things which you admire.
Our author then, to pleaſe you, in your way,
Preſents you now a bauble of a play;
In jingling rhyme, well fortify'd and ſtrong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in ſong.
If here and there ſome evil-fated line,
Should chance through inadvertency to ſhine,
Forgive him, beaux, he means you no offence,
But begs you for the love of ſong and dance,
To pardon all the poetry and ſenſe.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE SAME.

Wit once, like beauty, without art or dreſs,
Naked, and unadorn'd, could find ſucceſs,
'Till by fruition, novelty deſtroy'd,
The nymph muſt find new charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his equipage the man you prize,
And ladies muſt have gems beſide their eyes:
So fares it too with plays; in vain we write,
Unleſs the muſic and the dance invite,
Scarce Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix ſome ſtandard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love;
Judge our deſire by our coaſt and pains,
Sure the expence, uncertain are the gains.
But though we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune, and mode of dance,
Our ſturdy Britons ſcorn to borrow ſenſe:
However to foreign faſhions we ſubmit,
Still every fop prefers his mother wit.
In only wit this conſtancy is ſhown,
For never was that arrant changeling known,
Who for another's ſenſe would quit his own.
Our author would excuſe theſe youthful ſcenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens:
Some childiſh fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the muſe the more for being a boy†
And ladies ſhould be pleas'd, if not content,
To find ſo young a thing, not wholly impotent.
Our ſtage-reformers too he would diſarm,
In charity ſo cold, in zeal ſo warm;
And therefore to atone for ſtage abuſes,
And gain the church-indulgence for the muſes,
He gives his thirds—to charitable uſes.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Bevil Higgon's excellent Tragedy, called, The Generous Conqueror.

Your comic writer is a common foe,
None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau,
Nor wanton wife, nor widow can be ſped,
Not even * Ruſſel can inter the dead,
But ſtraight this cenſor, in his whim of wit,
Strips, and preſents you naked to the pit.
Thus critics ſhould, like theſe, be branded foes,
Who for the poiſon only, ſuck the roſe;
Snarling and carping, without wit or ſenſe;
Impeach miſtakes, o'erlooking excellence,
As if to every fop it might belong,
Like ſenators to cenſure, right or wrong.
But generous minds have more heroic views,
And love and honour are the themes they chooſe.
† From yon bright heaven our author fetch'd his fire,
And paints the paſſions that your eyes inſpire:
Full of that flame, his tender ſcenes he warms,
And frames his goddeſs by your matchleſs charms.

* Ruſſel, a famous undertaker for funerals; alluding to a comedy written by Sir Richard Steele, intituled, The Funeral.

EPILOGUE

TO THE JEW OF VENICE.

Each in his turn, the poet ‖, and the prieſt §,
Have view'd the ſtage, but like falſe prophets gueſs'd,
The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would ſilence poets, and reduce the ſtage;
The poet, raſhly to get clear, retorts
On kings the ſcandal, and beſpatters courts.
Both err: for without mincing, to be plain,
The guilt's your own of every odious ſcene:
The preſent time ſtill gives the ſtage its mode,
The vices that you practiſe, we explode;
We hold the glaſs, and but reflect your ſhame,
Like Spartans, by expoſing, to reclaim.
The ſcribler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
And to your genius muſt conform his line;
Not lewd by choice, but merely to ſubmit:
Would you encourage ſenſe, ſenſe would be writ.
Good plays we try; which after the firſt day,
Unſeen we act, and to bare benches play;
Plain ſenſe, which pleas'd your ſires an age ago,
Is loſt, without the garniture of ſhow!
At vaſt expence we labour to our ruin,
And court your favour with our own undoing;
A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd and beaten—is the devil.
How was the ſcene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When Timon, without muſic, moraliz'd?
Shakſpeare's ſublime in vain entic'd the throng,
Without the aid of Purcel's ſyren ſong.
In the ſame antique loom theſe ſcenes were wrought,
Embelliſh'd with good morals, and juſt thought;
True nature in her nobleſt light you ſee,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry,
To trifling jeſts, and fulſome ribaldry.
What ruſt remains upon the ſhining maſs,
Antiquity muſt privilege to paſs.

† To the Ladies.
‖ Dryden's Prologue to the Pilgrim.
§ Collier's View of the Stage.

'Tis Shakſpeare's play, and if theſe ſcenes miſcarry,
Let Gormon ‖ take the ſtage—or Lady Mary †.

PROLOGUE TO THE SHE-GALLANTS;

OR,

ONCE A LOVER AND ALWAYS A LOVER.

As quiet monarchs that on peaceful thrones,
In ſports and revels long had reign'd like drones,
Rouſing at length, reflect with guilt and ſhame,
That not one ſtroke had yet been given for fame;
Wars they denounce, and to redeem the paſt,
To bold attempts, and rugged labours haſte:
Our poet ſo, with like concern reviews
The youthful follies of a love-ſick muſe;
To amorous toils, and to the ſilent grove,
To beauty's ſnares, and to deceitful love.
He bids farewell; his ſhield and lance prepares,
And mounts the ſtage, to bid immortal wars.
Vice, like ſome monſter, ſuff'ring none t' eſcape,
Has ſeiz'd the town, and varies ſtill her ſhape:
Here, like ſome general, ſhe ſtruts in ſtate,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait;
There, like ſome penſive ſtateſman treads demure,
And ſmiles and hugs, to make deſtruction ſure:
Now under high commodes, with looks erect,
Bareface'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;
Then in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom, but to ſee the face.
In pulpits and at bar ſhe wears a gown,
In camps a ſword, in palaces a crown.
Reſolv'd to combat with this motley beaſt
Our poet comes to ſtrike one ſtroke at leaſt.
His glaſs he means not for this jilt or beau,
Some features of you all he means to ſhow,
On choſen heads, nor lets the thunder fall,
But ſcatters his artillery—at all.
Yet to the fair he fain would quarter ſhow,
His tender heart recoils at every blow;
If unawares he gives too ſmart a ſtroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

Inſcribed to the Lord Falkland.

O FALKLAND offſpring of a generous race,
Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
My kinſman, and my friend. from whence this curſe
Entail'd on man, ſtill to grow worſe and worſe?

Each age induſtrious to invent new crimes,
Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times;
But now we're ſo improv'd in all that's bad,
We ſhall leave nothing for our ſons to add.

That idol, gold, poſſeſſes every heart,
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art;
Virtue is folly; conſcience is a jeſt;
Religion gain, or prieſtcraft at the beſt.

Friendſhip's a cloak to hide ſome treacherous end,
Your greateſt foe, is your profeſſing friend;
The ſoul reſign'd, unguarded, and ſecure,
The wound is deepeſt, and the ſtroke moſt ſure.

Juſtice is bought and ſold; the bench, the bar
Plead and decide; but gold's th' interpreter.
Pernicious metal! thrice accurs'd be he
Who found thee firſt; all evils ſpring from thee.

Sires ſell their ſons, and ſons their ſires betray:
And ſenates vote, as armies fight, for pay;
The wife no longer is reſtrain'd by ſhame,
But has the huſband's leave to play the game.

Diſeas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
Succeeds, of ſpurious mold, a puny race;
From ſuch defenders what can Britain hope?
And where, O liberty! is now thy prop?

Not ſuch the men who bent the ſtubborn bow,
And learn'd in rugged ſports to dare a foe:
Not ſuch the men who fill'd with heaps of ſlain
Fam'd Agincourt and Creſſy's bloody plain.

Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her iſle;
True to herſelf, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the Britiſh ſteel.

Not much unlike, when thou in arms wer't ſeen,
Eager for glory on th' embattled green,
When Stanhope led thee through the heats of Spain
To die in purple Almanara's plain.

The reſcu'd empire, and the Gaul ſubdu'd,
In Anna's reign, our ancient fame renew'd:
What Britons could, when juſtly rous'd to war,
Let Blenheim ſpeak, and witneſs Gibraltar.

FORTUNE.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN fortune ſeems to ſmile, 'tis then I fear
Some lurking ill, and hidden miſchief near:
Us'd to her frowns, I ſtand upon my guard,
And arm'd in virtue, keep my ſoul prepar'd.
Fickle and falſe to others ſhe may be,
I can complain, but of her conſtancy.

——Virtutem à me,
Fortunam ex aliis——

CHARACTER OF MR. WYCHERLEY†.

OF all our modern wits, none ſeems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell, and ſlow Wycherley.

‖ A farrous prize-fighter.
† A famous rope-dancer, ſo called,

† This character, however juſt in other particulars, yet is injurious in one; Mr. Wycherley being repreſented as a

Shadwell's unfiniſh'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of nature's force, though none of art;
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains, &c.
Lord Rocheſter's Poems.

VERSES

Written in a leaf of the Auther's Poems, preſented to the Queen.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earlieſt voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice;
Now on her death-bed, this laſt homage pays,
O queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.

So, at th' approach of death, the cygnet tries
To warble one note more—and ſinging dies.
Hail, mighty queen! whoſe powerful ~~ſmile alone~~
Commands ſubjection, and ſecures the throne;
Contending parties, and Plebeian rage,
Had puzzled loyalty for half an age:
Conquering our hearts, you end the long diſpute,
All, who have eyes, confeſs you abſolute.
To Tory doctrines, even Whigs reſign,
And in your perſon own a right divine.
Thus ſang the muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With Carolina's praiſe—and then expir'd.

Written in a Leaf of the ſame Poems, preſented to the Princeſs Royal.

WHEN we'd exalt ſome heavenly fair,
To ſome bright goddeſs we compare:
Minerva, wiſdom; Juno, grace;
And Venus furniſhes the face:
In royal Anne's bright form is ſeen,
What comprehends them all—The queen.

Written on a Window in the Tower, where Sir Robert Walpole had been confined.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeſeen,
Appear by turns, as fortune ſhifts the ſcene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall ſo hard, they bound and riſe again.

laborious writer, which every man who has the leaſt perſonal knowledge of him can contradict.

Thoſe indeed who form their judgment only from his writings, may be apt to imagine ſo many admirable reflections, ſuch diverſity of images and characters, ſuch ſtrict inquiries into nature, ſuch cloſe obſervations on the ſeveral humours, manners, and affections of all ranks and degrees of men, and, as it were, ſo true and ſo perfect a diſſection of humankind, delivered with ſo much pointed wit and force of expreſſion, could be no other than the work of extraordinary diligence and application: whereas others, who have the happineſs to be acquainted with the author, as well as his writings, are able to affirm theſe happy performances were due to his infinite genius and natural penetration. We owe the pleaſure and advantage of having been ſo well entertained and inſtructed by him, to his facility of doing it; for, if I miſtake him not extremely, had it been a trouble to him to write, he would have ſpared himſelf that trouble. What he has performed would indeed have been difficult for another; but the club which a man of ordinary ſize could not lift, was but a walking-ſtick for Hercules.

Mr. Wycherly, in his writings, has been the ſharpeſt ſatiriſt of his time; but, in his nature, he has all the ſoftneſs of the tendereſt diſpoſitions: in his writings he is ſevere, bold, undertaking: in his nature, gentle, modeſt, inoffenſive; he makes uſe of his ſatire as a man truly brave of his courage, only upon public occaſions, and for public good. He compaſſionates the wounds he is under a neceſſity to probe, or, like a good-natured conqueror, grieves at the occaſions that provoke him to make ſuch a havock.

There are who object to his verſification; but a diamond is not leſs a diamond for not being poliſhed. Verſification is in poetry what colouring is in painting, a beautiful ornament; but if the proportions are juſt, the poſture true, the figure bold, and the reſemblance according to nature, though the colours ſhould happen to be rough, or careleſsly laid on, yet may the piece be of ineſtimable value; whereas the fineſt and the niceſt colouring art can invent, is but labour in vain, where the reſt is wanting. Our preſent writers indeed, for the moſt part, ſeem to lay the whole ſtreſs of their endeavours upon the harmony of words; but then, like eunuchs, they ſacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our poetry to be like echo, nothing but ſound.

In Mr. Wycherley, every thing is maſculine; his Muſe is not led forth as to a review, but as to a battle; not adorned for parade, but execution; he would be tried by the ſharpneſs of his blade, and not by the finery; like your heroes of antiquity, he charges in iron, and ſeems to deſpiſe all ornament but intrinſic merit; and like thoſe heroes has therefore added another name to his own, and by the unanimous conſent of his contemporaries, is diſtinguiſhed by the juſt appellation of Manly Wycherley.

LANSDOWNE.

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASQUE SET TO MUSIC.

The Argument.

Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the aſſiſtance of Proteus obtains her favour; but Jupiter interpoſing, Peleus in deſpair conſults Prometheus, famous for his ſkill in aſtrology; upon whoſe prophecy, that the ſon born of Thetis ſhould prove greater than his father, Jupiter deſiſts. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the ſon of Peleus.

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE.

JUPITER.
PELEUS.
PROMETHEUS.
THETIS.

The Scene repreſents Mount Caucaſus; Prometheus appears chain'd to a rock, a vulture gnawing his breaſt. Peleus enters, addreſſing himſelf to Prometheus.

Peleus.

CONDEMN'd on Caucaſus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief,
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!
To whoſe inſpecting eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the ſtarry heaven,
To thee, Prometheus, I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.

Prometheus.

From Jupiter ſpring all our woes,
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppoſe
Thy torturer, and mine.
Contented with deſpair,
Reſign the fair,
Reſign, reſign,
Or wretched man, prepare
For change of torments, great as mine.

Peleus.

In change of torment would be eaſe;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Even you, Prometheus, would confeſs
There is no vulture like deſpair.

Prometheus.

Ceaſe, cruel vulture, to devour,

Peleus.

Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

Thetis entering, they repeat together.

Ceaſe, cruel vulture, to devour,
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

Thetis.

Peleus, unjuſtly you complain.

Prometheus and Peleus.

Ceaſe, cruel vulture, to devour,
Ceaſe, cruel Thetis, to diſdain.

Thetis.

Peleus, unjuſtly you complain.
The gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills reſiſtleſs fates ordain:
I ſtill am true—and would be kind.

Peleus.

To love and to languiſh
To ſigh and complain,
How cruel's the anguiſh!
How tormenting the pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curſe of diſdain,
How tormenting's the pain!
To love, &c.

Thetis.

Accurſed jealouſy!
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Through which all objects falſe we ſee,
Accurſed jealouſy!
Thy rival, Peleus, rules the ſky,
Yet I ſo prize thy love,
With Peleus I would chooſe to die,
Rather than reign with Jove.

A Clap of Thunder; Jupiter appears, deſcending upon his Eagle.

But ſee, the mighty thunderer's here;
Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;
The thunderer! the mighty thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

A full Chorus of Voices and Inſtruments as Jupiter is deſcending.

CHORUS.

But ſee, the mighty thunderer's here;
Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly;

The thunderer! the mighty thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.
[*Jupiter being deſcended.*]
Jupiter.
Preſumptuous ſlave, rival to Jove,
How dar'ſt thou, mortal, thus defy
A goddeſs with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealouſy?
Preſumptuous mortal—hence—
Tremble at omnipotence.
Peleus.
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy,
Jove, lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by.
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer light'ning in her eye:
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.
Jupiter.
Bring me light'ning, give me thunder,
Haſte, ye Cyclops, with your forked rods,
This rebel love braves all the gods.
Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.
[*Peleus and Thetis holding faſt by one another.*
Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall funder.
Jupiter.
Bring me light'ning, give me thunder.
Peleus and Thetis.
Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall funder.
Thetis to Jupiter.
Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate:
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free;
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt conſuming Semele!
Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate,
Is dreadful as thy hate.
Prometheus to Jupiter.
Son of Saturn, take advice
From one whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſh'd leiſure to grow wiſe:
Thou rul'ſt the gods, but fate rules thee.
[*The Prophecy.*]
Whoe'er th' immortal maid compreſſing,
Shall taſte joy, and reap the bleſſing,
Thus th' unerring ſtars adviſe:
From that auſpicious night an heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal glories to efface
The moſt illuſtrious of his race,
Tho' ſprang from him who rules the ſkies.
Jupiter. [*Apart.*]
Shall then the ſon of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious ſon?
Juſtly th' impartial fates conſpire,
Dooming that ſon to be the ſire
Of ſuch another ſon
Conſcious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence ſhall adviſe;
And guilt that made me great, ſhall make me wiſe.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign;
Peleus, take the maid divine: [*Giving her to Peleus.*
Jove conſenting ſhe is thine;
The fatal bleſſing I reſign. [*Joins their hands.*
Peleus.
Heav'n had been loſt, had I been Jove.
There is no heav'n, there is no heav'n but love.
Peleus and Thetis together.
There is no heav'n but love,
No, no, no,
There is no heav'n but love.
Jupiter to Prometheus.
And thou, the ſtars interpreter,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty:
Ariſe, and be thy ſelf a ſtar.
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the feet of Prometheus, his chains fall off, and he is borne up to heaven with Jupiter to a loud flouriſh of all the inſtruments.*

[*Peleus and Thetis run into each others arms.*
Peleus.
Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddeſs of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of tranſporting joy!
But to gaze
On thy face,
Thy gentle hand thus preſſing,
Is heavenly, heavenly bleſſing.
O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!
Thetis.
You tremble, Peleus—So do I—
Ah ſtay! and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of race divine,
My ſoul ſhall take its flight with thine:
Life diſſolving in delight,
Heaving breaſt, and ſwimming ſight,
Falt'ring ſpeech, and gaſping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death,
Life diſſolving in delight,
My ſoul is ready for the flight.
O my ſoul,
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!
Peleus and Thetis, both together repeat,
O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

Chorus of all the voices and inſtruments ſinging and dancing.
When the ſtorm is blown over,
How bleſt is the ſwain,
Who begins to diſcover
An end of his pain!
When the ſtorm, &c.

The maſk concludes with variety of dances;

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

With Scenes, Machines, Muſic, and Decorations.

THE PREFACE.

Of all public ſpectacles, that which ſhould properly be called an OPERA, is calculated to give the higheſt delight. There is hardly any art but what is required to furniſh towards the entertainment; and there is ſomething or other to be provided that may touch every ſenſe, and pleaſe every palate.

The poet has a two-fold talk upon his hands in the dramatic, and the lyric: the architect, the painter, the compoſer, the actor, the ſinger, the dancer, &c. have each of them their ſeveral employments in the preparation, and in the execution.

The ſame materials indeed, in different hands, will have different ſucceſs; all depends upon a ſkilful mixture of the various ingredients: a bad artiſt will make but a mere hodge podge with the ſame materials that one of a good taſte ſhall prepare an excellent olio.

The ſeaſoning muſt be ſenſe; unleſs there is wherewithal to pleaſe the underſtanding, the eye and the ear will ſoon grow tired.

The French Opera is perfect in the decorations, the dancing, and magnificence; the Italian excels in the muſic and voices; but the drama falls ſhort in both.

An Engliſh ſtomach requires ſomething ſolid and ſubſtantial, and will riſe hungry from a regale of nothing but ſweet-meats.

An Opera is a kind of ambigu: the table is finely illuminated, adorned with flowers and fruits, and every thing that the ſeaſon affords fragrant or delightful to the eye or the odour; but unleſs there is ſomething too for the appetite, 'tis odds but the gueſts break up diſſatisfied.

It is incumbent upon the poet alone to provide for that, in the choice of his fable, the conduct of his plot, the harmony of his numbers, the elevation of his ſentiments, and the juſtneſs of his characters. In this conſiſts the ſolid and the ſubſtantial.

The nature of this entertainment requires the plot to be formed upon ſome ſtory in which enchanters and magicians have a principal part: in our modern heroic poems, they ſupply the place of the gods with the ancients, and make a much more natural appearance by being mortals, with the difference only of being endowed with ſupernatural power.

The characters ſhould be great and illuſtrious; the figure the actor makes upon the ſtage, is one part of the ornament; by conſequence the ſentiments muſt be ſuitable to the characters in which love and honour will have the principal ſhare.

The dialogue, which in the French and Italian is ſet to notes, and ſung, I would have pronounced; if the numbers are of themſelves harmonious, there will be no need of muſic to ſet them off; a good verſe, well pronounced, is in itſelf muſical; and ſpeech is certainly more natural for diſcourſe, than ſinging.

Can any thing be more prepoſterous than to behold Cato, Julius Cæſar, and Alexander the Great, ſtrutting upon the ſtage in the figure of ſongſters, perſonated by Eunuchs?

The ſinging, therefore, ſhould be wholly applied to the lyrical part of the entertainment, which by being freed from a tireſome, unnatural recitative, muſt certainly adminiſter more reaſonable pleaſure.

The ſeveral parts of the entertainment ſhould be ſo ſuited to relieve one another, as to be tedious in none; and the connection ſhould be ſuch, that not one ſhould be able to ſubſiſt without the other; like embroidery, ſo fixt and wrought into the ſubſtance, that no part of the ornament could be removed, without tearing the ſtuff.

To introduce ſinging and dancing, by head and ſhoulders, no way relative to the action, does not turn a play into an opera; though that title is now promiſcuouſly given to every farce ſprinkled here and there with a ſong and a dance.

The richeſt lace, ridiculouſly ſet on, will make but a fool's coat.

I will not take upon me to criticiſe what has appeared of this kind on the Engliſh ſtage: we have ſeveral poems under the name of Dramatic Operas by the beſt hands; but, in my opinion, the ſubjects for the moſt part have been improperly choſen; Mr. Addiſon's Roſamond, and Mr. Congreve's Semele, though excellent in their kind, are rather maſques than operas.

As I cannot help being concerned for the honour of my country, even in the minuteſt things, I am for endeavouring to out-do our neighbours in performances of all kinds.

Thus, if the ſplendour of the French Opera, and the harmony of the Italian, were ſo ſkilfully interwoven with the charms of poetry, upon a regular dramatic bottom, as to inſtruct, as well as delight, to improve the mind, as well as raviſh the ſenſe, there can be no doubt but ſuch an addition would entitle our Engliſh opera to the preference of all others. The third part of the encouragement, of which we have been ſo liberal to foreigners for a conſort of muſic only, miſ-cali'd an opera, would more than effect it.

In the conſtruction of the following poem, the author has endeavoured to ſet an example to his rules; precepts are beſt explained by examples; an abler hand might have executed it better. However, it may ſerve for a model to be improved upon, when we grow weary of ſcenes of low life, and return to a taſte of more generous pleaſures.

We are reproached by foreigners with ſuch unnatural irregularities in our dramatic pieces, as are ſhocking to all other nations; even a Swiſs has played the critic upon us, without conſidering they are as little approved by the judicious in our own. A ſtranger who is ignorant of the language, and incapable of judging of the ſentiments, condemns by the eye, and concludes what he hears to be as extravagant as what he ſees: When Œdipus breaks his neck out of a balcony, and Jocaſta appears in her bed, murdering herſelf and her children, inſtead of moving terror, or compaſſion, ſuch ſpectacles only fill the ſpectator with horror: No wonder if ſtrangers are ſhocked at ſuch ſights, and conclude us a nation hardly yet civilized, that can ſeem to delight in them. To remove this reproach, it is much to be wiſhed our ſcenes were leſs bloody, and the ſword and dagger more out of faſhion. To make ſome amends for this excluſion, I would be leſs ſevere as to the rigour of ſome other laws enacted by the maſters, though it is always adviſeable to keep as cloſe to them as poſſible; but reformations are not to be brought about all at once.

It may happen that the nature of certain ſubjects proper for moving the paſſions, may require a little more latitude, and then, without offence to the critics, ſure there may be room for a ſaving in equity from the ſeverity of the common law of Parnaſſus, as well as of the King's Bench. To ſacrifice a principal beauty, upon which the ſucceſs of the whole may depend, is being too ſtrictly tied down; in ſuch a caſe, *ſummum jus* may be *ſumma injuria*.

Corneille himſelf complains of finding his genius often cramped by his own rules: "There is "infinite difference (ſays he) between ſpeculation "and practice: Let the ſevereſt critic make the "trial, he will be convinced by his own expe-"rience, that upon certain occaſions too ſtrict an "adherence to the letter of the law, ſhall exclude "a bright opportunity of ſhining, or touching the "paſſions. Where the breach is of little mo-"ment, or can be contrived to be as it were im-"perceptible in the repreſentation, a gentle diſ-"penſation might be allowed." To thoſe little freedoms, he attributes the ſucceſs of his Cid: But the rigid legiſlators of the academy handled him ſo roughly for it, that he never durſt make the venture again, nor none who have followed him. Thus pinioned, the French muſe muſt always flutter, like a bird with the wings cut, incapable of a lofty flight.

The dialogue of their tragedies is under the ſame conſtraint as the conſtruction; not a diſcourſe, but an oration; not ſpeaking, but declaiming; not free, natural, and eaſy, as converſation ſhould be, but preciſe, ſet, formal argumenting, *pro* and *con*, like diſputants in a ſchool. In writing, like dreſs, is it not poſſible to be too exact, too ſtarched, and too formal? Pleaſing negligence I have ſeen: Who ever ſaw pleaſing formality?

In a word, all extremes are to be avoided. To be a French puritan in the drama, or an Engliſh latitudinarian, is taking different paths to be both out of the road. If the Britiſh muſe is too unruly, the French is too tame; one wants a curb, the other a ſpur.

By pleading for ſome little relaxation from the utmoſt ſeverity of the rules, where the ſubject may ſeem to require it, I am not beſpeaking any ſuch indulgence for the preſent performance: Though the ancients have left us no pattern to follow of this ſpecies of tragedy, I perceive, upon examination, that I have been attentive to their ſtricteſt leſſons.

The unities are religiouſly obſerved: The place is the ſame, varied only into different proſpects by the power of enchantment: All the incidents fall naturally within the very time of repreſentation: The plot is one principal action, and of that kind which introduces variety of turns and changes, all tending to the ſame point: The ornaments and decorations are of a piece with it, ſo that one could not well ſubſiſt without the other: Every act concludes with ſome unexpected revolution:

And in the end, vice is punished, virtue rewarded, and the moral is instructive.

Rhyme, which I would by no means admit into the dialogue of graver tragedy, seems to me the most proper style for representations of this heroic romantic kind, and best adapted to accompany music. The solemn language of a haughty tyrant will by no means become a passionate lover, and tender sentiments require the softest colouring.

The theme must govern the style; every thought, every character, every subject of a different nature, must speak a different language. An humble lover's gentle address to his mistress would rumble strangely in the Miltonic dialect; and the soft harmony of Mr. Waller's numbers would as ill become the mouths of Lucifer and Beelzebub. The terrible, and the tender, must be set to different notes of music.

To conclude. This dramatic attempt was the first essay of a very infant muse, rather as a task at such hours as were free from such other exercises, than any way meant for public entertainment: But Mr. Betterton having had a casual sight of it many years after it was written, begged it for the stage, where it found so favourable a reception, as to have an uninterrupted run of at least forty days. The separation of the principal actors which soon followed; and the introduction of the Italian Opera, put a stop to its farther appearance.

Had it been composed at a riper time of life, the faults might have been fewer: However, upon reviving it now, at so great a distance of time, with a cooler judgment than the first conceptions of youth will allow, I cannot absolutely say, *scripsisse pudet.*

PERSONS NAMES.

MEN.

CELIUS, *a British King, Father to* ORIANA.
CONSTANTIUS, *a Roman Emperor, designed for Marriage with* ORIANA.
AMADIS *of* GAUL, *a famous Knight Adventurer, in Love with* ORIANA.
FLORESTAN, *his Companion, in Love with* CORISANDA.
ARCALAUS, *a wicked Enchanter, Enemy to* AMADIS.
LUCIUS, *a Roman of the Emperor's Train.*

WOMEN.

ORIANA, *in Love with* AMADIS, *but given in Marriage to* CONSTANTIUS.
CORISANDA, *betrothed to* FLORESTAN.
URGANDA, *a good Enchantress, Friend to* AMADIS.
ARCABON, *Sister to* ARCALAUS.
DELIA, *an Attendant to* URGANDA.

Troops of Magicians attending the several Enchanters. Knights and Ladies, Captives. Men and Women attending the British Court. Priests, or Druids. Romans *attending* Constantius. *Singers, Dancers,* &c.

SCENE *the King's Palace, and Parts adjacent, inhabited by the different Enchanters.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain rises to a symphony of all sorts of instruments of Music. The Scene represents an enchanted Grove, adorned and beautified with Fountains, Statues, &c.

URGANDA *and* DELIA *performing some solemn ceremony of Enchantment.*

A full Stage of Singers and Dancers.

URGANDA AND DELIA.

Urganda.

SOUND, sound, ye winds, the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the priest, and save a trembling bride,
Assist an injur'd lover's faithful love:
An injur'd lover's cause is worthy Jove.

Delia.

Successful is our charm: the temple shakes,
The altar nods, th' astonish'd priest forsakes
The hallow'd shrine, starts from the bridegroom's side,
Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd.

Urganda.

Ye sweet musicians of the sky,
Hither, hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting notes all magic else supply.

Urganda and Delia retire down the Scene, waving their enchanted Rods, as continuing the Ceremony.

Full Chorus of Instruments and Voices.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inspire the flute;
In harmony,
Celestial harmony,

All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, sound.

[*Here the Statues leap from their Pedeſtals, and form variety of dances.*]

Chorus of Singers after the Dance.

Muſic ſo charms, and does ſo ſweetly wound,
That ev'ry ſenſe is raviſh'd with the ſound.

A ſingle Voice.

When nymphs are coy,
And fly from joy,
The ſhepherd takes his reed;
He plays a tune,
She ſtops as ſoon,
And ſtraight they are agreed.
The battle near,
When cowards fear,
The drum and trumpet ſounds;
Their courage warms,
They ruſh to arms,
And brave a thouſand wounds.

CHORUS.

By harmony our ſouls are ſway'd;
By harmony the world was made.

A ſecond Dance.

Singers again advance.

A ſingle Voice.

When with adoring looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
In ev'ry glance, and ev'ry grace,
What is it that we ſee.
But harmony,
Celeſtial harmony!
Our raviſh'd hearts leap up to meet
The muſic of her eyes,
The muſic of her eyes,
And dance around her feet.

Full Chorus of voices and inſtruments, as at firſt.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.
Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

A third Dance.

Urganda and Delia come forward.

Urganda.

This care for Amadis, ye gods, approve,
For what's a ſoldier's recompence but love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to diſtant war,
His vanquiſh'd heart remain'd a captive here;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conqueſt made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

Delia.

By Arcabon, like hoſtile Juno, croſt,
And like Æneas driv'n from coaſt to coaſt,
The wand'ring hero wou'd return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of fate;
Who anxious of neglect, ſuſpecting change,
Conſults her pride, and meditates revenge.

Urganda.

Juſt in the moment, when reſentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires:
Love yields at laſt, thus combated by pride,
And ſhe ſubmits to be the Roman's bride.

Delia.

Did not your art with timely charms provide,
Oriana were his wife, and not his bride.

Urganda.

In ancient times, ere chivalry was known
The infant world with monſters overgrown,
Centaurs and giants, nurſt with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods: but moſt the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers ſlain.
To ſhelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect ſome patron knight,
Sworn to be true to love, and ſlaves to fame,
And many a valiant chief enrolls his name;
By ſhining marks diſtinguiſh'd they appear,
And various orders various enſigns wear.
Bound by ſtrict oaths, to ſerve the brighteſt eyes,
Not more they ſtrive for glory, than the prize:
While to invite the toil, the faireſt dame
Of Britain is the boldeſt champion's claim.

Delia.

Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardy'ſt knight.
Nor Theſeus, nor Alcides, ventur'd more,
Nor he ſo fam'd, who, bath'd in monſter's gore,
Upon his creſted helm the trampled dragon bore.

Urganda.

Ardan, that black enchanter, whoſe dire arts
Enſlav'd our knights, and broke our virgins hearts,
Met ſpear to ſpear, his great delivering hand
Slew the deſtroyer, and redeem'd the land;
Far from thy breaſt all care and grief remove,
Oriana's thine, by conqueſt as by love.

Delia.

But haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood,
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to deſtroy,
Their fatal arts as impiouſly employ:
Heirs to their brother's miſchiefs, and ſworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppoſe
Againſt his love and life.

Urganda.

——————With equal care,
Their vengeance to prevent, we thus prepare,
Behold the time, when tender love ſhall be
Nor vex'd with doubt, nor preſt with tyranny.
The love-ſick hero ſhall from camps remove,
To reap reward: the hero's pay is love.
The taſks of glory painful are, and hard,
But ah! how bleſt, how ſweet is the reward!

As ſhe retires, Chorus of all the voices and inſtruments repeat.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, inſpire the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

SCENE II.

The Scene changes to the inſide of a magnificent Temple. King Celius, and the Britiſh Court. Men and Women

magnificently dreſſed in painted Habits, after the ancient Manner. The Prieſts and Druids in their Solemnities, ſeeming in Confuſion, replacing their Idols, and ſetting their Altars in Order. Thunder and Lightening. In the mean time Conſtantius, Oriana, and Coriſanda come forward.

Conſtantius.

Lovers conſult not ſtars, nor ſearch the ſkies,
But ſeek their ſentence in their charmer's eyes.
Careleſs of thunder from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take;
When my Oriana ſmiles, from whence I date
My future hope; and when ſhe frowns, my fate.

Oriana.

Ceaſe, prince, the anger of the gods to move,
'Tis now become a crime to mention love.
Our holy men interpreting the voice
Of heaven in wrath, forwarn th' ill-omen'd choice.

Conſtantius.

Strange rules for conſtancy your prieſts deviſe,
If love and hate muſt vary with your ſkies,
From ſuch vile ſervitude ſet reaſon free;
The Gods in every circumſtance agree
To ſuit our union, pointing out to me;
In this right hand the ſceptre that they place,
For me to guide, was meant for you to grace.
Thou beſt and faireſt of the beauteous kind,
Accept that empire which the gods deſign'd,
And be the charming miſtreſs of mankind.

Coriſanda.

Nuptials of form, of intereſt, or of ſtate,
Thoſe ſeeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous love declare,
And chooſe the gentle virgin, chaſte, and fair:
Let women to ſuperior fortune born,
For naked virtue, all temptations ſcorn;
The charm's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom love has join'd.
And Providence, not niggardly, but wiſe,
Here laviſhly beſtows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtue we may riſe.
Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find,
But friend and benefactor always bind.

The King advances, followed by Prieſts and Train.

King.

Our prieſts recover: 'Twas a holy cheat;
Lead back the bride, the ceremonies wait.

Oriana.

What heaven forbids———

King.

———'Twas ignorance of my will,
Our prieſts are better taught: What now is ill,
Shall, when I pleaſe, be good; and none ſhall dare
Preach or expound, but what their king would hear.

[*Prieſts bow profoundly low.*

Ere they interpret, let 'em mark my nod,
My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.

[*Looking ſternly at 'em, they bow again as before.*

Prince take your bride,

Oriana.

'Twere impious now to ſuffer him my hand.

[*Refuſing her hand.*

King.

How dar'ſt thou diſobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be diſturb'd at tears,
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears:
You'd ſee, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, ſhe wiſhes for diſpatch;
Into a woman's meaning would you look,
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
Prieſts, to your charge—back to your office go.

[*Spoken with a ſtern, imperious air. Prieſts retire obſequiouſly bowing, as before.*

Oriana

Th' obedience that is due, and which I owe,
Dread Sir, ſhall ever be obſerv'd by me;
It is not to diſpute your high decree
That thus I kneel, but humbly to implore
One moment's ſhort ſuſpence; I own your power
And I ſubmit. Grant but this ſmall delay,
And as the prince decides, Oriana ſhall obey.

Conſtantius.

I have no will but what your eyes ordain,
Deſtin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign.

King. [*Aſide.*]

Into what hands, ye gods! have ye reſign'd
Your world? Are theſe the maſters of mankind?
Theſe ſupple Romans teach our women ſcorn;
I thank ye, gods, that I'm a Briton born.
[*To them.*] Agree theſe trifles in a ſhort debate;
No more delays. I am not us'd to wait.

[*King Celius retires back into the Temple.*

Oriana, Conſtantius, and Coriſanda, after a ſhort Pauſe.

Oriana.

Your ſtars and mine have choſen you, to prove
The nobleſt way how generous men ſhould love;
All boaſt their flames, but yet no woman found
A paſſion, where ſelf-love was not the ground.
Slaves we are made, by falſe pretences caught,
The Briton in my ſoul diſdains the thought.

Conſtantius.

So much, ſo tenderly your ſlave adores,
He has no thought of happineſs, but yours.

Oriana.

Vows may be feign'd, nor ſhall more words prevail,
I muſt have proofs, but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, ſwear.

Conſtantius.

Needs there an oath? and can Oriana ſay,
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey?

Oriana.

Prepare then, prince, to hear a ſecret told
Which ſhame would ſhun, and bluſhing I unfold.
But dangers preſſing, cowards will grow bold:
Know—then—I love.

Conſtantius. [*Eagerly.*]

Can you command deſpair, yet love confeſs:
And curſe with the ſame breath with which you bleſs?

Oriana. [*Diſdainfully putting him off.*]

Miſtake me not—that I do love, is true,
But flatter not yourſelf; it is not you.

Conſtantius. [*Starting.*]

Forbid it, gods! recall the fatal breath
Which ſpoke that word, the ſound is inſtant death.

Oriana.

Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal truth—if one muſt die,
You are the judge; ſay, is it you—or I?

A Meſſenger from the Temple.

Meſſenger.

The king is much diſpleas'd at this delay.

Conſtantius walking about in a Paſſion.

Conſtantius.

And let him wait, while 'tis my will to ſtay.

Oriana.

Bear back a gentler anſwer: we'll obey.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Conſtantius.

Hence every ſound that's either ſoft, or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind!
Say, flatterer, ſay, ah! fair deluder, ſpeak,
Anſwer me this, ere yet my heart ſhall break;
Since this engag'd, you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

Oriana.

To what a father and a king thinks fit,
A daughter and a ſubject muſt ſubmit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a ſlave, and you have made me ſo.
Thoſe chains which duty hath put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

Conſtantius.

Cruel Oriana, much you wrong my flame,
To think that I could lay ſo harſh a claim.
Love is a ſubject to himſelf alone,
And knows no other empire but his own;
No ties can bind, which from conſtraint ariſe,
Where either's forc'd, all obligation flies,
O fatal law! requiring to reſign
The object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

Oriana. [*Soothingly.*]

Accuſe me not of hate; with equal eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize:
Friendſhip, eſteem, be yours; bereft before
Of all my love, what can I offer more?
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, eſteem in you;
Had your complaint been firſt, it might have mov'd;
He then had been eſteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame me not, ſince what decides your fate,
Is that you pleaded laſt, and came too late.

Coriſanda.

Hard fate of merit! Fortune holds the ſcale,
And ſtill throws in the weight that muſt prevail!
Your rival is not of more charms poſſeſt,
A grain of better luck has made him bleſt.

Conſtantius. [*Aſide.*]

To love, and have the power to poſſeſs,
And yet reſign, can nature yield to this:
Shall nature, erring from her firſt command,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act, the ſprings of life deſtroy,
The principles, and being of her joy?
Tormenting thought! Can nature then approve
Bleſſings obtain'd, by curſing thoſe we love.
Poſſeſſing, ſhe is loſt—renouncing—I— [die.
Where's then the doubt?—Die, die, Conſtantius,
Honour, and love, ye tyrants, I obey,
Where-e'er your cruel call directs my way;
To ſhame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on, unpitying guides—behold your ſlave.

Oriana.

Though love be wanting to relieve your care,
Glory may make amends, with fame in war;
Honour's the nobleſt chaſe, purſue that game,
And recompenſe the loſs of love with fame;
If ſtill againſt ſuch aids your love prevails.
Yet abſence is a cure that ſeldom fails.

Conſtantius.

Tyrannic honour! what amends canſt thou
E'er make my heart, by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame, unleſs the conqueſt prove
In ſearch of beauty, to conclude in love.
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give,
That love, which, ſpite of cruelty, can live!
From your diſdain, ſince no relief I find,
I muſt love abſent, whom I love unkind;
Though ſeas divide us, and though mountains part,
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O dire reverſe of hope, which I endure,
From ſure poſſeſſion, to deſpair as ſure!
Farewell, Oriana—yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuſe one tear to bleeding love?
Ah! no, take heed—turn, turn thoſe eyes away,
The charm's ſo ſtrong, I ſhall for ever ſtay.
Princeſs, rejoice—for your next news ſhall be,
Conſtantius dies—to ſet Oriana free.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene, a thick wooded Foreſt, the Trees loaded with military Enſigns and Trophies. A rich Pavilion makes the Point of View at the further End.

Arcalaus and Arcabon.

Arcalaus.

ENCHANTRESS, ſay—whence ſuch replies as theſe?
Thou anſwer'ſt love, I ſpeak of Amadis.

Arcabon.

Swiftly he paſs'd, and, as in ſport purſu'd
The ſavage herd, and ſcower'd through the wood;
Tigers and wolves in vain his ſtroke withſtand,
Cut down, like poppies, by the reaper's hand;
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and ſtrong:
Like Jove, majeſtic; like Apollo, young;
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And ſure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

Arcalaus.

Who paſs'd? Who look'd?

Arcabon.

——————Ah! there's the fatal wound,
Which tears my heart-ſtrings—but he ſhall be found;
Yes, ye infernals, if there's power in art,
Theſe arms ſhall hold him, as he graſps my heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep
The ſtars confin'd, enchant the boiſt'rous deep?
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and foreſts move,
Shall I ——

Arcalaus.

——Be made a whining fool to love?
Suſpend theſe follies, and let rage ſurmount,
A brother's death requires a ſtrict account;
To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murth'rer's in our pow'r.
Leave love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obſcure, and with the lowly ſwain;
Who waſte their days and ſtrength in ſuch ſhort joys,
Are fools, who barter life and fame for toys.

Arcabon.

They're fools who preach we waſte our days and ſtrength,
What is a life, whoſe only charm is length;
Give me a life that's ſhort and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whoſe minutes never cloy:
What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
One little ſingle hour of love is more.

An Attendant enters haſtily, and whiſpers Arcalaus.

Arcalaus.

See it perform'd—and thou ſhalt be,
Black miniſter of hell—a god to me.

[*Attendant flies away through the Air.*

He comes, he comes, juſt ready to be caught,
Here Ardan fell, here, on this fatal ſpot
Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
The purple flood, which cries aloud for more:
Think on that image, ſee him on the ground,
His life and fame both bury'd in one wound:
Think on the murtherer, with inſulting pride
Tearing the weapon from his bleeding ſide:
Oh think——

Arcabon.

What need theſe bloody images to move?
Revenge I will; and would ſecure my love:
Why ſhould I of a frailty ſhameful be,
From which no morral yet was ever free?
Not fierce Medea, miſtreſs of our art,
Nor Circe, nor Calypſo 'ſcap'd the ſmart.
If hell has power, both paſſions I will pleaſe,
My vengeance and my love ſhall both have eaſe.
Lead on, magician, make revenge ſecure,
My hand's as ready, and ſhall ſtrike as ſure.

[*They go off.*

Oriana and Coriſanda entering from the lower part of the Scene.

Oriana.

Thrice happy they, who thus in ſilent groves,
From courts retir'd, poſſeſs their peaceful loves.
Of royal maids, how wretched is the fate,
Born only to be victims of the ſtate;
Our hopes, our wiſhes all our paſſions ty'd
For publick uſe; the ſlaves of others pride.
Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
Depends my peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

Coriſanda.

So generous this emperor's love does ſeem,
'Twould juſtify a change, to change for him.

Oriana.

Alas! thou know'ſt not men, their oaths, and arts
Of feigning truth, with treaſon in their hearts.
Who now's ador'd, may the next hour diſpleaſe,
At firſt their cure, and after, their diſeaſe.

[*Flouriſh of Muſic as in the Foreſt.*

Coriſanda.

Oft we have heard ſuch airy ſounds as theſe
Salute us as we paſs.

Enter ſeveral of Arcalaus' Magicians ſinging and dancing, repreſenting Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, and Païſans.

A Shepherd ſinging.

Follow ye nymphs and ſhepherds all,
Come celebrate the feſtival,
And merrily ſing, and ſport and play,
For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.

[*A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes. Then a Shepherdeſs addreſſing to Oriana, ſings.*]

Queen of Britain, and of love,
Be happy as the bleſt above;
Graces numberleſs attend thee,
The gods as many bleſſings ſend thee:
Be happy as the bleſt above,
Queen of Britain, and of love.

A rural Dance of Païſans.

[*Exeunt dancing.*

Oriana.

Prepoſterous naptials! that fill every breaſt
With joy, but only hers who ſhould be bleſt.

Coriſanda.

Sure ſome magician keeps his revels here:
Princeſs retire, there may be danger near.

[*Flouriſh of ſoft Muſic at a Diſtance.*

Oriana.

What danger in ſuch gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to love, thrice powerful harmony,
I'll follow thee, play on——
Muſic's the balm of love, it charms deſpair,
Suſpends the ſmart, and ſoftens every care.

[*Exeunt down the Scene, following the Muſic.*

Arcalaus enters, with an Attendant, obſerving them as they walk down into the Foreſt.

Arcalaus.

Finiſh the reſt, and then be free as air:
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form ſo fair.
Happy beyond my wiſh, I go to prove
At once, the joys of ſweet revenge and love.

[*Walks down the Scene after them.*

Enter Amadis and Floreſtan.

Amadis.

Miſtake me not—no—Amadis ſhall die,
If ſhe is pleas'd but not diſturb her joy;
Nice honour ſtill engages to requite
Falſe miſtreſſes, and friends, with ſlight for ſlight:
But if, like mine, the ſtubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderneſs, the brave muſt feign,
In private grief, but with a careleſs ſcorn
In public, ſeem to triumph, not to mourn.

Floreſtan.

Hard is the taſk, in love or grief to feign;
When paſſion is ſincere, it will complain;
Doubts which from rumour riſe, you ſhould ſuſpend
From evil tongues what virtue can defend?

In love, who injures by a raſh diſtruſt,
Is the aggreſſor, and the firſt unjuſt.

Amadis.

If ſhe is true, why all this nuptial noiſe,
Still echoing as we paſs her guilty joys?
Who to a woman truſts his peace of mind,
Truſts a frail bark, with a tempeſtuous wind.
Thus to Ulyſſes, on the Stygian coaſt
His fate inquiring, ſpake Atrides' ghoſt;
Of all the plagues with which the world is curſt,
Of every ill, a woman is the worſt;
Truſt not a woman.—Well might he adviſe,
Who periſh'd by his wife's adulteries.

Floreſtan.

—Thus in deſpair, what moſt we love, we wrong,
Not Heaven eſcapes the impious athieſt's tongue.

Amadis.

Enticing crocodiles, whoſe tears are death,
Syrens, who murder with enchanting breath:
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the ſight,
Pompouſly deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
With glittering gold, and ſparkling gems they ſhine,
But apes and monkies are the Gods within.

Floreſtan.

My love attends with pain, while you purſue
This angry theme;—I have a miſtreſs too:
The faultleſs form no ſecret ſtains diſgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemiſh'd as her face;
Not painted and adorn'd to varniſh ſin,
Without all angel, all divine within:
By truth maintaining what by love ſhe got;
A heaven without a cloud, a ſun without a ſpot.

Amadis. [*Embracing him*]

Forgive the viſions of my frantic brain,
Far from the man I love be all ſuch pain:
By the immortal gods I ſwear, my friend,
The fates to me no greater joy could ſend,
Than that your labours meet a proſperous end.
After ſo many glorious toils, that you
Have found a miſtreſs beautiful and true.

Oriana and Coriſanda. [*Without.*]

Help, help, oh! Heavens, help———

Amadis.

———What cries are theſe?

Floreſtan.

It ſeem'd the call of beauty in diſtreſs.
Of ſavage beaſts and men, a monſtrous brood
Poſſeſs this land———

Oriana and Coriſanda.

———Help, help——

Amadis.

———Again the cry's renew'd.
Draw both our ſwords, and fly with ſpeed to ſave;
Th' oppreſs'd have a ſure refuge in the brave.

[*Exeunt, drawing their ſwords.*

Oriana and Coriſanda croſs the Stage, purſued by a Party of Arcalaus' Magicians.

Oriana and Coriſanda.

Help, help——

Party.

Purſue, purſue——

[*Floreſtan croſſes the Stage, following the Purſuit. Arcalaus fighting and retreating before Amadis.*]

Arcalaus.

Thou run'ſt upon thy fate: Mortal forbear,
A more than mortal rules the regions here.

Amadis.

Think not my ſword ſhall give the leaſt reprieve,
'Twere cruelty to let ſuch monſters live.

[*Floreſtan re-enters retreating before another Party, is ſeized, diſarmed, and carried off.*]

Arcalaus.

Yet pauſe, and be adviſ'd; avoid thy fate;
Without thy life, my vengeance is complete:
Behold thy friend borne to eternal chains,
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

Amadis.

Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpitied fall:
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free them all.

[*Fight, Arcalaus ſtill retreating. A ſudden Sound of Inſtruments expreſſing Terror and Horror, with Thunder at the ſame Time. Monſters and Dæmons riſe from under the Stage, while others fly down from above, croſſing to and fro in Confuſion, during which the Stage is darkened. On a ſudden a Flouriſh of contrary Muſic ſucceeds; the Sky clears, and the whole Scene changes to a delightful Vale, Amadis appearing leaning on his Sword, ſurrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who with Songs, Muſic and Dances, perform the following Enchantment.*]

To be ſung in full Chorus.

Love, creator love, appear,
Attend and hear;
Appear, appear, appear.

A ſingle Voice.

Love, creator love,
Parent of heaven and earth,
Delight of gods above;
To thee all nature owes her birth;
Love, creator love.

Another ſingle Voice.

All that in ambient air does move,
Or teems on fertile fields below,
Or ſparkles in the ſkies above,
Or does in rolling waters flow,
Spring from the ſeeds which thou doſt ſow,
Love, creator love.

CHORUS.

Better in love a ſlave to be,
Than with the wideſt empire free.

Dance.

ODE TO DISCORD.

A ſingle Voice.

When love's away then Diſcord reigns,
The furies he unchains,
Bids Æolus unbind
The northern wind,
That fetter'd lay in caves,
And root up trees, and plough the plains:
Old Ocean frets and raves;
From their deep roots the rocks he tears,
Whole deluges lets fly,
That daſh againſt the ſky.

And ſeem to drown the ſtars;
Th' aſſaulted clouds return the ſhock,
Blue light'nings ſinge the waves,
And thunder rends the rock.

Then Jove uſurps his father's crown,
Inſtructing mortals to aſpire;
The father would deſtroy the ſon,
The ſon dethrones the ſire.
The Titans, to regain their right,
Prepare to try a ſecond fight,
Briareus arms his hundred hands,
And marches forth the bold gigantic bands.

Pelion upon Oſſa thrown,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and giants tumble down,
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.
Horror, confuſion, dreadful ire,
Daggers, poiſon, ſword and fire,
To execute the deſtin'd wrath conſpire.
The furies looſe their ſnaky rods,
And laſh both men and gods.

Chorus repeat the laſt Stanza.

Then Symphony for Love.

A ſingle Voice.

But when love bids diſcord ceaſe,
The jarring ſeeds unite in peace;
O the pleaſures paſt expreſſing!
O the rapture of poſſeſſing!
Melting, dying, heavenly bleſſing,
O the rapture of poſſeſſing!
Hail to love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!

In Cyprus firſt the God was known,
Then wandering, wandering o'er the main,
He in Britannia fix'd his reign,
And in Oriana's eyes his throne.

A full Chorus.

Hail to love, and welcome joy!
Hail to the delicious boy!
See the ſun from love returning,
Love's the flame in which he's burning.
Hail to love, the ſofteſt pleaſure;
Love and beauty reign for ever.

Dance.

[*Then to be ſung by a Shepherdeſs addreſſing herſelf to Amadis.*]

Now mortal prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now mortal prepare,
And ſurrender.

For love ſhall ariſe,
Whom no power can withſtand,
Who rules from the ſkies
To the centre.

Now mortal prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now mortal prepare,
And ſurrender.

Chorus repeat,
Now mortal prepare, &c.

[*During the Chorus, Oriana appears riſing from under the Stage, repoſed upon a Machine repreſenting a Bed of Flowers. The Chorus ended, ſhe riſes, and comes forward.*]

Oriana.

In what enchanted regions am I loſt?
Am I alive? Or wander here a ghoſt?
Art thou too dead?—

[*Starting at the ſight of Amadis.*

Amadis.

Where'er you are, the realms of bliſs muſt be;
I ſee my goddeſs, and 'tis heaven to ſee.

[*Throwing away his ſword, is ſeized and bound.*

Stand off, and give me way——

Oriana.

——No, keep him there,
Th' ungrateful traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the wretch where Siſyphus atones
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans;
With robbers, and with murd'rers let him prove
Immortal pains—for he has murder'd love.

Amadis.

Have I done this?——

Oriana.

——Baſe and perfidious man!
Let me be heard, and anſwer if you can.
Was it your love, when trembling by your ſide
I wept, and I implor'd, and almoſt dy'd,
Urging your ſtay: was it your love that bore
Your faithleſs veſſel from the Britiſh ſhore?
What ſaid I not, upon the fatal night,
When you avow'd your meditated flight?
Was it your love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my heart?
See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate,
Repent your folly—but repent too late.

Amadis.

Miſtaken princeſs; by the ſtars above,
The powers below, and by immortal Jove
Unwilling and compell'd——

Oriana.

Unwilling and compell'd! vain, vain pretence
For baſe neglect, and cold indifference.
Was it your love, when by thoſe ſtars above,
Theſe powers below, and that immortal Jove,
You vow'd, before the firſt revolving moon,
You would return?—Did you return?—The ſun
Thrice round the circled globe was ſeen to move,
You neither came, nor ſent—was this your love?

Amadis.

Thrice has that ſun beheld me on your coaſt,
By tempeſts beaten, and in ſhipwrecks loſt.

Oriana.

And yet you choſe thoſe perils of the ſea,
Of rocks, and ſtorms—or any thing—but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind,
Touch'd at my paſſion, with my wiſhes join'd,
No image, but of certain fate, appear'd,
Leſs I your abſence, than your danger, fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I ſued in vain,
More deaf than ſtorms, more cruel than the main
No prayer, nor gentle meſſage could prevail
To wait a calmer ſky, or ſofter gale;
You brav'd the danger, and deſpis'd the love,
Nor death could terrify, nor paſſion move.

Amadis.

Of our paſt lives, the pleaſure, and the pain,
Fix'd in my ſoul, for ever ſhall remain;
Recall more gently my unhappy ſtate,
And charge my crime, not on my choice, but fate:
In mortal breaſt, ſure, honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor love more fiercely rag'd:
You ſaw my torment, and you knew my heart,
'Twas infamy to ſtay, 'twas death to part.

Oriana.

In vain you'd cover, with the thirſt of fame,
And honour's call, an odious traitor's name:
Could honour ſuch vile perfidy approve?
Is it no honour to be true to love?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too, ſome remnants found a place;
From Brute deſcending in a line direct,
Within theſe veins thy favourite blood reſpect;
Mother of love, by men and gods rever'd,
Confirm theſe vows, and let this prayer be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth ſhall bear
Immortal hatred, and eternal war;
Nor league, nor commerce, let the nations know,
But ſeeds of everlaſting diſcord grow;
With fire and ſword the faithleſs race purſue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Riſe from our aſhes ſome avenging hand,
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land;
Waves fight with waves, and ſhores with ſhores engage,
And let our ſons inherit the ſame rage.

Amadis.

Might I be heard a word in my defence——

Oriana.

No, not a word. What ſpecious forc'd pretence
Would you invent, to gild a weak defence?
To falſe Æneas, when 'twas given by fate
To tread the paths of death, and view the Stygian ſtate,
Forſaken Dido was the firſt that ſtood
To ſtrike his eye, her boſom bath'd in blood
Freſh from her wound: pale horror and affright
Seiz'd the falſe man, confounded at the ſight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and ſome faint words he ſpoke,
Some tears he ſhed, which, with diſdainful look,
Unmov'd ſhe heard, and ſaw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock, when faithleſs tempeſts roar,
With one laſt look, his falſeneſs ſhe upbraids,
Then ſullenly retires, and ſeeks eternal ſhades.
Lead me, O lead me where the bleeding queen,
With juſt reproaches loads perfidious men,
Baniſh'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endleſs night,
But keep—that odious object—from my ſight.

[*Exit.*

Enter Arcalaus.

Arcalaus.

With her laſt words, ſhe ſign'd his dying breath,
Convey him ſtraight to tortures, and to death.

Amadis.

Let me not periſh with a traitor's name,
Naked, unarm'd, and ſingle as I am;
Looſe this right hand——

Arcalaus.

Hence to his fate the valiant boaſter bear.

[*Sinks under the Stage with him.*

For him, let our infernal prieſts prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars—but for her
Soft beds, and flowery banks, and fragrant bowers;
Muſic, and ſongs, and all thoſe melting powers
With which love ſteals on hearts, and tunes the mind
To tenderneſs and yielding——
Superior charms, enchant us to be kind.

[*Exit.*

The Act concludes with dancing.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Arcalaus, and Arcabon, meeting.

Arcalaus.

Welcome as after darkneſs cheerful light,
Or to the weary wanderer downy night:
Smile, ſmile my Arcabon, for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt looks reward my toil,
That ſullen air but ill becomes thee now,
Seeſt thou not glorious conqueſt on my brow?
Amadis, Amadis——

Arcabon.

Dead, or in chains? Be quick in thy reply.

Arcalaus.

He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die.
The gnawing vulture, and the reſtleſs wheel,
Shall be delight, to what the wretch ſhall feel.

Arcabon.

Goddeſs of dire revenge, Erinny's, riſe,
With pleaſure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;
Smile like the queen of love, and ſtrip the rocks
Of pearls and gems, to deck thy jetty locks;
With cheerful tunes diſguiſe thy hollow throat,
And emulate the lark, and linnet's note;
Let envy's ſelf rejoice, deſpair be gay,
For rage and murder ſhall triumph to-day.

Arcalaus.

Ariſe, O Ardan, from the hollow womb
Of earth, ariſe, burſt from thy brazen tomb,
Bear witneſs to the vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and reſt for ever void of care.

Arcabon.

Pluto, ariſe, infernal king, releaſe
Thy tortur'd ſlaves, and let the damn'd have peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis.

Arcalaus.

Mourn all ye heavens, above yon azure plain
Let grief abound, and lamentation reign,
The thunderer with tears bedew his ſky,
For Amadis, his champion's doom'd to die.

Arcabon.

Death be my care; for to complete his woe,
The ſlave ſhall periſh by a woman's blow;
Thus each by turns ſhall his dire vow fulfil,
'Twas thine to vanquiſh, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arcalaus.

So look'd Medea, when her rival bride,
Upon her nuptial day, conſuming dy'd:

O never more let love diſguiſe a face
By rage adorn'd with ſuch triumphant grace.

Arcabon.

In ſweet revenge inferior joys are loſt,
And love lies ſhipwreck'd on the ſtormy coaſt;
Rage rules all other paſſions in my breaſt,
And ſwelling like a torrent, drowns the reſt.
Should this curs'd wretch, whom moſt my ſoul abhors,
Prove the dear man, whom moſt my ſoul adores,
Love ſhould in vain defend him with his dart,
Through all his charms I'd ſtab him to the heart.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter Celius, Conſtantius, Lucius a Roman, and a numerous Attendance of Britons.

King.

From contracts ſign'd, and articles agreed,
With Britiſh faith it ſuits not to recede:
How may the world interpret ſuch neglect,
And on her beauty, or her fame, reflect?
Romph, conſider well what courſe you run,
Reſolve to be my priſoner, or my ſon.
If this ſounds rude, then know, we Britons ſlight
Thoſe ſupple arts which foreigners delight,
Nor ſtand on forms to vindicate our right.

[*Exit King and Attendants.*

Lucius.

Happy extremity! now, prince be bleſt,
Of all you love, and all you wiſh poſſeſt;
No cenſure you incur, conſtrain'd to chooſe,
Poſſeſs'd at once of pleaſure, and excuſe.

Conſtantius.

If for myſelf alone I would poſſeſs,
'Twere ſenſual joy, and brutal happineſs.
When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle ſublime of bliſs, is plac'd
In raptures that we feel the raviſh'd charmer taſte.
Oriana, no—though certain death it be,
I'll keep my word—I'll die, or ſet thee free.
Haſte, Lucius, haſte, ſound loud our trumpets, call
Our guards to arms, though few, they're Romans all.
Now tremble, ſavage king, a Roman hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a ſword command.

As they go off, re-enter King Celius, attended as before.

King.

Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found;
Diſperſe our parties, ſearch our kingdoms round;
Follow Conſtantius, ſeize him, torture, kill;
Traitor! what vengeance I can have, I will.
Well have thy gods, O Rome! ſecur'd thy peace,
Planted behind ſo many lands and ſeas,
Or thou ſhouldſt feel me, city, in thy fall,
More dreadful than the Samnite, or the Gaul.
But to ſupply and recompenſe this want,
Hear, O ye guardians of our iſle, and grant
That wrath may riſe, and ſtrife immortal come
Betwixt the gods of Britain, and of Rome.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Tombs and Dungeons, Men and Women chained in Rows, oppoſite to one another. In the Front of the Captives, Floreſtan and Coriſanda. A magnificent Monument erected to the Memory of Ardan, with this Inſcription in large Letters of Gold:

Revenge is vow'd, reſt quiet, gentle ſhade,
The living ſhall be reſtleſs till 'tis had.

A Guard of Dæmons. Plaintive Muſic.

To be ſung by a captive King.

Look down, ye powers, look down,
And caſt a pitying eye
Upon a monarch's miſery.
Look down, look down,
Avenge, avenge, avenge
Affronted majeſty.

I who but now on thrones of gold,
Gave laws to kingdoms uncontroul'd,
To empire born,
From empire torn,
A wretched ſlave,
A wretched ſlave,
Am now of ſlaves the ſcorn.
Alas! the ſmiles of fortune prove
As variable as womens love.

By a captive Lover.

The happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.

But ſince cruel fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all pains, the greateſt pain,
Is to love, and love in vain.

By a captive Libertine.

Plague us not with idle ſtories,
Whining loves, and ſenſeleſs glories;
What are lovers, what are kings?
What at beſt but ſlaviſh things.

Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud beauty durſt invade me,
No rebellious ſlaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd, as Nature made me.

Each by turns, as ſenſe inſpir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have loſt true pleaſure;
Freedom is the only treaſure.

Chor. of Dæmons.

Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving,
No, no,
The powers below
No pity know;
Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving.

A Dance of Dæmons inſulting the Priſoners.

Floreſtan to Coriſanda.

To taſte of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wiſe contrive,
In vain againſt their ſtars the deſtin'd ſtrive.

Coriſanda.

So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unmindful of the ſnare,
Purſuing love, and wing'd with amorous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught,
In the ſame cage in mournful notes complain
Of the ſame fate, and curſe perfidious man.

A Captive.

O heavens, take pity of our pains,
Death is a milder fate than chains.

[*A Flouriſh of Inſtruments of Horror. Arcabon deſcends in a Chariot drawn through the Air by Dragons, guarded by infernal Spirits. She alights and comes forward, armed with a Dagger in her Hand.*]

Arcabon.

Your vows have reach'd the gods, your chains and breath
Have the ſame date——
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.
He who ſo oft has 'ſcap'd th' aſſaults of hell,
Whom yet no charms could bind, no force could quell,
By whom ſo many bold enchanters fell,
Amadis, Amadis, this joyful day,
Your guardian Deity's himſelf our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle ſpectators of their hero's doom.

[*Flouriſh of loud Inſtruments of divers Sorts. Other Dungeons open, and diſcover more Captives. Amadis chained to an Altar, infernal Prieſts on each Side of him with Knives up-lifted ready for the Sacrifice. Arcabon advancing haſtily to ſtab him, ſtarts and ſtops.*]

Arcabon.

Thou dy'ſt—What ſtrange and what reſiſtleſs charm,
With ſecret force, arreſts my lifted arm?
What art thou, who with more than magic art,
Doſt make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

Amadis.

One, who diſdaining mercy, ſues to die;
I aſk not life, for life were cruelty.
Of all the wretched, ſearch the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found;
Let looſe thy rage, like an avenging God,
Fain would my ſoul encumber'd caſt her load.

Arcabon. [*Aſide.*]

In every line and feature of that face,
The dear enchanter of my ſoul I trace:
My brother! had my father too been ſlain,
The blood of my whole race ſhould plead in vain.
The ties of nature do but weakly move,
The ſtrongeſt tie of nature, is in love.

Amadis.

O Floreſtan! I ſee thoſe chains with ſhame,
Which I could not prevent—O ſtain to fame!
O honour loſt for ever! Theſeus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd ſtill,
And freed his friend—What man could do—I did,
Nor was I overpower'd but betray'd.
O my lov'd friend! with better grace we ſtood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories; the manly limb that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble load
Of ponderous mail, theſe ſhameful bonds diſdains,
And ſinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

Floreſtan.

Where ſhall the brave and good for refuge run,
When to be virtuous, is to be undone?

Arcabon.

He ſpoke—and every accent to my heart
Gave a freſh wound, and was another dart:
He weeps! but reddening at the tears that fall,
Is it for theſe? Be quick, and free them all,
Let every captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence every grief, and every anxious care,
Mix with the ſeas and winds, breed tempeſts there;
Strike all your ſtrings, to joyful meaſures move,
And every voice ſound liberty and love.

[*Flouriſh of all the Muſic; the Chains at once fall off from all the Captives. Arcabon frees Amadis herſelf.*]

Chorus of all the Captives.

Liberty! liberty!

A ſingle Voice.

Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Trumpets ſounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying,
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die;
Liberty! liberty!

Chorus repeat,

Liberty! liberty!

Another ſingle Voice.

Happy iſle, all joys poſſeſſing,
Clime reſembling heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy bleſſing,
Land of liberty and love!
When thy nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set themſelves and lovers free,
In the bleſſing of obtaining,
Ah! how ſweet is liberty!

Dance of Captives, expreſſing Joy for Liberty.

[*Arcabon having freed Amadis, they come forward together; the reſt ſtanding in Rows on each Side of the Theatre, bowing as they advance.*]

Arcabon.

When rage, like mine, makes ſuch a ſudden pauſe,
Methinks 'twere eaſy to divine the cauſe:
The dulleſt warrior, in a lady's face,
The ſecret meaning of a bluſh may trace,
When ſhort-breath'd ſighs, and catching glances,
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent. [ſcue
Let glory ſhare, but not poſſeſs you whole;
Love is the darling tranſport of the ſoul.

Amadis.

The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
Have deſtin'd fame, no other chance for me;

My ſullen ſtars in that rough circle move;
The happy only are reſerv'd for love.

Arcabon.

The ſtars which you reproach, my art can force,
I can direct them to a kinder courſe:
Truſt to my charms, the preſent time improve,
Select and precious are the hours of love.
Unguarded ſee the virgin treaſure ſtand,
Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand;
Honour, his wonted watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly, ſoldier, while the dragon ſleeps.

Amadis.

Enchanting are your looks, leſs magic lies
In your myſterious art, than in your eyes;
Such melting language claims a ſoft return,
Pity the hopeleſs flames in which I burn;
Faſt bound already, and not free to chooſe,
I prize the bleſſing fated to refuſe.

Arcabon. [*Aſide.*]

Thoſe formal lovers be for ever curſt,
Who fetter'd free-born love with honour firſt,
Who through fantaſtic laws are virtue's fools,
And againſt nature will be ſlaves to rules.
[*To him.*] Your captive friends have freedom from this hour,
Rejoice for them, but for thyſelf much more:
Sublimer bleſſings are reſerv'd for thee,
Whom love invites to be poſſeſs'd of me.
The ſhipwreck'd Greeks caſt on Ææa's ſhore,
With trembling ſteps the dubious coaſt explore,
Who firſt arrive, in vain for pity plead,
Transform'd to beaſts, a vile and monſtrous breed;
But when Ulyſſes with ſuperior mien [queen,
Approach'd the throne where ſat th' enchantreſs
Pleas'd with a preſence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold advent'rer in her arms,
Up to her bed ſhe leads the conqu'ror on,
Where he enjoys the daughter of the ſun.

[*She leads Amadis out. Floreſtan and Coriſanda, and the releaſed Captives only remain. Floreſtan and Coriſanda run into each other's Arms.*]

Floreſtan.

In this enchanting circle let me be,
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

Coriſanda.

Soul of my ſoul, and charmer of my heart,
From theſe embraces let us never part.

Floreſtan.

Never, O never—in ſome ſafe retreat,
Far from the noiſe and tumults of the great,
Secure and happy on each other's breaſt,
Within each other's arms we'll ever reſt;
Thoſe eyes ſhall make my days ſerene and bright,
Theſe arms, thus circling round me, bleſs the night.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Cor.*

[*The remaining Captives expreſs their Joy for Liberty by ſinging and dancing.*]

Chorus of all the Captives together.

To fortune give immortal praiſe,
Fortune depoſes, and can raiſe;
Fortune the captives chains does break.
And brings deſpairing exiles back;
However low this hour we fall,
One lucky moment may mend all.

The Act concludes with Variety of Dances.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Arcabon and Arcalaus.

Arcalaus.

Of women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
Each haughtily ſets out in beauty's bloom,
Till late repenting, to redeem the paſt,
You turn abandon'd proſtitutes at laſt.

Arcabon.

Who hate declares, is ſure of hate again;
Rage begets rage, diſdain provokes diſdain:
Why, why, alas! ſhould love leſs mutual prove?
Why is not love return'd with equal love?

Arcalaus.

Bleſſings when cheap, or certain, we deſpiſe;
From ſure poſſeſſion what deſire can riſe?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By doubt provok'd, by certainty deſtroy'd.

Arcabon.

To govern love, alas! what woman can?
Yet 'tis an eaſy province for a man.
Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
There is a cure—I'd aſk it—if I might.
Forgive me, brother, if I pry too far,
I've learnt my rival is your priſ'ner here;
If that be true———

Arcalaus.

———What thence would you infer? [*Surlily.*

Arcabon.

What but her death—When Amadis is free
From hopes of her—there may be hope for me.

Arcalaus.

Thou cloud to his bright Juno—Fool—ſhall he
Who has lov'd her, ever deſcend to thee?

Arcabon.

Much vainer fool art thou———where are thoſe charms
That are to tempt a princeſs to thy arms?
Thou vulcan to Oriana's Mars———

Arcalaus.

———But yet
This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
Your counſel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the woman ſure, the man ſhall bleed.

[*Exit. ſurlily.*

Arcabon.

Firſt periſh thou; earth, air, and ſeas, and ſky,
Confounded in one heap of chaos lie,
And every other living creature die.
I burn, I burn; the ſtorm that's in my mind
Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
Love and reſentment, wiſhes and diſdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.
Furies! Alecto! aid my juſt deſign:
But if, averſe to mercy, you decline
The pious taſk, aſſiſt me, powers divine;

Juſt gods, and thou their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you pleaſe, but ſave the man I love.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

[*The Scene changes to the Repreſentation of a fine Garden; Oriana ſitting penſively in a pleaſant Bower towards the lower End of the Scene. Soft Muſic playing. Arcalaus enters, addreſſing himſelf reſpectfully to her. She riſes; they advance ſlowly towards the Front of the Stage, ſeeming in mute Diſcourſe, till the Muſic ceaſes.*]

Arcalaus and Oriana.

Arcalaus.

Of freedom loſt, unjuſtly you complain,
Born to command, where-e'er you come you reign;
No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a priſon, but an empire find.

Oriana.

Death I expect, and I deſire it too,
'Tis all the mercy to be wiſh'd from you.
To die, is to be free: Oh let me find
A ſpeedy death—that freedom would be kind.

Arcalaus.

Too cruel to ſuſpect ſuch uſage meant,
Here is no death, but what your eyes preſent:
O may they reign, thoſe arbiters of fate,
Immortal, as the loves which they create.
We know the cauſe of this prepoſterous grief,
And we ſhould pity, were there no relief:
One lover loſt, have you not millions more!
Can you complain of want, whom all adore?
All hearts are yours; even mine, that fierce and free
Ranging at large, diſdain'd captivity;
Caught by your charms, the ſavage trembling lies,
And proſtrate in his chain, for mercy dies.

Oriana.

Reſpect is limited to power alone,
Beauty diſtreſs'd, like kings from empire thrown,
Each inſolent invades——— [now,
How art thou chang'd! ah, wretched princeſs!
When every ſlave that loves, dares tell thee ſo?

Arcalaus.

If I do love, the fault is in your eyes, [dies:
Blame them who wound, and not your ſlave who
If we may love, then ſure we may declare;
If we may not, ah! why are you ſo fair?
Who can unmov'd behold that heavenly face,
Thoſe radiant eyes, and that reſiſtleſs grace?

Oriana.

Pluck out theſe eyes, revenge thee on my face,
Tear off my cheeks, and root up every grace,
Diſfigure, kill me, kill me inſtantly,
Thus may'ſt thou free thyſelf at once, and me.

Arcalaus.

Such ſtrange commands 'twere impious to obey,
I would revenge myſelf a gentler way.
[*Offering to take her hand, ſhe ſnatches it away diſdainfully.*

Oriana.

Some whirlwind bear me from this odious place,
Earth open wide, and bury my diſgrace;
Save me, ye powers, from violence and ſhame,
Aſſiſt my virtue, and protect my fame.

Arcalaus. [*Aſide.*]

Love, with ſubmiſſion, firſt begins in courſe,
But when that fails, a ſure reſerve is force:
The niceſt dames who our embraces ſhun,
Wait only a pretence—and force is one:
She who through frailty yields, diſhonour gains,
But ſhe that's forc'd, her innocence retains:
Debtors and ſlaves for favours they beſtow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe.
No ties of love or gratitude conſtrain,
But as we like, we leave—or come again.
It ſhall be ſo.——— [vain,
[*To her.*] Since ſofter arguments have prov'd ſo
Force is the laſt, reſiſt it if you can.
[*He ſeizes her, ſhe breaks from him.*

Oriana.

Help—help—ye gods!

Arcalaus.

Who with ſuch courage can reſiſt deſire,
With what rage ſhe'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquiſh'd minion lies,
And if for nothing but this ſcorn, he dies.

[*Amadis diſcovered in Chains. Arcalaus advancing to ſtab him, Arcabon enters in the Inſtant and offers to ſtab Oriana.*]

Arcabon.

Strike boldly, murd'rer, ſtrike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger anſwers every wound.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?

Oriana.

Strike, my deliverer, 'tis a friendly ſtroke,
I ſhun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet, methinks, ye might that victim ſpare.
[*Pointing to Amadis.*

Amadis.

Burſt, burſt theſe chains, juſt gods can you look down,
On ſuch diſtreſs, like idle lookers-on?
My ſoul, till now, no dangers could affright,
But trembles like a coward's, at this ſight.

Arcabon.

So paſſionate! but I'll revenge it here——

Arcalaus.

Hold, fury—or I ſtrike as home—forbear——

[*Arcabon offering to ſtab Oriana, Arcalaus does the ſame to Amadis; both with-hold their blow.*]

[*Trumpets, Kettle-drums, and warlike Inſtruments of all kinds, reſound from all Parts of the Theatre. Urganda enters haſtily with a numerous Train. Arcalaus and Arcabon ſurpriſed, retire to the oppoſite Side of the Stage.*]

Urganda.

To arms, to arms, ye ſpirits of the air,
Ye guardians of the brave, and of the fair,
Leave your bright manſions, and in arms appear.

[*Warlike Muſic ſounds a Charge; Spirits deſcend in Clouds; ſome continue in the Air playing upon In-*

ſtruments of War, others remain ranged in Order of Battle; others deſcend upon the Stage, ranging themſelves by Amandis, whom Urganda frees, giving him a Sword. Oriana likewiſe is freed.]

Arcabon.

Fly quick, ye dæmons, from your black abodes,
And try another combat with the gods;
Blue fires, and peſtilential fumes ariſe,
And flaming fountains ſpout againſt the ſkies;
From their broad roots theſe oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my deſpair.

[*Trumpets ſound on Arcabon's Side, which are anſwered on Urganda's. The Grove appears in an Inſtant all in a Flame; Fountains from below caſt up Fire as in Spouts; a Rain of Fire from above; the Sky darkened; Dæmons range themſelves on the Stage by Arcalaus and Arcabon; other Dæmons face Urganda; Spirits in the Air; martial Inſtruments ſounding from all parts of the Theatre; Arcalaus advances before his Party, with his Sword drawn, to Amadis.*]

Arcalaus.

Let heaven and hell ſtand neuter, while we try,
On equal terms, which of us two ſhall die.

[*Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the Head of their Parties; a Fight at the ſame Time in the Air, and upon the Stage; all Sorts of loud Inſtruments ſounding; Arcalaus falls; the Dæmons, ſome fly away through the Air, others ſink under Ground, with horrible Cries.*]

Urganda.

Sound tunes of triumph, all ye winds, and bear
Your notes aloft, that heaven and earth may hear;
And thou, O ſun! ſhine out ſerene and gay,
And bright, as when the giants loſt the day.

[*Tunes of Triumph; the Sky clears; the Grove returns to its firſt Proſpect. A large Ball of Fire repreſenting the Figure of the Sun deſcends gradually to the Stage; Amadis approaching Oriana reſpectfully; Arcabon ſtands ſullen and obſerving.*]

Amadis. [*To Oriana.*]

While Amadis Oriana's love poſſeſt,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was bleſt.

Oriana.

While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wandering flames to diſtant climates drew,
No heaven, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

Amadis.

That heaven of love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving thoſe powers by whom ſhe falſely ſwore;
She to Conſtantius would thoſe charms reſign,
If oaths could bind, that ſhould be only mine.

Oriana.

With a feign'd falſehood you'd evade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart:
While by ſuch ways you'd hide a conſcious flame,
The only virtue you have left, is ſhame.

[*Turning diſdainfully from him.*]

Amadis. [*Approaching tenderly.*]

But ſhould this injur'd vaſſal you ſuſpect
Prove true—Ah! what a turn might he expect?

Oriana. [*Returning to him with an air of tenderneſs.*]

Though brave Conſtantius charms with every art,
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether he ſhines for glory, or delight,
To tempt ambition, or enchant the ſight,
Were Amadis reſtor'd to my eſteem,
I would reject a deity—for him.

Amadis.

Though falſe as watery bubbles blown by wind,
Fix'd in my ſoul, and rooted in my mind,
I love Oriana, faithleſs and unkind.
O were ſhe kind, and faithful, as ſhe's fair!
For her alone I'd live—and die for her.

Urganda.

Adjourn theſe murmurs of returning love,
And from this ſcene of rage and fate remove.
[*To Arcabon.*]
Thy empire, Arcabon, concludes this hour,
Short is the date of all flagitious power:
Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'ſt living bear
The torments of the damn'd in thy deſpair.
[*To Oriana and Amadis.*]
Where zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,
There will I lead you to debate your loves.

[*The Machine repreſenting the Figure of the ſun opens and appears to be a Chariot refulgent with Rays, magnificently gilt and adorned, with convenient Seats, to which Urganda conducts Oriana; Amadis following, Arcabon ſtops him by the Robe.*]

Arcabon.

What, not one look? not one diſſembling ſmile,
To thank me for your life? or to beguile
Deſpair? cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my ſight for ever, and my heart.
[*Letting go her hold with an air of contempt.*]
Back, ſoldier, to the camp, thy proper ſphere,
Stick to thy trade, dull hero, follow war;
Uſeleſs to women—thou mere image, meant
To raiſe deſire—and then to diſappoint.

[*Amadis takes his Place in Urganda's Chariot, which riſes gradually in the Air, not quite diſappearing till the cloſe of Arcabon's Speech.*]

So ready to be gone——Barbarian, ſtay.
He's gone, and love returns, and pride gives way.
O ſtay, come back——Horror and hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!——Return, return!
Eternal racks my tortur'd boſom tear,
Vultures with envy's pangs are gnawing there;
Fury! diſtraction——I am all deſpair.
Burning with love, may'ſt thou ne'er aim at bliſs,
But thunder ſhake thy limbs, and lightening blaſt thy kiſs;
While pale, aghaſt, a ſpectre ſtand by,
Pleas'd at the terrors that diſtract thy joy!

Plague of my life! thy impotence ſhall be
A curſe to her, worſe than thy ſcorn to me.
[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Firſt Voice.

The battle's done,
Our wars are over,
The battle's done,
Let laurels crown
Whom rugged ſteel did cover,

Second Voice.

Let myrtles too
Bring peace for ever,
Let myrtles too
Adorn the brow,
That bent beneath the warlike beaver.

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments.

Let trumpets and tymbals,
Let atabals and cymbals,
Let drums and hautboys give over;
But let flutes,
And let lutes
Our paſſions excite
To gentler delight;
And every Mars be a lover.

Dances, with which the Act concludes.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, Urganda's enchanted Palace.

The Scenes are adorned and diverſified with the ſeveral Repreſentations of the Adventures and Exploits of Heroes and Heroines: A large Piece facing the Front, repreſenting their Apotheoſis, or Reception among the Gods.

Amadis and Oriana.

Oriana.

In my eſteem he well deſerves a part,
He ſhares my praiſe, but you have all my heart:
When equal virtues in the ſcales are try'd,
And juſtice againſt neither can decide;
When judgment, thus perplex'd, ſuſpends the choice,
Fancy muſt ſpeak, and give the caſting voice;
Much to his love, much to his merit's due,
But powerful inclination was for you.

Amadis.

Thou haſt no equal, a ſuperior ray
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should fame ſolicit me with all her charms,
Not blooming laurels nor victorious arms
Should purchaſe but a grain of the delight,
A moment from the raptures of this night.

Oriana.

Wrong not my virtue to ſuppoſe that I
Can grant to love, where duty muſt deny;
A father's will is unrelenting, and my breaſt
Is rul'd by glory, though by love poſſeſt:
Rather than be another's, I would die;
Nor can be yours, till duty ſhall comply.

Amadis.

Hard rules, which thus the nobleſt loves engage,
To wait the peeviſh humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulneſs of love conſiſts
In parents wills, or in the forms of prieſts;
Such are but licens'd rapes, which vengeance draw
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happieſt bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd, when hearts agree.

Enter Urganda, Coriſanda, Floreſtan, and Attendants to Urganda.

Urganda.

Here faithful lovers to ſure joys remove,
The ſoft retreat of glory and of love,
By fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings, and famous conquerors:
Here, gallant prince, let all your labours end;
Before, I gave a miſtreſs; now, a friend;
The greateſt bleſſings which the gods can ſend.
[*Preſenting Floreſtan.*

Amadis.

O Floreſtan! there was but thus to meet,
Thus to embrace, to make my joys complete;
The ſight of thee does ſuch vaſt tranſports breed,
As ſcarce the ecſtaſies of love exceed.

Floreſtan.

If beyond love or glory is a taſte
Of pleaſure, it is ſure in friendſhip plac'd.

Oriana.

My Coriſanda too! [*Embracing her.*
Not Floreſtan could fly with greater haſte
To take thee in his arms—O welcome to my breaſt,
As to thy lover's——

Coriſanda.

——O joy complete!
Bleſt day:
Wherein ſo many friends and lovers meet.

Floreſtan.

The ſtorm blown over, ſo the wanton doves
Shake from their plumes the rain, and ſeek the groves,
Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

Amadis.

O Floreſtan! bleſt as thou doſt deſerve,
To thee the fates are kind, without reſerve.
My joys are not ſo full; though love would yield,
Fierce honour ſtands his ground, and keeps the field;
Nature within ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
While honour, with his guard of pride, defends:
O nature! frail, and faulty in thy frame,
Fomenting wiſhes, honour muſt condemn;
Or O! too rigid honour, thus to bind,
When nature prompts, and when deſire is kind.

Enter Arcabon conducting Conſtantius, her Garments looſe, and Hair diſhevelled, ſeeming frantic. Conſtantius in deep Mourning.

Arcabon.

This, Roman, is the place: 'tis magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found.

Behold them at our view diſſolve in fear,
Two armies, are two lovers in deſpair;
Proceed, be bold, and ſcorning to entreat,
Think all her ſtrugglings feign'd, her cries deceit!
Kill him, and raviſh her—for ſo would I,
Were I a man—or rather let both die.
The rape may pleaſe——
Each was diſdain'd; to equal rage reſign
Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis ſweet to love, but when with ſcorn we meet,
Revenge ſupplies the loſs with joys as great.

[*A Chariot deſcends ſwiftly, into which ſhe enters at the following Lines.*]

Up to th' etherial heavens, where gods reſide,
Lo! thus I fly, to thunder on thy ſide.

[*A Clap of Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the Air, and vaniſhes with her.*]

Conſtantius.

Fly where thou wilt, but not to bleſt abodes,
For ſure, where'er thou art, there are no gods.

[*Addreſſing himſelf to Oriana.*]

I come not here an object to affright,
Or to moleſt, but add to your delight.
Behold a prince expiring in your view,
Whoſe life's a burden to himſelf, and you.
Fate and the king all other means deny
To ſet you free, but that Conſtantius die.
A Roman arm had play'd a Roman part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart;
I thank ye, gods, nor think my doom ſevere,
Reſigning life, on any terms, for her.

Urganda.

What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depends ſo many fates!

Conſtantius.

Make room, ye Decii, whoſe devoted breath
Secur'd your country's happineſs by death;
I come a ſacrifice no leſs renown'd,
The cauſe as glorious, and as ſure the wound.
O love! with all thy ſweets let her be bleſt,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breaſt.
Though thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have ſcorch'd my joys, and in their baneful courſe
Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up every ſource;
Ah! to Oriana ſhine leſs fatal bright.
Cheriſh her heart, and nouriſh her delight,
Reſtrain each cruel influence that deſtroys,
Bleſs all her days, and ripen all her joys.

[*Oriana weeps, and ſhows concern; Amadis addreſſing himſelf to Conſtantius.*]

Amadis.

Were fortune us'd to ſmile upon deſert,
Love had been yours, to die had been my part:
Thus fate divides the prize; though beauty's mine,
Yet fame, our other miſtreſs, is more thine.

[*Conſtantius looking ſternly upon him.*

Diſdain not, gallant prince, a rival's praiſe,
Whom your high worth thus humbles to confeſs
In every thing but love, he merits leſs.

Conſtantius.

Art thou that rival then? O killing ſhame!
And has he view'd me thus, ſo weak, ſo tame?
Like a ſcorn'd captive proſtrate at his ſide,
To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
O 'tis too much! and nature in diſdain
Turns back from death, and firing every vein,
Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
Be firm, my ſoul, quick from this ſcene remove,
Or madneſs elſe may be too ſtrong for love.
Spent as I am, and wearied with the weight
Of burdening life—I could reverſe my fate.
Thus planted—ſtand thy everlaſting bar——

[*Seizes him, holding a dagger at his breaſt; Amadis does the ſame, each holding a dagger ready to ſtrike.*

But for Oriana's ſake 'tis better here.

[*Stabs himſelf; Amadis throws away his dagger, and ſupports him; they all help.*]

Oriana.

Live, generous prince, ſuch virtue ne'er ſhould die.

Conſtantius.

I've liv'd enough, of all I wiſh, poſſeſt,
If dying—I may leave Oriana bleſt,
The laſt warm drop forſakes my bleeding heart;
Oh love! how ſure a murderer thou art.

[*Dies.*]

Oriana. [*Weeping.*]

There breaks the nobleſt heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

Amadis.

Laviſh to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the ſame.

Floreſtan.

Oh emperor! all ages muſt agree,
Such, but more happy, ſhould all lovers be.

Urganda. [*To Oriana.*]

No lover now throughout the world remains,
But Amadis, deſerving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the ſight.

[*Carry off the body.*

Ere yon bright beams are ſhadow'd o'er with night,
The ſtubborn king ſhall licenſe your delight;
The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you deſire;
And honour, which ſo long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[*Flouriſh of all the Muſic. The Stage fills with Singers and Dancers, in the Habits of Heroes and Heroines.*]

Urganda conducts Amadis, Oriana, &c. to a Seat during the following Entertainment.

Firſt Voice.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum;
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
The gods of deſire take part in the fray,
And love ſits like Jove to decide the great day.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

Second Voice.

Give the word to begin,
Let the combatants in,
The challenger enters all glorious;
But love has decreed
Though beauty may bleed,
Yet beauty ſhall ſtill be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the combat, make room;
Sound the trumpet and drum.

[*Here two Parties enter from the oppoſite Sides of the Theatre, armed at all Points, marching in warlike Order; and then dance ſeveral Pyrric or Martial Dances, with Swords and Bucklers. Which ended, the Singers again advance.*]

To be ſung.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqu'ror cries;
He faints, he falls; help! help! Ah me! he dies:
Gently ſhe tries to raiſe his head,
And weeps, alas! to think him dead.
Sound, ſound a charge—'tis war again;
Again he fights, again is ſlain;
Again, again, help! help! ſhe cries,
He faints, he falls! help! help! Ah me! he dies.

Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then Singers again come forward.

To be ſung.

Happy pair,
Free from care,
Enjoy the bleſſing
Of ſweet poſſeſſing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.
Love inviting,
Souls uniting;
Deſiring,
Expiring;
Enjoy the bleſſing
Of ſweet poſſeſſing;
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Another Dance of Heroes and Heroines.

Then a full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments.

Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!
In the hour of poſſeſſing,
So divine is the bleſſing,
That one moment's obtaining,
Pays an age of complaining.
Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!

[*Here follows Variety of Dances, with which the Entertainment concluding, Amadis, Oriana, &c. riſe and come forward.*]

Amadis.

So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the ſkies,
The clouds diſperſe, and gloomy horror flies;
Darkneſs gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Oriana.

Our preſent joys are ſweeter for paſt pain;
To love and heaven, by ſuffering we attain.

Urganda.

Whate'er the virtuous and the juſt endure,
Slow the reward may be, but always ſure.

[*A triumphant flouriſh of all the Inſtruments, with which the Play concludes.*]

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS YALDEN, D. D.

Containing

ODES,
HYMNS,
FABLES,
EPISTLES,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Downward, my muſe, direct thy ſteepy flight,
Where ſmiling ſhades and beauteous realms invite,
I firſt of Britiſh Bards, invoke thee down,
And firſt with wealth thy graceful temples crown;
Through dark retreats purſue the winding ore,
Search nature's depths, and view her boundleſs ſtore;
The ſecret cauſe in tuneful numbers ſing,
How metals firſt are fram'd, and whence they ſpring.

EPISTLE TO SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF YALDEN.

THE deſcent and birth-place of Thomas Yalden, have been variouſly aſſigned by his biographers. According to Jacob, on whoſe authority Dr. Johnſon's "Life of Yalden" ſeems to have been in ſome meaſure founded, he was born in the city of *Exon*, and the youngeſt of ſix ſons of Mr. John Yalden of Suſſex. The variations of Wood are of little conſequence; but as he is more particular than Jacob, his account may perhaps be conſidered as a curioſity.

"Thomas *Youlding*, a younger ſon of Joh. *Yould.* ſometimes a Page of the Preſence and Groom of the Chamber to Prince Charles, afterwards a ſufferer for his cauſe, and an exciſeman in *Oxon* after the Reſtoration of King Charles II., was born in the pariſh of St. John Baptiſt in *Oxon*, on the ſecond day of January 1669, (in which pariſh I myſelf received alſo my firſt breath) educated in Magd. Coll. School, while he was a Choriſter of that houſe, was elected Demy, an. 16---, and in the year 16---, Probationer Fellow."

As he was educated at the Grammar School belonging to Magdalen College, Oxford, it is probable he was born in that city. The year of his birth, according to the beſt accounts, was 1671, two years after the date aſſigned by Wood.

In 1690, at the age of nineteen, he was admitted a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, under the care of Mr. Joſiah Pullen, "an excellent tutor and a great maſter of logic."

The year following, he became one of the Scholars of Magdalen College, where he was diſtinguiſhed by a lucky accident.

It was his taſk, one day, to pronounce a declamation; and Dr. Hough, the Preſident, happening to attend, thought the compoſition too good to be the ſpeaker's. Some time after, the Preſident finding him a little irregularly buſy in the library, ſet him an exerciſe for puniſhment; and that he might not be deceived by any artifice, locked the door. Yalden, as it happened, had lately been reading in the ſubject given, and produced with little difficulty, a compoſition which ſo pleaſed the Preſident, that he told him his former ſuſpicions, and promiſed to favour him.

Among his contemporaries in the College, were Addiſon and Sacheverell, who were then friends; for Sacheverell at that time profeſſed Revolution principles, and who both adopted Yalden into their intimacy.

The trite obſervation that perſons of ſimilar characters generally aſſociate, is far from being univerſally true. Intimacy does not neceſſarily imply either ſimilarity of talents, of diſpoſitions, or of habits. Sameneſs of ſituation, likeneſs of circumſtances, accidental coincidence of intereſt and of proſpects, will, on accurate examination, be found to produce more intimacies than either ſimilarity of head or of heart.

Few characters could be more different than thoſe of Addiſon and Sacheverell. Their academical intimacy, therefore, was not ſucceeded by a friendſhip of long duration. But Yalden, whoſe intellectual and moral qualities were truly eſtimable and amiable, did not loſe the friendſhip of Addiſon, even when he eſpouſed a very oppoſite intereſt to that of his friend, and became a High-churchman and a Tory.

The Whig wits at that time held the Tory wits in great contempt, and theſe retaliated in their turn; but Addiſon, with the liberality becoming a ſcholar, diſclaimed not his private friends for happening to be of a different party in politics. He continued throughout his life his early friendſhip

for Yalden, and lived in the ſame habits of familiar intercourſe with him, when he held the high office of Secretary of State, as when their fortunes were more on a level.

Yalden, at that time, appears to have had no diſinclination to the Whig party; for, in 1693, he addreſſed *An Epiſtolary Ode to Mr. Congreve*, who was then riſing faſt into reputation as a dramatic writer.

In 1694, he was admitted to the degree of Maſter of Arts.

The year following, he ſignalized his poetical talents in celebrating the taking of Namur by King William, in a Pindaric *Ode humbly inſcribed to his moſt Sacred and Victorious Majeſty*, 1695.

Of this ode, mention is made in an humourous poem of that time, called "The Oxford Laureat;" in which, after many claims had been made and rejected, Yalden is repreſented as demanding the laurel, and as being called to his trial for robbing Congreve, inſtead of receiving a reward.

His crime was for being a felon in verſe,
And preſenting his theft to the King;
The firſt was a trick not uncommon or ſcarce,
But the laſt was an impudent thing.
Yet what he had ſtol'n was ſo little worth ſtealing,
They forgave him the damage and coſt;
Had he ta'en the whole ode, as he took it piece-mealing,
They had fin'd him but tenpence at moſt.

In 1700, he wrote *The Temple of Fame*, a poem on the death of the Duke of Glouceſter, which has eluded the inquiries of Mr. Nichols, to whoſe reſearches the readers of Engliſh poetry are indebted for the *Ode on the Conqueſt of Namur; Æſop at Court, or State Fables*, 1702; *Verſes to the Memory of a Fair Young Lady; to Myra; Advice to a Lover*, inſerted in the edition of "the Engliſh Poets," 1790.

The ſame year, he became Fellow of the College; and next year entering into orders, was preſented by the ſociety with a living in Warwickſhire, conſiſtent with the fellowſhip, and choſen Lecturer of Moral Philoſophy, a very honourable office, with a handſome ſtipend, and peculiar privileges.

At the acceſſion of Queen Anne, he wrote a poem *on the late Queen's acceſſion*; which, by the title of it, ſeems not to have been publiſhed till after her death. This poem has eluded the inquiries of Mr. Nichols, and the compiler of this collection.

In 1706, he was received into the family of the Duke of Beaufort. In 1708, he became Doctor in Divinity; and ſoon after reſigned his fellowſhip and lecture; and as a token of his gratitude, gave the College a full length picture of their founder, to be placed in the public hall.

He was afterwards made Rector of Chalton and Cleanville, two adjoining towns and benefices in Hertfordſhire, (Jacob ſays in Hampſhire) and had the prebends or ſinecures of Deans, Hains, and Pendles in Devonſhire.

In 1713, he was choſen preacher of Bridewell Hoſpital, upon the reſignation of Dr. Atterbury, promoted to the Biſhoprick of Rocheſter.

In 1723, he fell under a ſuſpicion of being concerned with Biſhop Atterbury, in a plot in favour of the Pretender, and was taken into cuſtody.

Upon his examination he was charged with a dangerous correſpondence with Kelly the Biſhop's ſecretary. The correſpondence he acknowledged, but maintained that it had no treaſonable tendency.

His papers were ſeized; and in his pocket-book were found a copy of verſes reflecting on the reigning family, and two ſuſpicious words *thorough-paced doctrine*. The verſes he aſſerted were not of his compoſition, or in his hand writing; and the words was a memorial hint of a remarkable ſentence of Dr. Daniel Burgeſs, whom he had gratified his curioſity by hearing in the pulpit, in the reign of Queen Anne, by which he warned his congregation to "beware of thorough-paced doctrine; that doctrine which coming in at one ear, paſſes through the head, and goes out at the other."

Having aſſerted his innocence in every circumſtance relating to the plot, and no evidence ariſing againſt him, he was ſet at liberty.

It will not be ſuppoſed that a man who was connected with the determined enemies of the Houſe of Hanover, attained high dignities in the church; but he was ſtill favoured with the patronage of the Duke of Beaufort, and retained the friendſhip and frequented the converſation of a very numerous and ſplendid ſet of acquaintance, of every rank and party.

From this time, he ſeems to have led a quiet and inoffenſive life; unambitious of any acceſſion of poetical fame, and unſuſpected of any participation in the deſperate machinations of Jacobitiſm. He died July 10. 1736, in the 67th year of his age.

Moſt of his *occaſional poems and tranſlations* were firſt printed in 3d, 4th, and 5th volumes of Tonſon's "Miſcellanies." As many of them as could be met with were inſerted by Mr. Nichols in the collection of "The Engliſh Poets" 1779, by the recommendation of Dr. Johnſon. Farther reſearches have diſcovered what are here printed from the edition of "The Engliſh Poets" 1790; but *The Temple of Fame*, and the poem *on the late Queen's acceſſion*, which Jacob calls "excellent pieces," have eluded every inquiry.

The Medicine, a Tale for the Ladies, printed in the ſecond number of "The Tatler," and generally aſcribed to Yalden, is given by Mr. Nichols (on the authority of Dr. Warton, who received the information from Young) to William Harriſon, Eſq. "a little pretty fellow (as Swift expreſſes it) with a great deal of wit, good nature, and good ſenſe," Secretary to the Congreſs at Utrecht, the profeſſed editor (under the patronage of Bolingbroke and Swift) of the 5th volume of "The Tatler," and author of "Woodſtock Park," in Dodſley's "Collection," and ſome ſmaller pieces, preſerved by Mr. Nichols in his "Select Collection of Poems," 1781. He died in Holland, Feb. 14th, 1713. Swift, in the "Journal to Stella" laments his loſs with unaffected ſincerity. Tickell mentions him with reſpect in his "Proſpect of Peace," and Young in the cloſe of his "Epiſtle to Lord Lanſdowne."

The private character of Yalden ſeems to have been very reſpectable. His temper was cheerful, his converſation pleaſing and inſtructive, his learning extenſive, and his manners polite. How much his company was deſired, appears from the extenſiveneſs of his connections, and the number of his friends; among whom he reckoned Congreve and Addiſon, Hopkins and Atterbury.

As a poet, he cannot be placed in a high claſs. He is entitled to rank with Sprat, Stepney, Walſh, and King, and perhaps a little higher. He imitates Cowley; but he is inferior to him in the grace of wit, and in the vigour of nature. His two hymns, however, *to the Morning*, and *to Darkneſs*, are equal to the beſt lyric pieces of that poet. The laſt is admirable.

His *State Fables*, his longeſt work, cannot be approved without thinking well of his political opinions. His panegyrical *Eſſay on the Character of Sir Willoughby Aſton* has ſome characteriſtical paſſages, but is liable to the ſame objection. In his verſes *on the reprinting Milton's Proſe Works*, the loyalty and political bigotry are more conſpicuous than the poetry or the liberality of ſentiment. His *Epiſtle to Sir Humphry Mackworth on the Mines late of Sir Carbery Price*, is a very commendable attempt to unite poetry and ſcience, which have been ſince more ſucceſsfully united in the "Mine" of Mr. Sargent, "and the "Botanic Garden" of Dr. Darwin. His verſes *Againſt Enjoyment*, have ſome vigorous and ſome happy lines. The thoughts are borrowed from Suckling's verſes "Againſt Fruition." His *tranſlations* are ſometimes ſpirited and claſſical, and ſometimes feeble and paraphraſtical.

"Of his poems," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "many are of that irregular kind, which, when he formed his poetical character, was ſuppoſed to be Pindaric. Having fixed his attention on Cowley as a model, he has attempted, in ſome ſort, to rival him, and has written a *Hymn to Darkneſs*, evidently as a counter part to Cowley's "Hymn to Light."

"This Hymn ſeems to be his beſt performance, and is, for the moſt part, imagined with great vigour, and expreſſed with great propriety. The ſeven firſt ſtanzas are good; but the 3d, 4th, and 7th are the beſt; the 8th ſeems to involve a contradiction; the 10th is exquiſitely beautiful; the 13th, 14th, and 15th are partly mythological, and partly religious, and therefore not ſuitable to each other; he might better have made the whole merely philoſophical.

There are two ſtanzas in this poem, where Yalden may be ſuſpected, though hardly convicted, of having conſulted the *Hymnus ad Umbram* of Wowerus, in the 6th ſtanza, which anſwers, in ſome ſort, to theſe lines:

Illa ſuo præeſt nocturnis numine ſacris—
Perque vias errare novis dat ſpectra figuris,
Maneſque excitos medios ululare per agros
Sub noctem, et queſtu notos complere penates.

And again, at the concluſion:

Illa ſuo ſenium ſecludit corpore toto,
Haud numerans jugi fugientia ſecula lapſa;
Ergo ubi poſtremum mundi compage ſoluta,
Hanc rerum molem ſuprema abſumpſerit hora.
Ipſa leves cineres nube amplectetur opaca,
Et priſco imperio, rurſus dominabitur UMBRA.

His *Hymn to Light* is not equal to the other. He ſeems to think there is an Eaſt abſolute and poſitive where the morning riſes.

In the laſt ſtanza, having mentioned the ſudden eruption of new created light, he ſays,

Awhile th' Almighty wondering ſtood.

He ought to have remembered, that Infinite Knowledge can never wonder. All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.

"Of his other poems, it is ſufficient to ſay, that they deſerve peruſal, though they are not always exactly poliſhed; though the rhymes are ſometimes very ill ſorted; and though his faults ſeem rather the omiſſions of idleneſs, than the negligences of enthuſiaſm.

POEMS.

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

To a Young Lady Weeping.—An Ode in Imitation of Caſimire.

COULD mournful ſighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills unhappy men lament:
Could all the anguiſh of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
To wealth and pleaſure every ſigh prefer,
And more than gems eſteem each falling tear.

But, ſince inſulting cares are moſt inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted mind;
Since ſighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitful ſhowers, but nouriſh grief;
Then ceaſe, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor laviſh ſuch bright ſtreams in vain:
But ſtill with cheerful thoughts thy cares beguile,
And tempt thy better fortunes with a ſmile.

The generous mind is by its ſufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppreſs'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and ſoar above:
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the ſun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he ſhrinks not at th' offenſive light,
He's then for empire fit, and takes his ſoaring flight.

Though cares aſſault thy breaſt on every ſide,
Yet bravely ſtem th' impetuous tide:
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loſs a nobler day;
But with kind hopes ſupport thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidſt afflictions let thy ſoul be great,
And ſhow thou dar'ſt deſerve a better ſtate.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe thoſe tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous age thy charms they waſte,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blaſt.
But keep thy looks and mind ſerene,
All gay without, all calm within;
For fate is aw'd, and adverſe fortunes fly
A cheerful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

PARENT of day! whoſe beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darkſome womb of night,
And 'midſt their native horrors ſhow,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not heav'n's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;
Thou firſt eſſay of light, and pledge of day!
That uſher'ſt in the ſun, and ſtill prepar'ſt its way.

Rival of ſhade, eternal ſpring of light!
Thou art the genuine ſource of it:
From thy bright unexhauſted womb,
The beauteous race of days and ſeaſons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, ſpight of time, thou'rt ever young:
Thou art alone heaven's modeſt virgin light,
Whoſe face a veil of bluſhes hides from human ſight.

Like ſome fair bride thou riſeſt from thy bed,
And doſt around thy luſtre ſpread;
Around the univerſe diſpenſe
New life to all, and quickening influence.
With gloomy ſmiles thy rival night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light;
Not all the wealth ſhe views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal luſtre ſhow.

At thy approach, nature erects her head,
The ſmiling univerſe is glad;
The drowſy earth and ſeas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour tal
When thy more cheerful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women ceaſe to fear:
Horror, deſpair, and all the ſons of night
Retire before thy beams, and take their haſty flight.

To thee, the grateful eaſt their altars raiſe,
And ſing with early hymns thy praiſe;
Thou doſt their happy ſoil beſtow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou riſeſt in the fragrant eaſt,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy neſt:
No altar of the gods can equal thine, [ſhrine!
The air's thy richeſt incenſe, the whole land thy

But yet thy fading glories ſoon decay.
Thine's but a momentary ſtay;
Too ſoon thou'rt raviſh'd from our ſight,
Borne down the ſtream of day, and overwhelm'd with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haſte,
They're fram'd too exquiſite to laſt:
Thine is a glorious, but a ſhort-liv'd ſtate.
Pity ſo fair a birth ſhould yield ſo ſoon to fate!

Before th' Almighty Artiſt fram'd the ſky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His firſt command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and bleſſed it:
In purple ſwaddling-bands it ſtruggling lay,
Not yet naturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a cheerful ſmile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did firſt preſage its own.

"Let there be light!" the great Creator ſaid,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb diſcloſe;
And then the bluſhing morn, its brighteſt offſpring roſe.
A while the Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himſelf pronounc'd it good:
"With night," ſaid he, "divide th' imperial "ſway;
"Thou my firſt labour art, and thou ſhalt bleſs "the day."

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

Darkness, thou firſt great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy univerſal womb
Does all thou ſhad'ſt below, thy numerous offſpring come.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dſt none;
Whilſt light did its firſt being owe
Unto that awful ſhade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what diſtant region doſt thou dwell,
To reaſon inacceſſible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou ſoar'ſt above the reach of man's philoſophy.

Involv'd in thee, we firſt receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our ſouls ſhall go, to thee our bodies come.

The ſilent globe is ſtruck with awful fear,
When thy majeſtic ſhades appear:
Thou doſt compoſe the air and ſea,
And earth a ſabbath keeps, ſacred to reſt and thee.

In thy ſerener ſhades our ghoſts delight;
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they ſtray,
But fly the morning's beams, and ſicken at the day.

Though ſolid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brighteſt ray admit;
No ſubſtance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'ſt in depths below, doſt in the centre dwell.

The ſparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous luſtre owe:
Though form'd within the womb of night,
Bright as their fire they ſhine with native rays of light.

When thou doſt raiſe thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy Negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like poliſh'd jet, with their own darkneſs bright.

Thou doſt thy ſmiles impartially beſtow,
And know'ſt no difference here below:
All things appear the ſame by thee,
Though light diſtinction makes, thou giv'ſt equality.

Thou, darkneſs, art the lover's kind retreat,
And doſt the nuptial joys complete;
Thou doſt inſpire them with thy ſhade,
Giv'ſt vigour to the youth, and warm'ſt the yielding maid.

Calm as the bleſs'd above the Anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleaſures light deny, thy ſhades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their myſteries unfold:
Darkneſs did firſt religion grace,
Gave terrors to the god, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb ſtand,
Thy ſhades enclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darkneſs his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majeſty,
In tempeſts he gave laws, and clad himſelf in thee.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, monarch darkneſs, ſway'dſt theſe ſpacious realms alone.

But, now the moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy ſcanty lot of night:
By rebel ſubjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of ſtars depoſe their monarch ſhade.

Yet fading light its empire muſt reſign,
And nature's power ſubmit to thine:
An univerſal ruin ſhall erect thy throne,
And fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon.

TO THE LORD HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious heaven no more allow?
No more on its own darling man bestow?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
And his great Maker's image bears!
To toil beneath a wretched state,
Oppress'd with miseries and fate;
Beneath his painful burden groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
Amidst our labours, we possess
No kind allays of happiness:
No softening joys can call our own,
To make this bitter drug go down;
Whilst death an easy conquest gains,
And the insatiate grave in endless triumph reigns.
With throes and pangs into the world we come,
The curse and burden of the womb:
Nor wretched to ourselves alone,
Our mother's labours introduce our own.
In cries and tears our infancy we waste,
Those sad prophetic tears, that flow
By instinct of our future woe:
And ev'n our dawn of life with sorrows overcast.
Thus we toil out a restless age,
Each his laborious part must have,
Down from the monarch to the slave,
And o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the stage.

From our first drawing vital breath,
From our first starting from the womb,
Until we reach the destin'd tomb,
We all are posting on to the dark goal of death.
Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
No mark, no kind impression, leaves behind,
'Tis scatter'd like the winds that blow,
Boisterous as them, full as inconstant too,
That know not whence they come, nor where they go.
Here we're detain'd a while, and then
Become originals again:
Time shall a man to his first self restore,
And make him intire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, shall survive!
And yet we impudently say, we live!
No! we but ebb into ourselves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

Say, learned sage, thou that art mighty wise!
Unriddle me these mysteries:
What is the soul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?
What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life sustain?
Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itself consume;
A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguish that the whole is gone,
This boasted scene of life is done:
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathsome grave, and an eternal night.
The soul th' immortal part we boast,
In one consuming minute's lost;
To its first source it must repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air.
Whilst the fall'n body, by a swift decay,
Resolves into its native clay:
For dust and ashes are its second birth,
And that incorporates too with its great parent earth.

Nor shall our names our memories survive,
Alas, no part of man can live!
The empty blasts of fame shall die,
And even those nothings taste mortality.
In vain to future ages we transmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:
In vain we dear bought honours leave,
To make our ashes gay, and furnish out a grave.
Ah, treacherous immortality!
For thee our stock of youth we waste,
And urge on life, that ebbs too fast:
To purchase thee with blood, the valiant fly;
And, to survive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Lavish of life, they squander this estate,
And for a poor reversion wait:
Bankrupts and misers to themselves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
To hoard up endless fame, they know not where or how.

Ah, think, my friends, how swift the minutes haste!
The present day entirely is our own,
Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone:
To-morrow, fatal sound! since this may be our last.
Why do we boast of years, and sum up days!
'Tis all imaginary space:
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious fate will give.
Posterity 'll to-morrow live,
Our sons crowd on behind, our children drive us hence.
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roses down:
Beds of roses we'll prepare,
Roses that our emblems are;
A while they flourish on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
Like us they smile, are young and gay,
And, like us too, are tenants for a day,
Since with night's blasting breath they vanish swift away.

Bring cheerful wine, and costly sweets prepare;
'Tis more than frenzy now to spare:
Let cares and business wait a while;
Old age affords a thinking interval;

Or, if they muſt a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
Then gay and ſprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuſe:
That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame,
Revive our drooping ſouls, and prop this tottering frame.
That, when the grave our bodies has ingroſs'd,
When virtues ſhall forgotten lie,
With all their boaſted piety,
Honours and titles, like ourſelves, be loſt;
Then our recorded vice ſhall flouriſh on,
And our immortal riots be for ever known.
This, this, is what we ought to do,
The great deſign, the grand affair below!
Since bounteous nature's plac'd our ſteward here,
Then man his grandeur ſhould maintain,
And in exceſs of pleaſure reign,
Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

We love and hate, as reſtleſs monarchs fight,
Who boldly dare invade another's right:
Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've run,
Ignobly quit the conqueſts they have won;
Thoſe charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
Pall'd with enjoyment, make them cowards now.
Our paſſions only form our happineſs,
Hopes ſtill enlarge, as fears contract it leſs:
Hope with a gaudy proſpect feeds the eye,
Sooths every ſenſe, does with each wiſh comply;
But falſe enjoyment the kind guide deſtroys,
We loſe the paſſion in the treacherous joys.
Like the gay ſilk-worm, when it pleaſes moſt,
In that ungrateful web it ſpun, 'tis loſt.
Fruition only cloys the appetite;
More does the conqueſt, than the prize delight:
One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
Our reſtleſs wiſhes cannot be confin'd,
Like boiſterous waves, no ſettled bounds they know,
Fix'd at no point, but always ebb or flow.
Who moſt expects, enjoys the pleaſure moſt,
'Tis rais'd by wiſhes, by fruition loſt:
We're charm'd with diſtant views of happineſs,
But near approaches make the proſpect leſs.
Wiſhes, like painted landſcapes, beſt delight,
Whilſt diſtance recommends them to the ſight:
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
But ſhow their courſe and nauſeous colours near.
Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his ſtore
Increaſing ſtill, and would admit of more,
With eager arms his ſwelling bags he preſs'd;
And expectation only made him bleſs'd:
But, when a boundleſs treaſure he enjoy'd,
And every wiſh was with fruition cloy'd:
Then, damn'd to heaps, and ſurfeited with ore,
He curs'd that gold he doated on before.

THE CURSE OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH, Chap. xiii. *Paraphraſed.*

A PINDARIC ODE.

Now let the fatal banner be diſplay'd!
Upon ſome lofty mountain's top
Go ſet the dreadful ſtandard up!
And all around the hills the bloody ſignals ſpread.
For, lo, the numerous hoſts of heaven appear!
Th' embattled legions of the ſky,
With all their dread artillery,
Draw forth in bright array, and muſter in the air.
Why do the mountains tremble with the noiſe,
And vallies echo back their voice?
The hills tumultuous grow and loud,
The hills that groan beneath the gathering multitude.
Wide as the poles of heaven's extent,
So far's the dreadful ſummons ſent:
Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,
For ev'n the Lord of hoſts commands in perſon there.

Start from thy lethargy, thou drowſy land,
Awake, and hear his dread command!
Thy black tempeſtuous day comes lowering on,
O fatal light! O inauſpicious hour?
Was ever ſuch a day before!
So ſtain'd with blood, by marks of vengeance known.
Nature ſhall from her ſteady courſe remove,
The well-fix'd earth be from his baſis rent,
Convulſions ſhake the firmament;
Horror ſeize all below, confuſion reign aboye.
The ſtars of heaven ſhall ſicken at the ſight,
Nor ſhall the planets yield their light:
But from the wretched object fly,
And, like extinguiſh'd tapers, quit the darken'd ſky.
The riſing ſun, as he was conſcious too,
As he the fatal buſineſs knew,
A deep, a bloody red ſhall ſtain
And at his early dawn ſhall ſet in night again.

To the deſtroying ſword I've ſaid, go forth,
Go fully execute my wrath!
Command my hoſts, my willing armies lead;
For this rebellious land and all therein ſhall bleed.
They ſhall not grieve me more, no more tranſgreſs;
I will conſume the ſtubborn race:
Yet brutes and ſavages I juſtly ſpare;
Uſeleſs is all my vengeance there;
Ungrateful man's the greater monſter far.
On guiltleſs beaſts I will the land beſtow,
To them th' inheritance ſhall go;
Thoſe elder brothers now ſhall lord it here below;
And, if ſome poor remains eſcape behind,
Some relics left of loſt mankind;
Th' aſtoniſh'd herds ſhall in their cities cry,
When they behold a man, lo, there's a prodigy!

The Medes I call to my aſſiſtance here,
A people that delight in war;

A generous race of men, a nation free
From vicious eaſe and Perſian luxury.
Silver is deſpicable in their eyes,
Contemn'd the uſeleſs metal lies:
Their conquering iron they prefer before
The fineſt gold, ev'n Ophir's tempting ore.
By ... ſe the land ſhall be ſubdued,
Abroad their bows ſhall overcome,
Their ſwords and flames deſtroy at home;
For neither ſex nor age ſhall be exempt from blood.
The nobles and princes of thy ſtate
Shall on the victor's triumphs wait:
And thoſe that from the battle fled
Shall be, with chains oppreſs'd, in cruel bondage led.

I'll viſit their diſtreſs with plagues and miſeries,
The throes that women's labours wait,
Convulſive pangs, and bloody ſweat,
Their beauty ſhall conſume, and vital ſpirits ſeize,
The raviſh'd virgins ſhall be borne away,
And their diſhonour'd wives be led
To the inſulting victor's bed,
To brutal luſts expos'd, to fury left a prey.
Nor ſhall the teeming womb afford
Its forming births a refuge from the ſword;
The ſword, that ſhall their pangs increaſe,
And all the throes of travail curſe with barrenneſs,
The infants ſhall expire with their firſt breath,
And only live in pangs of death;
Live but with early cries to curſe the light,
And, at the dawn of life, ſet in eternal night.

Ev'n Babylon, adorn'd with every grace,
The beauty of the univerſe:
Glory of nations! the Chaldean's pride,
And joy of all th' admiring world beſide:
Thou, Babylon! before whoſe throne
The empires of the earth fall down;
The proſtrate nations homage pay,
And vaſſal princes of the world obey:
Shalt in the duſt be trampled low:
Abject and low upon the earth be laid,
And deep in ruins hide thy ignominious head.
Thy ſtrong amazing walls, whoſe impious height
The clouds conceal from human ſight;
That proudly now their poliſh'd turrets rear,
Which bright as neighbouring ſtars appear,
Diffuſing glories round th' enlighten'd air,
In flames ſhall downwards to their centre fly,
And deep within the earth, as their foundations, lie.

Thy beauteous palaces (though now thy pride!)
Shall be in heaps of aſhes hid:
In vaſt ſurpriſing heaps ſhall lie,
And ev'n their ruins bear the pomp of majeſty.
No bold inhabitant ſhall dare
Thy raz'd foundations to repair;
No pitying hand exalt thy abject ſtate;
No! to ſucceeding times thou muſt remain
An horrid exemplary ſcene,
And lie from age to age ruin'd and deſolate.
Thy fall's decreed (amazing turn of fate!)
Low as Gomorrah's wretched ſtate:
Thou, Babylon, ſhalt be like Sodom curſt,
Deſtroy'd by flames from heaven, and thy more burning luſt.

The day's at hand, when in thy fruitful ſoil
No labourer ſhall reap, no mower toil;
His tent the wandering Arab ſhall not ſpread,
Nor make thy curſed ground his bed;
Though faint with travel, though oppreſs'd with thirſt,
He to his drooping herds ſhall cry aloud,
Taſte not of that embitter'd flood,
Taſte not Euphrates' ſtreams they're poiſonous all, and curſs'd,
The ſhepherd to his wandering flocks ſhall ſay,
When o'er thy battlements they ſtray,
When in thy palaces they graze,
Ah, fly, unhappy flocks! fly this infectious place.
Whilſt the ſad traveller, that paſſes on,
Shall aſk, lo, where is Babylon?
And when he has thy ſmall remainder found,
Shall ſay, I'll fly from hence, 'tis ſure accurſed ground.

Then ſhall the ſavages and beaſts of prey
From their deſerted mountains haſte away;
Every obſcene and vulgar beaſt
Shall be to Babylon a gueſt:
Her marble roofs, and every cedar room,
Shall dens and caves of ſtate to nobler brutes become.
Thy courts of juſtice, and tribunals too,
(O irony to call them ſo!)
There, where the tyrant and oppreſſor bore
The ſpoils of innocence and blood before;
There ſhall the wolf and ſavage tiger meet,
And griping vulture ſhall appear in ſtate,
There birds of prey ſhall rule, and ravenous beaſts be great.
Thoſe uncorrupted ſhall remain,
Thoſe ſhall alone their genuine uſe retain,
There violence ſhall thrive, rapine and fraud ſhall reign.

Then ſhall the melancholy ſatyrs groan,
O'er their lamented Babylon;
And ghoſts that glide with horror by,
To view where their unbury'd bodies lie,
With doleful cries ſhall fill the air,
And with amazement ſtrike th' affrighted traveller.
There the obſcener birds of night,
Birds that in gloomy ſhades delight,
Shall ſolitude enjoy, live undiſturb'd by light.
All the ill omens of the air
Shall ſcream their loud preſages there.
But let them all their dire predictions tell,
Secure in ills, and fortify'd with woe,
Heaven ſhall in vain its future vengeance ſhow:
For thou art happily inſenſible,
Beneath the reach of miſeries fell,
Thou need'ſt no deſolation dread, no greater curſes fear.

TO MR. CONGREVE.

An Epistolary Ode, 1693 — Occasioned by the "Old Bachelor."

FAM'D wits and beauties share this common fate,
To stand compos'd to public love and hate;
In every breast they different passions raise,
At once our envy, and our praise.
For when, like you, some noble youth appears,
For wit and humour fam'd above his years;
Each emulous muse, that views the laurel won,
Must praise the worth so much transcends their own,
And, while his fame they envy, add to his renown.
But sure, like you, no youth could please,
Nor at his first attempt boast such success:
Where all mankind have fail'd, you glories won;
Triumphant are in this alone,
In this, have all the bards of old out-done.

Then may'st thou rule our stage in triumph long!
May'st thou its injur'd fame revive,
And matchless proofs of wit and humour give,
Reforming with thy scenes, and charming with thy song!
And though a curse ill-fated wit pursues,
And waits the fatal dowry of a muse;
Yet may thy rising fortunes be
Secure from all the blasts of poetry;
As thy own laurels flourishing appear,
Unsully'd still with cares, nor clogg'd with hope and fear!
As from its wants be from its vices free,
From nauseous servile flattery;
Nor to a patron prostitute thy mind,
Though like Augustus great, as fam'd Mæcenas kind.

Though great in fame! believe me, generous youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd truth,
From him that knows thy virtues, and admires their worth.
Though thou'rt above what vulgar poets fear,
Trust not th' ungrateful world too far;
Trust not the smiles of the inconstant town;
Trust not the plaudits of a theatre
(Which Durfey shall with thee and Dryden share);
Nor to a stage's interest sacrifice thy own,
Thy genius, that's for nobler things design'd,
May at loose hours oblige mankind:
Then, great as is thy fame, thy fortunes raise.
Join thriving interest to thy barren bays,
And teach the world to envy, as thou dost to praise.
The world, that does like common whores embrace,
Injurious still to those it does caress:
Injurious as the tainted breath of fame,
That blasts a poet's fortunes, while it sounds his name.

When first a muse inflames some youthful breast,
Like an unpractis'd virgin, still she's kind:
Adorn'd with graces then, and beauties blest,
She charms the ear with fame, with raptures fills the mind.
Then from all cares the happy youth is free,
But those of love and poetry:
Cares, still allay'd with pleasing charms,
That crown the head with bays, with beauty fill the arms.
But all a woman's frailties soon she shows,
Too soon a stale domestic creature grows:
Then, wedded to a muse that's nauseous grown
We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the pleasure's gone.
For, tempted with imaginary bays;
Fed with immortal hopes and empty praise,
He fame pursues, that fair and treacherous bait,
Grows wise when he's undone, repents when 'tis too late.

Small are the trophies of his boasted bays,
The great man's promise for his flattering toil,
Fame in reversion, and the public smile,
All vainer than his hopes, uncertain as his praise.
'Twas thus in mournful numbers heretofore,
Neglected Spenser did his fate deplore:
Long did his injur'd muse complain,
Admir'd in midst of wants, and charming still in vain.
Long did the generous Cowley mourn,
And long oblig'd the age without return.
Deny'd what every wretch obtains of fate,
An humble roof and an obscure retreat,
Condemn'd to needy fame, and to be miserably great.
Thus did the world thy great fore fathers use;
Thus all th' inspir'd bards before
Did their hereditary ills deplore;
From tuneful Chaucer's down to thy own Dryden's muse.

Yet, pleas'd with gaudy ruin, youth will on,
As proud by public fame to be undone;
Pleas'd, though he does the worst of labour choose, [muse,
To serve a barbarous age, and an ungrateful
Since Dryden's self, to wit's great empire born,
Whose genius and exalted name
Triumph with all the spoils of wit and fame,
Must, 'midst the loud applause, his barren laurels mourn. [mires,
Ev'n that fam'd man, whom all the world ad-
Whom every grace adorns, and muse inspires,
Like the great injur'd Tasso, shows
Triumphant in the midst of woes;
In all his wants, majestic still appears,
Charming the age to which he owes his cares,
And cherishing that muse whose fatal curse he bears.

THE INSECT.

AGAINST BULK.

"Inest sua gratia parvis."

WHERE greatness is to nature's works deny'd,
In worth and beauty it is well supply'd:

In a small space the more perfection's shown,
And what is exquisite in little's done.
Thus beams, contracted in a narrow glass,
To flames convert their larger useless rays.
'Tis nature's smallest products please the eye,
Whilst gr[illegible]s pass unregarded by;
Her monsters seem a violence to sight:
They're form'd for terror, insects to delight.
Thus, when she nicely frames a piece of art,
Fine are her strokes, and small in every part;
No labour can the boast more wonderful
Than to inform an atom with a soul;
To animate her little beauteous fly,
And clothe it in her gaudiest drapery.
Thus does the little epigram delight,
And charm us with its miniature of wit;
Whilst tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in less volumes we more pleasure find,
And what diverts, still best informs the mind.
'Tis the small insect looks correct and fair,
And seems the product of her nicest care.
When, weary'd out with the stupendous weight
Of forming prodigies and brutes of state;
Then she the insect frames, her master-piece,
Made for diversion, and design'd to please.
Thus Archimedes, in his crystal sphere,
Seem'd to correct the world's Artificer:
Whilst the large globe moves round with long delay,
His beauteous orbs in nimbler circles play:
This seem'd the nobler labour of the two,
Great was the sphere above, but fine below.
Thus smallest things have a peculiar grace,
The great w' admire, but 'tis the little please;
Then, since the least so beautifully show,
B' advis'd in time, my muse, and learn to know
A poet's lines should be correct and few.

TO HIS FRIEND

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN,

In Love with a Lady he had taken from an Algerine Prize at Sea.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE BOOK ii. OD. iv.

'Tis no disgrace, brave youth, to own
By a fair slave you are undone:
Why dost thou blush to hear that name,
And stifle thus a generous flame?
Did not the fair Briseis heretofore
With powerful charms subdue?
What though a captive, still she bore,
Those eyes that freedom could restore,
And make her haughty lord, the proud Achilles, bow.

Stern Ajax, though renown'd in arms,
Did yield to bright Tecmessa's charms:
And all the laurels he had won
As trophies at her feet were thrown.
When, beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning fair,
The hero felt her power:
Though great in camps, and fierce in war,
Her softer looks he could not bear,
Proud to become her slave, though late her conqueror.

When beauty in distress appears,
An irresistless charm it bears:
In every breast does pity move,
Pity, the tenderest part of love.
Amidst his triumphs great Atrides sued,
Unto a weeping maid:
Though Troy was by his arms subdued,
And Greece the bloody trophies view'd,
Yet at a captive's feet th' imploring victor laid.

Think not thy charming maid can be
Of a base stock, and mean degree;
Her shape, her air, her every grace,
A more than vulgar birth confess:
Yes, yes, my friend, with royal blood she's great,
Sprung from some monarch's bed;
Now mourns her family's hard fate,
Her mighty fall and abject state,
And her illustrious race conceals with noble pride.

Ah, think not an ignoble house
Could such a heroine produce;
Nor think such generous sprightly blood
Could flow from the corrupted crowd;
But view her courage, her undaunted mind,
And soul with virtues crown'd;
Where dazzling interest cannot blind,
Nor youth nor gold admittance find,
But still her honour's fix'd, and virtue keeps its ground.

View well her great majestic air,
And modest looks divinely fair;
Too bright for fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy noblest love.
But yet suspect not thy officious friend,
All jealous thoughts remove;
Though I with youthful heat commend,
For thee I all my wishes send,
And if she makes thee blest, 'tis all I ask of love!

TO MR. WATSON,

On his Ephemeris of the Celestial Motions, presented to Her Majesty.

ART, when in full perfection, is design'd
To please the eye, or to inform the mind:
This nobler piece performs the double part,
With graceful beauty and instructive art.
Since the great Archimedes' sphere was lost,
The noblest labour finish'd it could boast;
No generous hand durst that fam'd model trace,
Which Greece admir'd, and Rome could only praise.
This you, with greater lustre, have restor'd,
And taught those arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full perfection here you've shown,
And what mankind despair'd to reach, have done

In artful frames your heavenly bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous orbs above;
And ſtars, depriv'd of all malignant flames,
Here court the eye with more auſpicious beams:
In graceful order the juſt planets riſe,
And here complete their circles in the ſkies;
Here's the full concert of revolving ſpheres,
And heaven in bright epitome appears.
With charms the ancients did invade the moon,
And from her orb compell'd her ſtruggling down;
But here ſhe's taught a nobler change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright ſphere below:
While your celeſtial bodies thus I view,
They give me bright ideas of the true;
Inſpir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,
And viſit regions of the bleſt above.
Thus from your hand w' admire the globe in ſmall,
A copy fair as its original:
This labour's to the whole creation juſt,
Second to none, and rival to the firſt.
The artful ſpring, like the diffuſive ſoul,
Informs the machine, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's ſelf, it fills the ſpacious throne,
And uncoffin'd ſways the fair orbs alone;
Th' unactive parts with awful ſilence wait,
And from its nod their birth of motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the powerful call,
Move to its ſound, and into meaſures fall.

THE RAPE OF THEUTILLA.

Imitated from the Latin of Famianus Strada.

THE INTRODUCTORY ARGUMENT.

Theutilla, a fair young virgin, who, to avoid the addreſſes of thoſe many admirers her beauty drew about her, aſſumed the habit of a religious order, and wholly withdrew herſelf from the eye and converſe of the world: but the common report of her beauty had ſo inflamed Amalis (a young perſon of quality) with love, that one night, in a debauch of wine, he commands his ſervants to force her dormitory, and bear off, though by violence, the lovely votareſs; which having ſucceſsfully performed, they bring Theutilla to their expecting lord's apartment, the ſcene of the enſuing poem.

Soon as the tyrant her bright form ſurvey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair captive maid:
A graceful ſorrow in her looks ſhe bears,
Lovely with grief, and beautiful in tears;
Her mien and air reſiſtleſs charms impart,
Forcing an eaſy paſſage to his heart:
Long he devours her beauties with his eyes,
While through his glowing veins th' infection flies;
Swifter than lightning to his breaſt it came,
Like that, a fair, but a deſtructive flame.
Yet ſhe, though in her young and blooming ſtate,
Poſſeſt a ſoul, beyond a virgin's, great;
No charms of youth her colder boſom move,
Chaſte were her thoughts, and moſt averſe to love:
And as ſome timorous hind in toils betray'd,
Thus in his arms ſtrove the reſiſting maid;
Thus did ſhe combat with his ſtrict embrace,
And ſpurn'd the guilty cauſe of her diſgrace.
Revenge ſhe courted, but deſpair'd to find
A ſtrength and vigour equal to her mind;
While checks of ſhame her willing hands reſtrain,
Since all a virgin's force is her diſdain:
Yet her reſolves are nobly fix'd to die
Rather than violate her chaſtity,
Than break her vows to heaven, than blot her fame,
Or ſoil her beauties with a luſtful flame.
The night from its meridian did decline,
An hour propitious to the black deſign:
When ſleep and reſt their peaceful laws maintain,
And o'er the globe b' infectious ſilence reign;
While death-like ſlumbers every boſom ſeize,
Unbend our minds, and weary'd bodies eaſe:
Now fond Amalis finds his drooping breaſt
Heavy with wine, with amorous cares oppreſt;
Not all the joys expecting lovers feel
Can from his breaſt the drowſy charm repel;
In vain from wine his paſſion ſeeks redreſs,
Whoſe treacherous force the flame it rais'd betrays;
Weak and unnerv'd his uſeleſs limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-ſupported frame;
Vanquiſh'd by that repoſe from which he flies,
Now ſlumbers cloſe his unconſenting eyes.
But ſad Theutilla's cares admit no reſt,
Repoſe is baniſh'd from her mournful breaſt;
A faithful guard does injur'd virtue keep,
And from her weary limbs repulſes ſleep.
Oft ſhe reflects with horror on the rape,
Oft tries each avenue for her eſcape;
Though ſtill repulſe upon repulſe ſhe bears,
And finds no paſſage but for ſighs and tears:
Then, with the wildneſs of her ſoul let looſe,
And all the fury that her wrongs infuſe:
She weeps, ſhe raves, ſhe rends her flowing hair,
Wild in her grief, and raging with deſpair,
At length her reſtleſs thoughts an utterance find,
And vent the anguiſh of her labouring mind:
Whilſt all diſſolv'd in calmer tears ſhe ſaid,
" Shall I again be to his arms betray'd!
" Again the toil of loath'd embraces bear,
" And for ſome blacker ſcene of luſt prepare!
" Firſt may his bed my guiltleſs grave become,
" His marble roof my unpolluted tomb;
" Then, juſt to honour, and unſtain'd in fame,
" The urn that hides my duſt conceals my ſhame.
" Heaven gave me virtue, woman's frail defence,
" And beauty to moleſt that innocence:
" In vain I call my virtue to my aid,
" When thus by treacherous beauty I'm betray'd.
" Yet to this hour my breaſt no crime has known,
" But, coldly chaſte, with virgin brightneſs ſhone,
" As now unſully'd by a winter's ſun.
" Not arts, nor ruder force of men prevail'd,
" My tears found pity, when my language fail'd.
" Oft have theſe violated locks been torn,
" And injur'd face their ſavage fury borne;
" Oft have my bloody robes their crimes confeſt,
" And pointed daggers glitter'd at my breaſt;

" Yet, free from guilt, I found ſome happier charm
" To vanquiſh luſt; and wildeſt rage diſarm.
" But ah! the greateſt labour's yet behind;
" No tears can ſoften this obdurate mind;
" No prayers inexorable pity move,
" Or guard me from the worſt of ruins, love:
" Though fleep and wine allow this kind reprieve,
" Yet to the youth they'll ſtrength and fury give;
" Then, wretched maid! then think what artifice,
" What charm, ſhall reſcue from his nerv'd em-
" brace!
" When with ſupplies of vigour next he ſtorms,
" And every dictate of his luſt performs.
" But you, bleſt power, that own a virgin's
" name,
" Protect my virtue, and defend my fame,
" From powerful luſt, and the reproach of
" ſhame;
" If I a ſtrict religious life have led,
" Drunk the cold ſtream, and made the earth my
" bed!
" If from the world a chaſte recluſe I live,
" Redreſs my wrongs, and generous ſuccour give;
" Allay this raging tempeſt of my mind,
" A virgin ſhould be to a virgin kind:
" Proſtrate with tears from you I beg defence,
" Or take my life, or guard my innocence."
While thus the afflicted beauty pray'd, ſhe ſpy'd
A fatal dagger by Amalis' ſide?
" This weapon's mine!" ſhe cries, " then graſp'd
" it faſt)
" And now the luſtful tyrant ſleeps his laſt."
With eager hand the pointed ſteel ſhe draws,
Ev'n murder pleaſes in ſo juſt a cauſe;
Nor fears, nor dangers, now reſiſtance make,
Since honour, life, and dearer fame, 's at ſtake.
Yet in her breaſt does kind compaſſion plead,
And fills her ſoul with horror of the deed;
Her ſex's tenderneſs reſumes its place,
And ſpreads in conſcious bluſhes o'er her face.
Now, ſtung with the remorſe of guilt, ſhe cries,
" Ah, frantic girl, what wild attempt is this!
" Think, think, Theutilla, on the murderer's
" doom,
" And tremble at a puniſhment to come:
" Stain not thy virgin hands with guilty blood,
" And dread to be ſo criminally good.
" Lay both thy courage and thy weapon down,
" Nor fly to aids a maid muſt bluſh to own;
" Nor arms, nor valour, with thy ſex agree,
" They wound thy fame, and taint thy modeſty."
Thus different paſſions combat in her mind,
Oft ſhe's to pity, oft to rage inclin'd:
Now from her hand the hated weapon's caſt,
Then ſeiz'd again with more impetuous haſte:
Unfix'd her wiſhes, her reſolves are vain,
What ſhe attempts, ſhe ſtraight rejects again;
Her looks, the emblems of her thoughts, appear
Vary'd with rage, with pity, and deſpair:
Alone her fears incline to no extreme,
Equally pois'd betwixt revenge and ſhame.
At length, with more prevailing rage poſſeſt,
Her jealous honour ſteels her daring breaſt:
The thoughts of injur'd fame new courage gave,
And nicer virtue now confirms her brave.
Then the fam'd Judith her whole mind employs,
Urges her hand, and ſooths the fatal choice:
This great example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
With wild diſorder to the youth ſhe flies;
One hand ſhe wreaths within his flowing hair,
The other does the ready weapon bear:
" Now guide me (cries) fair Hebrew, now look down,
" And pity labours thou haſt undergone.
" Direct the hand that takes thy path to fame,
" And be propitious to a virgin's name,
" Whoſe glory's but a refuge from her ſhame!"
Thus rais'd by hopes, and arm'd with courage now,
She with undaunted looks directs the blow:
Deep in his breaſt the ſpacious wound ſhe made,
And to his heart diſpatch'd th' unerring blade.
When their expiring lord the ſervants heard,
Whoſe dying groans the fatal act declar'd,
Like a fierce torrent, with no bounds they're ſtay'd,
But vent their rage on the defenceleſs maid:
Not virtue, youth, nor beauty in diſtreſs,
Can move their ſavage breaſts to tenderneſs:
But death with horrid torments they prepare,
And to her fate th' undaunted virgin bear.
Tortures and death ſeem lovely in her eyes,
Since ſhe to honour falls a ſacrifice:
Amidſt her ſufferings, ſtill her mind is great,
And, free from guilt, ſhe triumphs o'er her fate.
But heaven, that's ſuffering virtue's ſure reward
Exerts its power, and is itſelf her guard:
Amalis, conſcious of his black offence,
Now feels remorſe for her wrong'd innocence;
Though now he's ſtruggling in the pangs of death,
And all life's purple ſtream is ebbing forth:
Yet, raiſing up his pale and drooping head,
He recollects his ſpirits as they fled,
And, with his laſt remains of voice, he ſaid,
" Spare the chaſte maid, your impious hands re-
" ſtrain,
" Nor beauty with ſuch inſolence prophane:
" Learn by my fate wrong'd innocence to ſpare,
" Since injur'd virtue's heaven's peculiar care."
But you, brave virgin, now ſhall ſtand enrol'd
Amongſt the nobleſt heroines of old:
Thy fam'd attempt, and celebrated hand,
Shall laſting trophies of thy glory ſtand;
And, if my verſe the juſt reward can give,
Theutilla's name ſhall to new ages live.
For to thy ſex thou haſt new honours won,
And France now boaſts a Judith of its own.

AN ODE

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

BEGIN, and ſtrike th' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud inſtruments prepare
To raiſe our ſouls, and charm the ear,
With joys which muſic only can inſpire:
Hark how the willing ſtrings obey!
To conſecrate this happy day,
Sacred to muſic, love, and bleſt Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We'll celebrate the virgin's praiſe;

Her ſkilful hand firſt taught our ſtrings to move,
To her this ſacred art we owe,
Who firſt anticipated heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that ſhe now ſings above.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleaſing raptures bear,
And, with diffuſive joys, run thrilling through our veins.
The liſtening ſoul does ſympathize,
And with each vary'd note complies:
While gay and ſprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleaſing ecſtaſies, its flight.
With mournful ſounds, a ſadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a looſe to tears.

Muſic's the language of the bleſt above,
No voice but muſic's can expreſs
The joys that happy ſouls poſſeſs,
Nor in juſt raptures tell the wondrous power of love.
'Tis nature's dialect, deſign'd
To charm, and to inſtruct the mind;
Muſic's an univerſal good!
That does diſpenſe its joys around,
In all the elegance of ſound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels underſtood.

Let every reſtleſs paſſion ceaſe to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For muſic's unity and love.
Muſic's the ſoft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The ſureſt refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breaſt, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet ſtruck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd:
His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compoſe his mind.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A ſolemn jubilee:
For ever ſacred let it be,
To ſkilful Jubal's, and Cecila's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who firſt the hidden charms of muſic found;
And through their airy paths did trace
The ſecret ſprings of ſound.
When from his hollow chorded ſhell
The ſoft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd, [bey'd.
While the harmonious ſtrings his ſkilful hand o-

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
When to the organ ſhe her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praiſe;
Then choirs of liſtening angels ſtood around,
Admir'd her art, and bleſt the heavenly ſound.
Her praiſe alone no tongue can reach,
But in the ſtrains herſelf did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For muſic's her reward and care,
Above ſh' enjoys it, and protects it here.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay:
To her theſe lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our ſtrings, and ſtill inſpires our ſong.

THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

To a Lady aſking if her Sex was as ſenſible of that Paſſion as Man.

AN ALLUSION TO

"O! quam cruentus Fœminas ſtimulat Dolor!"
SENECA, Hercules Oetæus.

What raging thoughts tranſport the woman's breaſt,
That is with love and jealouſy poſſeſt!
More with revenge, than ſoft deſires ſhe burns,
Whoſe ſlighted paſſion meets no kind returns;
That courts the youth with long neglected charms,
And finds her rival happy in his arms!
Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis ſafer to engage,
And truſt a ſtorm, than her deſtructive rage:
Not waves, contending with a boiſterous wind,
Threaten ſo loud, as her tempeſtuous mind:
For ſeas grow calm, and raging ſtorms abate,
But moſt implacable's a woman's hate:
Tigers and ſavages leſs wild appear,
Than that fond wretch abandon'd to deſpair.
Such were the tranſports Dejanira felt,
Stung with a rival's charms, and huſband's guilt:
With ſuch deſpair ſhe view'd the captive maid,
Whoſe fatal love her Hercules betray'd;
Th' unchaſte lōle, but divinely fair!
In love triumphant, though a ſlave in war;
By nature lewd, and form'd for ſoft delight,
Gay as the ſpring, and fair as beams of light;
Whoſe blooming youth would wildeſt rage diſarm,
And every eye, but a fierce rival's charm.
Fix'd with her grief the royal matron ſtood,
When the fair captive in his arms ſhe view'd;
With what regret her beauties ſhe ſurvey'd,
And curſt the power of the too lovely maid,
That reap'd the joys of her abandon'd bed!
Her furious looks with wild diſorder glow,
Looks that her envy and reſentment ſhow!
To blaſt that fair deteſted form ſhe tries,
And lightning darts from her diſtorted eyes.
Then o'er the palace of falſe Hercules,
With clamour and impetuous rage ſhe flies;
Late a dear witneſs of their mutual flame,
But now th' unhappy object of her ſhame;
Whoſe conſcious roof can yield her no relief,
But with polluted joys upbraids her grief.
Nor can the ſpacious court contain her now;
It grows a ſcene too narrow for her woe.
Looſe and undreſt all day ſhe ſtrays alone,
Does her abode and lov'd companions ſhun.
In woods complains, and ſighs in every grove,
The mournful tale of her forſaken love.

Her thoughts to all th' extremes of frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot eaſe her miſery:
Whilſt in her looks the lively forms appear,
Of envy, fondneſs, fury, and deſpair.
Her rage no conſtant face of ſorrow wears,
Oft ſcornful ſmiles ſucceed loud ſighs and tears;
Oft o'er her face the riſing bluſhes ſpread,
Her glowing eye-balls turn with fury red:
Then pale and wan her alter'd looks appear,
Paler than guilt, and drooping with deſpair.
A tide of paſſions ebb and flow within,
And oft ſhe ſhifts the melancholy ſcene:
Does all th' excels of woman's fury ſhow,
And yields a large variety of woe.
Now calm as infants at the mother's breaſt,
Her grief in ſofteſt murmurs is expreſt:
She ſpeaks the tendereſt things that pity move,
Kind are her looks, and languiſhing with love.
Then loud as ſtorms, and raging as the wind,
She gives a looſe to her diſtemper'd mind:
With ſhrieks and groans ſhe fills the air around,
And makes the palace her loud griefs reſound.
Wild with her wrongs, ſhe like a fury ſtrays,
A fury, more than wife of Hercules:
Her motion, looks, and voice, proclaim her woes;
While ſighs, and broken words, her wilder thoughts diſcloſe.

TO HIS PERJURED MISTRESS.

"Nox erat, et cœlo fulgebat luna ſereno," &c.

It was one evening, when the riſing moon
Amidſt her train of ſtars diſtinctly ſhone;
Serene and calm was the inviting night,
And heaven appear'd in all its luſtre bright;
When you, Neæra, you, my perjur'd fair,
Did, to abuſe the gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you ſwore—remember, faithleſs maid,
With what endearing arts you then betray'd:
Remember all the tender things that paſt,
When round my neck your willing arms were caſt.
The circling ivys, when the oaks they join,
Seem looſe, and coy, to thoſe fond arms of thine.
Believe, you cry'd, this ſolemn vow believe,
The nobleſt pledge that love and I can give;
Or, if there's ought more ſacred here below,
Let that confirm my oath to heaven and you:
If e'er my breaſt a guilty flame receives,
Or covets joys but what thy preſence gives;
May every injur'd power aſſert thy cauſe,
And love avenge his violated laws:
While cruel beaſts of prey infeſt the plain,
And tempeſts rage upon the faithleſs main;
While ſighs and tears ſhall liſtening virgins move;
So long, ye powers, will fond Neæra love.
Ah, faithleſs charmer, lovely perjur'd maid!
Are thus my vows and generous flame repaid?
Repeated ſlights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and ſtill been wrong'd the more.
Why do I liſten to that ſyren's voice,
Love ev'n thy crimes, and fly to guilty joys?
Thy fatal eyes my beſt reſolves betray,
My fury melts in ſoft deſires away:
Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I'm again undone.
But if my injur'd ſoul dares yet be brave,
Unleſs I'm fond of ſhame, confirm'd a ſlave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I'll loath each proſtituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace;
But ſhow, with manly rage, my ſoul's above
The cold returns of thy exhauſted love.
Then thou ſhalt juſtly mourn at my diſdain,
Find all thy arts and all thy charms in vain;
Shalt mourn, whilſt I, with nobler flames, purſue
Some nymph as fair, though not unjuſt, as you;
Whoſe wit and beauty ſhall like thine excel,
But far ſurpaſs in truth, and loving well.
But wretched thou, whoe'er my rival are,
That fondly boaſts an empire o'er her heart;
Thou that enjoy'ſt the fair inconſtant prize,
And vainly triumph'ſt with my victories;
Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
Enjoy thy ruin, and Neæra's love:
Though wealth and honours grace thy noble birth,
To bribe her love, and fix a wandering faith;
Though every grace and every virtue join,
T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine;
Yet bleſt, with endleſs charms, too ſoon you'll prove
The treacheries of falſe Neæra's love.
Loſt and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair,
Like me you'll love, be injur'd and deſpair.
When left th' unhappy object of her ſcorn,
Then ſhall I ſmile to ſee the victor mourn,
Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ," &c.

The man that's uncorrupt, and free from guilt,
That the remorſe of ſecret crimes ne'er felt,
Whoſe breaſt was ne'er debauch'd with ſin,
But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
In his integrity ſecure,
He fears no danger, dreads no power;
Uſeleſs are arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

Secure the happy innocent may rove,
The care of every power above;
Although unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous Liby's ſands, and faithleſs ſhores
Though o'er th' inhoſpitable brows
Of ſavage Caucaſus he goes;
Through Afric's flames, through Scythia's ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes, fam'd for monſters, flows.

For as, within an unfrequented grove,
I tun'd my willing lyre to love,
With pleaſing amorous thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my bounds inſenſibly I ſtray'd;
A wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceleſs prey!

When I invok'd Maria's aid,
Although unarm'd, the trembling monſter fled.

Not Daunia's teeming ſands, nor barbarous ſhore,
E'er ſuch a dreadful native bore,
Nor Afric's nurſing caves brought forth
So fierce a beaſt, of ſuch amazing growth:
Yet vain did all his fury prove
Againſt a breaſt that's arm'd with love;
Though abſent, fair Maria's name
Subdues the fierce, and makes the ſavage tame.

Commit me now to that abandon'd place
Where cheerful light withdraws its rays;
No beams on barren nature ſmile,
Nor fruitful winds refreſh th' intemperate ſoil;
But tempeſts, with eternal froſts,
Still rage around the gloomy coaſt:
Whilſt angry Jove infeſts the air,
And, black with clouds, deforms the ſullen year.

Or place me now beneath the torrid zone,
To live a borderer on the ſun:
Send me to ſcorching ſands, whoſe heat
Guards the deſtructive ſoil from human feet:
Yet there I'll ſing Maria's name,
And ſport, uninjur'd, 'midſt the flame:
Maria's name! that will create, ev'n there,
A milder climate, and more temperate air!

PATROCLUS'S REQUEST TO ACHILLES FOR HIS ARMS.

Imitated from the beginning of the Sixteenth Iliad of Homer.

Divine Achilles, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus to Patroclus ſpake, his beſt belov'd.
Why like a tender girl doſt thou complain!
That ſtrives to reach the mother's breaſt in vain;
Mourns by her ſide, her knees embraces faſt,
Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haſte;
Yet, when with fondneſs to her arms ſhe's rais'd,
Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd!
Thus my Patroclus in his grief appears,
Thus like a froward girl profuſe of tears.
From Phthia doſt thou mournful tidings hear,
And to thy friend ſome fatal meſſage bear?
Thy valiant father (if we fame believe)
The good Menætius, he is yet alive:
And Peleus, though in his declining days,
Reigns o'er his Myrmidons in health and peace;
Yet, as their lateſt obſequies we paid,
Thou mourn'ſt them living, as already dead.
Or thus with tears the Grecian hoſt deplore,
That with their navy periſh on the ſhore;
And with compaſſion their misfortunes view,
The juſt reward to guilt and falſehood due?
Impartial heaven avenges thus my wrong,
Nor ſuffers crimes to go unpuniſh'd long.
Reveal the cauſe ſo much afflicts thy mind,
Nor thus conceal thy ſorrows from thy friend.
When, gently raiſing up his drooping head,
Thus, with a ſigh, the ſad Patroclus ſaid.
Godlike Achilles, Peleus' valiant ſon
Of all our chiefs, the greateſt in renown;
Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their woes,
Nor triumph now the Greeks ſuſtain ſuch loſs;
To pity let thy generous breaſt incline,
And ſhow thy mind is like thy birth divine.
For all the valiant leaders of their hoſt,
Or wounded lie, or are in battle loſt.
Ulyſſes great in arms, and Diomede,
Languiſh with wounds, and in the navy bleed:
This common fate great Agamemnon ſhares,
And ſtern Eurypylus, renown'd in wars.
Whilſt powerful drugs th' experienc'd artiſts try
And to their wounds apt remedies apply:
Eaſing th' afflicted heroes with their ſkill,
Thy breaſt alone remains implacable!
What, will thy fury thus for ever laſt!
Let preſent woes atone for injuries paſt:
How can thy ſoul retain ſuch laſting hate!
Thy virtues are as uſeleſs as they're great.
What injur'd friend from thee ſhall hope redreſs,
That will not aid the Greeks in ſuch diſtreſs?
Uſeleſs is all the valour that you boaſt,
Deform'd with rage, with ſullen fury loſt.
Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
Or be the offspring of fair Thetis' womb!
Thee raging ſeas, thee boiſterous waves brought forth,
And to obdurate rocks thou ow'ſt thy birth!
Thy ſtubborn nature ſtill retains their kind,
So hard thy heart, ſo ſavage is thy mind.
But, if thy boding breaſt admits of fear,
Or dreads what ſacred oracles declare!
What awful Thetis in the courts above
Receiv'd from the unerring mouth of Jove!
If ſo—let me the threatening dangers face,
And head the warlike ſquadrons in thy place:
Whilſt me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,
We yet may turn the fortune of the day.
Let me in thy diſtinguiſh'd arms appear,
With all thy dreadful equipage of war;
That when the Trojans our approaches view,
Deceiv'd, they ſhall retreat, and think 'tis you.
Thus, from the rage of an inſulting hoſt,
We may retrieve that fame the Greeks have loſt;
Vigorous and freſh, th' unequal fight renew,
And from our navy force the drooping foe;
O'er haraſs'd men an eaſy conqueſt gain,
And drive the Trojans to their walls again.

ON THE REPRINTING MILTON'S PROSE WORKS,

With his Poems. Written in his Paradiſe Loſt.

These ſacred lines with wonder we peruſe,
And praiſe the flights of a ſeraphic muſe,
Till thy ſeditious proſe provokes our rage,
And foils the beauties of thy brighteſt page.
Thus here we ſee tranſporting ſcenes ariſe,
Heaven's radiant hoſt, and opening paradiſe;
Then trembling view the dread abyſs beneath,
Hell's horrid manſions, and the realms of death.
Whilſt here thy bold majeſtic numbers riſe,
And range th' embattled legions of the ſkies,
With armies fill the azure plains of light,
And paint the lively terrors of the fight,

We own the poet worthy to rehearſe
Heaven's laſting triumphs in immortal verſe:
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Inſults the beſt of princes, beſt of men,
Our admiration turns to juſt diſdain,
And we revoke the fond applauſe again.
Like the fall'n angels in their happy ſtate,
Thou ſhar'dſt their nature, inſolence, and fate:
To harps divine, immortal hymns they ſung,
As ſweet thy voice, as ſweet thy lyre was ſtrung.
As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
So thou profan'ſt his image here below.
Apoſtate bard! may not thy guilty ghoſt,
Diſcover to its own eternal coſt,
That as they heaven, thou paradiſe haſt loſt!

TO

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

ON THE MINES, LATE OF SIR CARBERY PRICE.

What ſpacious veins enrich the Britiſh ſoil;
The various ores, and ſkilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming nature forms the wondrous birth;
My uſeful verſe, the firſt, tranſmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.
O generous Mackworth! could the muſe impart
A labour worthy thy auſpicious art;
Like thee ſucceed in paths untrod before,
And ſecret treaſures of the land explore;
Apollo's ſelf ſhould on the labour ſmile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful iſle.
Where fair Sabrina flows around the coaſt,
And aged Dovey in the ocean's loſt,
Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears:
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature ſhow,
To guard the treaſures ſhe conceals below.
For earth, diſtorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room:
Hence vaſt excreſcences of hills ariſe,
And mountains ſwell to a portentous ſize.
Louring and black the rugged coaſt appears,
The ſullen earth a gloomy ſurface wears;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, ſhines
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring nature her defects ſupplies,
Indulgent oft to what her ſons deſpiſe:
Oft in a rude, unfiniſh'd form, we find
The nobleſt treaſure of a generous mind.
Thrice happy land! from whoſe indulgent womb,
Such unexhauſted ſtores of riches come!
By heaven belov'd! form'd by auſpicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
Its golden ſands no more ſhall Tagus boaſt,
In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire's loſt;
Whoſe waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current ſhows,
Diſperſing bleſſings whereſoe'er it flows;
Whoſe native treaſure's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.

The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
Averſe to luxury and ſlothful eaſe;
Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
With minds reſolv'd they laſting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wiſely does nature ſuch an offspring chooſe,
Brave to defend her wealth, and ſlow to uſe.
Where thirſt of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
But, low in mines, they conſtant toils renew,
And through the earth their branching veins purſue.
As when ſome navy on th' Iberian coaſt,
Chas'd by the winds, is in the ocean loſt;
To Neptune's realms a new ſupply it brings,
The ſtrength deſign'd of European kings:
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make repriſals on the graſping main:
Wild in purſuit they are endanger'd more,
Than when they combated the ſtorms before.
The miner thus through perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the ſea;
Drawing, in peſtilential ſteams, his breath,
Reſolv'd to conquer, though he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed ſteel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal ſhades:
He cuts through mountains, ſubterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous ſtroke he takes
Looſens the earth, and the whole cavern ſhakes.
Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops ſtand,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;
The ponderous hammer with a force deſcends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And as he ſtrikes, with each reſiſtleſs blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.
Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, moſt adorn
The miner's art, and make the beſt return:
Thy ſpeedy ſails, and uſeful engines, ſhow
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thouſands of ſlaves unſkill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labour ſtill exhauſt the gains:
The winds, thy ſlaves, their uſeful ſuccour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine;
Inſtructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquiſh realms, where once they lay confin'd.
Downward, my muſe, direct thy ſteepy flight,
Where ſmiling ſhades and beauteous realms invite;
I firſt of Britiſh bards invoke thee down,
And firſt with wealth thy graceful temples crown.
Through dark retreats purſue the winding ore,
Search nature's depths, and view her boundleſs ſtore;
The ſecret cauſe in tuneful meaſures ſing,
How metals firſt are fram'd, and whence they ſpring.
Whether the active ſun, with chemic flames,
Through porous earth tranſmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring ſhines with its paternal light:
On Britain's iſle propitiouſly he ſhines,
With joy deſcends, and labours in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by ſubterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid ſtreams;
Purg'd from their droſs, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with freſh beauties ſhine

Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to ſolid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preſerve their beauty, and return the ſame;
Both art and force the well-wrought maſs diſdains,
And 'midſt the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation firſt they ſprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the baſis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation's laid:
All ſecond cauſes they diſdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's fiat ſprung alone.
Nature in ſpecious beds preſerves her ſtore,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore;
The ſpreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins:
Thus, from its watery ſtore, a ſpring ſupplies
The leſſer ſtreams that round its fountain riſe;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents ſtray.
Methinks I ſee the rounded metal ſpread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head:
About the globe th' admired coin ſhall run,
And make the circle of its parent ſun.
How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, bleſt!
Enrich'd with more than all the diſtant weſt!
Thy ſons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithleſs main,
Traffic no more abroad for foreign ſpoil,
Supplied with richer from their native ſoil.
To Dovey's flood ſhall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the Britiſh bullion home.
To pay their tributes to its bounteous ſhore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her abſent fleet Potoſi's race ſhall mourn,
And wiſh in vain to ſee our ſails return;
Like miſers heaping up their uſeleſs ſtore,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidſt their riches poor.
Where-e'er the Britiſh banners are diſplay'd,
The ſupliant nations ſhall implore our aid:
Till, thus compell'd, the greater worlds confeſs
Themſelves oblig'd, and ſuccour'd by the leſs.
How Cambria's mines were to her offſpring known,
Thus ſacred verſe tranſmits the ſtory down:
Merlin, a bard of the inſpired train,
With myſtic numbers charm'd the Britiſh plain;
Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful nine,
His ſong was ſacred, and his art divine:
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he ſtood,
His wondrous verſe reſtrain'd the liſtening flood;
The ſtream's bright goddeſs rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful ſhepherd led.
Her ſwift-deſcending ſteps the youth purſues,
And rich in ore the ſpacious mountain views.
In beds diſtinct the well rang'd metals lay,
Diſperſing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The ſilver, ſhedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aking ſight;
Like riſing flames the ruddy copper ſhow'd,
And ſpread its bluſhes o'er the dark abode:
Profuſe of rays, and with unrival'd beams,
The liquid ſilver flow'd in reſtleſs ſtreams:
Nor India's ſparkling gems are half ſo bright,
Nor waves above, that ſhine with heavenly light;
When thus the goddeſs ſpake? Harmonious youth
Rever'd for numbers fraught with ſacred truth!
Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd theſe treaſures lie in nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero ſhall aſcend the Britiſh throne,
Whoſe numerous triumphs ſhall Auguſta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his ſway a generous youth ſhall riſe,
With virtues bleſt, in happy councils wiſe;
Rich with the ſpoils of learning's various ſtore,
Commanding arts, yet ſtill acquiring more.
He, with ſucceſs, ſhall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod;
The ſmiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.
O youth reſerv'd by more auſpicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the ſtate!
By wars impoveriſh'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor:
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds ſupplies;
Thou ſhalt a nation's preſſing wants relieve,
Not war can laviſh more than thou canſt give.
This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The muſe's darling, and the boaſt of fame;
No greater virtues on record ſhall ſtand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the land.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

BOOK II.

Now Io Pæan ſing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my ſucceſsful toils,
My artful nets encloſe the lovely ſpoils:
My numbers now, ye ſmiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathleſs in renown:
With laſting fame my verſe ſhall be inroll'd,
And I preferr'd to all the bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their raviſh'd bride; to Ida's diſtant ſhore
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquiſh'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.
Stay, eager youth! your bark's but under ſail!
The diſtant port requires a proſperous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty's found,
And with my aid your artful paſſion crown'd;
The conqueſts our ſucceſsful conduct gain'd,
With art muſt be ſecur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatening danger lies.
If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove,
O Venus! aid; thou charming queen of love!
Kind Eratō, let thy auſpicious name
Inſpire the work, and raiſe my generous flame.
The labour's great! a method I deſign
For love; and will the fetter'd god confine:
The god that roves the ſpacious world around,
In every clime, and diſtant region found;

Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard:
His guest from flight Minos enclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring passage found.
Thus Dædalus her off-pring first confin'd:
Who with a bull in lewd embraces join'd:
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confess'd;
Big with a human bull, half man, half beast.
Said he, just Minos, best of human-kind,
Thy mercy let a prostrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native shores to fly,
Permit me, where I durst not live, to die.
Enlarge my son, if you neglect my tears,
And show compassion to his blooming years:
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the son, or let his sire return!
Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain,
Nor could the freedom that he sought, obtain.
Convinc'd at length: Now, Dædalus, he cry'd,
Here's subject for thy art that's yet untry'd,
Minos the earth commands, and guards the sea,
No pass the land affords, the deep no way:
Heaven's only free, we'll heaven's auspicious height
Attempt to pass, where kinder fates invite!
Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight;
Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Instruct our wit, and aid the labouring mind:
For who can credit men, in wild despair,
Should force a passage through the yielding air!
Feathers for wings design'd the artist chose,
And bound with thread his forming pinions close:
With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finish'd wings his smiling offspring views,
Admires the work, not conscious of their use:
To whom the father said, observe aright,
Observe, my son, these instruments of flight.
In vain the tyrant our escape retards,
The heavens he cannot, all but heaven he guards;
Though earth and seas elude thy father's care,
These wings shall waft us through the spacious air.
Nor shall my son celestial signs survey,
Far from the radiant virgin take your way:
Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
And with his fauchion dread Orion stands;
I'll go before, me still retain in sight,
Where-e'er I lead, securely make your flight.
For should we upward soar too near the sun,
Dissolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run:
Or near the seas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will suffer by the steaming main.
A medium keep, the winds observe aright:
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds instruct their tender young:
The spreading wings then to his shoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilst tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Essay'd their wings, and forth they launch'd in air:
Now his expanded plumes the artist plies,
Regards his son, and leads along the skies;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upwards springs with joy.
The angler views them from the distant strand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
Samos they pass, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's presence bright.
Now on their right Lebinthos' shores they found
For fruitful lakes and shady groves renown'd.
When the aspiring boy forgot his fears,
Rash with hot youth and inexperienc'd years,
Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty stroke,
And his directing father's way forsook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings sustain that blaze of sun.
From heaven he views the fatal depths below,
Whilst killing fears prevent the distant blow.
His struggling arms now no assistance find,
Nor poise the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight, and sinking limbs sustain;
His name invokes, till the expiring sound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And seeks the absent youth on every shore;
Where's my lov'd son, my Icarus! he cries;
Say in what distant region of the skies,
Or faithless clime, the youthful wanderer flies!
Then view'd his pinions scatter'd o'er the stream,
The shore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain
His flying guests, but did attempt in vain:
Yet the wing'd god shall to our rules submit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.
Thessalian arts in vain rash lovers use,
In vain with drugs the scornful maid abuse;
The skilful'st potions ineffectual prove,
Useless are magic remedies in love:
Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And found Medea fix'd her Jason's heart.
Nor tempt with philters the disdainful dame;
They rage inspire, create a frantic flame:
Abstain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your passion worthy of her love.
Distrust your empty form and boasted face;
The nymph engage a thousand nobler ways:
To fix her vanquish'd heart entirely thine,
Accomplish'd graces to your native join.
Beauty's but frail, a charm that soon decays,
Its lustre fades as rolling years increase,
And age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but short-liv'd lily shows,
And prickles that survive the faded rose.
Learn, lovely boy, be with instruction wise!
Beauty and youth mis-spent are past advice.
Then cultivate thy mind with wit and fame,
Those lasting charms survive the funeral flame.
With arts and sciences your breast improve,
Of high import are languages in love:
The fam'd Ulysses was not fair nor young,
But eloquent and charming with his tongue:
And yet for him contending beauties strove,
And every sea-nymph fought the hero's love,
Calypso mourn'd when he forsook her shores,
And with fond waves detain'd his hasty oars.

Oft ſhe inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate;
Which with ſuch grace his florid tongue could frame,
The ſtory ſtill was new, though ſtill the ſame.
Now ſtanding on the ſhores, again declare,
Calypſo cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.
He with a wand, a ſlender wand he bore,
Delineates every action on the ſhore.
Here's Troy, ſays he, then draws the walls in ſand:
There Simois flows, here my battalions ſtand.
A field there was, (and then deſcribes the field)
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Juſt thus entrench'd imagine Rheſus lies,
And here we make his warlike ſteeds our prize.
Much he deſcrib'd, when a deſtructive wave
Waſh'd off the ſlender Troy, and rolling gave
To Rheſus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue ſhe heard,
The well-rais'd paſſion in her looks appear'd:
The goddeſs weeps to view his ſpreading ſails,
So much a ſoldier with the ſex prevails.
Diſtruſt thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There's more requir'd in love than empty ſhow.
With juſt diſdain ſhe treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaiſance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that every flock alarms:
But the mild ſwallow none with toils infeſts,
And none the ſoft Chaonian bird moleſts.
Debates avoid, and rude contention ſhun;
A woman's with ſubmiſſive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd huſband ſwear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair:
Diſcord and ſtrife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion juſtifies a clamorous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only ſighs and wiſhes hear.
Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and ſtill oblige her ſight.
I no inſtructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, that preſents, my uſeleſs art:
The giving lover's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy ſing; though poor, I love,
And, wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His honour ſtorms a ſtubborn damſel's door;
I'm cautious to affront, becauſe I'm poor.
With pleaſing arts I court, with arts poſſeſs;
Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in promiſes.
Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,
Long was I baniſh'd by the injur'd fair;
Long mournful nights for this conſum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, ſhe vow'd, a ſuit of point I tore;
Falſely ſhe vow'd, but I muſt purchaſe more.
Make not your guilty maſter's crime your own,
But by my puniſhment my error ſhun;
Indecent fury from her ſight remove,
No paſſion let your miſtreſs know, but love.
Yet if the haughty nymph's unkind and coy,
Or ſhuns your ſight; have patience, and enjoy.
By ſlow degrees we bend the ſtubborn bow;
What force reſiſts, with art will pliant grow.

In vain we ſtem a torrent's rapid force,
But ſwim with eaſe, complying with its courſe.
By gentler arts we ſavage beaſts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.
Fiercely Atlanta o'er the foreſt rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at laſt ſhe lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeleſs flame,
And, weeping in the woods, purſued the ſcornful dame:
On his ſubmiſſive neck her toils he wore,
And with his miſtreſs chas'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the ſavage fair:
My ſoft injunctions leſs ſevere you'll find,
Eaſy to learn, and fram'd to every mind.
Her wiſhes never, nor her will withſtand;
Submit, you conquer; ſerve, and you'll command.
Her words approve, deny what ſhe denies; [piſe:
Like, where ſhe likes; and where ſhe ſcorns, deſ-
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles: when ſad, diſſolve in tears;
Let every geſture ſympathize with hers.
If ſhe delights, as women will, in play,
Her ſtakes return, your ready loſings pay.
When ſhe's at cards, or rattling dice ſhe throws,
Connive at cheats, and generouſly loſe.
A ſmiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd miſtreſs every conqueſt gain.
In heat, with an umbrello ready ſtand;
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, though you ſuſtain the cold,
Cheriſh, and to your warmer boſom hold.
Think no inferior office a diſgrace;
No action, that a miſtreſs gains, is baſe.
The hero that eluded Juno's ſpite,
And every monſter overcame in fight;
That paſt ſo many bloody labours o'er, [bore:
And well deſerv'd that heav'n whoſe weight he
Amidſt Ionian damſels carding ſtands,
And graſps the diſtaff with obedient hands
In all commands the haughty dame obeys;
And who diſdains to act like Hercules?
If ſhe's at law, be ſure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cauſe.
With patience at the aſſignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er ſhe wants a meſſenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from ſupper ſhe's returning home,
And calls her ſervant, as a ſervant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horſe, why, foot it down.
Let not the ſultry ſeaſon of the year,
The falling ſnows, or conſtant rain deter.
Love is a warfare; an ignoble ſloth
Seems equally contemptible in both:
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The ſoldier thus, and thus the lover fares;
With rain he's drench'd, with piercing tempeſts ſhakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame ſays that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd;
And coarſely in an humble cottage far'd;
No ſervile offices the god deny'd;
Learn this ye lovers, and renounce your pride.

When all exceſs is to your miſtreſs hard,
When every door ſecur'd, and window barr'd;
The roof untile, ſome deſperate paſſage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh, how ſhe'll claſp you when the danger's o'er,
And value your deſerving paſſion more!
Thus through the boiſterous ſeas Leander mov'd,
Not to poſſeſs, but ſhow how much he lov'd.
Nor bluſhing think how low you condeſcend
To court her maids, and make each ſlave your friend:
Each by their names familiarly ſalute,
And beg them to promote your amorous ſuit.
Perhaps a bribe's requir'd; your bounty ſhow,
And from your ſlender fortune part beſtow.
A double bribe the chamber-maid ſecures;
And when the favourite's gain'd, the fair is your's.
She'll add, to every thing you do, a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praiſe.
When ſervants merry make, and feaſt and play,
Then give her ſomething to keep holiday.
Retain them every one, the porter moſt,
And her who nightly guards the happy coaſt.
Nor profuſe nor coſtly gifts commend,
But chooſe and time it well, whate'er you ſend.
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural preſent bear;
Tell her 'twas freſh, and from your manor brought,
Though ſtale, and in the ſuburb market bought;
The firſt ripe cluſter let your miſtreſs eat,
With cheſnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat;
Some larger fiſh, or choicer fowl preſent,
They recommend your paſſion, where they're ſent.
'Tis with theſe arts the childleſs miſer's caught,
Thus future legacies are baſely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curſt,
That practis'd them on love, and woman firſt!
In tender ſonnets moſt your flame rehearſe,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verſe?
Women a wealthy-treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but coſtly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worſhip gold,
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty ſold:
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not preſent, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the ſex have ſenſe, their number's ſmall;
Moſt ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter aright, ſmooth empty ſtanzas ſend;
They ſeldom ſenſe, but ſound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compoſe each poliſh'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine:
Yet ſhe'll a treat, or worthleſs toy prefer
To all th' immortal poet's boaſted care.
But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art;
With laſting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the ſubject of his praiſe.
Purple commend, when ſhe's in purple dreſs'd;
In ſcarlet, ſwear ſhe looks in ſcarlet beſt:
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing thoſe eyes tranſcend the ſparkling ore.
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
In ſorted colours, praiſe a vary'd dreſs;
In night-clothes, or commode, let either pleaſe.
Or when ſhe combs, or when ſhe curls her hair,
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her ſtep admire,
Applaud when ſhe deſiſts, and ſtill deſire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raiſe,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praiſe.
Fierce as Meduſa though your miſtreſs prove,
Theſe arts will teach the ſtubborn beauty love.
Be cautious leſt you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocriſy with art:
Let no falſe action give your words the lie,
For, undeceiv'd ſhe's ever after ſhy.
In autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and ſhows the vintage near;
When ſultry heats, when colder blaſts ariſe,
And bodies languiſh with inconſtant ſkies:
If vitious heaven infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood ſome fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care beſtow,
The bleſſings you expect to reap, then ſow:
Think nothing nauſeous in her loath'd diſeaſe,
But with your ready hand contrive to pleaſe:
Weep in her ſight, then ſonder kiſſes give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her ſafety vow, but louder ſpeak,
Let the nymph hear the laviſh vows you make.
As health returns, ſo let your joys appear,
Oft ſmile with hope, and oft confeſs your fear.
This in her breaſt remains, theſe pleaſing charms
Secure a paſſage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauſeous to her taſte or ſight,
Officious only when you moſt delight:
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated medicines give:
Let her from rivals what ſhe loaths receive.
Thoſe proſperous winds that launch'd our bark from ſhore,
When out at ſea aſſiſt its courſe no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give ſtrength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young;
The lofty oak but from an acorn ſprung:
From narrow ſprings the nobleſt currents flow,
But ſwell their floods, and ſpread them as they go.
Be converſant with love, no toils refuſe,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent uſe.
Still let her hear your ſighs, your paſſion view,
And night and day the flying maid purſue.
Then pauſe a while; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirſty ſoil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon bleſs'd,
His abſence wounded moſt her raging breaſt:
Thus his chaſte conſort for Ulyſſes burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her abſent huſband mourn'd.
With ſpeed return, you're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may ſoon ſupply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her amorous gueſt,
And nightly claſp'd him to her panting breaſt.
Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What, truſt a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy ſheep;
Helen is guiltleſs, and her lover's crime
But what yourſelf would act another time!

The youth was preſſing, the dull huſband gone,
Let every woman make the caſe her own:
Who could a prince, by Venus ſent, refuſe?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuſe.
But not the foaming boar whom ſpears ſurround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioneſs, whoſe young receive the breaſt,
Nor viper by unwary foot'ſteps preſt:
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god poſſeſt,
Tranſcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and ſword ſhe flies, the frantic dame
Diſdains the thoughts of tenderneſs or ſhame.
Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea ſpilt,
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.
And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
That dire revenge purſues neglected loves.
Where ſacred ties of honour are deſtroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers muſt avoid.
Think not my precepts conſtancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler's my deſign.
At large enjoy, conceal your paſſion well,
Nor uſe the modiſh vanity to tell:
Avoid preſenting of ſuſpected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:
Deſert the ſhades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conſcious to a new amour.
The nymph, when ſhe betrays, diſdains your guilt,
And, by ſuch falſehood taught, ſhe learns to jilt.
While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and ſhe innocent:
But when inflam'd with every charming face,
Her lewdneſs ſtill maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryſes, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful Briſeis, thy complaints ſhe heard,
And how his luſt the tedious war deferr'd.
This tamely heard, but with reſentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous ſlave ſubdued:
With rage ſhe ſaw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægiſthus to her injur'd arms.
To luſt and ſhame by his example led,
Who durſt ſo openly profane her bed.
What you conceal, her more obſerving eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny;
And boldly give her jealouſy the lie;
Not too ſubmiſſive ſeem, nor over-kind;
Theſe are the ſymptoms of a guilty mind:
But no careſſes, no endearments ſpare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.
There are, that ſtrong provoking potions praiſe,
And nature with pernicious medicines raiſe:
Nor drugs, nor herbs, will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce them poiſonous all in love.
Some pepper bruis'd with ſeeds of nettles join,
And clary ſteep in bowls of mellow wine:
Venus is moſt averſe to forc'd delights,
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites;
With fiſhes ſpawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with eringo's hot ſalacious root:
The goddeſs worſhip'd by th' Erycian ſwains
Megara's white ſhallot, ſo faint, diſdains.
New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
And leaves and apples of the pine infuſe.
Preſcribe no more, my muſe, nor medicines give,
Beauty and youth need no provocative.
You that conceal'd your ſecret crimes before,
Proclaim them now, now publiſh each amour.
Nor tax me with inconſtancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind:
Now northern blaſts we court, now ſouthern gales,
And every point befriends our ſhifted ſails.
Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their ſteeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithleſs dame,
Secure from rivals ſhe neglects your flame:
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauſeates pleaſures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whoſe waſted ſtrength declines,
Converts to aſhes, and but faintly ſhines;
When ſulphur's brought, the ſpreading flames return,
And glowing embers with freſh fury burn:
A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives deſire, and feeds her dying flames:
Oft make her jealous, give your fondneſs o'er,
And teaze her often with ſome new amour.
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleaſures bleſt,
Too great, too exquiſite to be expreſt,
That view'ſt the anguiſh of her jealous breaſt!
Whene'er thy guilt the ſlighted beauty knows,
She ſwoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Aſſault my locks, and with her nails engage;
Then how ſhe'd weep, what piercing glances caſt:
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at laſt.
Let not your miſtreſs long your falſehood mourn:
Neglected fondneſs will to fury turn.
But kindly claſp her in your arms again,
And on your breaſt her drooping head ſuſtain:
Whilſt weeping kiſs, amidſt her tears enjoy,
And with exceſs of bliſs her rage deſtroy.
Let her awhile lament, awhile complain,
Then die with pleaſure, as ſhe dy'd with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She'll ſign a pardon in your active arms.
First nature lay an undigeſted maſs,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face:
Then vaulted heaven was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd;
And chaos was in beauteous form diſpos'd;
The beaſts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to the floods the ſcaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,
On rapine liv'd, a rude unpoliſh'd race:
Caves were their houſes, herbs their food and bed,
Whilſt each a ſavage from the other fled.
Love firſt diſarm'd the fierceneſs of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unſkill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy!
They knew no courtſhip, no inſtructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bleſs'd the pleaſing wound.
The birds with conſorts propagate their kind,
And ſporting fiſh their finny beauties find:
In amorous folds the wanton ſerpents twine,
And dogs with their ſalacious females join.
The luſty bull delights his friſking dames,
And mere laſcivious goat her male inflames.

Mares furious grow with love, their boundaries force, [horſe.
Plunging through waves to meet the neighing
Go on, brave youth, thy generous vigour try,
To the reſenting maid this charm apply:
Love's ſoftening pleaſures every grief remove,
There's nothing that can make your peace like love.
From drugs and philtres no redreſs you'll find,
But nature with your miſtreſs will be kind.
The love that's unconſtrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was falſe, but mine is ſure.
Whilſt thus I ſung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre;
His hand a branch of ſpreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he caſt diffuſive rays of light,
Confeſſing all the god to human ſight,
Thou maſter of laſcivious arts, he ſaid,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there inſcribe in characters of gold,
This celebrated ſentence you'll behold.
Firſt know yourſelf; who to himſelf is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wiſhes crown.
Where nature has a handſome face beſtow'd,
Or graceful ſhape, let both be often ſhow'd:
Let men of wit and humour ſilence ſhun,
The artiſt ſing, and ſoldier bluſter on:
Of long harangues, ye eloquent, take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teazing poet, read.
Thus Phœbus ſpake: A juſt obedience give,
And theſe injunctions from a god receive.
I myſteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wiſe.
The thriving grain in harveſt often fails:
Oft proſp'rous winds turn adverſe to our ſails:
Few are the pleaſures, though the toils are great:
With patience muſt ſubmiſſive lovers wait.
What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed;
As ſhells on ſandy ſhores, as ſtars above,
So numerous are the ſure fatigues of love.
The lady's gone abroad, you're told; though ſeen,
Diſtruſt your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are cloſe;
Reſent it not, but on the earth repoſe.
Her maid will cry, with an inſulting tone,
What makes you ſaunter here? you ſot, be gone.
With moving words the cruel nymph entreat,
And place your garland on the bolted gate.
Why do I light and vulgar precepts uſe?
A nobler ſubject now inſpires my muſe:
Approaching joys I ſing; ye youths draw near,
Liſten ye happy lover's and give ear:
The labour's great, and daring is my ſong,
Labours and great attempts to love belong.
As from the ſacred oracles of Jove
Receive theſe grand myſterious truths in love.
Look down when the the ogling ſpark invites,
Nor touch the conſcious tablets when ſhe writes.
Appear not jealous, though ſhe's much from home,
Let her at pleaſure go, unqueſtion'd come.
This crafty huſbands to their wives permit,
And learn, when ſhe's engag'd, to wink at it.
I my own frailties modeſtly confeſs;
And, bluſhing, give thoſe precepts I tranſgreſs;

Shall I, with patience, the known ſignal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
What! tamely ſuffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to uſe my hands or tongue!
Corinna's huſband kiſs'd her in my ſight;
I beat the ſaucy fool, and ſeiz'd my right.
I like a fury for my nymph engage,
And like a madman, when I miſs her, rage.
My paſſion ſtill prevails, convinc'd I yield:
He that ſubmits to this is better ſkill'd.
Expoſe not, though you find her guilty flame
Leſt ſhe abandon modeſty and ſhame:
Conceal her faults, no ſecret crimes upbraid;
Nothing's ſo fond as a ſuſpected maid,
Diſcover'd love increaſes with deſpair,
When both alike the guilt and ſcandal ſhare:
All ſenſe of modeſty they loſe in time,
Whilſt each encourages the other's crime.
In heaven this ſtory's fam'd above the reſt,
Amongſt th' immortal drolls a ſtanding jeſt:
How Vulcan two tranſgreſſing lovers caught,
And every god a pleas'd ſpectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his deſires the Queen of Love inclin'd;
No nymph in heaven's ſo willing, none ſo kind.
Oft the laſcivious fair, with ſcornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot and ſooty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their paſſion bore,
And modeſtly conceal'd the cloſe amour.
But by the ſun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what eſcapes the ſun's obſerving rays!)
He told th' affronted god of his diſgrace.
Ah fooliſh ſun! and much unſkill'd in love
Thou haſt an ill example ſet above!
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She'll gratefully oblige you every way:
The crafty ſpouſe around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and ſecret ſnares:
A journey feigns; th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net.
The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And ſcarce from tears the Queen of Love re-
frains:
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face.
She wants that cover for another place.
To ſurly Mars a gay ſpectator ſaid,
Why ſo uneaſy in that envy'd bed?
On me transfer your chains; I'll freely come
For your releaſe, and ſuffer in your room.
At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy deſires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos ſhe retires,
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires:
Now converſant with infamy and ſhame,
They ſet no bounds to their licentious flame.
But honeſt Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act ſo much unlike a god of ſenſe?
They ſin in public, you the ſhame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increaſe with puniſhment.
Though in your power, a rival ne'er expoſe,
Never his intercepted joys diſcloſe:
This I command, Venus commands the ſame,
Who hates the ſnares ſhe once ſuſtain'd with ſhame.
What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expoſe,
Or Juno's ſolemn myſteries diſcloſe!

His witty torments Tantalus deſerves
That thirſts in waves, and viewing banquets ſtarves.
But Venus moſt in ſecrecy delights;
Away, ye bablers, from her ſilent rites!
No pomp her myſteries attends, no noiſe!
No ſounding braſs proclaims the latent joys!
With folded arms the happy pair poſſeſs,
Nor ſhould the fond betraying tongue confeſs
Thoſe raptures, which no language can expreſs.
When naked Venus caſt her robes aſide,
The parts obſcene her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beaſts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
Love darkneſs courts, at moſt a glimmering light,
To raiſe our joys, and juſt oblige the ſight.
Ere happy men beneath a roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and ſhade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modeſt, and unſhaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And ſecretly perform'd what love inſpir'd.
Now ſcarce a modiſh fop about the town,
But boaſts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done;
They taſte no pleaſure, reliſh no delight,
Till they recount what paſs'd the hapyy night.
But men of honour always thought it baſe,
To proſtitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blaſt her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furniſh ſcandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I muſt ſome guilty arts accuſe,
And diſingenuous ſhifts that lovers uſe,
To wrong the chaſte, and innocent abuſe.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtſhip vain,
Her character with infamy they ſtain:
Deny'd her perſon, they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public ſhame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let every door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The ſuffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
Her name's a proſtitute to every tongue:
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wiſhes true, believe.
With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults ſeem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perſeus view'd,
He ſaw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
Andromache was tall, yet ſome report
Her Hector was ſo blind, he thought her ſhort.
At firſt what's nauſeous, leſſens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to pleaſe.
The infant plant, that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with every breath of wind:
But ſhooting upward to a tree at laſt,
It ſtems the ſtorm, and braves the ſtrongeſt blaſt.
Time will defects and blemiſhes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unuſual ſcents at firſt may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquiſh'd ſenſe:
Her vices ſoften with ſome kinder phraſe;
If ſhe is ſwarthy as the negro's face,
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praiſe.

The ruddy laſs muſt be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.
If pale and meagre, praiſe her ſhape and youth,
Active when ſmall, when groſs ſhe's plump and ſmooth.
Every exceſs by ſoftening terms diſguiſe,
And in ſome neighbouring virtue hide each vice.
Nor aſk her age, conſult no regiſter,
Under whoſe reign ſhe's born, or what's the year!
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace ſublimer joys are found,
A fruitful ſoil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilſt youth and pleaſures laſt,
Age hurries on, and death purſues too faſt.
Or plough the ſeas, or cultivate the land,
Or weild the ſword in thy adventurous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous ſtrength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleaſure and wealth reward thy pleaſing pains,
The labour's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And ſtill preſerve them in their charming prime:
In vary'd ways they act the pleaſure o'er,
Not pictur'd poſtures can inſtruct you more.
They want no courtſhip to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glows with deſires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the ſoft tranſporting joys,
The frequent ſighs, the tender murmuring voice:
To ſee her eyes with vary'd pleaſure move,
And all the nymph confeſs *the power of love.*
Nature's not thus indulgent to the *young,*
Theſe joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and ſprightly juice refine,
Mellow their ſweets, and make the taſte divine.
To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorgé think beyond her mother fair:
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.
One conſcious bed receives the happy pair:
Retire my muſe; the door demands thy care,
What charming words, what tender things are ſaid!
What language flows without thy uſeleſs aid!
There ſhall the roving hand employment find,
Inſpire new flemes, and make ev'n virgins kind.
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briſeïs' flame.
Ah, could thoſe arms, thoſe fatal hands delight,
Inſpire kind thoughts, and raiſe thy appetite!
Couldſt thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?
Nor yet with ſpeed the fleeting pleaſures waſte,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haſte:
The baſhful virgin, though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.
Then view her eyes with humid luſtre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:

Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye ſhe charms, and wounds the liſtening ear.
Deſert not then the claſping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raiſe to her heights the tranſports of your ſoul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Obſerve theſe precepts when with leiſure bleſt,
No threatening fears your private hours moleſt;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager ſpeed the haſty joy:
Then ply your oars, then practiſe this advice,
And ſtrain with whip and ſpur, to gain the prize.
The work's complete: triumphant palms prepare,
With flowery wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with medicines the afflicted part:
Neſtor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving ſkill'd;
As Chalchas could explain the myſtic bird,
And Telemon could wield the brandiſh'd ſword:
Such to the town my fam'd inſtructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love:
Me every youth ſhall praiſe, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuſe my laſting fame.
I arms provide againſt the ſcornful fair;
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war.
Whatever youth ſhall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home;
Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his inſtructed flame,
Inſcribe the ſpoils with my auſpicious name.
The tender girls my precepts next demand:
Them I commit to a more ſkilful hand.

AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF

SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON,

LATE OF ASTON IN CHESHIRE, 1704.

To the Lady Crewe of Utkinton.

MADAM,

As when the eagle, with a parent's love,
Prepares her young to viſit realms above:
With heaven's full luſtre ſhe allures him on,
Firſt to admire, and then approach the ſun;
Unweary'd he ſurveys the orb of light,
Charm'd by the object to maintain his flight.
To you the aſpiring muſe her labour brings;
Thus tries its fate, and thus expands her wings:
Tempted to gaze on your auſpicious light,
This haſty birth to you directs its flight;
The beauties of your mind tranſported views,
Admiring ſings, and pleas'd her flight purſues.
Permit theſe looſe, unfiniſh'd lines to claim
The kind protection of your parent's name:
Though void of ornaments, and every grace,
Accept the piece, as ſacred to your race.
Where you behold your great forefathers fame,
And trace the ſprings from whence your virtues came:
Survey the triumphs, and the honours view,
That by a long deſcent devolve on you.
In vain the muſe her vanquiſh'd pencil tries,
Where unexhauſted ſtores of beauty riſe:
Languid and faint her labours muſt appear,
Whilſt you tranſcend her faireſt character.
So bright in you your father's graces ſhine,
And all the virtues of your ancient line;
That none with pleaſure can the copy view,
Whilſt the original ſurvives in you.

What man renown'd! what Britiſh worthy's praiſe
Inſpires the muſe! and conſecrates her lays!
Record thy Aſton's celebrated name,
Diſplay his virtues, and tranſmit his fame.
Illuſtrious actions to thy care belong,
And form the beauties of heroic ſong:
None e'er appear'd with ſo immenſe a ſtore,
Nor ever grac'd harmonious numbers more.
Nor ſtain, my muſe, with thy officious tears,
The bright example for ſucceeding years:
Whilſt others in dejected notes complain,
Sublime thy ſong, attempt a nobler ſtrain.
With verſe aſſuage his pious offſpring's care,
And calm the ſorrows of the weeping fair:
Diſpel the ſhades that fate untimely ſpread,
And ceaſe to mourn for the immortal dead.
Where outſtretch'd Britain in the ocean's loſt,
And Dee and rapid Mercy bound the coaſt;
There hills ariſe with ſylvan honours crown'd,
There fruitful vales and ſhady ſtreams abound,
Not Median groves, nor Tempe's boaſted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' ſands inrich the main,
Can yield a proſpect fairer to the ſight,
Nor charm with ſcenes of more auguſt delight.
Here Lupus and his warlike chiefs obtain'd
Imperial ſway, and great in honours reign'd:
Deriving titles from their ſwords alone,
Their laws preſerv'd, and liberties their own.
As when two ſwelling floods their waves oppoſe,
Nor would confound the urns from whence they roſe:
But by degrees uniting in a ſtream,
Forget their fountains, and become the ſame.
Thus ſtrove the Britains with the Norman race,
Fierce with their wrongs, and conſcious of diſgrace:
But when the fury of their arms was o'er,
Whom thirſt of empire had engag'd before,
Now friendſhip binds, and love unites the more.
From whom a long deſcent of worthies ſhine,
Juſt to the glories of their martial line:
Admiring fame their matchleſs force records,
Their bounteous minds, and hoſpitable boards.
Where Weever haſtens to receive the Dane,
Refreſhing with united ſtreams the plain;
A riſing fabric, with majeſtic grace,
Demands the tribute of thy lofty praiſe,
There Aſton ſtands conſpicuous to the ſight;
To Aſton, muſe, direct thy pleaſing flight!
From far the pompous edifice behold,
Juſt the proportions, and the ſtructure bold.
Beauty is there with elegance expreſs'd,
Improv'd with art, with native grandeur bleſs'd.

What nobler object could the worthy find,
To ſignalize the greatneſs of his mind:
Than to adorn, with ſo auguſt a frame,
The place that gave his anceſtors a name?
Delightful ſcene! thy patron's early care,
Who rais'd thee up magnificently fair:
He form'd thy beauties, and increas'd thy ſtore,
Great in thyſelf, but in thy founder more.
From generous Hudard, whoſe victorious ſword
Made Aſton ſtoop beneath a foreign lord,
Twenty ſucceſſive chiefs deſcended down;
Illuſtrious all, and matchleſs in renown.
When injur'd barons durſt by arms reſtrain
Their ſovereign's pride, on the embattled plain;
And rival roſes, with impetuous rage,
Involv'd in blood the next deſcending age:
Or when abroad we nobler conqueſts ſought,
For empire ſtrove, for fame and beauty fought;
Their great exploits our Britiſh annals grace,
And ancient bards immortalize the race.
No lineage can a nobler ſubject yield,
Nor oftener ſhar'd the triumphs of the field:
Renown'd in war, by arts endear'd to fame,
Worthy their high deſcent, and glorious name.
But though ſo many pious worthies join,
To form the luſtre of a noble line:
Paſs not, ungrateful nymph, neglected by
A ſhade renown'd! a name that cannot die!
His father's fame with awful ſteps purſue,
And raiſe thy flight with the tranſporting view.
When loud ſedition call'd him early forth,
To merit wreaths, and ſignalize his worth;
His bounteous mind ſupply'd the royal part
With flowing fortunes, and a faithful heart.
His ſword and pen were drawn in juſt defence
Of ſuffering prelates, and an injur'd prince:
And as ſome midnight wolf, by hunger preſs'd,
With boundleſs fury would the plains infeſt;
But if he hears the lion's awful voice,
His head he couches, and contracts his paws:
Thus raging faction murmur'd in its den,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by his ſublimer pen:
And when rebellion rear'd its guilty head,
Before his arms the vanquiſh'd monſter fled.
Immortal ſhade! to endleſs ages reſt!
With joys, that never rebel taſted, bleſs'd:
As champion for the ſacred'ſt race of men,
Accept this tribute from a grateful pen;
Firm to the church, and loyal to the crown
Is more than fame, and ſanctifies renown.
Nor wonder, then, ſo many graces join'd,
To form the perfect beauties of his mind:
He from his anceſtors deriv'd them down,
Improving virtues by deſcent his own.
And firſt thy Aſton's matchleſs form ſurvey,
From early youth to nature's laſt decay:
The lively features of his beauty trace,
And give each lineament its native grace.
Grandeur and ſweetneſs in his perſon join'd,
Auguſt his preſence, and his aſpect kind;
His lofty ſtature, and diſtinguiſh'd mien,
Confeſs'd the greatneſs of a ſoul within;
For generous natures purify their clay,
And o'er the body ſpread a lucid ray:
Through every part informing ſpirits fly,
Diſdain reſtraint, and ſparkle at the eye.
Such general luſtre, ſuch reſiſtleſs grace,
His limbs adorn'd, and triumph'd in his face.
But as the earth in her capacious veins,
The ſplendid treaſure of her mines contains:
With fading flowers ſhe paints the ſurface o'er,
But inward ſhines with unexhauſted ſtore;
So lovely forms are on mankind beſtow'd,
Only to dignify the ſoul's abode:
Within the beams of ſparkling wit we find,
The charms of ſenſe, and treaſures of the mind.
Indulgent nature thus her bounty ſhow'd,
Thus every ſhining faculty beſtow'd:
With ſtores enrich'd his intellectual ſeat,
And form'd the luſtre of his mind complete.
Where aged Cham in fam'd meanders flows,
His early youth a ſoft retirement choſe:
To reſt beneath the venerable ſhade,
Where Spenſer ſung, and Cowley's muſe was laid.
Propitious nature had prepar'd before,
A mind tenacious of the learned ſtore:
The flowing ſprings of knowledge to receive,
And take impreſſions faſt as art could give.
Auſpicious Cham! not all thy boaſted race
Of tuneful youths, that celebrate thy praiſe;
That in the various ſpheres of learning ſhine,
Belov'd by Phœbus and the ſacred Nine;
With nobler wreaths did e'er thy temples crown,
Or add, like him, to thy diffus'd renown,
And next the flowing robe employ'd his care,
And bulky volumes of the painful bar:
Though wealth and fame the toilſome ſearch attend,
Yet he purſued it for a nobler end.
Obſcure and intricate our laws appear,
Perplex'd with comments that ſhould make them clear:
His juſtice through the gloomy miſts ſurvey'd,
And reaſon found by ſubtleties betray'd;
With eloquence he ſmooth'd the rugged way,
And ſcatter'd ſhades with judgment's piercing ray.
He nature in her dark receſſes ſought,
And with philoſophy ſublim'd his thought.
In all the various parts of learning ſkill'd,
That Grecian ſages, or the Roman, yield:
He from the ancients drain'd their richeſt ſtore,
Refining ſtill with wit the ſparkling ore.
Nor did he want the lyre's harmonious ſound,
Whoſe pleaſing accents all his labours crown'd:
The tuneful lyre, that charms us with delight,
Repels our cares, and glads the tedious night;
Reſtrains our paſſions, calms our furious rage,
The joy of youth, and the relief of age.
His piercing faculties, ſerenely bright,
Let inward to the ſoul diſtincter light:
His ſenſes exquiſite, and reaſon ſound,
Surmounted all the obſtacles they found,
In knowledge vers'd, in learning's depths profound.
Nor were his hours to books alone confin'd,
His perſon was accompliſh'd as his mind:
He us'd his weapons with admir'd ſucceſs,
Excell'd in courtſhip, and a kind addreſs.
Whether he urg'd the courſer to his ſpeed,
Or temper'd with his ſkill, the fiery ſteed;

When foaming at the ring he ſpurns the ſands,
Repeats his ſtrokes, and launches as he ſtands:
With grateful geſture he did each command,
And ply'd his reins with an inſtructive hand.
Or whether, to the ſportive dance inclin'd,
In lively meaſures he the concert join'd:
None ever mov'd with more majeſtic pace,
Show'd greater art, or more becoming grace.
His flowing wit, with ſolid judgment join'd,
Talents united rarely in a mind,
Had all the graces and engaging art,
That charm the ear and captivate the heart.
No pointed ſatire, nor moroſe diſdain,
Allay'd the pleaſure of his words with pain:
His inoffenſive tongue, from ſlander free,
From flattery's vice, or blaſted calumny;
Knew all the ſprings that ſecret paſſions move,
Raiſe admiration, or inſpire with love.
Sententious and inſtructive his diſcourſe,
He urg'd his reaſons with reſiſtleſs force.
A lively eloquence adorn'd his thought,
And happy turns of wit occurr'd unſought:
Expreſſive words his flowing ſenſe convey'd,
Juſt were his thoughts, and powerful to perſuade.
But, goddeſs, now a nobler ſcene ſurvey,
Expand thy wings, thy brighteſt charms diſplay!
What various beauties here diſtract thy ſight!
What virtues that ſurmount thy towering flight!
As nameleſs ſtars, that form the galaxy,
With undiſtinguiſh'd luſtre gild the ſky;
So ſhone the graces that adorn'd his mind,
And with concenter'd rays their beauties join'd:
Whoſe lucid numbers but repel thy ſight,
And, thus united, form one glorious orb of light.
His riper years to wiſdom he apply'd,
Each path purſued, and every conqueſt try'd:
Wiſdom, the darling attribute alone,
By which th' Almighty's more diſtinctly known:
And, when contracted to a narrow ſpan,
Becomes the nobleſt faculty of man.
Through books he trac'd her in the pleaſing chaſe,
Ranſack'd their ſtores, and ſtill maintain'd his pace.
With crowds, and buſy men, he ſtrove to find
The flying fair, the object of his mind:
Through ſpecious arts, through all their vain diſguiſe,
He ſaw, diſtinguiſh'd, and obtain'd the prize.
His mind, with each ſuperior talent fraught,
For councils form'd his enterpriſing thought:
Quick of diſpatch, diſcreet in every truſt,
Rigidly honeſt, and ſeverely juſt.
Though kindneſs in his generous boſom reign'd,
The dignity of pow'r he ſtill maintain'd:
None e'er diſcharg'd affairs with more addreſs,
Serv'd better public poſts, or ſought them leſs.
His conſtancy appear'd in every ſtate,
Fix'd and unmov'd as the decrees of fate:
No fluctuating doubts his mind diſtreſs'd,
Nor ſhook the ſtrong foundations of his breaſt.
His reſolution bore him ſtill above
The raſh effects of enmity or love:
Firm on the baſis of himſelf he ſtood,
Of right tenacious, permanent in good.
Hence flow'd a courage unallay'd with fear,
A mind undaunted, and a conſcience clear:
With innocence and virtue for a guide,
Succeſsfully he ſtem'd th' impetuous tide.
Intrepid thus he revolutions bore,
Nor deviated from paths he trod before:
The power of fortune ſtill diſdain'd to own,
Nor courted ſmiles, nor ſunk beneath her frown.
He ſerv'd his country, with regards above
The common views of mercenary love:
His paſſion ſuch, if not extended more,
As pious Romans to their Latium bore.
No ſpecious kindneſs popularly feign'd,
By intereſt rais'd, or with ambition ſtain'd:
The tender piety his actions ſhow'd,
From duty ſprung, from fond affection flow'd.
Untainted with the ſtain of either vice,
Of laviſh waſte, or graſping avarice:
Nor ſquander'd wealth, nor with a ſordid breaſt
Condemn'd to hoards the treaſures he poſſeſs'd.
His hoſpitable roof, with plenty ſtor'd,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings of a ſmiling board:
Heav'n, that had bleſs'd him with a large increaſe,
Gave him a ſoul deſerving to poſſeſs.
The father's loyalty deſcended down,
Endear'd by ſufferings, to his eldeſt ſon.
As Hannibal purſued the Roman ſtate,
With double portions of his father's hate:
Such fix'd averſion in his boſom ſprung,
And arm'd his ſoul againſt our factions, young:
A murder'd prince, and ſlaughter'd parent's fate,
On the rebellious race entail'd his hate:
Firm to the crown his duty he retain'd,
And o'er his heart his rightful monarch reign'd.
View beauties yet of a ſublimer kind,
The heavenly offſpring of a pious mind:
Charms that from innocence and virtue flow,
That to religion all their ſplendour owe;
Where no obſcuring ſpots their luſtre hide,
By crimes untainted, undeform'd with pride.
Bleſs'd charity, the pure etherial ray,
That heaven itſelf does to our breaſts convey;
In larger portions to his boſom came,
And o'er his ſoul diffus'd a ſtronger flame.
In him the wretched always found relief,
Patron of want, redreſſer of their grief:
To him th' afflicted never ſued in vain,
He felt their miſeries, and eas'd their pain.
In midſt of plenty free from ſenſual vice,
Nor more indulg'd than nature would ſuffice:
The calm and equal temper of his ſoul
Did every guilty appetite controul;
Within their womb the vicious ſeeds ſuppreſs'd
And ſtrangled forming paſſions in his breaſt.
The church in him enjoy'd a faithful ſon,
Whoſe duty with his early years begun:
A virtuous life his juſt obedience ſhow'd,
And from religion his affection flow'd;
Long application fix'd his heart ſecure,
He ſearch'd her doctrines, and he found them pure.
The liturgy employ'd his daily care,
His public worſhip, and his private prayer:
To all its rites conformity he paid,
The ſervice lov'd, and diſcipline obey'd.
Such ſtrong devotion, ſuch celeſtial fire,
Inflam'd his heart, and did his breaſt inſpire:

As if religion had engroſs'd the whole,
And heaven remain'd the object of his ſoul.
Deſcend, my muſe; here ſtop thy pleaſing flight,
For mournful proſpects, gloomy ſhades of night.
Attend the laſt expiring ſcene of life,
A painful conflict, and unequal ſtrife:
Where nature languiſhes beneath the weight
Of racking torments, and approaching fate.
With matchleſs patience, and undaunted mind,
He bore his anguiſh, and his ſoul reſign'd:
As he the glorious proſpect kept in view,
And our old world rejected for the new.
The bounteous heavens their fruitful bleſſings ſhed,
And chaſte Lucina crown'd his nuptial bed:
From whence a fair and numerous offspring came,
The happy pledges of a mutual flame.
From warlike Hudard, founder of his race,
Twenty renown'd deſcents his lineage grace:
And from his loins complete the number ſprung,
For every anceſtor a ſmiling young.
The happy huſband of a matchleſs dame,
Endear'd by virtues, and unblemiſh'd fame:
No guilty paſſion ever claim'd a part,
The conſort of his bed engroſs'd his heart.
As two fair tapers burn with equal flame,
Their heat proportion'd, and their light the ſame:
And though by ſlow degrees they both decline,
Both to the laſt with the ſame luſtre ſhine:
Such equal flames inſpir'd the happy pair,
Mutual their paſſions, and the ſame their care:
Though years expir'd, and youth conſum'd away,
Their fond affections never felt decay.
As when the ſun our hemiſphere reſigns,
He leaves us light, and by reflection ſhines:
And when the gloomy interval is o'er,
He riſes bright and glorious as before.
Such likeneſs in his ſucceſſor we find,
Left as the image of himſelf behind;
With all the virtues of his race endued;
The happy father's in the ſon renew'd.
Methinks I ſee a pompous tomb ariſe,
Beauteous the form, magnificent the ſize:
Enchas'd with ore, with well-wrought marble made,
Worthy the artiſt, and the glorious ſhade.
Crowds of officious angels weep around,
With lamps extinguiſh'd, and their robes unbound:
With heads reclin'd, and drooping wings they mourn,
Form'd to ſuſtain, and grace the ponderous urn.
In abject poſtures, and a flowing dreſs,
Poſtures that love and tenderneſs expreſs:
The ſacred Nine ſurround the ſpacious tomb,
And ſpread infectious ſorrows o'er the dome;
Their lyres unſtrung are thrown neglected by,
And ſcatter'd wreaths in juſt diſorder lie.
High in the midſt is his effigies plac'd,
The boaſt of art, with every beauty grac'd.
Advancing age in every line appears,
And ſhades his brow with honourable years:
Juſt to his form, his looks diſſembled right,
With joy detain the fond ſpectator's ſight.
Deſcending Phœbus crowns the upper ſcene,
His arm extended with triumphant green;
The ſacred wreath around his brows to place,
And ſhedding on him the paternal rays.
In vain, alas! we mauſoleums raiſe,
Statues erect, and pyramids of praiſe:
A nobler monument remains behind,
The lively image of his generous mind,
The ſacred pile rais'd by his pious care,
Magnificent with coſt, with order fair;
Adorn'd with all that laviſh art could give,
To late poſterity ſhall make him live.
This ſhall diffuſe his celebrated name,
More than the hundred tongues of buſy fame:
His memory from dark oblivion ſave,
Elude his fate, and triumph o'er the grave.

TO THE MEMORY
OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY, 1697.

When black with ſhades this mourning vault appears,
And the relenting marble flows with tears;
Think then what griefs a parent's boſom wound,
Whoſe fatal loſs enrich'd this hallow'd ground.
Strew lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
To crown the fading triumphs of the fair:
Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
Till earth reſigns them to their native ſky;
Like china laid for ages to refine,
And make her body, like the ſoul, divine.
Unmingled may the fragrant duſt remain,
No common earth the ſacred ſweets profane;
But let her urn preſerve its virgin ſtore,
Chaſte and unſully'd as ſhe liv'd before!

TO MYRA;

WRITTEN IN HER CLEOPATRA.

Here, lovely Myra, you behold
The wonders beauty wrought of old,
In every mournful page appears
The nymph's diſdain, and lover's tears.
Whilſt theſe feign'd tragic tales you view,
Fondly you weep, and think them true;
Lament the hero's ſlighted flame,
Yet praiſe the fair ungrateful dame.
For youths unknown no longer grieve,
But rather heal the wounds you give;
The ſlaves your eyes have ruin'd, mourn,
And pity flames with which your lovers burn.
Oh, hadſt thou liv'd in former days,
Thus fame had ſung lov'd Myra's praiſe:
The triumphs of thy haughty reign,
Thy matchleſs form and cold diſdain:
Thy beauties had remain'd as long
The theme of every poet's ſong:
Then Myra's conqueſts had been wrote,
And Cleopatra died forgot.

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

For many unſucceſsful years,
At Cynthia's feet I lay;

Battering them often with my tears,
I ſigh'd, but durſt not pray.
No proſtrate wretch, before the ſhrine
Of ſome lov'd ſaint above,
E'er thought his goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the diſdainful nymph look'd down
With coy inſulting pride;
Receiv'd my paſſion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aſide.
Then Cupid whiſper'd in my ear,
"Uſe more prevailing charms;
You modeſt whining fool, draw near,
And claſp her in your arms.

With eager kiſſes tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he briſkly muſt invade,
That would poſſeſs the heart."
With that I ſhook off all the ſlave,
My better fortunes tried;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What ſhe for years denied.

ON THE

CONQUEST OF NAMUR.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Humbly inſcribed to his moſt Sacred and Victorious Majeſty. 1695.

ONCE more, my muſe, reſume thy lyre!
Of heroes, arms, and lofty triumphs ſing:
Strike, boldly ſtrike th' unpractis'd ſtring;
'Tis William's acts my ſoaring thoughts inſpire,
And animate my breaſt with nobler fire.
My daring hand the willing lyre obeys,
Untaught it ſounds the hero's praiſe:
Each tuneful ſtring repeats the victor's name,
And echoes back the loud applauſe of fame.
No longer, muſe, the bleſt Maria mourn,
With trophies now her brighter ſhrine adorn:
Now ſing her hero's fame in lofty ſtrains,
Worthy the captive Maſe, and Namur's vanquiſh'd plains.

Nature ne'er brought a fierce deſtroyer forth,
Of that portentous ſize and growth:
But ſtill, to poize the balance of the age,
She introduc'd a hero on the ſtage.
Injurious Lewis like a torrent grows,
A rapid torrent that the bank o'erflows,
And robs our weſtern world of its repoſe;
In vain th' imperial eagle ſtops his courſe,
In vain confederate arms oppoſe:
On you (great prince!) th' infeſted nations wait,
And from your ſword attend a milder fate.

The injur'd Belgians William's aid implore,
A numerous army waſtes their ſhore:
Embark, my muſe, upon the Britiſh fleet,
And on the ready hero wait.
He flies, like Jove, to meet the Theban dame,
When arm'd with lightning's pointed flame,
And in his hand th' avenging thunder bore:
The terror of his enſigns ſtill confeſs his power.
Quick of diſpatch, preventing fear,
As cowards cautious, bolder than deſpair:
Silent, yet ſwift as light, his active ſoul
Reaches at once the barriers and the diſtant goal.

What labour will the hero chooſe!
What action worthy of a muſe!
T' employ the hundred buſy tongues of fame,
And make her hundred mouths too few to ſound his name.

Namur's the goal in honour's race,
Tempting the prize, but fatal is the chaſe:
At once a lovely and amazing ſight,
Striking the eye with terror and delight.
Founded on rocks th' imperial fortreſs ſtands,
And all around the diſtant plain commands;
Beauty and ſtrength their utmoſt force impart,
'Tis wrought by nature, and improv'd with art;
An awful pile! immoveable as fate,
Fix'd like the ſolid rock that proudly bears its weight.
A thouſand brazen mouths the walls furround
That vomit flames, with fatal fury wound:
Death ſhines with terror through each ſmoking cloud,
Like lightning ſwift, and as the thunder loud.
Not the fam'd Colchean fleece could boaſt
So dread a guard, ſo terrible an hoſt;
Naſſau attempts a nobler enterpriſe,
The danger's more, and richer is the prize;
Alone his arms can ſuch a power engage,
Deſtroy with fiercer flames, and thunder back their rage.

Why are the rapid Sambre's ſtreams ſo ſlow:
The tardy Maſe forgets to flow
Their lagging waves upon the turrets gaze,
Proud to reflect their Namur's awful face;
Whilſt to th' aſtoniſh'd ſhores they tell,
Thoſe wondrous walls are inacceſſible.
The lofty Ilion towers for beauty fam'd,
And ſacred walls, though rais'd by hands divine,
Though mercenary gods her turrets fram'd,
In ſtrength and form inferior were to thine;
Walls, that nor Grecian arms, nor arts could gain,
And the divine Achilles ſtorm'd in vain.
Your greater arms, Naſſau were then unknown:
Where'er your bellowing engines ſhake,
Where'er your more deſtructive bombs are thrown,
Nature and art in vain reſiſtance make,
Nor durſt the powers that built defend their ſhatter'd town.

Two rival armies now poſſeſs the field,
In all the horrid pomp of war:
With ſhining arms and brighter heroes far,
Though both with different looks, and different paſſions fill'd.
Betwixt both hoſts the ſtake of honour lies,
The object that employs their arms and eyes,
How to defend, or how to gain the prize.
The Britons are a warlike race,
In arms expert, and fam'd for arts in peace:
Your matchleſs deeds, Naſſau, they imitate,
Like you they death purſue, and ruſh on certain fate;

Not all the bellowing engines of the war,
Amidſt the ſtorm can Britiſh minds affright:
Nor ſulphur's blaſting flames deter,
That glare through clouds of ſmoke with horrid light;
Though bullets there deſcend in ſcalding ſhowers,
And thoſe the cannon ſpare, the ambuſh'd flame devours.

In fatal caverns now the teeming earth
Labours with a deſtructive birth:
The loud volcanos ſtretch their flaming jaws,
And every dreadful blaſt a hoſt deſtroys;
This wreck of war the upper regions ſhare,
Whilſt arms, and men, and rocks lie ſcatter'd in the air.
Yet death in every form the Britons face,
And march with an undaunted pace:
Their faithleſs ſteps to various ruins lead,
They walk in ſepulchres, on graves they tread;
Whilſt rocks and mountains rooted from the ground,
Inter the hoſts they ſlay, are tombs to thoſe they wound.

With horrid groans diſtorted nature's rent,
Loud as the peals that ſhake the firmament:
Whilſt roaring ordnance confirm the ſound,
And mimic thunder bellows under ground.
Thus on Trinacria's mournful ſhores,
With ruin big the raging Ætna roars:
The riſing ſmoke obſcures the darken'd ſky,
Whilſt high as heaven its flaming entrails fly;
Mountains and rocks its fury hurls around,
Spreading with ruins o'er the deſolate ground.

Whence ſpring thoſe flowing rays of light!
That pierce through war's obſcurer night?
Or does the ſuppliant flag diſplay
Its cheerful beams of white?
See! like the phoſphorus of peace,
The ſhades retire before thoſe ſacred rays,
Which introduce the bright victorious day.
The trumpet's interceding voice I hear,
Now ſoft and tun'd unto the ear:
The drums in gentler parlees beat,
The drums and trumpets both entreat;
Whilſt war's alarms are charm'd with muſic's voice,
And all the bloody ſcene of death withdraws.
Fam'd Boufflers' ſelf conſents to fear,
Even Boufflers dreads the Britiſh thunderer:
He ſues for mercy whilſt he feels his power,
And with a trembling hand ſubſcribes him conqueror.

And here your worthies ſhall your triumphs grace,
In war you guard, your ornaments in peace:
Heroes are William's and the muſe's care,
Partake their labours, and their laurels ſhare.
Let willing fame her trumpet ſound,
Great Ormond's name ſhall all her breath employ,
And fill the echoing ſhores with joy:
Whilſt each officious wind conveys the ſound,
And wafts it all th' attentive world around.

In bloody camps he early gain'd renown,
Early the diſtant goal of honour won:
What toils, what labours has the hero bore!
Not the fam'd Offory encounter'd more:
Of whom the Belgic plains ſuch wonders tell,
Who liv'd ſo lov'd, and ſo lamented fell.
Triumphant prince! thou patron of the muſe,
Unweary'd thee ſhe ſings, thy acts with wonder views:
Renown'd in war! thy Rhedecina's pride!
Thou doſt o'er wit, and glorious camps preſide;
To thee the care of arms and arts belong,
Whoſe fame ſhall live to ages in heroic ſong.

For all thy victories in war,
You, valiant Cutts, th' officious muſes crown,
For you triumphant wreaths prepare,
Immortal as your fame, and fair as your renown.
Well did you execute your great command,
And ſcatter deaths with a deſtructive hand:
What wonders did your ſword perform,
When urging on the fatal ſtorm,
Undaunted, undiſmay'd!
Up to the walls enclos'd with flames you led,
And overlook'd the works on mighty heaps of dead.
If you the hero and the poet meet,
Your ſword is fatal, but your numbers ſweet.
When in Maria's praiſe your lyre was ſtrung,
You charm'd the heavenly nymph to whom you ſung.
Oh honour! more than all thy bays,
Than all the trophies fame and conqueſt raiſe,
To 've charm'd Maria's breaſt, and gain'd Maria's praiſe.

Indulge one grateful labour more, my muſe,
A ſubject friendſhip bids thee chooſe:
Let Codrington's lov'd name inſpire thy thought,
With ſuch a warmth and vigour as he fought:
In vain thou doſt of arms and triumphs ſing,
Unleſs he crown thy verſe, and tune thy ſounding ſtring.
Victorious youth! your Charwell's greateſt pride,
Whom glorious arms, and learned arts divide:
Whilſt imitating great Naſſau you fight,
His perſon guard, and conquer in his ſight:
Too ſwift for fame your early triumphs grow,
And groves of laurel ſhade your youthful brow.
In you the muſes and the graces join,
The glorious palm, and deathleſs laurels thine:
Like Phœbus' ſelf your charming muſe hath ſung,
Like his your warlike bow and tuneful lyre is ſtrung.

But who, fam'd William's valour dares expreſs,
No muſe can ſoar ſo high, nor fancy paint,
Each image will appear too faint:
Too weak 's the pencil's art, and all the pow'r of verſe.
How calm he look'd, and how ſerene!
Amidſt the bloody labours of the field:
Unmov'd he views the bullets round him fly,
And dangers move with horror by;
Whilſt judgment ſway'd his nobler rage within,
And his preſaging brow with hopes of conqueſt ſmil'd.

His cheerful looks a gayer dreſs put on,
His eyes with decent fury ſhone:
Dangers but ſerv'd to heighten every grace,
And add an awful terror to the hero's face.

Where'er in arms the great Naſſau appears,
Th' extreme of action's there:
Himſelf the thickeſt danger ſhares,
Himſelf th' informing ſoul that animates the war.
Heroes of old in wondrous armour fought,
By ſome immortal artiſt wrought:
Achilles' arms, and Ajax' ſeven-fold ſhield,
Were proof againſt the dangers of the field.
But greater William dares his breaſt expoſe
Unarm'd, unguarded to his foes:
A thouſand deaths and ruins round him fled,
But durſt not violate his ſacred head;
For angels guard the prince's life and throne,
Who for his empire's ſafety thus neglects his own.
Had he in ages paſt the ſceptre ſway'd,
When ſacred rites were unto heroes paid;
His ſtatue had on every altar ſtood,
His court a temple been, his greater ſelf a god.

Now tune thy lyre, my muſe, now raiſe thy voice,
Let Albion hear, her diſtant ſhores rejoice:
Thy ſolemn Pæans now prepare,
Sweet as the hymns that fill'd the air,
When Phœbus' ſelf return'd the Python's conqueror.
When every grove, with a triumphant ſong,
Confeſs'd the victor as he paſs'd along:
Whilſt with the trophies every hill was crown'd,
And every echoing vale diſpers'd his fame around.
As loud the Britiſh ſhores their voices raiſe,
And thus united ſing the godlike William's praiſe.
What the fam'd Merlin's ſacred verſe of old,
And Noſtradam's prophetic lines foretold;
To thee, oh happy Albion, 's ſhown,
And, in Naſſau, the promiſe is out-done.
Behold a prince indulgent heaven has ſent,
Thy boundleſs wiſhes to content:
A prophet great indeed, whoſe powerful hand
Shall vanquiſh hoſts of plagues, and heal the groaning land.

The great Naſſau now leads thy armies forth,
And ſhows the world the Britiſh worth:
Beneath his conduct they ſecurely fight,
Their cloud by day, their guardian flame by night.
His bounty too ſhall every bard inſpire,
Reward their labours, and protect their lyre;
For poets are to warlike princes dear,
And they are valiant William's care:
His victories inſtruct them how to write,
William's the glorious theme and patron of their wit.

ÆSOP AT COURT; OR, SELECT FABLES, 1702.

" Vendidit hic auro patriam———
" ———fixit leges pretio atque refixit." VIRG. Æn.

ÆSOP TO THE KING.

VICTORIOUS prince! form'd for ſupreme command,
Worthy the empire of the ſeas and land!
Whilſt impious faction ſwells with native pride,
Parties diſtract the ſtate, and church divide!
And ſenſeleſs libels, with audacious ſtyle,
Inſult thy ſenate, and thy power revile!
Vouchſafe to hear th' admired truths of old,
Which birds and beaſts in ſportive tales unfold;
To curb the inſolent, advance the good,
And quell the ragings of the multitude.
O fam'd for arms, and matchleſs in renown!
Permit old Æſop to approach thy throne:
To you the labours of his muſe belong;
Accept the humble, but inſtructive ſong.

FABLE I.

THE RIVER AND THE FOUNTAINS.

A RIVER, inſolent with pride,
The fountain and its ſprings defied;
That fountain, from whoſe watery bed
Th' ungrateful flood was daily fed.

And thus the rabble waves began:
" We're the delight of gods and man!
How charming do our banks appear!
How ſwift the ſtream, the flood how clear!

" See how, by nature's bounty ſtrong,
We whirl our legion waves along:
In ſoft meanders winding play,
And glitter in the face of day.

" But thou, poor fountain, ſilly ſoul!"
Thy head abſconding in a hole,
Run'ſt meddling on from place to place,
Aſham'd to ſhow thy dirty face;
In rocks and gloomy caverns found,
Thou creep'ſt inglorious under ground:
D' you hear? henceforth your lords obey!
We the grand waves aſſume the ſway."

" Well, angry ſirs, the fountain cry'd,
And how's your ſtreams to be ſupply'd?
Ye ſenſeleſs fools, that would command,
Should I withdraw my bounteous hand,

Or backward turn my watery ſtore,
That hour you'd ceaſe, and be no more.
Go aſk that bluſtering fop the wind,
That puts this whimſy in your mind,
And makes your factious ſurges riſe,
If he'll recruit you with ſupplies.

" And when to native mud you turn,
Such as a common-ſewer would ſcorn,
Too late you'll curſe this frantic whim,
When carriers' ſteeds ſhall piſs a nobler ſtream.

THE MORAL.

Unhappy Britain! I deplore thy fate,
When juries pack'd, and brib'd, inſult thy ſtate:
Like waves tumultuous, inſolently wiſe,
They tutor kings, and ſenators adviſe;
Whilſt old republicans direct the ſtream,
Not France and Rome, but monarch's their aim:
Fools rode by knaves! and paid as they deſerve,
Deſpis'd whilſt us'd! then left to hang or ſtarve.

FABLE II.

THE LION'S TREATY OF PARTITION.

A MIGHTY lion heretofore,
Of monſtrous paws and dreadful roar,
Was bent upon a chaſe:
Inviting friends and near allies
Frankly to ſhare the ſport and prize,
During the hunting-ſpace.

The lynx and royal panther came,
The boar and wolf of Wolfingham,
The articles were theſe:
Share and ſhare like, whate'er they got,
The dividend upon the ſpot,
And ſo depart in peace.

A royal hart, delicious meat!
Deſtin'd by inauſpicious fate,
Was ſtarted for the game:
The hunters run him one and all,
The chaſe was long, and, at the fall,
Each enter'd with his claim.

One lov'd a haunch, and one a ſide,
This ate it powder'd, t' other dried,
Each for his ſhare alone:
Old grey beard then began to roar,
The whiſkers twirl'd bully'd, and ſwore,
The hart was all his own.

" And thus I proye my title good;
My friend deceas'd ſprung from our blood,
Half's mine as we're ally'd:
My valour claims the other part;
In ſhort I love a hunted hart:
And who dares now divide?"

The bilk'd confederates they ſtare,
And cry'd, " old gentleman, deal fair,
For once be juſt and true."
Quoth he, and, looking wondrous grum,
" Behold my paws, the word is mum;
And ſo, meſſieurs, adieu!"

THE MORAL.

Tyrants can only be reſtrain'd by might,
Power's their conſcience, and the ſword their right:
Allies they court, to compaſs private ends,
But at the dividend diſclaim their friends.
Yet boaſt not, France, of thy ſucceſsful fraud,
Maintain'd by blood, a torment whilſt enjoy'd:
Imperial Cæſar drives the ſtorm along,
And Naſſau's arms avenge the public wrong.

FABLE III.

THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,
Was weak in every part:
Afflicted ſore with rheums and cold,
Yet pretty ſound at heart.

But moſt her eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light:
Nor could her ſpectacles avail,
To rectify their ſight.

Receipts ſhe try'd, ſhe doctors fee'd,
And ſpar'd for no advice
Of men of ſkill, or quacks for need
That practiſe on ſore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaiſters both,
And this, and that was done:
Then flannels, and a forehead-cloth,
To bind and keep them on.

Her houſe, though ſmall, was furniſh'd neat,
And every room did ſhine
With pictures, tapeſtry, and plate,
All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilſt they kept blind the ſilly ſoul,
Their hands found work enough!
They pilfer'd plate, and goods they ſtole,
Till all was carry'd off.

When they undam'd their patient's eyes,
And now pray how's your ſight:
Cries t' other, this was my advice,
I knew 't would ſet you right.

Like a ſtuck pig the woman ſtar'd,
And up and down ſhe run:
With naked houſe and walls quite ſcar'd,
She found herſelf undone.

" Doctors, quoth ſhe, your cure's my pain,
For what are eyes to me:
Bring ſalves and forehead-cloths again,
I've nothing left to ſee."

THE MORAL.

See, injur'd Britain, thy unhappy caſe,
Thou patient with diſtemper'd eyes;
State-quacks but nouriſh the diſeaſe,
And thrive by treacherous advice.

If fond of the expenſive pain,
When eighteen millions run on ſcore:
Let them clap mufflers on again,
And phyſic thee of eighteen more.

FABLE IV.

THE SATYR'S ADDRESS.

Five fatyrs of the woodland ſort,
Though politicians then:
Their ears prick'd up, their noſes ſhort,
And brows adorn'd like aldermen;
With aſſes hoofs, great gogle eyes,
And ample chins of Be—n's ſize:

To Jove tript up with an addreſs,
In favour of the plains:
That it would pleaſe him to ſuppreſs
All heats and colds, his winds and rains;
The ſun that he'd extinguiſh too,
And in the ſkies hang ſomething new.

"My wiſe reforming friends, quoth Jove,
Our elements are good!
We manage for the beſt above,
Though not ſo rightly underſtood;
But ſince ſuch profound ſquires are ſent,
We'll treat you like the cream of Kent."

Then Jove brought out ætherial fire
In a gilt chafing-diſh:
The ſparkling flame they all admire,
'Twas fine, they vow'd, as heart could wiſh:
They gap'd, they grinn'd, they jump'd about!
Jove, give us that, the ſun put out!

The charming flames they all embrace,
Which, urg'd by Nature's laws,
Their ſhaggy hides ſet in a blaze,
And ſoundly ſing'd their paws;
In corners then they ſneak'd with terror dumb,
And o'er th' immortal pavements ſcud it home.

THE MORAL.

How ſenſeleſs are our modern Whiggiſh tools,
Beneath the dignity of Britiſh fools!
With beef reſolv'd, and fortify'd with ale,
They cenſure monarchs, and at ſenates rail;
So eagerly to public miſchief run,
That they prevent the hands, which loo them on.
O true machines! and heads devoid of brains!
Affront that ſenate which your rights maintains!
Thus ideots ſport with power, and flames embrace,
Till ſmarting folly glares them in the face.

FABLE V.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

There dwelt a farmer in the weſt,
As we're in ſtory told;
Whoſe herds were large and flocks the beſt
That ever lin'd a fold.

Arm'd with a ſtaff, his ruſſet coat,
And Towſer by his ſide,
Early and late he tun'd his throat
And every wolf defy'd.

Lov'd Towſer was his heart's delight,
In cringe and fawning ſkill'd,
Intruſted with the flocks by night,
And guardian of the field.

"Towſer, quoth he, I'm for a fair;
Be regent in my room:
Pray of my tender flocks take care,
And keep all ſafe at home.

I know thee watchful, juſt, and brave,
Right worthy ſuch a place:
No wily fox ſhall thee deceive,
No wolf dare ſhow his face."

But ne'er did wolves a fold infeſt,
At regent Towſer's rate:
He din'd and ſupp'd upon the beſt,
And frequent breakfaſts ate.

The farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the report:
But, coming on him by ſurpriſe,
Juſt found him at the ſport.

"Ingrateful beaſt, quoth he, what means
That bloody mouth and paws?
I know the baſe, the treacherous ſtains,
Thy breach of truſt and laws.

The fruits of my paſt love I ſee;
Roger, the halter bring;
E'en truſs him on that pippin tree,
And let friend Towſer ſwing.

I'll ſpare the famiſh'd wolf and fox,
That ne'er my bounty knew:
But, as the guardian of my flocks,
This neckcloth is your due."

THE MORAL.

When miniſters their prince abuſe,
And on the ſubjects prey:
With ancient monarchs 'twas in uſe,
To ſend them Towſer's way.

FABLE VI.

THE FOX AND BRAMBLE.

Ren, an old poacher after game,
Saw grapes look tempting fine:
But, now grown impotent and lame,
Could not command the vine;
His lips he lick'd, ſtood ogleing with his eyes,
Strain'd at a running jump, but miſs'd the prize;

Quoth he, that honeſt buſh hard-by
Might give a friend a lift:
In troth, its curteſy I'll try,
And venture for a ſhift.
Without more words he bounces to the top,
But gor'd and wounded is compell'd to drop.

Down Reynard came, batter'd and tore,
He blow'd and lick'd his paws:
Then mutter'd to himſelf and ſwore,
Curſing the fatal cauſe;
Damn'd raſcal ſhrub, quoth he, whom hedge-ſtakes ſcorn,
Beneath a furs-buſh, or the ſcoundrel thorn!

"Good words, friend Ren, the buſh reply'd,
Here no encroacher 'ſcapes:
Thoſe foxes that on brambles ride
Love thorns, as well as grapes;

But better language would your mouth become:
If you muſt curſe, go curſe the fool at home."

THE MORAL.

Who firſt offend, then in diſputes engage,
Should check their paſſions and indecent rage:
But peeviſh age, of weak reſentments proud,
Like woman's ſtubborn, impotent, and loud.

Ill-manners never found a juſt pretence,
And rude expreſſions ſhow a barren ſenſe:
But, when high birth deſcends to mean abuſe,
The crime runs fouleſt, and finds no excuſe.

FABLE VII.

THE FOX AND WEAZLE.

To the late Honourable the Commiſſioners of the Prize-Office.

A NEEDY weazle heretofore,
Very rapacious, lank, and poor;
That had no place, ſmall comings-in,
And liv'd in terror of the gin;
Nor got a morſel to his hole,
But what he either begg'd or ſtole;
One night a foraging for prey,
He found a ſtore-houſe in his way:
Each cranny then he nimbly paſt;
With lantern jaws and ſlender waiſt;
And made long time his quarters good,
On ſlaughter'd mice and wheaten food.
But, growing corpulent and round,
Too ſmall the wideſt chink was found:
And now he ſqueez'd and thruſt in vain,
For liberty and home again.

A fox that chanc'd to ſtroll that way,
For meditation's ſake, or prey,
Stood grinning at him for a while,
With rogueiſh looks and ſneering ſmile;
And though he ſhrewdly gave a gueſs,
Yet aſk'd him how and what's the caſe;
And why his weazleſhip would keep
In durance vile, and play bo-peep.

Quoth he, "Alack, Sir, I was lean,
Haggard and poor, when I came in:
A ſkeleton, mere ſkin and bone!
Though now ſo groſs and bulky grown,
That, with good cheer and dainties fed,
My rump is bigger than my head.
But if a helping paw you'll lend,
To force a board, and ſerve a friend;
So fain I would my bacon ſave,
I'll kiſs your foot, and live your ſlave."

Quoth Ren, "We doctors hold it beſt,
After a long debauch, to faſt:
Then as for diſcipline, 'tis fit,
You take a *quantum ſufficit*.
Slacken with abſtinence your ſkin,
And you'll return as you got in:
For, till each collop you refund,
You're like to quarter in Lob's-pound."

THE MORAL.

Cæſar, no more in foreign camps expoſe
Your ſacred life, to Britain's generous foes:
Thy dread tribunal now erect at home,
And, arm'd with vengeance, to her reſcue come.

In power her baſeſt enemies remain,
Oppreſs thy ſubjects, and thy treaſures drain:
With ſums immenſe they raiſe their fortunes high,
Though armies ſtarve, and fleets neglected lie.

Bane of the war! curſe of thy martial reign!
You ſhare the toil and dangers, they the gain:
To juſtice then the known offenders bring,
Avenge thy people, and aſſert the king.

FABLE VIII.

AN OWL AND THE SUN.

A SAUCY buffle-headed owl
One morning on the ſun fell foul,
Becauſe it made him blind:
But by his ſophiſtry you'll gueſs
Him not of the Athenian race,
But a more modern kind.

The morn was fragrant, cool, and bright,
The ſun illuſtrious with his light,
Diſpenſing warmth to all:
Madge on a pinnacle was got,
Sputtering and hooting like a ſot,
And thus began the brawl.

"D'ye hear, you prince of red-fac'd fools!
Hot-headed puppy! foe to owls!
Why this offenſive blaze?
Behind ſome cloud go ſneak aſide,
Your carbuncles and rubies hide,
And quench that flaming face.

"When I'm a taking the freſh air,
Whip in my eyes you come full glare,
And ſo much rudeneſs ſhow!
I wonder when the modeſt moon
Would ſerve an owl as you have done,
Or tan and burn one ſo!

Bright Phœbus ſmil'd at what was ſaid,
And cry'd, "'Tis well, Sir Logger-head,
You're neither ſenſe nor ſhame!
Becauſe a blinking fool can't bear
An object ſo tranſcending fair,
The ſun muſt take the blame.

Shall I the univerſe benight,
And rob the injur'd world of light,
Becauſe you rail and ſcoul;
When birds of the moſt abject ſort
Deride and grin you for their ſport,
And treat you like an owl?"

THE MORAL.

Who libel ſenates, and traduce the great,
Meaſure the public good by private hate:
Intereſt's their rule of love; fierce to oppoſe
All whom ſuperior virtue makes their foes.

Thy merits, Rocheſter *, thus give offence;
The guilty faction hates diſcerning ſenſe:

* Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rocheſter, was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. See an account of him in the "Supplement to Swift."

This Harley †, Seymour ‖, Howe §, and Mackworth find,
Great eye ſores to the loud rapacious kind;
But, whilſt in holes addreſſing owls repine,
Bright as the ſun their patriot names will ſhine.

FABLE IX.

THE SEA AND THE BANKS.

As out at ſea a ruffling gale it blew,
And clouds o'ercaſt the gloomy ſkies:
The ſurges they began to riſe,
And terrify the ſailors, jocund crew.

This to the wanton billows was but ſport,
They roar'd and gambol'd it along,
This was the burden of their ſong,
They'd have a ſtorm, and ſhow good reaſon for't.

Then a freſh maggot takes them in the head,
To have one merry jaunt on ſhore:
They'd not be fetter'd up, they ſwore,
But thus to the inſulted margin ſaid:

"Hey, ſlugs! d'ye hear, ye lazy hounds!
Open to right and left! make way,
And give free paſſage to the ſea,
Down with your ramparts and obſtructing mounds.

"See how they ſtir! awake, ye brutes!
And let us have one friſk at land;
Or, 'zbud, we'll waſh you into ſand;
Without the tedious form of long diſputes."

"Hold! ſoft and fair! the banks reply'd; we're bound,
In honour, to make good our poſt:
And will, for all your windy boaſt,
As barriers to the ſea, maintain our ground.

Go, lord it in your watery realms, the main!
There rage and bluſter as you pleaſe,
Licentious in your native ſeas,
But not an inch as treſpaſſers you'll gain.

So, my fierce mutineers, be jogging home!
For if you dare invade our coaſt,
You'll run your heads againſt a poſt,
And ſhamefully retire in empty foam."

THE MORAL.

Though diſcord forms the elements for war,
Their well-pois'd ſtrength prevents the fatal jar:
Harmonious nature ſets the balance right,
And each compels the other to unite.

In empire thus true union is maintain'd,
Each power's by a ſubordinate reſtrain'd:
But, when like raging waves they overflow
Their ſtated bounds, and on the weaker grow;
Thrice happy realms! where there are patriots found,
To check invaders, and maintain their ground.

FABLE X.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND CUCKOW.

A TUNEFUL nightingale, whoſe warbling throat
Was form'd for lofty ſong,
With every ſweet harmonious note
He charm'd the liſtening throng:
The hooting cuckow was diſpleas'd alone,
Condemn'd his manner, and extoll'd her own.

"This ſcreaming fop, quoth ſhe, that ſcares
All creatures with his din;
When folks are liſtening to my airs,
Forſooth he's putting in.
Here's ſuch a chattering kept, and odious noiſe,
My ſong's quite ſpoil'd with his confounded voice."

The injur'd ſongſter modeſtly reply'd;
"Since you perform ſo fine,
The conteſt let ſome judge decide,
And try your ſkill with mine;
Vanquiſh'd, I'll your ſuperior genius own."
The cuckow ſhook her head, and cry'd 'twas

A ſolemn plodding aſs that graz'd the plain
Was for an umpire choſe:
The nightingale advanc'd his ſtrain,
And charm'd with every cloſe.
The cuckow's note was one unvary'd tone,
Exceeding hoarſe, yet pleas'd, ſhe roar'd it on.

Appeal was made; the judge this ſentence gave,
"You, ſirrah, nightingale!
Of muſic you ſome ſmatterings have,
And may in time do well;
But for ſubſtantial ſong, I needs muſt ſay,
My friend, the cuckow, bears the bell away."

THE MORAL.

Mackworth *, who reads thy well-digeſted lines,
Where eloquence with nervous reaſon ſhines,
Sees art and judgment flow through every page,
The patriot's zeal free from indecent rage;
So pure thy ſtyle, thy manners ſo refin'd,
Your pen tranſmits the candour of your mind.

Yet happier he that has the anſwer wrote,
In penury of ſenſe, and dearth of thought:
Whilſt aſſes judge, and faction claims a vote,
Abuſive nonſenſe is th' admired note;
Where want of art and manners merit praiſe,
He robs the cuckow of her ancient bays.

FABLE XI.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

THE ſun and wind one day fell out
In matters they diſcours'd about.
Old Boreas, in a rage,
Call'd the ſun fool, and ſwore he ly'd,
Spit in his face, his power defy'd,
And dar'd him to engage.

Quoth he, "Yon goes a traveller,
With formal cloak and looks demure,
The Whiggiſh ſigns of grace:
Who fairly off the cloak can force,
From one ſo ſtiff, proud, and moroſe,
Deſerves the upper place."

† Afterwards Earl of Oxford.
‖ Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerſet.
§ John Howe, Eſq. of famous memory.

* Sir Humphry Mackworth, to whom Yalden addreſſed an excellent poetical epiſtle "On the mines late of Sir "Carbery Price." Sir Humphry wrote ſome political pamphlets about this time.

With that the wind began to riſe,
Bluſter'd and ſtorm'd it through the ſkies,
Making a diſmal roar:
The non-con. wrapp'd his cloak about,
Trudg'd on, reſolv'd to weather't out,
And ſee the tempeſt o'er.

The ſtorm being ſpent, with piercing rays,
Full on his ſhoulders Phœbus plays,
Which ſoon the zealot felt;
Aſide the cumberous cloak was thrown,
Panting and faint, he laid him down,
More decently to melt.

The ſun then aſk'd his bluſtering friend,
If farther yet he durſt contend,
And try ſome other way:
But, conſcious of ſo plain a truth,
He put his finger in his mouth,
Without a word to ſay.

THE MORAL.

Your Whigs diſgrac'd, like bullies of the town,
Libel and rail, the more they're tumbled down;
Superior merit ſtill prevails at laſt,
The fury of their feeble ſtorm is paſt.
But when the ſenate darts its piercing rays,
Faction unbuttons, and rebates its pace:
The hypocritic cloak is tireſome found,
And the faint zealot pants upon the ground.

FABLE XII.

THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A LION, generous and brave,
For wars renown'd, belov'd in peace;
His lands in royal bounties gave,
And treaſures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His miniſters whole realms obtain'd;
And courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
His manors begg'd, and forfeits gain'd,
With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The boar, to ſhow a ſubject's love,
Crav'd for the public good a boon,
His ancient foreſt to improve,
By felling trees, and cutting timber down.

"Alcoves and ſhady walks, quoth he,
Are laid aſide, become a jeſt;
Your viſtos lofty, wide, and free,
Are *à la mode*, and only in requeſt."

The grant being paſs'd, the ravenous boar,
A deſert of the foreſt made:
Up by the roots vaſt oaks he tore,
And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This act of violence and wrong
Alarum'd all the ſavage race;
With loud complaints to court they throng,
Stripp'd of their ſhades, and ancient reſting-place.

With generous rage the lion ſhook,
And vow'd the boar ſhould dearly pay;
"I hate, quoth he, a down-caſt look,
That robs the public in a friendly way.

"Unhappy groves, my empires pride!
Lov'd ſolitudes, ye ſhades divine!
The rage of tempeſts ye defy'd,
Condemn'd to periſh by a ſordid ſwine.

"Ye rural deities, and powers unknown,
What can ſo great a loſs ſuffice!
If a hung brawner will atone,
Accept friend chucky for a ſacrifice."

THE MORAL.

The Britiſh oak's our nation's ſtrength and pride,
With which triumphant o'er the main we ride;
Inſulting foes are by our navies aw'd,
A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

Like Druids then your foreſts ſacred keep,
Preſerve with them your empire of the deep.
Subjects their prince's bounty oft abuſe,
And ſpoil the public for their private uſe;
But no rapacious hand ſhould dare deface,
The royal ſtores of a well-timber'd chaſe.

FABLE XIII.

THE FOX AND FLIES.

As crafty Reynard ſtrove to ſwim
The torrent of a rapid ſtream,
To gain the farther ſide;
Before the middle ſpace was paſt,
A whirling eddy caught him faſt,
And drove him with the tide.

With vain efforts and ſtruggling ſpent,
Half drown'd, yet forc'd to be content,
Poor ren a ſoaking lay;
Till ſome kind ebb ſhould ſet him free,
Or chance reſtore that liberty
The waves had took away.

A ſwarm of half-ſtarv'd haggard flies,
With fury ſeiz'd the floating prize,
By raging hunger led;
With many a curſe and bitter groan,
He ſhook his ſides, and wiſh'd them gone,
Whilſt plenteouſly they fed.

A Hedge-hog ſaw his evil plight;
Touch'd with compaſſion at the ſight,
Quoth he, "To ſhow I'm civil,
I'll bruſh thoſe ſwigging dogs away,
That on thy blood remorſeleſs prey,
And ſend them to the devil."

"No, courteous Sir, the Fox reply'd,
Let them infeſt and gore my hide,
With their inſatiate thirſt;
Since I ſuch fatal wounds ſuſtain,
'Twill yield ſome pleaſure 'midſt the pain,
To ſee the blood-hounds burſt."

THE MORAL; FROM NOSTRADAMUS.

"Le ſang du Juſte à Londres fera faute
"Bruſler par feu, &c."

Thus guilty Britain to her Thames complains,
"With royal blood defil'd, O cleanſe my ſtains!
Whence plagues ariſe! whence dire contagions come!
And flames that my Auguſta's pride conſume!"

"In vain, ſaith Thames; the Regicidal breed
Will ſwarm again, by them thy land ſhall bleed:
Extremeſt curſe! but ſo juſt Heaven decreed!

Republicans ſhall Britain's treaſures drain,
Betray her monarch, and her church profane!
Till, gorg'd with ſpoils, with blood the leeches burſt,
Or Tyburn add the ſecond to the firſt."

FABLE XIV.

THE BEAR AND MOUNTEBANK.

THERE liv'd a quack in high repute,
By virtue of a velvet ſuit,
And celebrated bill;
As for his knowledge, 'tis allow'd,
He had enough to cheat the crowd,
And that's good modern ſkill.

Once as this orator held forth
On topics of his medicines' worth,
And wondrous cures they wrought;
Though not a word they underſtood,
His eloquence ſo charm'd the crowd,
That ſtill they gap'd and bought.

'Midſt his harangue, one day it chanc'd,
Tom Dove * the bear that way advanc'd,
In proceſſion to his ſtake;
The rabble quit their doctor ſtraight,
And with huzzas on Bruin wait,
Who thus the chief beſpake:

D' ye bear, ye pack of bawling louts,
Compos'd of vermin, ſtink, and clouts,
Why all this noiſe and do?
Though through my noſe a ring is got,
And here I'm baited like a ſot,
Still I reſemble you.

"Obſerve that mountebanking fool,
Perch'd yonder on his three legg'd ſtool,
With poiſonous drugs to ſell;
See o'er his ſhoulder how he ſneers,
Three hours to lug you by the ears,
Yet pleaſes wondrous well.

"With fulſome lies and ſtupid ſtuff,
He cheats and banters you enough,
Yet there ye flock by ſhoals;
But if by chance a bear's brought out,
At him ye hollow, laugh, and ſhout,
And who's the greater fools?

"So, brother monſters, face about,
The quack your keeper, wants his rout;
For, underneath the roſe,
Another ſort of brutes there are,
Beſides a ſtupid Ruſſian bear,
That's muſled by the noſe."

THE MORAL.

Ill miniſters, like quacks, the crowd deceive,
Defraud them for their good; and they believe:
At France and Rome they rail with ſpecious arts,
And, whilſt they cheat the vulgar, gain their hearts.

But if ſagacious Bruin ſmells them out,
Their frauds expoſing to the injur'd rout;
To miſchief prone, implacable, and ſtrong,
Ten thouſand tongues and hands revenge the wrong.

* Tom Dove has been celebrated by Dryden and King.

FABLE XV.

THE PEACOCK PROCLAIMED KING.

A VULTURE, old and feeble grown,
Took up and much reform'd his life;
His beak decay'd, and talons gone,
Yet ſtill he reliſh'd noiſe and ſtrife.
Once a young peacock to the birds brought forth
On his high birth harangued, and blooming worth.

"The iſles and watery realm, ſaid he,
This hopeful monarch ſhall command!
His ſceptre to depend on me,
And rule the tributary land;
Reſerving only for our royal uſe,
Whate'er the ſeas and fertile coaſts produce."

The peacock, a pert dapper ſpark,
Made the ſagacious vulture's choice;
His title and deſcent, though dark,
Soon gain'd the whole aſſembly's voice,
The pye except, a member of the board,
Who, 'midſt their acclamations, crav'd a word.

"His highneſs' merits and deſert,
Quoth he, 'tis needleſs to diſpute;
In giving empires we're too pert,
With neither right nor power to do't;
You've made a peacock king: pray, now 'tis done,
What champion here conducts him to his throne.

"Where the imperial eagle reigns,
Renown'd for arms, and warlike might,
Who ſuch a feeble youth diſdains,
And vultures dares engage in fight?
Therefore, meſſieurs, it is my private voice,
That the poſſeſſor firſt approve our choice."

THE MORAL.

Cæſar, that prince betrays his fears,
Who ſtyles thee monarch in the field,
But, when thy army diſappears,
To weak pretenders will thy titles yield.

But wiſer politicians ſay,
True conduct is not ſo much ſhown,
In giving others' realms away,
As in defending well their own.

FABLE XVI.

A LACONIC CONDEMNED.

A SAGE laconic, truly wiſe,
Whoſe converſation was conciſe,
Train'd up in rigid ſchools;
Once, when a ſingle word would do,
Had laviſhly made uſe of two,
In high contempt of rules.

A bill againſt him was preferr'd,
The charge by evidence averr'd,
That fully prov'd the fact:
The judges aggravate the crime,
In words as few, and little time,
As anſwer'd men compact.

Quoth one, " The being too verboſe
A miſdemeanor is ſo groſs,
Of that pernicious kind!
The puniſhment muſt reach your ſenſe,
And reaſon ſmart for this offence,
By torturing your mind.

" Read Jura Populi o'er twice,
Pittis and Bunyan, books of price!
And Oats's modeſt vein:
Read Baxter's volumes, Tindal's works,
Yorkſhire Petiſh with that of Bucks,
True cant, and libel ſtrain.

" For ſolid nonſenſe, thoughtleſs words,
The vindication of the Lords,
That anſwers " Mackworth's State:"
Read firſt and ſecond paragraph,
If poſſible drudge on through half,
Your crime you'll expiate."

The wretch with ſtrong convulſions ſhook,
Deſpair and anguiſh in his look,
To heaven for mercy cry'd:
Quoth he, " Send gibbets, racks, or wheel,
Algiers and gallies pleaſe me well,
Such torments I'll abide.

" But damn me not for one offence,
To volumes unally'd to ſenſe,
Vainly to waſte my breath:
That anſwer to the Commons' rights
With labour'd dullneſs ſo affrights,
The thoughts are worſe than death."

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